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ELEVENTH YEAR. HEPPNER, MORROW COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1893. WEEKLY NO. 525. SEMI-WEEKLY NO. 118.

SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

Chattanooga

BY F. A. MITCHEL, LATE U. S. A.

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"General, permit me to introduce my wife."

MARK was taken to the officer in command at Altamont. On the way from the picket line he was informed that the place was occupied by McCook's division. When he reached headquarters he made himself and his mission known, and in a few minutes a cipher telegram was on its way to General Thomas at McMinnville:

Bragg at Dunlap yesterday with no force except a few cavalry. Cheatham and Withers marching north. The main army gone by rail from Chattanooga on the twenty-eighth to Knoxville. PRIVATE MARK MALONE.

Ten minutes later the spy was sound asleep on a camp cot in a tent belonging to one of the staff.

Mark had had no sleep for twenty-eight hours, and for much of that time he believed that he would be retaken and hanged. Now he slept a deep sleep. Hour after hour went by, and though bugles called and drums rattled he slumbered on. He dreamed that he was at Chattanooga. He was standing on the scaffold. Soldiers surrounded him. The noose was adjusted about his neck. He heard the sound of the ax as it cut the rope. He awoke with a cry.

Laura Fain—no, Laura Maynard—his wife—was standing beside him.

She sank down by the cot, and in a moment they were in each other's arms.

Neither spoke. Neither wished to do aught but leave tears—tears of an exquisite happiness—to flow on silently.

For a time Laura saw in Mark's face only a reflection of her own happiness. He was feasting his eyes upon her, passing his fingers through her dark hair or smoothing it back with his hand, while he covered her face with kisses.

Suddenly a thought seemed to come between her and him.

"What is it darling?" she asked anxiously.

"I was thinking"— said Mark. "But no; I will not think of that."

"Tell me."

"I was wondering—Laura, did you love him?"

Laura cast down her eyes.

"Love? Was it love?" She asked the question of herself. "It was a summer breeze, while this"——

"This?"

"Is a tempest."

Drawing her to him, before imprinting a kiss Mark added to her simile:

"A 'wild west wind.'"

"You are thinking of your Shelley," she said. "I shall love him too, now, since it was he who betrayed you to me."

"And I shall love him the more because he betrayed me—and made me"—

He did not finish. He was thinking of the morning in the garret when in her imperious way she had claimed that saving his life had made her its owner. She remembered it, too, and smiling finished for him:

"And made you my slave. But who made me 'your lyre even as the forest is' to the west wind?"

Her caresses prevented a reply for a time. When there was a pause Mark exclaimed wonderingly:

"Oh, woman, why must you so often deny to the worthy that which you may give in such abundance to one whose only recommendation is an ability to catch your fancy?"

Again there came into his face the expression of a thought which seemed for the moment to carry him away from her.

"What is it now?" she queried anxiously.

Mark smiled. "You will laugh at me when I tell you."

"Then you must be laughed at."

"I was wondering if, when I get back to headquarters, the general will want me to go right away on another mission."

Her arms were about him. She drew a little away and fixed her black eyes upon him. They shone like those of some savage but beautiful animal about to be bereft of her young.

"If you go again," she said fiercely, "into the presence of such a death I will go with you."

Mark made no reply, except to throw his arms about her neck and draw her to him again. Her fierceness was with him her chief charm. Then he made an effort to rise.

"Stay where you are," she said in the same imperious tone in which she had given the order once before when he threatened to leave the garret; "you shall lie there till you promise that you will be a spy no more."

"Let me up," cried Mark, smiling at her earnestness.

"Lie still!"

"Come, sweetheart," he said pleadingly, "let me get up, and I'll say with Hotspur to his Kate, 'When I'm on horseback I'll swear I love thee infinitely.'"

Mark was on his back, his arms pinioned. He was powerless. He was surprised at Laura's strength.

"Promise."

"Never!"

"Promise."

"Why so? I know I shall be dying to go again in a week."

"Then you shall lie there till the war is over."

"But I thought you told me once that if you were a man you would be all I have been."

"So I would. And you, being a man, might continue to be so were you the husband of any other woman; but mine, never!"

Mark looked into her eyes and knew that his career in the secret service had ended. The savage opposition he saw there to his ever again risking such a death as he had but a few days before barely escaped was too strong for him. Where was his adroitness, his ingenuity, his readiness in peculiar situations? Vanished under the gaze of his young wife. At last he was subdued by a girl.

The arrival of Laura the night before at the farmhouse where her mother had stopped, and awaited her coming anxiously, their resumption of their journey the next day, during which Laura confessed all to her mother, their safe arrival within the Union lines, the finding Mark at headquarters, may be passed over in a few short phrases.

Mark's meeting with his mother-in-law was, to say the least, embarrassing. Mrs. Fain received him with the same dignity that had characterized her throughout, but without her former cordiality. As yet she knew nothing about his connections, and she disdained to ask. But Mark had satisfied Laura, and the information she transmitted to her mother was in a measure mollifying.

That afternoon the party that had ridden into Anderson the day before rode out of Altamont in the direction of McMinnville. To all outward appearance the situation was the same, but really how different! Yesterday Mark was in imminent danger, while Laura was in a state of terror. Then they rode with scarcely a word. Now language was inadequate to convey all they wished to express.

In the evening the party drew up before General Thomas' tent at McMinnville.

Mark went inside.

"General," he said, "you received my telegram?"

"I did."

"Had you not received the information before?"

"If we had, why should we be here?"

There was a brief pause.

"I have brought something besides information, general. May I introduce a party waiting outside?"

"Certainly."

Mark went out and brought in Laura and her mother.

"General, permit me to introduce my wife."

The general looked at the blushing Laura, then at her mother, then at Mark, in undisguised astonishment.

"I thought you had been on a scout," he said.

"I have."

"And courted and wed at the same time?"

"Yes, general."

"Be seated, ladies. Now explain all this."

Mark gave an outline of his adventures, his listener's eyes opening wider as he proceeded. When the recital was finished the general called out:

"Orderly!"

In a twinkling a man was standing in the tent waiting an order.

"Send for Chaplain Gadsden."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a trifle uncertain about that wedding," remarked the general. "I think we'd better have it done according to the regulations."

All smiled save Mrs. Fain, who, since she had been informed of all that had occurred from the time of Mr. Slack's arrival at her house to Laura's joining her the night before, maintained a rigid and dignified silence.

While they were waiting for the chaplain the general wrote a telegram to Mr. Fain, at Nashville, announcing the arrival of his wife and daughter. He did not mention the son-in-law.

The chaplain came, and the bride and groom were wed again—this time with ample witnesses, for the whole staff had been ordered to "report in person at headquarters to witness marriage ceremony." The general gave the bride away, and after the benediction, offering his arm to Mrs. Fain, led the way to another tent where a collation of foraged viands—foraged unbeknown to the general, and consisting principally of cold chicken—was served. Unfortunately there was not a glass of wine in camp for the ladies, the only spirits being "commissary" whisky and the "Robinson County" of the country.

While the party were refreshing themselves, word was received from Nashville that Mr. Fain was out of danger and impatiently awaiting his wife and daughter.

After communicating this pleasant bit of information, the general, turning to Mark, said:

"I shall need you hereafter on my staff. I have learned from your colonel that there is a vacant lieutenancy for you in your regiment, and I will issue an order detailing you for duty with me. But this rank need be only temporary. The army is about to be divided into army corps, and my troops will constitute one of them. Under the recent law fixing the staff of corps commanders I shall nominate you for inspector general, with rank of lieutenant colonel, to be appointed by the president."

For the first time since she had been apprised of the fact that her daughter was a wife Mrs. Fain looked happy.

"General," said Mark, "while I appreciate the honor you so kindly bestow upon me, I would prefer, were it not for my wife, to remain in the secret service. She certainly deserves the distinction you offer, and I accept it for her. I rejoice at the prospect of being near you, and shall not be averse now, since I have so much to live for, to a service not connected with a constant reminder of hemp rope."

At this juncture an aid-de-camp entered and handed the general a telegram. He cast his eye over it and said:

"The ball is opened. Nelson is fighting the advance of Bragg's army at Richmond, Kentucky."

THE END.

THE CAUSE OF SILVER.

From the Salt Lake Tribune.

It seems in their anxiety to force Congress to repeal the Sherman act the bankers of the East have called in and tied up about one-sixth of all the gold in the United States. It amounts to nothing, except a notice to the people that those gentlemen are determined to run the finances of the country their own way, and regardless of what may come to the people, they are going to have those finances fixed on a basis that will be good for them. In this connection it is well to have the opinion of Solicitor-General Aldrich always kept before them, wherein he says: "There is no requirement that the redemption of legal tender (paper) is to be made in gold. As to the policy of using silver, I am not prepared to urge this action. It might cause a panic, but it could undoubtedly be done." There is not the slightest doubt but what it might be done. All old bonds of the country and almost all the obligations of the country are made payable in coin. If the Secretary of the Treasury and the President of the United States become fully satisfied, as they can easily if they study the situation, that it is the determination of the Rothschilds beyond the sea, and through them connecting bankers in this country who sneeze when that great financial house takes snuff, to make gold the only money of the world, possibly the thought will come after a while that the government of the earth, working in the interests of the people, have some authority to say what shall and what shall not be legal tender for debt, and some times when these men make corners in order to squeeze the last dollar in gold from the Treasury, their demands may be met by something just as legal as gold, to-wit, silver dollars. Mr. Aldrich thinks it might produce a panic.

There are some things worse than panics. There are times when a nation, filled with the cankers of a long peace, finds it necessary to resort to war, to wash with a bath of blood the films from the eyes of the people, to clear the atmosphere with powder smoke, and to divert men's minds from petty things and small things and mean things, and compel them to think of the higher duties which belong to humanity. In the same way a revolution in the finances of our country, while it might make ruin in many places, while with the dead and rotten boughs which would be blown down, there might some hardy trees be likewise overthrown, still, the great part of the producing class, which has been unheeded now for twenty years, would be heard above that storm, and their prayers would be answered. It is a lasting pity that the president of the United States cannot be made to realize what losses the country is sustaining and has been for fifteen years, because of one law which was passed through congress by stealth, which, so far as the power of our own country is concerned, struck out of existence one-half of the money of the world. If the president could but be made to see that, and could but realize what is plain and true, that silver is something more than a subsidiary coin, that its price is a barometer which indicates exactly the price of every other article; that when that article is low, it seems that everything is low in the same ratio, and that the masses of the workers of the world are working for nothing! Could that idea be once fixed in the slow brain of Grover Cleveland, he has the firmness or the stubbornness and the independence to adopt the remedy and to carry it out. The trouble is to get to him. The trouble is to make him understand the question. It might be done, perhaps, by first making the facts clear to the secretary of the treasury, and hence we count a good deal upon the result of the conference which is to be held here before very long, because what that conference or congress will give out will be the expressions of at least twenty states, and it ought to have some influence. We think it was the work of the Denver congress which caused President Harrison to call for the international monetary conference. We think had he but done that one year sooner, the whole face of this country would have been changed by this time. We think the argument which will induce the president and his secretary of the treasury to study the matter with peculiar intentness, will be to reiterate in their minds the truth, which is, that it was not the tariff which placed them in power, but that it was the unrest of the people, made through the derangements of money in the country, which came through the demonetization of silver, and unless that wrong shall be righted, the present administration will go just as the last one did, whenever the country has the opportunity to beat it to death with its votes.

$25,000 in Premiums.

Offered by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., of St. Louis, Mo. The one guessing nearest the number of people attending the World's Fair gets $5,000.00, the second $1,000.00, etc. Ten Star tobacco tags entitle you to a guess. Ask your dealer for particulars or send for circular. 116-42

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The Palace is the leading hotel in the city. Well furnished rooms with plenty of light are provided for everyone. s

M. Lichtenthal & Co. have a fine lot of winter wear, including ladies' winter shoes, overshoes, rubber boots, etc. Drop in. s

Borg, the jeweler, is the man to fix up your watch or clock. He keeps a full stock of everything pertaining to his business. s

The Buchler beer, 5 cents per glass, at the Columbia Beer Hall, Osmers & Hughes, props., next door to M. Lichtenthal & Co.'s shoe store. s

The M. L. & T. Co., since they have roofed all their platforms, have an immense storage capacity. This company now deals in grain, lumber and wood. s

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Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes: "Awoke one morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various reliefs for sudden pains without effect; went to my office; the pain became insufferable; went home at 11 o'clock and used ST. JACOBS OIL; effect magical, pain ceased, and at 1 o'clock went to work; cure permanent."

NEURALGIA.

LITTLE RAPIDS, WIS.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face, she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with ST. JACOBS OIL, and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHEIBE.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.

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