

# Oregon City Interests.

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NO. 12.

## When the Grass Grows Over Me.

Holden close to Earth's warm bosom—  
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,  
Nearer or further from the sky,  
You will find in blade or blossom,  
Sweet small voices, odorous,  
Tender pleasures in my clasp,  
That shall speak me as I was—  
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me—  
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## Internal Exhibition, 1876.

LET THE PEOPLE OF OREGON TAKE STEPS TO HAVE THE INDUSTRIAL RESOURCES OF THE STATE REPRESENTED.

EDITOR NEWS: Permit me through the medium of your columns to call the attention of the people of this State—and especially those public journals which take a deeper interest in the future prosperity of Oregon than in publishing Billingsgate and stimulating party prejudices and un-lead the people—to the importance of taking immediate steps for concert of action in preparing to have the vast resources of this State—consisting of gold, silver, lead and copper, coal, iron, asphaltum and platinum; wool and flax of superior quality; ornamental wood that, for beauty of finish, defies competition; useful timber and productions of fisheries; wheat, corn, grain and grasses in their various stages of growth and maturing; our improved breeds of cattle, sheep and horses; our roots and vegetables; our endless variety of fruits, not surpassed for size, beauty and flavor in any part of the world—properly placed on exhibition in Philadelphia at our approaching Centennial in 1876.

The magnitude of the labor of preparing and classifying the exhibit for our State, and securing through representation in the Exhibition, demands something more than what can be accomplished by two or three private individuals; and the united efforts of all our people and a thorough organization of all the industrial interest of the State, together with legislative assistance, will be requisite to enable exhibitors in this grand show to make a creditable display of the vast natural wealth of the State of Oregon. To carry out this important object, it has been deemed necessary to perfect an organization known as the State Board of Centennial Managers for the State of Oregon. On this Board will devolve the responsibility of organizing sub-committees in each county and securing a thorough representation of the industrial resources of this State in the Exhibition. On this Board will devolve the responsibility of organizing sub-committees in each county and securing a thorough representation of the industrial resources of this State in the Exhibition.

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## The Rival Claimants.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

Who Mr. Wilson was, whence he came, and what had been his antecedents, were points on which the good people of Pokobury remained as unlighted after he had well ten years among them as they were at his first coming.

His health had been for sometime failing, and one day I was sent to write his will. The instructions he gave me were very brief. He wished his entire estate to be vested in trustees, the annual income to be devoted to certain specified charities; but in case his brother, or whom he had lost sight for many years, should be alive and should be discovered, the above bequest was to become thenceforward null, and the entire property to go to his brother.

"This brother—have you any clew that may lead to his discovery?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "and I greatly fear, for certain reasons, that if he be living he will never, voluntarily, make himself known."

"Few people purposely keep out of the way of a good fortune," I remarked.

He made no answer, but seemed to be reflecting deeply.

"I wish to confide a secret to you," he said at length. "May I do so safely?"

"A lawyer's oath," I answered, "forbids him betray his client. You may speak with freedom and safety."

"My words may place my brother's life in your hands," he said, "and it may still be possible to clear up a horrible suspicion which for years has haunted me. I have read of so many cases in which it came out that men were innocent whose guilt seemed proved to demonstrating that I blamed myself for not sooner seeking aid in the solution of my mystery, instead of helplessly brooding over it."

He paused, as if still hesitating to disclose his secret. The indecision, however, was but momentary.

"My brother Charles and myself," he resumed, were brought up in a distant city by a wealthy uncle, who I was the favorite.

"Charles was younger than I, by some years. He was a light-hearted, affectionate boy, a little wild and extravagant, but not vicious—just the person of the whole not to meet the approval of his stern and supercilious father. He had a strong will, he left the bulk of his fortune to me, appointing me also trustee of the very moderate provision made for my brother."

"Charles expressed no displeasure at this. He placed too little value on money. I thought, or had too much confidence in my generosity to care much of us our uncle left his wealth to me."

"Not long after the will was made, returning home one night, I found the front door unlocked. I paid little attention to the circumstance, attributing it to the carelessness of the servant."

"On reaching my room, I discovered that I had not with me a valuable book which I had started with from a public library to which I was a subscriber. I had supposed to find a friend on the way and conjectured that I might have left the volume at his room. I determined to act on the surmise, and return to my friend's at once."

"As I passed out of the door, I met Charles coming in. I do not know if I spoke to him in my haste. I found the book where I supposed it was, and had nearly reached my uncle's door again, when I was startled by a brother rush out excitedly, and walk rapidly away."

"I met the housekeeper in the hallway. She seemed paralyzed with fear."

"I'm afraid something terrible has happened," she said, recovering her voice by an effort.

"What is the matter, I asked."

"Oh, sir," she answered, "Mr. Charles ran out of his uncle's room just now, looking like a ghost, and having a bloody knife in his hand. He passed me without speaking, and hurried from the house before I could say a word."

"I went at once to my uncle's apartment. A ghastly spectacle met my sight! My uncle lay lifeless in his blood! The gas was burning brightly, and every detail of the horrible scene was appallingly distinct."

"My uncle had been stabbed through the heart. His secretary stood open and the floor was strewn with papers."

"Like a flash of lightning the question presented itself. 'Can my brother have committed this deed?' His flight, the housekeeper's statement, his possible resentment at our uncle's will—all seemed to point to one conclusion, much as I strove to close my mind against it."

"I called for help. The housekeeper and servants came in answer to the alarm. The former fell faint, and was carried to her room where, fortunately she remained for a season in a condition which prevented her from relating what she had seen."

"The authorities were notified and an inquest held; but nothing of value came out. I knew she would believe me guilty. In justifying myself I might implicate my brother. I fled from the house and never returned."

"I was questioned only as to what I had seen after entering the house, and answered fully and truly. If in failing to tell what I was not asked about—the suspicious circumstances under which I had seen my brother leave the house—I trifled with my oath, I can only beg the forgiveness of Heaven. What the housekeeper had told me of course was hearsay. The coroner never thought of calling her."

"I gave my friends some plausible explanation of Charles' absence, hoping to myself, from day to day, he might return and relieve my mind from its distracting doubts; but through all the long years that have since followed, he has never, to my knowledge, been seen or heard of."

"I feel that were he found and placed on trial, should all the evidence come out, any jury would convict him. For myself, I have fought, and for my brother, I have fought, and I have never, to my knowledge, been seen or heard of."

"I left my native city and came hither, fearing, if I remained, I should not long be able to divert attention from my brother's strange absence."

"I have now told you all. To-morrow I will put in your hands a sum sufficient to defray whatever expense it may be necessary to incur in re-tracing my brother's steps."

"Mr. Wilson's startling narrative left me little hope of being able to gratify his wishes. The proof against his brother seemed unassailable; and there was slight reason to expect that a man willing for such a crime would voluntarily expose himself to the chances of detection."

"I prepared Mr. Wilson's will in accordance with his wishes, and he placed in my hands the money he had promised. He died, however, before any discoveries were made."

"I now cautiously advertised for Charles Wilson, mentioning the fact of his brother's death, and stating that a man willing for such a crime would voluntarily expose himself to the chances of detection."

"I was seated in my office one day when a stranger entered."

"I am Charles Wilson, and I have come to answer your notice," he said. I looked at him narrowly. There was no great resemblance between him and the late Wilson; yet the want of likeness was not sufficient, of itself, to render their relationship improbable."

"What proof have you of your identity?" I enquired.

"I can mention all the family names, for one thing," he answered.

"A little preparation might enable anyone to do the same thing," I replied.

"I have a ring given to me by my uncle, when I left home," he said reluctantly. "His name is in it. It was a parting present."

"Let me see the ring," I requested.

"I took the ring and examined it. The gem was costly and beautifully set. The name was there, as he had stated."

"By the way," I added, turning upon him quickly, "are you not a little afraid of presenting yourself as a claimant of your brother's property?"

"Why?" he asked, with evident uneasiness.

"Did it never occur to you that you might be accused of your uncle's murder?" I said.

"My uncle's murder? What proof is there to found such a charge against me?" he exclaimed, pale and trembling.

"Enough to hang you, I fear, if it should ever be brought forward," was my reply.

"I had determined to push him home, and then I had explained to him the nature of the charge against him. He went over all my late client had told me."

"The effect of my statement on him was singular. He appeared to be greatly reassured. He said that he would use to my prejudice information thus confided to you," he remarked.