

# LIBERAL REPUBLICAN.

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS AND RELIGION.

VOL. 4,

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

NO. 36.

**The Liberal Republican**  
Official Paper for Polk County.  
Is Issued Every Saturday Morning, at  
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.  
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**HUGH'S MISTAKE.**  
BY MAUD MERIDETH.

"Heigh ho! Well eight years  
ought to make a difference in a man's  
looks, I suppose, but somehow I never  
realized or cared about my appearance  
till now! it's a fact, I haven't thought  
much about looks since—since—"

The soloquy ceased just there, and  
Hugh Adams forgot that he was before  
the mirror studying his own attractions  
in the reflection before him. Thought-  
fully caressing his luxuriant beard,  
his thoughts retraced the life path dur-  
ing these eight years, years of loss in  
barrenness in heart history, a desert to  
glance over in retrospect, where all  
should have been brightness and  
blossoming. It might have been, if  
only she had been faithful and true  
If she had but trusted him! But a  
difficulty arose and both were proud  
Neither bent or yielded, and two lives  
drifted apart, and the years flowed on.

"Ah, well! I'm a bronzed bearded  
old fellow, and she is lovelier now than  
when I knew her in the old time.  
But that child!

"Glory! What an awful twang  
something gave my tough old heart-  
strings—I'd forgot I had any—when I  
recognized her! But she need'nt have  
grasped her little girl as if to avoid in-  
trusion from me!

"So she knew me if I have changed!  
Ah, time! You haven't cheated me out  
of recognition after all!

"Eight years! I wonder who she  
married! To think of that tug at my  
heart at her one glance! Bah! I'm  
as sensational as a boy of eighteen!  
Who would have thought it?"

The loveliest Saturday June ever saw,  
found Hugh's lazy length sprawled in  
the shade at Lincoln Park. With hat  
over his face, he lay dozing and day-  
dreaming—partly from sentiment, part-  
ly from the effects of a late club dinner  
the night before. "Come on, Teddy!  
I aint 'fraid! Man, be you sick, or be  
'sleep?"

He opened his eyes to find a sunny  
dimpled little face near.

"I do jes' love picture books! I'll  
be so careful!"

He extended his book with a smile,  
not daring to speak, lest the vision dis-  
appear. With a mischievous shrug of  
the shoulders, an arch look he so well  
remembered in another, she continued.

"I've runned away from Mamma,  
'way off, from clear over there by the  
Swans! Dis book aint very pitty! Des  
I better run back! Dood bye!"

"One minute, little one! What is  
your name?"

"Lucie."

"The same, and her very image!"

he groaned, looking after the retreating  
child. Day-dreaming was spoiled for  
that day, and half a hour later he  
stood by one of the main drives. A  
flock of children—two or three dogs  
among them—were coming to picnic.  
A childish shriek of terror startled  
him. On a seat not far off, a lady was  
grasping a little child apparently in  
convulsions of terror—while a police-  
man was beating off a couple of dogs  
who had been fighting in close proxim-  
ity. Another lady—his Lu—bent  
over the child.

He involuntarily drew near. That  
instant Lu's neck was nervously grasp-  
ed by the child. Something flashed in  
the sunlight and dropped at his feet.

He picked it up and recognized it.  
A little ring he had once given her—  
the only trifle she had not returned dur-  
ing that angry time. As if in a dream  
he looked around him. A carriage had  
driven up, the ladies were leaving with  
the frightened child, the picknickers  
were again passing on, the policeman  
strutting back and forth, the world  
was moving on as before—birds sing-  
ing, sunlight dancing on the water,  
children shouting—but was it the same  
earth after all?

Shaking himself to see if he were  
really awake, he secured his treasure—  
the tiny trifle that silently revealed so  
much: remembrance, constancy, love,  
were all betokened here.

He hurried home thinking all this,  
and a new hope made a new man of  
him.

"These eight years have been a  
dream," he soliloquized, bachelor  
fashion. "I will bide my time! I  
shall win her yet, I forgive her long  
ago!"

Then, with a groan, he remembered  
that child—the little Lucie. Could it  
be? Had she married another, still  
careating enough for him to wear his  
ring near her heart?

"Oh women! Incomprehensible  
creatures! Was there ever a man  
capable of understanding one of you?  
But I won't think, I'll just wait, and  
abide my time!"

A few days later Hugh Adams said  
suddenly running over the columns of the  
*Times*, when an advertisement met his  
eye that roused him at once.

Lost—At Lincoln Park, on  
Saturday, a plain gold ring of little  
value except to the owner. A reward  
of five dollars for its recovery will be  
paid at this office, or at No.——Prairie  
Avenue.

"A person who had found the lost  
ring," the card stated that he sent up  
to her an hour later, while he awaited  
her appearance in the reception room.  
She soon entered, the little Lucie by  
her side.

In the darkest corner of the cool,  
darkened room, he awaited her. He  
had it drawn from his pocket and stood  
before silent one moment before she  
recognized him. With an exclamation  
of surprise she started back.

"Oh fie! You 'fraid! Why he's  
nice! Lemme see his picture book  
other day, didn't you?"

Blessings on the child! By this  
time the lady's composure was regained.  
She said calmly, "I believe you have  
found a—a trifle belonging to me,"  
both were blushing and embarrassed.

"Yes, Mrs.—Mrs. Pardon me,  
what shall I call you?"

"Why, Miss Walton!" in impatient  
surprise. "Have you forgotten me  
quite? You surely are Mr. Adams, are  
you not?"

She could not know how his heart  
was thumping. She was piqued that  
he should seem so—so stupid. The  
idea! Mrs. Walton! Mrs. indeed!

"Miss Walton! Lucia! Lucia!  
Is it possible? Why, I thought—I  
was sure—why, whose child is that?"

"Lucie? Why, sister Nellie's, of  
course!"

A great light broke in upon her.  
"Did you—did you think?" she  
faltered.

"Yes, she is your very image! I  
have been gone eight years, it  
would not have been strange if you had  
married in that time."

"Yes, it would!" she answered.

"Are—are you married?"

"Me? I married?" he answered  
hotly. "Who could I—having known  
you—who could I marry? Oh Lucia!  
Lucia! If I had never met you, I  
might have—"

"And so might I," she interrupted  
softly, "but—"

"But what?" eagerly, as she  
hesitated.

"I do not believe in second love."  
The faltering, broken whispers, the  
ove-light that the drooping eyelids  
could not quite hide, told him enough.

The love of his life was his own  
again! With hidden, blushing face, she  
was listening to the words she had  
heard only in her dreams during all  
these slow years that had separated  
them. In the midst of his confession  
and self reproaches, she whispered:

"I was hasty and proud, dear, and  
would not explain!"

"And I was a hard-hearted brute,  
but I have never forgotten you for a

moment, darling!  
Neglected little Lucie has departed  
in great wrath, and is pouring her  
grievances into mamma's ear, up  
stairs.

"Oh! mamma, mamma! call auntie  
Lu, and make her come up? She's  
down 'tairs with a great naughty man,  
all hair on his face, and he's hugged  
and kissed her, lots!"

By the time mamma has recovered  
from her surprise, and appeased the  
young lady's wrath, Lucia makes her  
appearance with a remarkable color on  
either cheek and a tiny gold ring on  
her finger. Sister Nell quietly con-  
gratulates her on its recovery, and  
says: "Did you pay him the five  
dollars?"

"I paid him, Nellie, or rather—,  
the face was crimson as she stooped to  
whisper, "I have promised to, in three  
months. It was Hugh!"

So in due time they were married.  
Little Lucie was somewhat comforted  
for the loss of her favorite auntie, by a  
magnificent picture-book from uncle  
Hugh, and the promise of a new one  
every year until she has found a Hugh  
of her own.—*Our Fireside Friend.*

**TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.**

Washington November 14.—The  
evening session of the cabinet continued  
over two hours, and was the most im-  
portant which has taken place under  
Grant's administration. The capture  
of the Virginia and the barbarities  
practiced by the Spanish authorities  
at Santiago de Cuba formed the sub-  
ject of serious consideration, and defi-  
nite action toward maintaining the  
dignity of the United States in the  
existing circumstances was taken.

All the members of the Cabinet are  
exceedingly reticent as to the conclu-  
sions reached.

One member, when approached on  
the subject, replied: "As to the nature  
of the action agreed upon to day I can  
say nothing; but you may be assured that  
the people of the country will be satis-  
fied.

Various rumors are in circulation as  
to the determination of the Cabinet,  
one of which is that the Government  
will demand of Spain the immediate  
arrest and punishment of the parties  
mainly instrumental in conducting the  
outrage, and if the Castellar Govern-  
ment shall be unable to give the re-  
quired satisfaction that this Govern-  
ment will proceed to the extreme  
measures necessary to obtain it.

Washington Nov. 14.—The Treas-  
ury Department to-day, upon requi-  
sition of the Secretary of the Navy,  
shipped \$230,000 to Norfolk, Virginia,  
the headquarters of the North Atlantic  
fleet in order that there might be no  
delay in fitting out and supplying ves-  
sels now under orders to leave with the  
least possible delay for Cuba and other  
points in the West Indies. Rear Ad-  
miral Scott, commanding the expedi-  
tion, will sail from Norfolk Monday,  
in the Worcester, his flag ship, for Ha-  
vana. Specific instructions have been  
given him by the Government to report  
daily to the Department by telegraph  
from Key West, and not to rely upon  
the Havana cable, which is in control of  
the Spanish authorities. Our Govern-  
ment will hold Spain to strict  
accountability, no matter whether the  
Virginia was in Cuban or British  
waters at the time of the capture.  
United States vessels are fitting out  
for Cuba at Norfolk, Charleston and  
Brooklyn. Great excitement exists in  
New York, Baltimore, St. Louis and  
Washington.

Philadelphia, Nov. 15.—Seven hun-  
dred men are fitting the monitors Ajax  
and Manhattan and sloop-of-war Can-  
andaigua for service. The monitors  
carry 15-inen Dahlgren guns and the  
Canandaigua carries 10 guns. The  
monitors will be placed in commission  
early next week and the sloop-of-war  
within a fortnight. Necessary repairs

in her boiler is causing the delay. To  
hasten work on the Ajax the workmen  
upon the sloop-of-war Winnebago have  
been transferred to her.

New York, Nov. 15.—At Brooklyn  
Navy Yard orders were received last  
night directing the immediate prepara-  
tion for sea of the frigates Colorado and  
Minnesota, Vice Admiral Rowan says  
the Colorado could probably be got  
ready for sea in 30 days.

Vice Admiral Rowan of the Brook-  
lyn Navy Yard, says that the Minneso-  
ta could be got ready for sea in one or  
two months, and the Juniata in two or  
three days. The Powhatan is ready to  
sail. Work is continued on the  
Spanish Ironclad Oropintea, which is in  
the dry dock at this place.

Providence, Nov.—The Osipee ar-  
rived at Newport early this afternoon.  
She will take a supply of torpedoes on  
board and will probably sail to-night  
for Cuba.

New York, Nov.—The *Herold*  
publishes what purports to be an  
interview between the Captain General  
of Cuba and one Colonel J. W. Young,  
wherein the former proposes that the  
latter shall organize an expedition in  
the United States composed of all the  
Cubans it is possible to enlist, embark  
on board a slow steamer and then give  
such information as would lead to the  
capture of the expedition. For this  
service Young was to receive \$20,000.  
The *Herold* says Young is now in  
the Illinois State Prison for forgery of  
a Post Office order. The alleged  
interview is reported to have taken  
place in 1870, and the Captain General  
is made to say that the members of the  
expedition captured would be shot.

New York, Nov. 14.—A dispatch  
via Jamaica says that on the 10th all  
the remaining Virginius prisoners were  
marched out and ten detailed to execu-  
tion at a time. When ten were  
murdered another ten marched up.  
Their dead bodies fell across those of  
their companions.

Havana, via Key West, November  
15.—The following account of events  
at Santiago de Cuba was received here  
(Havana) on Friday morning, the 7th  
instant: Thirty-seven of the crew  
were brought on shore and taken to  
prison, to remain there until their  
execution, which was ordered  
for that afternoon. Captain Fry,  
a noble looking old man, fully a head  
taller than the rest of the crew, when  
he met his men on the wharf, previous  
to the march to prison, saluted them  
all, and the salute was returned with  
affection. At 4:45 P. M. Captain Fry  
thirty-six men and officers were pub-  
licly shot, despite the protest of all  
competent foreign authorities. The  
marines were seven minutes killing  
the wretched prisoners. It seemed as  
if they would never finish. At last  
the troops fled passed a long row of  
corpses. Then the dead carts were  
hurried up and loaded indiscriminately  
with the mangled remains. The  
American Consul has done all that  
could have been done; indeed it was  
threatened that his exequatur would be  
withdrawn for his exertions on behalf  
of the prisoners. In an interview  
with Gen. Burriel, that officer yield at  
him, and otherwise treated him disre-  
spectfully. The British Consul also  
made an ineffectual protest against the  
executions. It is reported that 16  
victims were British subjects.

Havana, Nov. 14.—The *Diario*, of  
Cienfuegos, says 57 of the Virginius  
captures were shot at Santiago on the  
10th inst. No particulars of these  
additional executions have been made  
public here.

Teacher—"who was the first man?  
Head Scholar—"Washington; he was  
the first in war, first in—" Teacher—  
"No, no; Adam was the first man."  
"O, if you're talking about foreigners  
I suppose he was."

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