

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

LOAN FUND INCREASES.

Students to Be Assisted at University of Oregon.

University of Oregon, Eugene.—Hon. R. A. Booth, of Eugene, has just given to the student loan fund of the University of Oregon a check for \$500 to be used as an irreducible educational loan fund for students. The fund will be known as the "Booth Loan Fund" and will be kept separate from the general loan fund, which at present is distributed in loans ranging in amount from \$15 to \$80 among 10 students of the university. Since the establishment of the general fund five years ago, more than 30 students have been enabled to complete their college course who could not otherwise have done so. The university hopes to establish during the present year a loan fund of at least \$5,000, to be loaned under the direction of President Campbell, or some one designated by him, to boys and girls all over Oregon who wish to complete their education, but who cannot do so without assistance. It is believed that a loan of approximately \$100 a year, at a low rate of interest, to be repaid in two years after graduation, is much more preferable than an outright gift in the form of a scholarship. The fund will be guaranteed by 10 men against loss. Two signatures will be required on each note and a small amount of life insurance will be taken out to insure against loss by death. The present loan fund amounts to approximately \$1,000.

TO BE WOOL CENTER

Baker City Secures Low Rates on Shipments to Boston.

Baker City.—Baker City will become one of the greatest wool markets in Oregon. Sheepmen have been in Portland consulting with the O. R. & N. officials and have secured a rate of \$1.75 from Baker to Boston. The Sumpter Valley has made a rate of 20 cents from Austin to Baker, and the reduction by the two roads means that more than 1,000,000 pounds of wool from Grant and Wheeler counties will be hauled to Austin and then shipped to Baker for baling. Dayville is the present center of the sheep industry in Grant county, and the ranchers would much rather haul their wool to Austin because of the good roads. They have been paying \$2 to have their wool hauled to Shaniko because of the lower rate. The shipping of the wool via Baker City will mean that instead of the ranchers buying their supplies at Shaniko they will haul their wool to Austin, leave their teams there and come on to Baker City to secure their warehouse receipts and while here purchase their supplies. By this means the local banks will handle \$200,000 that would go to other cities. Although the rate on wool is still higher from Baker than from Shaniko, the ranchers can afford to ship via Baker because of the low cost of getting their wool to Austin.

Mountain Farming Experiment.

Pendleton.—An experiment in mountain farming of more than usual importance is being conducted by W. G. Warman, of this city, on his homestead in Fly valley, a secluded vale in the Blue mountains at an altitude of about 4,200 feet and located 50 miles southeast of this city. He has planted an orchard and is now sending to the agricultural department for hardy grass seed for spring sowing. There are thousands of acres of fine mountain land in the Blue mountain valleys which can be brought under cultivation and if this experiment is successful much of this land at high altitude will be farmed, it is thought.

Cannery Stock Subscribed.

Corvallis.—Announcement has been made that enough stock had been subscribed to insure the success of the movement for a fruit cannery, and a meeting of stockholders has been called to perfect an organization. The capital stock is \$11,000, and the plant is to have a capacity of 12,000 cans daily. The machinery and appointments are to be of the very latest models, embodying everything necessary to turning out a perfect product.

Clackamas May Get Cannery.

Oregon City.—If the present plans of the members of the Clackamas County Horticultural society are carried out, Clackamas county will have still another enterprise in the shape of a fruit cannery. A meeting of the society was held last week. Mr. Britton, of Eastern Oregon, addressed the meeting on the subject and stated that he had made a careful examination of the fruit acreage of this vicinity and finding it highly satisfactory, was willing to finance the scheme.

Can Fish Up to the Illinois.

Gold Beach.—The gasoline launch Sheba, which has lately been put on Rogus river to carry fish to the cannery and cold storage plant, is greatly facilitating the work of fishing. Fishermen are now able to ply their trade up to the mouth of the Illinois. This was impossible before because they could not tend their nets and bring their fish so far down the river.

Coleman Out of Willamette.

Salem.—The resignation of Dr. John H. Coleman as president of the Willamette university has been accepted by the board of trustees. Coleman tendered his resignation some months ago, but the board failed to act on it. Nothing has thus far been done towards appointing his successor.

TRAP FOR TERRORISTS.

Russia Provides World-Wide System of Secret Service.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 25.—The skillful performance of the police in the roundup of the great band of plotters has won praise throughout the city, bearing witness to the thoroughness of the methods evolved for fighting terrorists. The secret police are spending unlimited sums in bringing the terrorists to justice and have drafted agents of international experience who are thoroughly familiar with the by-ways of Western anarchists and who will introduce an improved technique here. The police department has entered into relations with detective agencies abroad, and has organized an extensive service in all the centers where Russian emigrants congregate, particularly in New York, Paris and Switzerland, and are making a special effort to penetrate within the innermost councils of the Social Democratic and Social Revolutionary organizations.

In connection with the latest plot the men of the secret service were absolutely trusted by comrades of the revolutionists, who attended the meetings held in Finland, where the final plan for the assassination of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholavitch and Judge Teheglovitch, minister of justice, was elaborated. Two hundred plain clothes men were called in by heads of the police department and given precise instructions as to what action should be taken and apparently they arrested without error the persons involved. Thus far the police have failed to extract a confession from any of those arrested as to their identity, but several undoubtedly are members of aristocratic houses. It is certain that numbers of the conspirators have managed to evade arrest, and a careful watch is being kept for these.

BLACK HAND BUSY.

Threaten to Blow Up Government Powder Stores.

New York, Feb. 25.—In a letter signed "Black Hand" and addressed to Commander Braunstrueter, in charge of the United States naval magazine at Iona island, the threat has been made that the enormous stores of smokeless powder on the island will be blown up unless the married men discharged from employment on the island January 1, 1908, be put back to work at once. There are 3,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder and other explosives stored in the numerous magazines.

Secret service men are working to discover the identity of the writer of the letter. Printed by hand, the letter was mailed at the Haverstraw postoffice two weeks ago. It was as follows: "If the married men that were discharged from Iona island are not taken back again at once all the magazines on the island will be blown up. The writer does not fear death.

Black Hand.

On January 1 between 30 and 40 men, who had been employed on the island, were discharged, owing to delay in forwarding funds from Washington to continue work. This delay was looked upon at the time as temporary, and it was understood the men would be taken back as soon as the money arrived.

Among the men discharged, most of whom were laborers, were many Italians. Since the receipt of the letter every approach to the island has been guarded day and night by marines, it is said, and the civilian employees have been kept under the strictest surveillance. Iona island is about seven miles south of West Point.

Death at Grad Crossing.

Spring Valley, N. Y., Feb. 25.—A foam specked pair of horses that tore through the streets early today, dragging with them a splintered wagon pole, brought to the village the first news of a grade crossing accident in which nine members of its most prominent families were either killed outright or frightfully injured. Four of the party were instantly killed, two died while being removed to the Hudson county hospital at Hoboken N. J., and the other three lie in a serious condition at that institution tonight.

Operate on Edison.

New York, Feb. 25.—Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is a patient at the Manhattan hospital, where last night he underwent an operation intended to relieve him of trouble in the left ear. The operation, which was not considered especially serious, was performed by Dr. Arthur D. Deull, the ear specialist, who opened an abscess in the middle ear. The operation was seemingly wholly successful and a prompt recovery is anticipated.

Repair at Puget Sound.

Seattle, Feb. 25.—The Colorado and the Pennsylvania, armored cruisers of the first class, arrived at the navy yard today for dry docking and repairs. The Colorado will be equipped with a new main battery of four eight-inch breech loading rifles. The two vessels will be followed by eight other warships which will be repaired by April 25.

Main Water Pipe Bursts.

Paris, Feb. 25.—The main water pipe of Paris, under Tuileries street, burst last evening and converted the street into a torrent. The water flooded cellars in various side streets, extinguishing fires and stopping the dynamo in at least one large hotel, putting the building in darkness.

Russia Backs Down.

Copenhagen, Feb. 25.—It is understood in diplomatic circles that as a result of pressure from other powers Russia has abandoned her plan of fortifying the Aland islands and that an entente will soon be arranged.

The Roupell Mystery

By Austyn Granville

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

She set herself more firmly yet. The delicate fingers clinked convulsively upon the arm of the chair.

"Do not ask me, monsieur. My duty is plain. If you will not spare me, I will be with him to the bitter end."

"You cannot mend matters," persisted the detective, "by staying here. My men surround the house. The cordon is complete. For the last time I ask you, will you leave this place?"

"And I answer you for the last time, I will not go."

"Nevertheless, I will do what I can for you," said M. Lazare. "It would be something to you to save your own name, would it not?"

She glanced through the portiere giving ingress to the salon beyond, where Jules Chabot was just visible as he sat at the end of the long card table. His face was deadly pale. He whispered from time to time with Goldstein, the broker. Her face flushed for an instant.

"What do you mean?" she ejaculated.

"I am armed, madame. Take this pistol. He shall at least have a chance to save your honor."

"My honor," exclaimed the unhappy lady, receding in horror from the proffered weapon. "Put up your pistol. If I used it at all it would be to avenge myself on his captors. Oh! my son, my son!"

They had stepped unconsciously to the door of the conservatory. The detective turned and took her hand. His expressive face was aglow with some profound emotion.

"You have proved yourself worthy," he said. "The courage and devotion you have displayed in your hour of trial have given you a right to your reward."

"What do you mean, monsieur?"

"Come here," he said, suddenly, "come with me. I will tell you something you never knew. Something that has come to me as from the dead, to tell you that your instincts have erred, and you have been made the play of cruel, designing people."

He drew her hand within his arm and led her to the conservatory. They sat down upon the same seat where he had conversed with the Vicomte de Vallar.

"We shall not be interrupted here. I will tell you a story if you care to listen to it."

"Go on, monsieur," she murmured.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The story," began the detective, "is of a young lady, a countrywoman of yours. It was years ago that this thing happened. She was quite handsome, very young, very romantic and foolish. When she was eighteen years of age she met an American. He also was young, handsome, but dissolute and entirely unworthy of her love."

Mme. Colbert-Rempin inclined her head almost imperceptibly. She was listening to the history of her own life. How had this man brought to light the secrets of the past which had, years ago, as she believed, been hidden by the lapse of time?

"Yielding to the American's importunities, this young lady contracted with him a secret marriage. The result of their union was a child—a boy. The marriage was concealed successfully from the young woman's parents. By the connivance of a friend and a pretended visit to the country, its consequences were also kept secret. Shortly after the birth of her child the young woman returned to Paris, where she attracted the attention of a very rich banker, who, ignorant of her past history, sought to make her his wife. It was more than probable that the lady would not have yielded to the temptation which was thrust before her but for two things, first, the discovery that her husband was a worthless, faithless fellow, second, the importunities of her parents, who at that time sustained some financial reverses. It appears that the banker held her father's obligations for an enormous amount. A condition of the marriage was that her parent should be released. A divorce was secretly secured from the first husband."

"Yes, it was to save my father," murmured Mme. Colbert-Rempin.

"There was a little boy, as I have said, the fruit of this unhappy young woman's union with the American. This child was given out to a nurse to take care of. She was the wife of a loutish, industrious peasant, and of a peasant family herself, but she was beautiful for all that, as some of those women are. The American fell in love with her. He was called away to the United States and was absent three years. In his absence something had happened."

"What had happened?" murmured the woman beside him.

"The child entrusted to the woman's care had died. On the American's return to France, she presented her own child in its place. Her husband was dead. There was no one to contradict her."

A great sigh went up from the heart of Mme. Colbert-Rempin.

"Oh!" she cried, "can this be true? My son is dead. How have you learned this?"

"Madame La Seur, who has blackmailed you systematically, two days ago met with a fatal accident. Unable to see you, she sent you in her last moments a full confession of the imposition she had so long practiced upon you and implored your forgiveness. This was taken by her messenger to the gate where you usually received her, and was promptly seized by one of my men. Here is the confession, from which you will learn that Philip Graham, whom you firmly believed to be your own son, is in reality the son of the peasant woman, who was the nurse of your own child, and whom Henry Graham married."

"But the extraordinary resemblance! Ah! I see it all now. Henry Graham was his father! It was easy to deceive both him and me."

"Exactly, and others have been equally deceived. Though Madame La Seur, and not yourself, was the mother of the boy, yet Henry Graham was his father. His facial characteristics and peculiarities are wonderfully reproduced in the person of his son. There is but little remaining

to be told. For yourself, you have nothing to fear. This secret is known to me alone. I promise you it shall be kept inviolate. But in case the idea of long habit or old association of ideas should soften you toward this man, whom, up to a few minutes ago, you believed to be your own son, let me tell you one thing. Even you will then admit that the course of justice should be no longer stayed."

"What do you mean? I am aware that if recaptured he is liable to be returned to prison. Is there ought else?"

The detective leaned forward and laid his finger on her arm.

"Did you ever hear of the Roupell murder at the Chateau Villeneuve?"

"To be sure I did; all Paris was ringing with it."

"A defenseless woman, honored, respected, beloved, was ruthlessly murdered in her own home."

"Yes."

"The murderer of Madame Roupell was Philip La Seur, alias Philip Graham."

He left her and went hurriedly to the door of the conservatory and passed thence into the outer salon. Jules Chabot came toward him smiling.

"We have been looking for you, Monsieur Lazare. De Vallar is playing in great luck tonight. You're not going to keep out of the way. He is anxious for his revenge."

"He shall have it," responded M. Lazare, quickly, "but I wish you would find Monsieur Colbert-Rempin and send him to look after his wife. She has fainted in the conservatory."

And then he passed on into the inner salon.

"Ah, here you are!" cried the Vicomte de Vallar. "You have come to give me my revenge, I hope."

"To any amount," replied the Swiss, and passing through the fashionable throng which surrounded the players, he seated himself at the card table.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was past three o'clock. The cordon of men in plain clothes which completely surrounded the house of the Vicomte de Vallar began to grow impatient. The first streaks of dawn were already visible in the east.

A few of the guests, among them the Colbert-Rempins, had left some time before. But the majority lingered in the inner salon watching with breathless interest the progress of a game the like of which none of them had ever before witnessed.

But four men remained at the table, for the stakes had been increased enormously. Those four were Herr Goldstein, Jules Chabot, the Vicomte de Vallar and the Swiss millionaire. The faces of the combatants, for they were nothing else, afforded an interesting study. The countenance of each painfully reflected the intense anxiety of that moment.

Two hundred and twenty-five thousand francs lay on the table. No one would yield and there was a call for yet another increase. Herr Goldstein, with a sigh, folded his cards before him with his enormous, trembling hands.

"I avail myself of the privilege," he said, "and withdraw."

Jules Chabot, who acted as banker, then handed the broker thirty thousand francs. It was half of his original stake; the other half of which lay on the table.

"This brings our pool down pretty low," said the vicomte. "I raise it another twenty-five thousand francs."

The other two players then each placed twenty-five thousand francs in the pool. The spectators could not but notice the excessive excitement of Jules Chabot. His hands also trembled nervously. He held good cards, but if the betting continued he must inevitably drop out.

"I think it is my turn to call," he said at last. "I have my choice; I challenge you, Monsieur Lazare."

He put down his cards and spread them out before him, the vicomte, according to the rules of the game, turning his head so that he could not see what cards either of his adversaries held.

When he again turned to the table Jules Chabot had left it and M. Lazare was sitting calmly awaiting him, with a huge heap of notes and gold at his side.

It was Jules Chabot's share of the pool, which by right of his superior hand had passed into M. Lazare's possession. The vicomte was at last just exactly what to do at that moment. He knew the kind of a hand he held was so good there were but two other combinations which could beat it. Was it possible that the man opposite him held such a combination? Or was he simply trying to frighten him into sharing the heavy stakes?

A moment's reflection decided him on his course. He had left nearly one hundred and fifty thousand francs as yet unstacked. He would bet every sou of this; perhaps M. Lazare would be unable to cover his bets, and according to the rules of the game he was compelled to do so or cease playing, for the game was what was known as an unlimited one. He looked at his opponent sternly in the eye. He thought he discerned signs of weakening.

"Do you wish to divide, monsieur?"

"Certainly not!" came the quiet answer. "I am prepared to back my hand. It is your bet."

"I bet fifty thousand francs."

"I raise you one hundred thousand francs," and he placed that sum also on the table.

This seemed to stagger the Frenchman. It was the last money the detective had, but the other did not know it. M. D'Auburon's friend was indeed a millionaire. The Frenchman arose from the table.

"Monsieur will excuse me for a moment," he said, "I do but go to an inner room to get some more money."

He shortly reappeared, making his way through the dense and excited throng around the table, with a huge bundle of notes in his hand. They were different from any which lay on the table; they were of the currency of the second empire. The detective's eye glistened as he looked at them and his heart beat quickly, as drawing forth one hundred thousand francs from the bundle, the Frenchman covered his last bet. Then he added, as if desperately:

"And I raise it one hundred thousand francs more."

(The End.)

"I cannot meet it, monsieur," confessed the Swiss, "unless you accept my L. O. U."

"No, it must be cash. That is only fair. I am sorry monsieur has run beyond his bank. It is the rule of the game."

The Frenchman had his opponent fairly outbet. But the temptation to take more was strong upon him. The Swiss had already scribbled an L. O. U. for fifty thousand francs and pushed it toward him.

The Frenchman was about to play, and had raised his hand for that purpose when his eye caught the queer three-cornered piece of paper in front of him.

"I can't take L. O. U.s," he said. "I must have absolute security."

Then they saw the Swiss take from the pocket of his vest a small lock and pass it over to the Frenchman.

"Isn't that good for something, monsieur?"

With his face grown suddenly as ash gray the vicomte leaped over the table and almost whispered, as he clutched the lock in his shaking fingers:

"Where did you get this?"

The detective leaned forward and picked up one of the notes from the vicomte's bundle.

"From the place where you found this. Is it enough, or shall I show you something else?"

"What do you mean? Don't speak out here before everybody. Come with me."

The two players arose from the table and, passing out into the conservatory, left the money lying on the table, and a group of astonished guests looking blankly at it.

"They have both been crazy to bid him this," said one; "they have doubtless gone to make some arrangement together."

They waited for a minute—for five minutes. Still the players did not return. They were in the conservatory still, hidden from the eyes of the men. If the wondering group at the card table had been there, this is what they would have seen and heard:

"They would have heard the vicomte imploring vainly for one chance; has seen him offering all he had to the Swiss if he would go back, and give him an opportunity to escape—would give him a bare ten minutes' start."

"It is more than I can do," replied the Swiss. "My men surround this house. You cannot possibly get away. Send mercy as I may, I give you. It is better than the guillotine."

He handed the vicomte his pistol, and turning, walked toward the door of the conservatory. Only once he looked back to see the vicomte standing unsteadily by the fountain, a horrible expression upon his face.

He looked around at the Swiss beseechingly, but finding nothing that which might bid him hope, said despairingly:

"Good-by; I thank you even for this."

The Swiss walked on and reached the door of the conservatory. He leaned against the lintel of the door and waited. People were beginning to come and look for the players. The outer salon was already crowded.

Suddenly a pistol shot rang out and echoed through the whole floor of the house. The well-dressed, excited crowd rushed toward the conservatory.

The Swiss gentleman met them in the doorway. There was something in his face that stopped them irresistibly, as the very threshold.

"I wouldn't come in, if I were you. The Vicomte de Vallar has shot himself. He was the murderer of Madame Roupell, the old lady who lived at Villeneuve," he went on to explain.

"Oh, Monsieur Lazare!"

"I am not Monsieur Lazare; I am Alfred Cassagne, the detective."

Then they looked upon him and wondered why they had not divined it first. The first, for it was a face well known in the shop windows of Paris.

"You had better all go home," he suggested, and they went slowly away, a but one passing safely through the cordon of police.

As Herr Goldstein came out with his rest D'Auburon placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"I want you," he said.

"Another detective?"

"Yes, another detective."

They took him away unresistingly, and Cassagne and D'Auburon went into the conservatory together. There across the coping of the marble fountain, prone on his face and stone dead, with the blood oozing slowly from a small wound in his forehead and tingling with the green leaves of the water lilies, lay the body of Philip Graham.

Nearly a year had passed away since the death of Philip Graham. The Chateau Villeneuve, from its long day with gloom and mourning, awoke one day with bells pealing joyously from its towers its parks and woodlands smiling beneath the radiance of the summer sun.

From an early hour old Pierre had been awake, bustling hither and thither. He expected visitors, and long before their arrival, everything was in readiness for their reception.

The train from Paris was in at last a merry group met on the platform, and its members took carriages for the city. The first one was occupied by Mrs. Paul Mason. The second by Mr. and Mrs. Van Lath. The third by the mayor of Villeneuve and M. Dubouret, the justice of the peace. The fourth by M. D'Auburon and M. Victor Lahlanski, for the latter was a magnanimous sportsman, and could forgive a victory won a rival had fairly earned it.

It was noon. Breakfast was quite ready. The finest and oldest wine in the cellars of Villeneuve had been brought up. The cooks were groaning beneath the tables. Still they did not sit down to the table.

At last from the window of the drawing room they saw another carriage approaching.

"You may've breakfast," cried the doctor. "It is he."

A very dapper, contented-looking man alighted from the carriage and ascended the steps of the chateau, a bell on his arm, a little girl holding his hand.

He stood confused for a moment as they all rushed forward to welcome him, but recovered immediately, he said:

"How do you do, my dear friends. This is my wife, Madame Cassagne; and here is our little daughter, Celeste."

And in the midst of the congratulations old Pierre was heard to say:

"Breakfast is served."

(The End.)