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SAM E. VAN VACTOR, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office corner Main Street and Oregon Avenue CONDON, OREGON.

J. W. DARLING, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Notary Public and Conveyancer. CONDON, OREGON.

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SLEEK SHAVES AND HAIR-CUTS.

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CONDON GLOBE

VOL. XIII.

CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1903.

NO. 10.

HAS THREE TIMES THE CIRCULATION OF ANY PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertising Rates table with columns for type of ad (Professional cards, One square, One-quarter column, One-half column, One column) and price.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

GOOD WORK OF BUREAU.

Harriman Lines are Turning Thoughts of Thousands to Oregon.

G. M. McKinney, who has charge of the immigration department of the Harriman lines, met with the real estate dealers of Salem to discuss matters relating to his work.

He said that the immigration bureau of the Harriman lines is the most perfect enterprise of the kind ever organized in the United States.

By means of this vigorous policy the people of the Eastern states have been interested in Oregon, with the result that there is more talk of this state as a desirable place for home-seekers than there is of any other state.

Little Change in Herd Law.

Aside from the amendment of the law regarding the running of stock in Multnomah county, no change was made by the last legislature in the herd law.

Plenty of Gold but Little Silver. Clackamas county officers report an unusual scarcity of silver.

Wool in Marion County Pool. From information produced at the Marion county woolgrowers' association meeting, it seems probable that the quantity of wool controlled by the pool this year will be nearly double that of last year.

Survey of the McKenzie. Professor McAllister, who is at the head of the University of Oregon mechanical department, has completed arrangements for a hydrographical survey of the McKenzie river this summer.

New Road to Crater Lake. W. S. Arant, superintendent of Crater Lake national park, reports that he will have the new road leading to the lake ready for use by August 1.

Rainier Lumber Shipments. Ninety-five carloads of lumber and shingles were shipped from Rainier in the past month.

Cattle Coming to Summer Ranges. Cattle are beginning to come into Starkey prairie for summer range.

Leper Recaptured in a Laundry. St. Louis, May 9.—Dong Geng, the Chinese leper who escaped Monday from the isolation cottage at quarantine, was recaptured today.

London No Longer "Knocks" Yerkes. New York, May 9.—Charles T. Yerkes, who arrived on the Kronprinz Wilhelm yesterday, is on a rush trip to California.

Japan Still Holds Claim. Honolulu, May 9.—A letter received from the department of state by Charles I. Rhodes of this city, says the department has no knowledge of the reported withdrawal by Japan of her claims to Marcus island.

Water Sweeps from Ditch. The irrigating ditch belonging to Henry E. Ankey, of Eugene, and Mrs. J. T. Henley, of Klamath county, runs through the town of Klamath Falls.

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MOROS ARE ROUTED.

Manila, May 9.—Captain Pershing's column has defeated the sultan of Ampuragan, a strong force of Moros in the Taraca country, on the east shore of Lake Lanao, island of Mindanao.

The Moros captured ten prisoners. The Americans captured ten Moros. The Moros were made one for life, and this time the blushing girl was fastened.

At length the old cure, Father Langnet, made his visit to the children, and there was work for him to do. Goupard and Louise were made one for life, and this time the blushing girl was fastened.

But the work ended not here. Louie St. Julien had spent many hours with Coqualla, for he had become her teacher, and he had opened to her mind the riches of the Great Book.

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White Hand

A Tale of the Early Settlers of Louisiana.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

For some moments after this recital not a word was spoken, and the only sounds that broke the stillness were the sobs of the marquis.

"Shall such a foul mockery stand?" he said. "I will not be a party to it. Let it be torn in sunder and cast aside. By no law of justice or right can—"

"Hold!" interrupted Louise, who had now nerved himself up to the conflict. "You but make a useless disturbance when you thus give thought to the idea of annulling the bond of marriage between my wife and myself. Ere I took the final step I consulted with the governor, and he bade me go on, and I have his pledge of sustaining me. You have heard my wife's story. That I used stratagem to gain her hand, I admit, for I saw an interloper was about to snatch the prize from me. I know you know all. Henceforth I trust nothing may occur to mar the harmony of our social intercourse."

Turning to St. Denis, he added, a triumphant look settling on his sharp features: "And as for you, sir, I trust you will see the necessity of removing your self from the society of those who can only make unkindly by your presence. If you have the common sense I suppose you have, you will see the necessity of this; and if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will not hesitate."

Goupard raised his clasped hands towards heaven, exclaiming: "Has it come to this? Must all my hopes thus fall back upon my broken heart, and the sweet dream of years end in black despair? Louise, beloved of my soul, lost, but still cherished one—"

His words fell like a bolt, and he bowed his head in a passionate burst of tears. In a moment more he heard a low cry of hopeful tone, and a pair of arms were twined about his neck. He looked up, but it was not Louise. It was the flowing eyes of White Hand that met his own, and darkly stained arms were entwined about his neck.

"This scene has progressed far enough," now spoke the one Simon believed to be his wife. "Simon Lobois, your wickedness has come to a climax, and back on your own head shall fall the terrible consequences of your machinations."

"Ha—ha, Louise, you have gone too far now!" Lobois uttered, confidently. "If you imagined your marriage was but a jest, you were mistaken. You'll find the knot too strongly tied to be cast off at will."

"Poor fool! Cannot you open your eyes? Simon Lobois, did you think Louise St. Denis would have married you while life remained? Did you think she would have stooped to mate with you when the grave was open to her?"

"A—and—ere you not married to me? Are you not my wife?"

"I think you'd find me a hard one to manage; for at this very moment, were you not beneath my notice, I would challenge you to mortal combat, and I'd serve you worse than Goupard did. Look, Simon! Don't you see that Indian youth rearing in Goupard's arms? How I have longed for this moment! Up—up, my father! Thy children are safe, and if they have returned to thee in exchanged guises, be assured they left thee in the same way!"

"How?" gasped Simon, starting back and turning pale. "You—you—"

"You do not, father, for I am your own Louise. But see—here comes Louise. Don't cast her off because her skin is dusky!"

"Is it possible?" gasped Lobois, as he saw Louise sink on her father's bosom. "There's been some foul witchery here—some deep, infernal machination! Louise!—Louise! The son is the daughter, and the daughter is the son! There's a foul plot here!"

"Ay!" cried Louise, tearing the rich gown he wore from his body, and revealing the light dress of a French officer, "there has been a foul plot, and you can well explain it!"

"Me—explain?" stammered the villain, gazing first at the youth and then at the maiden, who yet wore her Indian dress. "Who are you?" he gasped, starting towards the seeming Indian, and seizing the dusky arm. "Speak! Who are you?"

"I am one whom you once sought for as a wife. Louise St. Julien?"

"Yes."

"Ah! Duped—befooled! But—there's a plot!"

A few moments more he gazed upon the two metamorphosed ones, and then, utterly powerless from mad delirium, he sank down.

But Simon Lobois was not the only one in the dark. The old man and St. Denis were lost in amazement. The latter had clasped his own loved one to his bosom, and she had whispered into his ear the sweet promise of life once more, yet he could not understand it.

"I see you are all astonished," said Louise, "and I will tell you what I know of this funny affair. So sit down and listen: sit down—all of you."

And down they sat, Coqualla keeping close by her companion's side, and seeming as happy as the rest of the happy ones.

"Now listen," commenced Louise. "You remember on that night when we played 'hide and find me' in the yard, Louise and I went off into the house before we hid. We had planned to have some sport with Goupard, Louise and I never realized how much we resembled each other until we exchanged garbs. When I saw her in my clothes, she looked just like my own self in a mirror; and when I had put on her dress, which had to be let out but very little, she looked just like her counterpart. When I looked in the mirror, I could have sworn she stood before me. We had reached the corner of the barn, and I was showing Louise where to hide, intending then to have gone myself to the stable, when a party of Indians rushed and seized upon us, and having seized me, hurried out through the postera. Away they took us, and all night they kept on through the deep forest. One of them spoke to me in the Chickasaw tongue, and I was upon the point of answering him, when the thought struck me that I only wished to try if I knew the language; so I pretended to know nothing of it. You know I learned a great deal of it from old Oakbow. After I had listened to their conversation, and I found that I—the girl—was to be carried to New Orleans, while the boy was to be taken up to the Natchez. Of course, I then knew that Simon Lobois had a hand in this, for he had gone to New Orleans, where he meant to have Louise taken, and there force her to marry him, while I was carried off another way, perhaps to be killed—and thus he would have all our father's money. Before morning, we came to the place where we were to separate. I did once feel like giving battle to the whole pack; but I was wholly unarmed, and the thought was dropped. I begged to be allowed to speak a few parting words with my companion, and they granted my request. I told him what I had heard, and he said, 'I don't mistrust the change we've made. I will tell them still that I am the girl, and thus you will be free of Simon; while, if you go to the Natchez, still retaining your male disguise, you can at any moment save yourself from death by revealing yourself.' At all events, we both concluded that it would be best for each of us to continue the deception, and we did so. And now for Louise's story."

"This called upon, Louise commenced. She told how she was taken to the village of the White Apple by Stung Serpent; how they meant to kill her, and for what strange purpose; how Coqualla interceded for her, and how it was arranged that she should marry the princess. 'Here I was puzzled,' said Louise; 'but I determined to throw myself upon Coqualla's friendship. I told her the secret of my sex, and asked her to save me. She threw her arms about my neck and promised to keep my secret, and to be to me a sister, while she passed for my wife. So my secret was safe. Only she told her father when he was on his deathbed, and thus he was led to absolve me from my promise to remain with them.'"

"CHAPTER XXIII. Louise went on and told her startling story, and as she did so, more than one bright look of holy gratitude was cast upon the beautiful Coqualla. 'And now,' said she in conclusion, 'I am able to give you some clue to the great mystery which underlies the whole. When Stung Serpent was upon his deathbed, he sent for me, and he told me all, and he gave me this paper in token of his truth. Read it, father, and know what a villain you have kept beneath your roof.'"

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