

Washington County News

Issued Each Week

FOREST GROVE.....OREGON

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson is not expected to live.

Russia wants to borrow between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000.

The New York clearing house denounces the methods of the trusts.

The new regulations on Chinese exclusion have failed to mollify China.

A range war is in progress in Nebraska between cattlemen and settlers.

The South hopes for frost to kill the pestilent mosquitoes which are spreading yellow fever.

A party of four American mining men were murdered by Mexicans 36 miles west of Tucson.

The effect of the proposed coffee tax would be to put the greater part of the burden on the poor man, as our island possessions will never produce enough for our own consumption.

Fire on the Portland waterfront destroyed an entire block, valued at \$84,600. The loss would have been far greater but for the efficient work of the fireboat. Insurance will amount to \$51,500.

Gomez has come to the United States on a secret mission, believed by many to ask Roosevelt's aid. The Cuban warrior declares liberty is dead on the island and says the tyranny of President Palma is worse than Weyler's worst deeds.

Japan will not have to make a new loan.

More cholera has made its appearance in Poland.

Texas troop have been ordered out to prevent the lynching of a negro.

The Virginia City, Nevada, mines are to be pumped out and worked again.

The tuberculosis congress, representing all nations, is in session in Paris.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, says he does not fear a strike.

Switzerland has accepted the invitation for a second peace conference at The Hague.

Witte has been offered the Chancellery of Russia. The title of count has also been conferred on him by the czar.

Over 50,000 electrical workers are now on strike in Berlin and other trades involving more men are expected to join.

Further delay has occurred in the naming of a Federal judge for Oregon and the president says he may not appoint one until December.

A mutual bank has been opened in Chicago. The depositors are to receive a share of the profits and the people are eagerly seizing the opportunity to make additional money on their savings.

The Milwaukee grand jury has indicted more grafters.

The battleship Mississippi has been successfully launched.

The emperor of Austro-Hungary is seeking conciliation of the two factions.

William Randolph Hearst is to run for mayor in New York on a municipal ownership platform.

Turks have massacred many Macedonian Christians under the eyes of European gendarmes.

Unless Williamson and Hermann resign Oregon will have no representatives in the next congress.

Owing to the many evidences of graft among life insurance companies, Germany may shut out American companies.

It has been found that the boilers in the cruiser Marblehead are in as bad condition as those of the Bennington, and must be overhauled before the ship can go to sea.

The steamship Alameda has piled upon the rocks in the bay while on the way to sea from San Francisco.

An O. R. & N. freight train running in two sections was wrecked as it was coming into the Portland yards. The first section had stopped to take a switch and the second section was unable to stop. No one was hurt. Two engines were badly damaged and eight cars smashed into kindling wood.

The Baldwin Locomotive works is building 140 engines for the Harriman lines.

Leading Hungarians say Germany is the cause of the present trouble in their country.

Peace has been restored at Baku, Russia, and workmen are returning to their occupations.

A white woman of Missouri has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years for marrying and living with a negro.

George Maxwell, a wealthy Canadian, will sue the United States because he was denied admission to this country.

GUILTY AS CHARGED.

Verdict in the Williamson, Gesner and Biggs Land Case.

Portland, Sept. 28.—"Guilty as charged in the indictment." After three trials, extending over three months, John Newton Williamson, Representative in congress from Oregon; Dr. Van Gesner, his partner, and Marion R. Biggs, their friend and the United States commissioner for the general land office at Prineville, have been declared to be guilty of the crime of conspiracy to suborn perjury, and have been thrown upon the leniency of the court, by reason of their previous good character.

The long and tiresome third trial of the case has passed into history, but unlike the first and second, it has been productive of a decisive result. Once more the cause of the government and the indefatigable energy of United States District Attorney Heney have been triumphant, and conviction has come from the hands of a jury selected and sworn to try the guilt or innocence of the defendants upon the law and the evidence.

But it was not a question easily decided or quick of settlement, for the jury wrestled with the decision from 5:20 in the afternoon until 11 at night, and it was eight minutes later before the sealed envelope containing the fate of the three men was handed to Judge Hunt for his perusal. For many ballots the jury stood 11 for conviction and 1 for acquittal.

As soon as the verdict had been read Judge Hunt arose and thanked the jury for their patient attention and uncomplaining service throughout the trial. He then dismissed them.

Turning then to the defendants and their attorney, Judge Hunt asked if there were any motions to be made, and Mr. Bennett, shaking off the spell which seemed to wrap him round, asked to be allowed on behalf of all the defendants to file notice of a motion for a new trial. Judge Hunt stated that he would like to have the motion filed as soon as possible, as he desired to leave the city within two weeks, but he allowed ten days in which to complete the written transcript of the motion and place it before the court.

The court announced that pending the filing of the motion the defendants would be allowed to go on the same bonds under which they are now resting. Then the court adjourned, and without speaking the defendants filed silently from the room and into the night. They had no statements to make, they said. It was not their time to talk.

FIRE SCORCHES COLON.

Two Blocks Are Cleared and Government Records Destroyed.

Colon, Sept. 29.—By sheer good luck the city of Colon was saved from complete destruction by fire last night. The fire broke out in a building next to the residence of the Spanish consul, and soon destroyed the Phoenix hotel, an American-owned building, and two other hotels, several liquor saloons and several tenement buildings. Row's building, containing the postoffice, the offices of the municipality, of Governor Melendez, the port inspectors, the judiciary and other offices, together with the treasury building, were also burned.

A fire brigade from Panama bringing engines and equipment arrived at 1 o'clock, but by that time the fire was under control.

Nearly all the records and documents of the government were destroyed. The burned region comprises two blocks. The American residential quarter was not touched.

The sanitary authorities are erecting tents in the fire zone to shelter the homeless.

During the fire many harrowing scenes were witnessed. Among these was the removal of the body of a 15-year old child. The child had died a few minutes before the fire started.

Demand Reforms of Judiciary.

Moscow, Sept. 29.—The congress of the Zemstvos and municipalities at its session yesterday, in addition to the program already celebrated, adopted a separate resolution on the subject of judicature. It declares itself in favor of the complete separation of the department of Justice from the other branches of the administration, the re-constitution of the system providing for the election of judges, the trial of every case before a jury, the abolition of the capital penalty and punishment by administrative process.

Will Refund More Bonds.

Washington, Sept. 29.—The secretary of the treasury made the announcement today that on October 2 next he will resume refunding operations under the act of March 14, 1900, receiving 4 per cent bonds of the funded loan of 1907 and 3 per cent bonds of the loan of 1908-1918 at a valuation equal to their present worth and issuing in place thereof 2 per cent bonds, consols of 1930, at 101, subject to discontinuance at any time without notice.

Cannot Suppress Boycott.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29.—Chinese merchants in Seattle state that they have mail advices from Canton which declare the vicerey of that province has acknowledged his inability to put down the boycott. The vicerey insists that the merchants and people will buy as they see fit. He adds, though, that the sentiment is being resisted, and that some gains have been made by the government's efforts to suppress the boycott.

LAND FRAUD CASES

Heney Working Hard to Secure More Convictions.

LAWYERS WANT CASE DISMISSED

Should Indictment Be Found Faulty Defendants Will Go Free on Statute of Limitations.

Portland, Oct. 3.—Willard N. Jones, Thaddeus S. Potter and Ira Wade will face the Federal court this morning charged with a conspiracy to defraud the government, provided Judge Hunt overrules the demurrer to the indictment, which was argued yesterday by S. E. Huston and M. L. Pipes for the defense and District Attorney Heney for the government.

Several moves have been made by the defense to prevent the case coming to trial, but so far they have been unsuccessful, though their efforts have hindered the consideration. The first indictment against the defendants was admitted to be defective by the district attorney and was dismissed, while the present indictment was returned just as the statute of limitations was about to run. A plea in abatement was filed by the attorneys as the second step, but this was overruled by the court, upon which the demurrer was presented. Yesterday morning it was submitted upon a statement of contention by the different attorneys interested in the case.

The court listened to the argument on both sides and then took the matter of its decision under advisement until this morning, when it will make known its opinion. If Judge Hunt should decide for the defense, the defendants would be enabled to escape prosecution entirely, as the statute of limitation has by this time run and no new indictment could be drawn or voted to replace the present one.

STEALING IS EASY.

New York Bank Clerk Takes Money to Prove It.

New York, Oct. 3.—By the confession of Henry A. Leonard, a young clerk in the employ of Halle & Stieglitz, brokers at 30 Broad street, the mystery of the robbery on Wednesday last of \$359,000 worth of securities from the National City bank was cleared up today. Leonard who lives with his parents at 566 East 136th street, was arrested yesterday and kept in close confinement while the detectives continued their search for the missing securities, every dollar of which was recovered today.

The prisoner, who is only 24 years old and who has previously borne the reputation of an industrious and thoroughly reliable clerk, made the astounding statement in his confession, that he had planned and carried out his scheme of forgery not from a criminal motive, but solely to show by what a simple device the elaborate safeguards of New York banks could be set at naught. That this statement is in a measure correct is shown by the facts in the case.

TRAIN HELD UP.

Great Northern Express Car Dynamited and Safe Looted.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 3.—The Great Northern overland train, leaving Seattle at 8:20 last night, was held up and the baggage and express car dynamited half a mile east of mile post ten, about five miles from Ballard, at 8:45. It was 11 o'clock before the train pulled into Edmonds and the most meager reports were sent to the local office.

Three men are known to have done the work. Two boys, who got on the blind baggage here, as soon as the hold-up began entered the passenger coaches and began holding up the passengers. They were captured. They say two of the men were on and the third got on at Ballard. All were dressed with raincoats and slouch hats.

Agitating for a Republic.

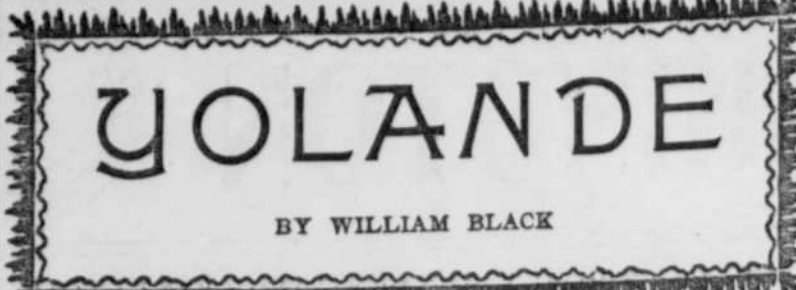
London, Oct. 3.—The Christiania correspondent of the London Post says the agitation against the terms of the Karlstad agreement continues to grow. Critics declare the terms have placed the government in a humiliating position, but the delegates shrunk from rejecting them or taking the consequences. The object of those who are behind the agitation is to weaken the government in order to prepare the way for a demand which is being advanced for the establishment of a republic.

Blame for Wreck Fixed.

New York, Oct. 3.—Responsibility for the accident on the New York-Elevated railroad recently, in which 12 persons lost their lives, was fixed today by a coroner's jury upon two men. Cornelius A. Jackson, the towerman who set the wrong switch, and Kelley, the motorman, who drove his train around the curve with a speed which caused one car to jump the track into the street, were both charged with criminal negligence.

Fire Destroys Army Stores.

Tokio, Oct. 3.—It is officially reported that the damage caused by the fire in the army storehouse at Hiroshima amounted to 1,849,107 yen, equivalent to about \$24,533, including the buildings, provisions and clothes which were destroyed.



BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

Now for the moment Yolande was completely disconcerted. It was a point she had not foreseen; it was a point, therefore, on which she had asked no counsel. She had been assured by Mr. Lang that she had nothing to fear in taking away her mother from this house—that she was acting strictly within her legal rights. But how about this question of debt? Could they really detain her? Outwardly, however, she showed no symptom of this sudden doubt. She said to the woman with perfect calmness:

"Your impertinence will be of little use to you. My mother is going with me. I am her guardian; if you interfere with me it will be at your own peril. If my mother owes you anything it will be paid."

"How am I to know that? Here she is, and here she shall remain until everything is paid. We are not going to be robbed in that way. I'll go and fetch my husband—that I will." And the next second she had left the room and the house, too—running out into the night bareheaded.

"Now, mother," said Yolande, quickly, "now is our chance! Where are your things? Oh, you must not think of packing anything; we will send for what you want to-morrow. But do you really owe these people anything?"

"I don't know," said her mother, who seemed to have been terrified by this threat on the part of the woman.

"Well, then, where is your hat?—where is your shawl? Where is your room?"

Almost mechanically she opened the folding doors that formed one side of the apartment, disclosing beyond a bedroom. Yolande preceded her; picked up the things she wanted, and helped her to put them on.

"Come, now, mother; we will get away before they come back. Oh, you need not be afraid. Everything is arranged for you. There is a cab waiting for us outside."

"Who is it?" said the mother, drawing back with a gesture of fear.

"Why, no one at all!" said Yolande, cheerfully. "But my maid is just outside in the passage. Come along, mother!"

"Wait a moment, then." She went back into the bedroom, and almost instantly reappeared—glancing at Yolande with a quick, furtive look that the girl did not understand. She understood after.

She took her mother by the hand and led her as if she were a child. In the lobby they encountered Jane; and Jane was angry.

"Another minute, miss, and I would have turned her out by the shoulders!" she said, savagely.

"Oh, it is all right," said Yolande, briskly. "Everything is quite right! Open the door, Jane, there's a good girl."

They had got out from the house, and were indeed crossing the pavement, when the landlady again made her appearance, coming hurriedly up in the company of a man who looked like a butler out of employment, and who was obviously drunk. He began to hector and bully. He interposed himself between them and the cab.

"You ain't going away like this! You ain't going to rob poor people like this! You come back into the house until we settle this affair!"

Now Yolande's only aim was to get clear of the man and to get her mother put into the cab; but he stood in front of her, whichever way she made the attempt; and at last he put his hand on her arm to force her back to the house. It was an unfortunate thing for him that he did so. There was a sudden crash; the man reeled back, staggered, and then fell like a log on to the pavement; and Yolande, bewildered by the instantaneous nature of the whole occurrence, only knew that something like a black shadow had gone swiftly by. All this appeared to have happened in a moment, and in that same moment here was a policeman in plain clothes, whom she knew by sight.

"What a shame to strike the poor man!" said he to the landlady, who was on her knees, shrieking by the side of her husband. "But he ain't much hurt, mum. I'll help him indoors, mum. I'm a constable, I am; I wish I knew who done that! I'd have the law agin him."

As he uttered these words of consolation he regarded the prostrate man with perfect equanimity; and a glance over his shoulder informed him that, in the confusion, Yolande and her mother and the maid had got into the cab and driven off. Then he proceeded to raise the stupefied ex-butler, who certainly had received a "facer"; but who presently came to himself as near as the fumes of rum would allow. Nay, he helped, or rather steadied, the man into the house; and assured the excited landlady that the law would find out who had committed this outrage; but he refused the offer of a glass of something, on the plea that he was on duty. Then he took down the number of the house in his notebook and left. As he walked along the street he was suddenly accosted by the tall, broad-shouldered young man who had disappeared into the narrow entry.

"Why weren't you up in time?" said the latter, angrily.

"You was so quick!"

"Is that drunken idiot hurt?"

"Well, sir, he may 'ave a black eye in the morning—maybe a pair on 'em. But 'tain't no matter. He'll think he run agin a lamp post."

"When you saw that drunken brute seize hold of the young lady's arm, you should have been there—on the spot—on the instant—"

"You was so quick, and the man went over like a ninepin!"

"Well, the affair is satisfactory as it stands," said the younger and taller man; "and I am well satisfied."

CHAPTER XVII.

Despite all her hurrying, Yolande did not manage to get away from London

on the day following; it was not until early the next morning that she and her mother and the maid found themselves in the train, and the great city left behind for good. The weather was brilliant and shining around them, and the autumn-tinted woods were glorious in color. To these, or any other passing object, Yolande, in her capacity of guardian, drew cheerful attention, treating the journey, indeed, as a very ordinary everyday affair; but the sad-eyed mother seemed hardly capable of regarding anything but her daughter—and that sometimes with a little bit of stealthy crying.

"Ah," she said in those strangely hollow tones, "it is kind of you to come and let me see you for a little while."

"A little while? What little while, then?" said Yolande, with a stare.

"Until I go back, away from you," said the mother, regarding the girl with an affectionate and yet wistful look. "It was in a dream that I came away from the house with you. You seemed calling me in a dream. But now I am beginning to wake. At the station there were two ladies; I saw them looking at us, and I know what they were thinking. They were wondering to see a beautiful young life like yours linked to a life like mine; and they were right. I could see it in their eyes."

"They would have been better employed in minding their own business!" said Yolande, angrily.

The mother seemed more and more fascinated by the society of her daughter; and appeared quite absorbed in regarding the bright, young, fresh face, and in listening with a strange curiosity for the slight traces of a foreign accent that remained in Yolande's talking. As for the girl herself, she bore herself in the most matter-of-fact way. She would have no sentiment interfere. And always it was assumed that her mother was merely an invalid whom the sea air would restore to health; not a word was said as to the cause of her present condition.

Yolande looked bright and cheerful on this breezy forenoon. The wind-swept yellow-gray sea was struck a gleaming silver here or there with floods of sunlight; the morning promenaders had not yet gone in to lunch; a band was playing at the end of the pier. When they got to the rooms, they found that every preparation had been made to receive them; and in the bay-window they discovered a large telescope which the little old lady said she had borrowed from a neighbor whose rooms were unlet. Yolande managed everything—Jane being a helpless kind of creature; and the mother submitted, occasionally with a touch of amusement appearing in her manner. But usually she was rather sad; and her eyes had an absent look in them.

That same afternoon they went for a drive along some of the inland country lanes; and as they soon found that the stolid, fat, and placid pony could safely be left under the charge of Jane, they got out whenever they had a mind, to look at an old church or to explore banks and hedge rows, in search of wild flowers. Now, this idle strolling, with occasional scrambling across ditches, was light enough work for one who was accustomed to climb the hills of Ait-nam-ba; but no doubt it was fatiguing enough to this poor woman, who, nevertheless, did her very best to prove herself a cheerful companion. But it was on this fatigue that Yolande reckoned. That was why she wanted her mother to be out all day in the sea air and the country air. What she was aiming at was a certainty of sleep for this invalid of whom she was in charge. And so she cheered her on to further exertion; and pretended an eagerness in this search for wild flowers, which was not very real (for ever in the midst of it, some stray plant here or there would remind her of a herb-arium far away and of other days and other scenes); until at last she thought they had both done their duty; and so they got into the little carriage again and drove back to Worthing.

That evening at dinner she amused her mother with a long and minute account of the voyage to Egypt, and of the friends who had gone with them, and of the life on board the dahabees. The mother seemed peculiarly interested about Mr. Leslie; and asked many questions about him, and Yolande told her young fellow he was, and agreeable a young fellow he was, and how well he and his sister seemed to understand each other, and so forth. She betrayed no embarrassment in expressing her liking for him; although, in truth, she spoke in pretty much the same terms of Col. Graham.

"Mr. Leslie was not married, then?"

"Oh, no."

"It was rather a dangerous situation for two young people," the mother said, with a gentle smile. "It is a wonder you are not wearing a ring now."

"What ring?" Yolande said, with a quick flush of color.

"An engagement ring."

In fact, the girl was not wearing an engagement ring. On coming to London she had taken it off and put it away; other duties claimed her now—that was what she said to herself. And that was her content that her mother should repeat history.

"I have other things to attend to," she said, briefly, and the subject was not continued.

That day passed very successfully. The mother had shown no the slightest symptom of a craving for either stimulant or narcotic; nor any growing depression in consequence of being deprived of these—though Jack Melville had warned Yolande that both were probable. No; the languor from which she suffered appeared to be merely the languor of ill health, and, so far from becoming more depressed, she had rather become more cheerful—especially when they were wandering along the lanes in search of wild flowers. Moreover, when she went to bed she very speedily fell into a sound, quiet sleep. Yolande lay awake, watching her; but

everything seemed right; and so by and by the girl's mind began to wander away to distant scenes and to pictures that she had been trying to banish from her eyes. And if sometimes in this hushed room she cried silently to herself, and hid her face in the pillow so that no sob should awaken the sleeping mother? Well, perhaps that was only a natural reaction. The strain of all that forced cheerfulness had been terrible. Once or twice during the evening she had had to speak of the Highlands; and the effort on such occasions to shut out certain recollections and vain regrets and self-accusations was of itself a hard thing. And now that the strain was over, her imagination ran riot; all the old life up there, with its wonder and delight and its unknown pitfalls, came back to her.

What was there but a woman's tears and a lifelong regret? That was a sad sight. It was not the mother, it was the daughter, who passed the long sleepless hours in suffering. But with the morning Yolande had pulled herself together again. She was only a little pale—that was all. She was as cheerful, as brave, as high spirited as ever. When did the band play?—they would walk out on the pier. But even Jane could see that this was not the Yolande who had lived at Ait-nam-ba—with a kind of sunlight always on her face; and she wondered.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Another two days passed, Yolande doing her best to make the time go by brightly and pleasantly. They walked on the promenade or the pier; they drove away inland, through quaint little villages and quiet lanes; when the weather was wet they stayed indoors, and she read to her mother; or they rigged up the big telescope in the bay window, to follow the slow progress of the distant ships. And the strange thing was that as Yolande gradually perceived, her mother's intellect seemed to grow clearer and clearer while her spirits grew more depressed.

"I have been in a dream—I have been in a dream," she used to say. "I will try not to go back. Yolande, you must help me. You must give me your hand."

"You have been ill, mother; the sea air will make you strong again," the girl said, making no reference to other matters.

However, that studied silence did not last. On the evening of the fifth day of their stay at Worthing, Yolande observed that her mother seemed still more depressed and almost suffering; and she did all she could to distract her attention and amuse her. At last the poor woman said, looking at her daughter in a curious kind of way:

"Yolande, did you notice, when I came away from the house with you, that I went back for a moment into my room?"

"Yes, I remember you did."

"I will tell you now why I went back."

She put her hand into her pocket and drew out a small blue bottle, which she put on the table.

"It was for that," she said, calmly.

A flush of color overspread the hitherto pale features of the girl; it was she who was ashamed and embarrassed; and she said quickly:

"Yes, I understand, mother—I know what it is—but now you will put it away—you do not want it any longer—"

"I am afraid," the mother said, in a low voice. "Sometimes I have tried, until it seemed as if I was dying; and that has brought me to life again. Oh, I hope I shall never touch it again—I want to be with you, walking by your side among other people—and like them—like every one else—"

"And so you shall, mother," Yolande said; and she rose and got hold of the bottle. "I am going to throw this away."

"No, no, Yolande, give it to me," she said, but without any excitement. "It is no use throwing it away. That would make me think of it. I would get more. I could not rest until I had gone to a chemist's and got more—perhaps some time when you were not looking. But when it is there, I feel safe. I can put it away from me."

A GENUINE BARGAIN.

The author of "Canadian Savage Folk" has much to tell of Indian life and character before the savage had come in contact with civilization. This information is of the greater interest because so few of the tribes are left of white teaching and example.

Anxious to learn all I could about the marriage customs of the people, says the author, I asked one of my friends, "How many wives have you?"

"Three," said he.

"How did you get them?"

"Well, I gave a horse for the first one. She was not very good-looking, so I got her for one horse. The second one was good-looking and a good cook, so I paid two horses for her. The third was a beauty. She was a good cook and she had a fine disposition; I gave three horses and a gun and a saddle for her. She was a beauty."

After narrating this in a business-like fashion, he turned to me and said, "Apawakas, how many horses did you pay for her?"

"Apawakas" is the Indian name of my wife. It means White Antelope. I was rather taken aback to have the tables turned upon me so quickly, but determined to make the best of the situation, so I proceeded to tell the Indian the white man's method of obtaining a wife.

Afterward the explanation was given of setting up housekeeping, and I told him that the mother-in-law provided pillows, blankets, and many of the necessary things for the house.

When this point was reached the red men could not restrain their laughter any longer. They shook with amusement at the strange customs of the white men. After they were able to control themselves, one of them said, "They paid you for taking her!"

The narrow soul knows not the god-like glory of forgiving.—Rowe.