

WEDNESDAY



A FLASH of LIGHTNING

By Edwin L. Sabin

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August 5.—Gale does \$10,000 damage to St. Louis fair grounds and kills one and injures seven.—Carnegie gives \$2,500,000 in steel trust bonds to his native town in Scotland for theater, public park and education of citizens in horticulture.—New York judge will not naturalize aliens who cannot answer all questions in English.—Phil May, England's greatest black and white artist, dies.—Wall street has wild day, with two big failures and decline in all stocks.—Railroad lobby in Colombia trying to defeat Panama canal right of way quits after spending half a million, when they find the Central American legislators will require ten million for temporary delay. Will now await building and try to get fair competition rates from the owners when canal is opened.—6,000 square miles withdrawn for forest reserve in Alaska.—New York steel magnate makes vain effort to reach his dying daughter at San Francisco, his special train crossing from ocean to ocean in three days and 9 hours.—10,000 Pittsburg builders resume work.

Oregon.—A. & C. carshop at Astoria with one locomotive burned up, loss \$15,000.—State preparing to build ladder for fish to climb over the falls at Oregon City.—Extension of Sumpter Valley railway into Grant county opens up big body of timber for location.—Willamette Valley Prune Growers' Association sells a dozen carloads of prunes for export at above local market.—Settlers' low rate to coast will be restored in early fall.—Two more hold ups in Portland.

THURSDAY



August 6.—Seattle crooks steal a quarter ton hotel safe, roll it down an embankment, and blow it up with dynamite only to be disturbed just as they were getting at its contents.—Colorado has disastrous storm, with ten inch hailstones, which kill sheep and wreck houses; damage over \$200,000.—Gorman says Democrats can win on tariff issue; South wants race issue.—250,000 on strike in Russia; soldiers bayonet and flog strikers upon submission at Odessa.—Pope wants to be at peace with Italian government.—Oregon.—State seeks \$4400 interest on funds deposited in defunct Salem bank by ex-State Treasurer Metschan.—Union county taxpayers object to county seat election, as county has \$200,000 debt, which would be increased \$45,000, while constitutional limit is \$5000.—Grant county cattlemen fix sheep dead line.—Salem stirred because barbers want to charge 5 cents for shaving neck, besides 15 cents for shaving.—Indian war veteran sues state for money granted under legislative act whose appropriation has been exhausted.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me properly verified, as by law required, at Forest Grove, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated this 16th day of June, A. D. 1903.

SARAH E. CROW,

Administratrix of the Estate of Asa Williams, deceased.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior, Land Office a Oregon City, Oregon, June 20, 1903. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on August 4, 1903, viz: Mose Middaugh, H. E. No. 14,106, for the southeast quarter Section 3, Township 3 north Range 6 west. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Rice Montague, of Timber, Oregon; Robert T. Sims, son of Buxton, Oregon; William Middaugh, of Portland, Oregon; Amos Bradshaw, of Rosland, Oregon. ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

of welcome, her ready sympathy, her loving, jealous watch over his belongings, her quick, helpful interest in his aims and his ambitions.

Too late, too late! Had she wondered frantically why he had not come to her aid? Was she at the very moment even wondering and waiting? Was he to bring succor or revenge?

The responsibility was awful. How best and surest to carry out the mission put upon him? He was eager to expose himself to any risk provided that it enabled him to attain his goal. A great thirst for vengeance permeated him, burning into his marrow.

When, incapable longer of bearing her part in the exchange of words, yet disdaining to show how the rapier thrusts had wounded her, Mrs. Page had hotly fled to her room, drawing the portieres behind her, she had fung herself on her bed to find refuge in passionate tears. Then, fearing lest her



THE LIGHTNING SKETCHED THE FIGURE OF A MAN.

husband might approach and hear her, abruptly she had stifled her sobs and had begun to undress.

All her womanhood was in revolt. Her husband had been detestable; he had been brutal; he had uttered things that she never would have believed he could, and she had been led into asserions now keenly repugnant to her. Oh, he was so irritating, so masterful, so unreasonable! And thereupon

threw into her tossing mind retort after retort which she might have made, but which she had not thought of in time.

She crept into bed and softly cried afresh. These were not angry tears, but tears from the depths of a desolate heart. Thus at last her married life had gone the way of so many other married lives of which she had read and heard. The prophecies of cynical and embittered acquaintances had come true—that she would discover she had loved the ideal and had married the real. The dreams of her girlhood had been beaten to death.

Well, as an end to the bickerings welcome the separation. She would prove to him that she was not dependent upon him, not in the slightest. She would answer defiance with defiance.

Worn out by her turmoil of resentment and grief, she sank asleep. She awakened with a start, sitting up in bed, every nerve on the alert. A thunderstorm was over the city. How long it had been in progress she did not know, but wind and rain combined were lashing roof and pane. The atmosphere was surcharged with electricity. She was quivering; a weight seemed to be upon her.

As she endeavored to collect her scattered senses her thoughts flew to the parlor window. She must go and shut it, for the rain was from that direction. Norman would not do it, and she would die rather than ask him, much as she shrank at the trip through the bristling darkness. Drawing on her fleecy house slippers, she threw about her the first wrap upon which she laid her hands—a raglan coat—and desperately set forth.

Not a movement in Norman's room. Surely he was awake; he never slept through a thunderstorm. How cruel in him to stay still and permit her to make the journey—she, such a coward!

How silent the house was in the midst of a storm of wind and rain and growl of thunder! Almost she was forced into speaking to Norman to ascertain if really he was awake. But, no; she never, never would acknowledge a need for him.

However, even hard in her indignation, she could not help playing the wife, and, mindful that her door struck and was difficult to open, to avoid rousing him if perchance he was asleep she felt for the portieres and passed through in order to reach the hall by the door from his room.

She had taken only one or two steps when, instant as a saber stroke, came a flare of lightning which for the fraction of a second tipped everything with fire and was swallowed up. Brief as it was, it gave to her dazzled eyes the glimpse of a man just on her left, motionless, arrested like herself.

A burglar! A desperado! In Norman's room! What had been happening there in the night? Why was Norman so still? And this, then, was the subtle dread which had awakened her—an intuition of the tragedy.

Ah, could she but have known! Could she but have last evening back again! Could she but have the last year again!

How was she to live without Norman, her knight, her husband, her Norman. What were those petty differences beside the sound of his tender voice and the clasp of his strong arm?

Suddenly a wave of wild wrath up rose in her like a consuming flame. Luckily she had not cried out. Perhaps the man had not seen her or deemed that she had not seen him. The little revolver which Norman had taught her to use was in the top drawer of her chiffonier. Silently she began a purposeful retreat, her face turned toward her unseen enemy, her ears wary.

It was the retreat of a tigress beef that seeks but a vantage point for a furious leap. Vengeance, not safety, was her end.

Although while thinking Page had been listening, listening to apprehend the least indication of the whereabouts of his mysterious opponent, he had heard nothing save the dash of the drops. The silence was brimming with possibilities. He must not open the door, for this would betray him. The night covered him like a velvet pall, and, shrouded in his red robe, he was as invisible as his antagonist.

Doubtless the other also was listening, peering, planning. Was he stealing nearer and nearer until he might grapple, or was he crouching, prepared to shoot as soon as his senses should guide him ever so little? Amid the storm a pistol shot would spread abroad no alarm.

Page fancied that he could detect the gradual approach of his ruthless foe. His faculties were concentrated until it seemed that his head must crack from the stress.

The effort was futile. Oh, for a chance to put himself upon an equal footing! Only give him something with which to kill, kill, kill! His heavy cane was in the opposite corner. A fierce longing to clutch it possessed him.

He started to withdraw his fingers from the knob. Another lightning flash so brilliant and unexpected that it blinded him as with a white hot iron. Crash—the thunder peal close following and jarring, echoing, fading away until submerged by the peeting spews!

Page's heart was jumping, and his ears thumped painfully. "Norman, is that you?"

Helen's voice! Helen was alive, unharmed! The shackles of fear that bound him were shattered instantly. "Yes, pet; I'm coming," he answered. Recklessly bold, he strode resolutely in the direction of the dresser, hastily swept his hands over the top, seized a match and applied it to the gas. The broad jet leaped into life, and, clutching the smoldering match, Page stared with all his eyes at the spot where he had described the man.

He saw only the pale face of his wife above her raglan coat. "Oh, Norman, I was so frightened! I got up to shut the window, and the

lightning showed me you, and I thought it was a burglar until the next flash!" she wailed, reaching out her arms and whimpering like a lonesome child.

"Poor sweetheart!" he said, springing to her and gathering her in his grasp to kiss her and stroke her hair.

Her forehead was damp and her cheeks were wet. A surge of compassion, regret and self reproach welled in his throat.

"I thought you were killed; I thought that I'd lost my Norrie," she quavered piteously, clinging to him.

"But I'm with you, you see," he comforted, gathering her still closer. "And we'll never be separated?" she repeated.

"Never, dearest," he whispered. He carried her back to her bed and with loving hands tucked her in. Then, kneeling and bending over her, he murmured impulsively:

"Dear, I was to blame. I was mean to you last."

"No, no," she protested quickly. "I'm so sensitive. I wish I wasn't."

"You're perfect," he remonstrated, almost with indignation.

The assurance in his voice and in his kiss was complete, for with a sigh of happy contentment she nestled her head upon his arm and was silent.

Thus holding her, he remained motionless until long after she had fallen asleep and the wind and the rain had subsided.

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