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NO. 14.



ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VI.

Most of the guests had left Hazel Court; and only Lord Harold Erskine and Mr. Le Marchant remained. It was the fourth day after the ball, and Mr. Hastings was alone that evening. At seven o'clock he strolled toward the woods. He told himself he hoped he should not meet Miss Eyre; it would be so awkward, so unpleasant; and yet he went in the direction that she always took on her return from the cottage, and at the very hour he knew she should pass. When Errol saw Winifred coming along slowly and sadly through the woods he could no longer conceal from himself the delight he experienced at seeing her again.

Winifred appeared unconscious of him until she came close to the gate, and then she looked up with an air of cool indifference that might have baffled the best-worn woman in Europe. Errol did not open the gate, but put his hand across to her. She affected not to see it. "Miss Eyre," he said, "will you not even take my hand?"

"No, I thank you," answered Winifred, coldly; "I do not choose to be known one day and unnoticed the next."
"What do you mean, Miss Eyre? I do not understand you."
"I mean this, Mr. Hastings; you have met several times, and I was foolish enough to imagine that it was on equal terms until you reminded me by passing me unnoticed with your high-born friends, that you were the lord of the manor, and I only a farmer's daughter."

"Miss Eyre," he said, quickly, "it is impossible you should attribute motives so false and mean to me."
"Why impossible?" Winifred asked. "I know nothing of you, Mr. Hastings."

Her self-command in this speech was wonderful, for her heart was fluttering tumultuously, as a woman's heart always does when she is saying a bitter thing to the man she loves. There was silence for a moment, and then she said quietly: "Will you let me pass, Mr. Hastings?"
"No," he cried suddenly and passionately, "you shall not pass until you have recalled those words."

"Then I must retrace my steps," Winifred said, looking at him defiantly. He seized her hand.
"You shall not go until you tell me why you are so bitter and angry with me today."

"I am not angry or bitter," she quickly replied, forcing back the rebellious tears. "Only—"
"Only what?"
"Do not torture me, Mr. Hastings," exclaimed Winifred. "It is cruel, unmanly of you. Let me go! I will not tell you."

"But you shall tell me," he said, still keeping hold of her hand, and there was a dangerous light in his eyes that made her half afraid of him.
"I do not wish to tell you—you force me to it," she cried.
"I will not stir from here except you tell me."

Winifred's voice was half choked with excitement as she answered: "Then hear it. I hate you! You have been cruel, inconsiderate, unjust to me."
"I," said Errol.
"Yes, you. You tried to make a simple, inexperienced, country girl care for you, with your refinement and fascinations; and when you succeeded you despised her for her folly, and turned away from her contemptible simplicity to the woman who, from her birth and station, was worthy of your real love."

"Winifred! Miss Eyre!" exclaimed Errol, "how can you have mistaken me so? Do you imagine there is anyone in the world but yourself for whom I care?"
"Yes, for your betrothed, Miss Champion, Mr. Hastings."

"I am neither betrothed to Miss Champion nor yet to any other woman," he exclaimed, quickly.
"Do not attempt to deceive me any further," Winifred said, with a flush of anger. "Your relations with Miss Champion can scarcely be doubtful, after your opening the ball with her before all your guests."

"Miss Eyre," he said, gravely, "will you accept my solemn assurance that I have not asked Miss Champion to be my wife, and that I have no intention of doing so? There is only one woman in the world that I love, and I love her with all the passion of my soul. Because she is so dear to me, I am going to leave my country, and the home for which I have longed, and I am going to be a wanderer again on the face of the earth."

"You are going away?" cried Winifred, in a tremulous voice.
"Yes, I am going away from country, home and friends, because, being near her, I cannot control my passionate longing for her; I cannot tear my thoughts from her, or bring myself to look with love or admiration on any other woman."

The gate was open now, and Mr. Hastings had taken Winifred in his arms. "My darling," he whispered, "do you know who that woman is?"
Winifred was confused, surprised, ashamed, and yet with a tumultuous joy overshadowed her whole being. Then this fairy tale was true, after all, and this splendid, gallant knight was at her feet in all his glory and sincerity.

"Winifred," he said, passionately, "look into my eyes, and tell me that you love me."

be removed from the temptation of seeing or hearing of you. But to-day, when I saw you coming toward me, all my strength failed me. Do you know that for centuries back my race have suffered for one rash vow? Time after time they have sacrificed their love, their hopes to it, and I dared not be the first to break it by marrying one who, though my equal, nay, my superior in all else, was beneath me in rank. I must go away. I must forget you."

"Beneath you?" cried Winifred, with flashing, indignant eyes—"beneath you, Mr. Hastings? You deemed Flora Champion a worthy bride, and am I not equally the granddaughter of Sir Howard?"
"The granddaughter of Sir Howard Champion?" Mr. Hastings said, scarcely believing he heard aright.
"My mother was his daughter!" and with a proud, passionate gesture, Winifred said, "he felt as if brain, heart and limb were paralyzed by what he had just heard."

Sir Howard's granddaughter! Then that accounted for the breeding which he so puzzled him, and there was in truth no reason why he should not make her his wife. If he could only have known that before, and Flora Champion and Reginald? They knew it, and concealed it from him all the while. Lady Grace Farquhar must have known it—all his servants, and everyone who lived in the neighborhood; and yet some strange fatality had conspired to keep him in ignorance of a fact it would have sealed his happiness to know. It was too late now. He knew her pride, he knew that if he had the crowns and the wealth of India to offer her, she would reject him in scorn now.

And she had loved him dearly, he knew that, or she would never have suffered his kisses on her lips, or looked lovingly into his face with those sweet brown eyes. He felt maddened by his thoughts, by the recollection of what was, and what might have been. And he turned his steps homeward, not lingeringly, not hopefully, as he had come, but swiftly, half mad with crushing despair.

CHAPTER VII.

The next evening just as Errol Hastings and his friends had finished dinner a servant brought in a note to the master. It was from Winifred Eyre, and read as follows:

"You will perhaps guess that only very urgent business could induce me to communicate with you after what passed last night. Your words were overheard by Mr. Fenner, an intentional spy, who, when I refused to marry, threatened that if I still persisted in my refusal to become his wife he would publish the story to the neighborhood. I ask of you to find some means of action that will insure the silence of this man, and protect me from a marriage which I dread more than death. Mr. Fenner insists on my answer being given in three days. If you have one impulse of generosity left, you will help me."

As Errol read the note an impression burst from his lips that made both his friends look up suddenly.
"Why, Errol?" exclaimed Mr. Le Marchant, "what is the matter?"
Mr. Hastings recovered himself in a moment.

"I beg your pardon," he said, smiling; "I was rather annoyed at the moment. A letter from a refractory tenant."

"Ah!" said Arthur Le Marchant, with a smiling glance at the envelope which lay on the table; "lady tenants are always the most troublesome."
All the evening Mr. Hastings seemed absent and unusually silent, and when the two other men went out for a stroll on the terrace he did not join them.

"Excuse me for half an hour," he said. "I have some business to transact, and will follow you."

When they were gone he rang the bell. "Send Leeson to me at once," said a minute afterward the old servant came hurrying.

"Let some," said Mr. Hastings, "do you know anyone of the name of Fenner hereabouts?"
"Yes, sir," answered Leeson. "There's a farmer of that name lives two miles from here, up at Clark Farm."

"What do you know about him?"
"Well, sir, I can't say as I know much, but I have heard more lately being in conjunction with Miss Eyre. It was Hawkins as told me; he was that angry one night because he heard as Fenner was a-courting Miss Eyre. 'I'll spoil his sport, if I hear any more,' says he; 'but I'm not afraid that a lady like Miss Eyre 'd demean herself to such as him.'"

"What did Hawkins mean when he said he'd spoil Fenner's sport if he wanted to marry, Miss Eyre?"
"I don't know, I'm sure, sir; but he seemed quite mad about it, and talked like as if he knew something bad about Fenner. I thought perhaps it was only talk, though, because he sets such a deal on Miss Eyre."

"Send Hawkins to my room at ten o'clock to-morrow," said Mr. Hastings; "I want to ask him about the partridges," and Mr. Hastings rose and went to join his friends on the terrace.

The following morning there was a low tap at the door, and Hawkins, the gamekeeper, entered Mr. Hastings' room. A long conversation followed, as a result of which Mr. Hastings sent the following note to Fenner:

"Sir—Be good enough to call upon me this afternoon, at three o'clock. I have to speak to you on important business."

Fenner felt very savage; he would have liked to throw himself with a swagger into one of the chairs, but he did not dare. There was something in Errol's look, and something in his own servile fear of rank, that made him afraid to take a liberty.

Presently Mr. Hastings looked up and said:
"I have sent for you to tell you that I object to the way in which you have annoyed Miss Eyre lately, and to request that you will discontinue it."

"Tom Fenner felt he was getting very savage. "And suppose," he remarked, insolently, "that I say I shan't, what then?"
"Very well," said Mr. Hastings, quietly, "then I will order my horse, and go round to Mr. Leeson, and tell him you are the scoundrel who shot Tom White, the gamekeeper, three years ago in the Holton woods."

Fenner started convulsively, he turned ashen white and trembled in every limb. "Oh, sir!" he cried, in agony of fear, as soon as he could speak, "don't do that!"

And then all of a sudden he recovered himself, and looked at the man who had confronted him with an air of dogged defiance.

"I didn't know what you meant at the minute," he said, pale to the lips; "I thought it was something else. I don't know anything about Tom White's affair—that was the poacher's doing."

"Mr. Hastings did not answer for the moment; but his eyes were fixed on Fenner's face. The miserable coward took courage from his opponent's silence, and tried to force a sneer.

"I suppose you thought to trump up some lie against me," he continued; "but a fine gentleman's word isn't quite enough in these days to transport an honest man."

"No," acquiesced Errol, quietly; "it wants proof."
"Yes," echoed Fenner, "it wants proof." "Shall I give it first to you or the magistrate?" asked Mr. Hastings, coolly.

"I know nothing about it; it's a trumped-up lie. I defy you," cried the farmer, savagely.

Mr. Hastings kept his temper admirably; he did not even raise his voice. "Stop a moment," he said. "I have something to tell you; if any of my details are wrong, you can correct me. The gamekeeper, White, had a very pretty sister called Sophie, who was a schoolmistress, and worked for your mother."

Fenner started uneasily.
"You promised to marry her," proceeded Errol, coolly. "She appealed to you to keep your word, and you laughed in her face. She turned in her misery to her brother, and he met you and thrashed you the same lesson. Is it not so?"

Fenner's teeth chattered, but he did not speak.
"You told me one of your meetings," Errol went on, "but you remained in bed, and said you had an attack of rheumatism. One day when you knew White would be alone, you went through the Holton woods, you hid yourself, with your gun, and waited for him."

The wretch was brought to bay at last, through the information which Hawkins had imparted to Errol.
"Have mercy on me, sir," he gasped, almost incoherently. "I'll do anything you tell me."

"Sit down on that chair, then," said Mr. Hastings, sternly, "and copy what is on that piece of paper."

Fenner trembled trembling to the table, and set down. His hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the pen that was thrust into it. He leaned back for a moment, wiped the cold sweat from his brow, and began:

"I apologize to you, Miss Eyre, for the anxiety and annoyance I have caused you, and I solemnly swear never again from this time to molest or injure you in any way, either by word or deed."

"THOMAS FENNER."

"I have just one word of caution to give you before you go," said Errol, in a quick, commanding tone of contempt. "The wisest thing you can do is to be off from these parts as soon as you can settle your affairs. I am not the only person who knows the cowardly assassin of poor White, and as long as any trace of you is left you are at his mercy and mine. And now, you spying, murderous hound, begone, while I still have power to restrain myself from kicking you out of the house!"

(To be continued.)

Cormorants as Signals.
An incident of a peculiar nature occurred recently at the Bell Rock Light-house, says the Scotsman. At 11 one night the keeper on watch was startled by the sound of a steamer's whistle in close proximity to the rock. On going out on the balcony the steam tug 'Alexandra' of Arbroath was observed in the clear moonlight within hailing distance.

A strong westerly wind and the beat of the sea against the base of the tower made conversation somewhat difficult, but it was understood that the tug had been sent out from Arbroath in response to signals, which were reported to have been shown from the rock that day. On being assured that all was well, and as no landing could be effected at the time, the tug returned to Arbroath.

The solution of the mystery is as follows: When signals are made from the rock, two-foot disks are run out on poles, which project horizontally from either side of the balcony. Daily observations are taken by the keeper on shore duty in Arbroath (a distance of twelve miles from the rock) by the aid of a powerful telescope, and what appeared to him to be two disks on the southwest pole, which mean "Send back immediately," were in reality two cormorants, which, tired out at fishing, had made the signal pole a resting place.

Near Farnham.
Teacher—Now, Susie, you may construct a sentence in which the word "literary" occurs.
Susie (after much thought)—Little Willie's hands were literary black with dirt.—Philadelphia Press.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

Comprehensive Review of the Important Happenings of the Past Week, Presented in Condensed Form, Most Likely to Prove Interesting to Our Many Readers.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra will pay a visit to Ireland June 21.

Fire destroyed the business portion of New Lisbon, Wis.; loss, \$100,000.

Fire in the plant of a Philadelphia dress suit case company caused a loss of \$50,000.

The wheat importers of Lisbon have formed a trust which takes in all the mills of Portugal.

Glasgow, Scotland, capitalists have formed a company to make shipments of bananas from Jamaica to New Orleans.

Strife between the Baptists and the Methodists at Rochester, Minn., has resulted in the blowing up of the former church.

On the charges of insolvency and mismanagement, a receiver is asked for the Campeche lumber and development company, a \$1,000,000 corporation dealing in Mexican timber lands.

Robbers rifled the safe of a bank at Vista, Minn., of \$45,000.

Romanians is considering steps to keep Americans out of its oil fields.

The Lander-Rawlin, Wyo., stage was held up and the mail sacks rifled.

The Acre rebellion is at an end and the chiefs have promised obedience to Brazil.

Fire has destroyed the \$50,000 plant of the Midland manufacturing company at Tarkio, Mo.

The Mississippi capitol building, erected at a cost of \$1,000,000, has been formally dedicated.

A treaty will be signed by the United States and Brazil for the admission of American flour into Brazil.

The great state pawn-broking establishment at Rome has been gutted by fire, and damage of \$2,400,000 done.

The American consul at Canton reports 1,000,000 natives in Kwang Si as starving, and makes an appeal for aid.

Two large whales which pursued schools of mackerel find themselves imprisoned in the Bras d'Or lake, Cape Breton.

Ottumwa, Ia., suffered a loss of \$400,000 by fire. A large planing mill, a printing establishment and ten residences were burned.

The pope is suffering greatly from the intense heat.

A storm which swept Valparaiso wrecked four vessels in the bay.

Water in Kansas is falling and the situation is most improved.

A. E. Ames & Co., one of the largest sinking-homes in Canada, has suspended payment.

A nephew of John Wilkes Booth declares that the assassin of President Lincoln did not die until 1901.

A Burlington passenger train has been lost sight of and it is feared it has run into the flood along the Mississippi river.

Eight hundred are homeless as a result of the Georgia tornado. One hundred people were killed and 150 others injured, of whom at least 20 will die.

The supreme court has decided the Whitaker Wright, the promoter, can be extradited for trial in England.

Chile is negotiating a loan for \$500,000 to cover the installments due on two warships and meat debts to banks.

Chicago policemen are seeking for three Italians who killed a fellow man and then placed a revolver in his hand to raise the cry of suicide.

A geographical society expedition has sailed from Baltimore to explore the Bahama islands. Many noted scientists made up the party.

The Japan house of representatives has adopted the appropriations for naval expansion but has rejected the proposed expenditures for Formosan railroads and harbor works.

The Relevance has again defeated the Constitution and Columbia.

The British admiralty is seeking a suitable steamer to send to the relief of the English scientific expedition in the Antarctic.

The Guatemalan legislature has issued a call for a constitutional assembly for the purpose of changing the constitution so as to allow the president to succeed himself.

Six thousand people are homeless in Iowa as the result of high water.

Russia will enforce its Manchurian policy, despite China's refusal to grant the demands.

Nearly 50 people were injured, eight seriously, in a collision of San Francisco street cars.

Representative Payne says the next congress will not revise the tariff or pass any laws against the trusts.

Four cars on the Southern Pacific went over a high embankment south of Santa Barbara, Cal., injuring 40 people, some of them seriously.

The famine situation in China is appalling.

TURKS AWFUL DEED.

Entire Population of Village Is Massacred by Soldiers.

Monastir, European Turkey, June 6.—Horrible details are arriving here of the slaughter of the inhabitants of the village of Smerdash, south of Lake Presha, May 21, by Bashli Bazuks. It appears that on the arrival of the Bashli Bazuks, Chakaloff's band of insurgents withdrew to the mountains without sustaining any loss. As no rebels were left in the village, the inhabitants experienced no anxiety until suddenly at sunset the Turks, who had completely surrounded the place, commenced a regular bombardment, whereupon all the villagers assembled in the streets. Though the artillery ceased firing during part of the night, the Turkish infantry fired all night long. The artillery bombardment was recommenced at daybreak, but as it was ineffective the Turks set fire to the village on all sides and commenced a general massacre. About 300 houses were burned and upward of 200 persons, mostly women and children, were killed. The women and girls were murdered while resisting outrage. Whole households were slain. Not a living soul was left in the village. The survivors, many of them half burned or otherwise injured, fled. Some of the fleeing villagers were captured, and had their ears and noses cut off before they were butchered. The report adds that 1400 villagers were in the mountains without food or clothing. One band of these, consisting of 40 women and children, were caught by soldiers in a ravine and were killed after horrible treatment.

RUSSIA WILL SOON FIGHT JAPAN.

Officers Have Advised Chinese to Leave Manchuria.

Victoria, B. C., June 5.—The steamer Rion Maru, which arrived today from the Orient, brings additional news regarding the crisis. The North China Daily News tells of the adoption of Russian tactics by Japan, which power is gathering forces into Korea in the guise of settlers. The Shanghai papers say, that while the opinion of the best-informed men is that there will be no war this spring between Japan and Russia, there is not that feeling of certainty, which is indispensable if commerce is to be uninterrupted. In Japan and Manchuria the most inflammable materials are piled up ready for conflagration, and no one can be sure that some accidental spark will not start a fire which will spread to the main force. The North China Daily News says also:

"Reliable news has been received by local mandarins of the great increase of Russian soldiers in Manchuria. Port Arthur is one succession of large camps, bristling with field artillery and armed men. Russians are in answer to Chinese inquiries without hesitation that they expect war with Japan, whose troops would be likely to try to enter Manchuria through the Western coast of Liaotung. Russian officers friendly with Chinese have earnestly advised them to remove their families and return to China, and not come back until after the war, on the ground that the whole of Liaotung and Southern Manchuria will soon be one great battlefield."

TRAINS MEET HEAD ON.

Disregard of Orders Caused Fatal Collision in Kansas.

Topeka, Kan., June 6.—A disastrous collision between Santa Fe passenger trains at Stilwell, this afternoon, killed nine people and seriously injured six. Train No. 1 was going west at full speed and crashed into the Chicago section of No. 8, east-bound. The trains were routed on the Missouri Pacific tracks on account of the floods which washed out the Santa Fe tracks. Orders were sent out by the train dispatcher today for both trains to meet at Stilwell. It is charged at the Santa Fe office here tonight that the crew on the Chicago train disregarded this injunction, to run a mile or more past the meeting place. No. 1 did not stop at Stilwell, but on running slowly by the engineer saw no other train, and as he had a clear track according to his orders he rushed ahead. No. 8 whistled before the east-bound train had proceeded far, but too late to avoid a collision.

One Thousand Men Fighting Fire.

Burlington, Vt., June 6.—At least 1000 men are fighting forest fires in Vermont, yet thousands of acres of valuable timber land have been burned over, and there is little prospect that the fires can be checked until rain shall fall. At Hardwick two residences were destroyed. The most serious situation is on Worcester Mountain, near the towns of Worcester and Elmore. The fire there has burned over 1400 acres of heavy timber land, valued at \$50 an acre, and is rapidly spreading. The smoke in that locality is so dense objects a block away cannot be seen.

Columbia Again Has Peace.

Washington, June 6.—A cable received today from United States Minister Beaupre, dated Bogota, June 1, reads: "A decree issued today declares public order restored throughout the nation. This announcement is believed to have an important bearing upon the pending canal treaty, for it is supposed to indicate the suspension of martial law and the removal of the constitutional objections to the assembly of the Colombian Congress under other than peace conditions."

The Fastest Battleship Afloat.

Vienna, June 6.—The speed trials of the Austrian second-class battleship Arpad at Pola proves her to be the fastest battleship in the world. Her maximum speed is 20.12 knots in a six-hour run. She was constructed by the Trieste Shipbuilding Company.

How Is to Be Patched Up.

Washington, June 6.—Forty thousand dollars is to be expended on immediate temporary repairs on the battleship Iowa. She will be patched up and kept in commission until autumn.

FIND NEW FRAUD

POSTAL INSPECTORS CAUSE TW MORE ARRESTS.

Rural Delivery Sacks Were Sold For Ninety Cents and Clerks Recruited For Their Influence in Securing Contract—Scheme Netted Them About \$5,000.

Washington, June 8.—As a result of the sweeping investigation of affairs at the Postoffice Department, Thomas W. McGregor, clerk in charge of the supplies for the rural free delivery, and C. E. Smith, of Baltimore, one of McGregor's assistants, were arrested today on the charge of conspiracy with Charles E. Smith, of Baltimore, to defraud the government in the purchase of the leather pouches furnished the rural carriers throughout the country. Their cases make seven in all since the investigation began. Other arrests are expected later.

The story of today's arrests is best told in the following official statement, given out by Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General Bristow this afternoon: