

ALLEGED TRACY AID OUT

Governor Pardons Man Sentenced For Life Term.

Salem, Oregon, Aug. 31.—Announcing that he was convinced the man was a victim of outraged public opinion and that he was innocent of the crime with which he was charged, Governor West today issued a conditional pardon to Charles Monte, who was serving a life sentence on conviction of having furnished Harry Tracy and David Merrill, outlaws, guns and ammunition to slay guards and escape from the penitentiary. A written statement by the Governor follows:

"I have given Monte his release because, after a careful investigation, I am firmly convinced that he was never guilty of the crime for which he was convicted. Those instrumental in his prosecution were honest in their belief that he was guilty, but he never would have been convicted had it not been that he was an ex-convict and that an outraged public demanded a victim."

The Governor further said that victims of the outlaws were friends of his, and that he had every reason to see that the men who furnished them with guns should be punished. He declared that the evidence upon which Monte was convicted was circumstantial and flimsy and that his having served a term in prison was largely responsible for his conviction.

Tracy and Merrill escaped June 9, 1902, after slaying Guards Ferrell, Jones and Tiffany. They terrorized residents of Oregon and Washington, killing several persons until they themselves were slain.

DEVILISH GRAFTING

Every Man who had a Part in it Should be Hounded to Jail.

The exposures of the worst form of graft by John Lovelace of Estacada, should put the looters of charity in jail for long terms.

Mr. Lovelace shipped a consignment of flour to the Dayton, Ohio, flood sufferers and in the sacks put notes asking the consumer to write him under what circumstances the flour was received.

Answers to the notes show that the users of the flour bought it, paid the market price, and that it was bought hundreds of miles from Dayton.

F. E. Thomas, of Sandy, was a contributor of potatoes, and he took the same precaution, and letters he received from the consumers state they paid 60 cents per sack for the potatoes.

This county and city sent hundreds of bushels of potatoes to help the hungry of Dayton, besides flour and other commodities. The railroads delivered the food free of charge.

And now when it is found out that this stuff was simply stolen and sold through the dealers at the market price, it makes one wonder if there is any situation the grafters will respect.

The state of Ohio should take hold of this matter and stay with it until every man who had a hand in stealing these contributions to the flood sufferers are in jail.—Courier, Ore City.

Notice to Electric Light Users

All persons owing the Falls City Electric Light Co. for service prior to April 1, 1914, will please pay the amount to D. L. Wood at The News office.

Notice

Hereafter water rent becomes delinquent after the 17th of each month. Unless paid by that date your water will be turned off by the city marshal without notice.

H. G. Strayer, Auditor.

Get your butter wrappers printed at the News office.

THE REST IS SILENCE

One May Have Too Much of a Good Thing

By FRANK CONDON

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"This, then," remarked Mr. Tully, looking out of the car window, with a sad gleam in his eye—"this is East Waldoboro?"

The train stopped. A porter shooed the New Yorker through the aisle and off to the station platform, and leaving him surrounded by bags and parcels, the coaches rolled away into the distance.

Fresh from the roar and clamor of the city, Mr. Tully gazed about him and observed instantly that he was in the midst of an ocean of quiet. Peace and silence surrounded him. A man who drawled and accented strange parts of his conversation spoke a few words to the city stranger, and subsequently Mr. Tully found himself upon the highest seat of a carry-all, which is a Maine wagon designed to eliminate the rough spots from a citizen's anatomy by the simple process of knocking them off.

Leaving Mr. Tully on the wagon and in ascent of a stony hill a mile long and eight miles high, we will return at once to New York and look into this strange affair. Why was Mr. Tully in Maine at all?

"Doc," Mr. Tully had said to his oldest friend, "I want to know what's wrong with me. I'm run down, and my nerves hurt. I see strange things creeping along the wall at night."

"David," the doc answered, "you need peace, rest and quiet of the quietest sort, and I know just where you ought to go. I've got an aunt in East Waldoboro. Go up there and get back your nerves. If you don't go you'll die."

He disembarked from the station vehicle at the risk of life and limb, found Dr. Gregory's aunt a fine, pleasant, kindly old lady and put away his traveling impedimenta in the largest room he had ever seen, in the middle of which was a bed, which was twice as large as a regular bed.

"I'm going to like this place," he exclaimed enthusiastically. "When a man needs quiet he wants to come to just such a place as this. I'll bet I'll be perfectly well in no time."

Besides Dr. Gregory's aunt there were others in the house, and at first Tully concluded that somebody was ill in an upper room because of the continued quiet about the place and the noiseless movements of its inmates.

"We are free from the noises of the village," his hostess said to Tully on the first evening, "and we are so far from the main road that you will not be disturbed by passing motorcars. There are only three of us now—myself, my niece and the man who looks after things for us. I am sure you will find nothing to disturb you."

"Thank you," Tully said. "I am positive I shall improve very quickly in these peaceful surroundings." He was beginning to feel embarrassed by the attentions shown him.

That night as he lay between the sweet smelling sheets his ears fairly tingled. He endeavored to corral some stray, faint sound, but there was nothing except the soft rustle of the leaves outside his window.

In the morning he awakened, fresh and vigorous, after a sleep a dead man might have envied. During breakfast Mrs. Knight sent the hired man into the yard to shoo away a bevy of robins which had met in convention assembled under a lawn sprinkler and were chattering over the minutes of the last meeting. Tully watched the hired man in astonishment.

"The robins are so noisy," Mrs. Knight said to him. "We must try to keep the place quiet for you, Mr. Tully." Tully began to wonder exactly what Doc Gregory had written his aunt about him. He began to wonder whether he had not better bury his watch under a rosebush on account of its tremendous ticking.

He observed curiously that Mrs. Knight and her niece moved about without producing the slightest noise and that the hired man evidently ran upon pneumatic tires. The huge grandfather's clock in the dining room ticked in a low, almost inaudible, tone. The screen doors swung noiselessly against rubber fenders.

The floors were somewhere underneath the thick rugs or carpets. The entire house represented the word "quiet" worked up to the nth power. The last pocket in an abandoned coal mine was a noisy racket compared with it.

Mr. Tully, feeling refreshed and cheerful, sauntered forth. He plucked a red, red rose and placed it in his buttonhole. He sniffed the morning breeze and held out his hand to take bearings. The hand was almost steady.

He examined the blank atmosphere for his little pals, the starfish spots he had been accustomed to seeing in New York, but they had already diminished in size. He gazed at the side of a red barn in a hunt for the moving objects that a blank wall usually supplied and had great difficulty in finding them.

"This is a most wonderful spot and a most wonderful improvement," he chuckled in a pleased way. "Here I've been around only twenty hours, and I can see a change for the better. Thanks, Hank Gregory."

Tully's appetite increased at once, and he consumed quantities of fresh milk, corn bread, bacon and eggs, vegetables and Maine pie, to which no pie is peer. He found himself awakening in the middle of the night to assuage the pangs of hunger with half a pound of cold roast beef.

The noiseless customs of those about him had affected his own actions, and he could now move about without making a sound.

At the end of a week Mr. Tully of New York had concluded that ordinary quiet meant one thing and East Waldoboro-Knight quiet another. He had discovered what other men have found—that there is a superlative degree of quiet that gets under a man's skin and makes him yearn for some sort of noise.

The people were quiet, the horses and cows were quiet, and the chickens cackled in a minor, which is just above the first zero in sound affairs. It was on Sunday that Tully spent his first wakeful night.

He had leaped into bed with a glad sigh, expecting the usual hurried approach of Morpheus, but Mr. Morpheus was visiting in Chicago, and at 2 in the morning the New Yorker disembarked and spent the remainder of the night reading a novel under a carefully shaded oil lamp.

On Tuesday night Tully was on the fourth reading of the same novel and had begun to weary. The fifth night he simply sat still with his chin in his palms and fought off a strong desire to weep.

During the daytime he walked far and wide, listening with extended ears for a sound—any sound. The exercise tired him out, but sleep refused to come. He began to paw over the thought of hurrying a hitching post through the meat shop window to see if anything in the way of audibility would result.

"I'm going daffy," he made judgment when he found himself kicking an empty salmon can along a deserted lane and glomting over the sounds it made.

Far away each night—millions of miles in the distance—he could hear the faint whistle of the night freight train. It passed through East Waldoboro at 4 in the morning, bound for Bath, Brunswick, Portland, Boston and New York.

On sleepless nights his greatest, supreme joy was to lean out of the broad window under the oak trees, waiting for the faroff toot. It was at 2 o'clock Thursday morning that he sat motionless and considered a hasty thought. For five minutes the details of the thought rushed about in his head.

Then he began to remove his pajamas with great speed, and, disregarding all consequences, he turned up the oil lamp and hastily packed his dressing case. A new light shone in his eyes, and he was smiling gloriously. His head felt light, as one's head does after three glasses of champagne on an empty interior. He felt fine.

"Dear Mrs. Knight," he wrote on the sheet of paper, which he pinned on his pillow, "my stay with you and your niece has done me a universe of good. I am the healthiest man in the world. But I am going away from you, thinking you over and over for your kindness and your thoughtful acts. I am going away because it is so quiet here that if I stay two more hours I will commit some desperate deed. I haven't the courage to face you and tell you this, and, besides, the night freight train is coming, and I will be in the caboose or death will end it all."

Mr. Tully left himself out of the Knight home on feet of velvet and aimed at the station. The night freight stepped there to turn a switch, and when the caboose slowed down a strange young man, carrying a suitcase, climbed the steps and shook hands with the sleepy conductor.

Tully sat up the entire trip to Portland and enjoyed himself beyond human understanding. The clatter of the wheels over rail joints, the creaking, groaning of the brake beams and the scratching of the metal shoes were sweet sounds in his long famished ears.

The yells out of the night from yardmen and station agents assailed him like a pleasant ope. The roar of passing trains threw him into an ecstasy of delight. He decided that he would spend the remainder of life riding in a freight caboose with a greasy brakeman.

When he struck Broadway and Twenty-third street Tully was a mass of goose flesh, and each member of the said goose flesh was a unit of joy. He found his apartment and entered it serenely.

He drank a large glass of water, undressed in three minutes, surged into bed and for the first time in two weeks he went to sleep—such a sleep as dying victims of insomnia picture in their feverish ravings.

He was awakened by a large, greasy, blue overalled figure sitting on the end of a steel girder outside his window. The man was staring down at him, amazement and envy written over his grimy countenance.

In his hand he held a machine gun attached to a pneumatic hose, which he waved at the surprised Tully to emphasize his remarks.

"You're some sleeper, young feller," the riveting man said amiably.

"What's the matter with you?" Tully inquired, wondering at this steel enthroned one's proximity.

"I've been rivetin' bolts into this girder for the last hour and watchin' you slumber. I wish I could do that, mister. I envy you."

"Oh, shut up and let me alone!" Tully growled.

He turned over, punched the pillow and returned to deep sleep at once.

The man on the steel beam renewed his clamorous attack upon the metal support with fresh energy, shaking his head and wondering.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Land Fraud Is Alleged.

Salem.—C. B. McConnell, a lawyer of Burns, conferred with Attorney-General Crawford in regard to instituting suits for the recovery by the state of large tracts of grazing land in Harney and Malheur counties, control of which Mr. McConnell charges was obtained by fraud. Suit is pending against the Pacific Livestock company for the recovery of 27,000 acres of school land. The company has entered suit to prevent the adjudication of water rights on the Silves river, and it was while making an investigation of its allegations that Mr. McConnell says he found that about 50,000 other acres had been obtained through fraud.

Alleged Tracy Aid Pardoned.

Salem, Or.—Announcing that he was convinced the man was a victim of outraged public opinion and innocent of the crime with which he was charged, Governor West conditionally pardoned Charles Monte, serving a life sentence on conviction of having furnished Harry Tracy and David Merrill, outlaws, guns and ammunition to slay guards and escape from the penitentiary.

Government to Sell Timber Tract.

Klamath Falls.—A tract of timber, estimated to contain nearly 90,000,000 feet of lumber, will be sold by the government at an early date. There are 6280 acres in the tract and it is located in the Crater Lake national park. It is mainly white and sugar pine, but there is some yellow and white fir and considerable cedar. The terms of the sale will give the purchaser until 1926 to complete the removal of the timber. The sale is expected to realize about \$250,000.

SET VOTE CANVASS DATE

McNary-Benson Tie Will Be Settled September 5.

Salem.—Early settlement of the contest for the republican nomination for justice of the supreme court between Justice McNary and Judge Benson was made certain when Secretary of State Olcott announced that the canvass of the vote would be made Saturday, which will give the successful candidate until Tuesday to file his acceptance. The canvassing board is composed of Governor West, Secretary of State Olcott and State Treasurer Kay.

Judge Benson leads in the race by one vote, but a stipulation provides that several precincts in Multnomah, Washington, Tillamook and Hood River shall be canvassed and there is a possibility that the result will be changed. There also is a probability that 15 ballots in Sixes precinct, Curry county, which were thrown out because the electors voted for too many candidates for governor, will be counted in the supreme court race.

All persons having nominations must file acceptances by that time or their names will not be certified to the county clerks to be printed on the ballots. There is a further requirement that any person nominated who has failed to file a verified statement of expenditures cannot be certified to for the official ballots. Statements must be filed even though no money was expended.

Three Blocks in The Dalles Burned.

The Dalles.—Three entire blocks of this city were swept away by fire, the result of three blazes started within a few minutes of each other and supposedly from the torch of an incendiary. The total loss is estimated at \$110,000.

Crop Pest War Is On.

Pendleton.—The farmers of Umatilla county have declared war upon magpies, squirrels and jackrabbits and State Game Warden Evans has directed District Game Warden Edgar Averill to assist the farmers in exterminating the pests. The damage to crops by these animals has been serious this season.

Train Robbers Sentenced.

Pendleton, Or.—Clarence Stoner and Albert Meadors, the two young train robbers, were sentenced to serve 13 years in the Oregon state penitentiary. Stoner and Meadors, together with Charles Manning, held up O.W. R. & N. train No. 5 near Meacham, July 2.

Fish Go By Canal.

Astoria.—Practically all the canned salmon from the Pacific coast destined for the eastern seaboard is being shipped this year by way of the Panama canal instead of by rail. The ocean rate is 40 cents cheaper than the rail rate for every 100 pounds.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

- 1 Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, block E.
- 2 Two fine building lots in block G, East View add.
- 3 For rent, house, barn, 3 lots; \$6; Ellis street. Property for sale.
- 4 For Sale, 2 good lots, on Pine street in block K, cultivated.
- 5 Lots 13, 14, 15, 16, block O, at a bargain; \$100 cash, bal. on terms at 8%.
- 6 Two lots, 6-r. house; fruit, berries, city water, electric light; close in, bargain.
- 7 For sale, One acre, adjoining city limits, with 5-room house. A bargain at \$425, terms. House to rent.
- 8 For sale—9 acres, partially improved; house, timber; spring and living stream; near western city limits; price, \$1000, half cash.
- 9 For sale, one acre, cultivated, fruit, berries; 6-r. house insured for \$1400; elec. light, city water, cesspool; price \$1050; all cash, or \$700 cash, terms on balance.
- 10 For sale, 7 lots (all of block A) in Montgomery's addition to Falls City; good garden ground, fenced; city water; price \$1100 if bought within the next 30 days.
- 11 For sale, fine home in city, with 25 acres, 10 cultivated.
- 12 For sale, lots 7, 8, 14, 23 block K, and lots 11 and 12 block E. Will trade for Portland property.
- 13 For sale, lot 2 block M, M. ad.
- 14 For sale, 80 a. 1 1/2 mi. north of city 20 a. improved; 25 a. good timber; plenty of pasture and water.
- 15 To rent, 12-r. house.
- 16 Two acres, cultivated, fruit, berries; 6-r. house, sheds; water, electric light; will divide.
- 17 Three acres, adjoining city.
- 18 Five acres, in city.
- 19 Six lots, no improvements; cheap.
- 20 Lot 5 and 20 ft. of lot 4 blk D, 70 feet front, on North Main street, is for sale at a bargain; best building lot in town. See F. K. Hubbard.

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