

CONDON GLOBE.

VOL. XIII.

CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1903.

NO. 31.

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret!

A
TRUE
STORY
OF
THE
SOUTH
OF
FRANCE

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)
Helen Montague did not answer. But, at that moment, Lord Egerton directed towards her a glance, sorrowful and unquiet, and to Louis, who bent over her, that touched her, in the midst of her happiness, almost to tears, it told so eloquently of his true feelings, which he had been trying to hide ever since the arrival of Louis. It warned her that she was not yet forgotten—that he loved her yet—that he would have given worlds for the place occupied by another near her, and which he was not allowed to secure.

The following morning, Louis, entering the library during his uncle's absence, found Rose reading in a great armchair by herself. She rose, with a slight blush, as he entered, and after exchanging a few words with him, was about to leave the apartment.

"Nay, Rose—do not go away quite yet," he said, in a gentle tone. "I have something I would say to you. Will you not wait one moment?"

"If you please, monsieur," she answered.

"In a little town, not many leagues from here, I met a friend of yours, or one who professed to be so. I am not quite sure that he is not an impostor—no matter. His name was—Robin."

"Ah—Robin!" she repeated, in a subdued tone of mingled sadness and tenderness.

"You know him, then, dear Rose?" said Louis. "But listen, dear cousin. This young gardener declared to me that you

She said it with mournful calmness. She bent and touched her lips to his hand. Then, turning, she left the room, without once looking back.

CHAPTER X.
The next day a domestic came to the door of the chamber, and gave to Rose a note which she stated had been delivered to Jean Morel, one of her fellow-servants, who had entrusted it to her for mademoiselle.

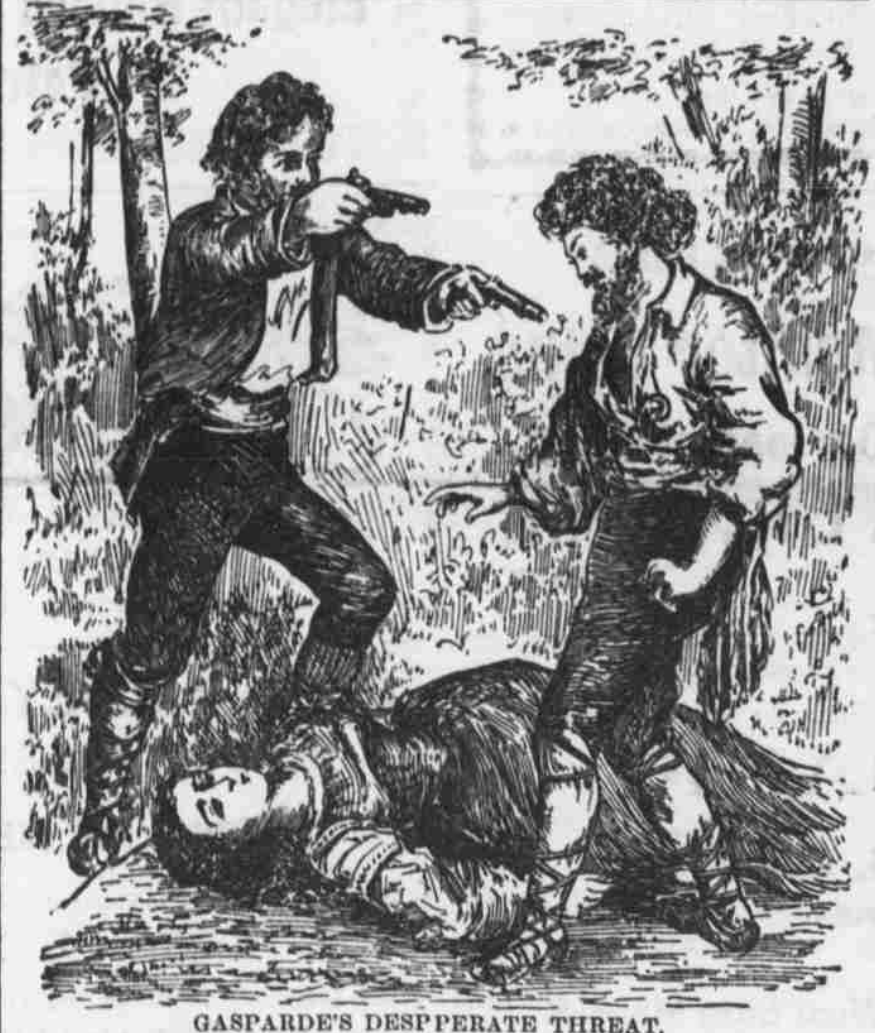
"Who gave it to Jean, my good girl?" asked Rose, thoughtfully.

"A rough-looking fellow, mademoiselle, he told me. He came up to the chateau a few minutes ago. But Jean did not know who he was. He has never seen him before."

She went away; and, wonderingly, Rose unfolded the paper. Inside was written merely the words: "Come down to the cottage, dear Rose, a few moments. I will meet you there. I must speak with you directly—Hugh Lamont."

"He has returned, then?" said Rose, to herself; "and he is waiting for me! Yes—yes! I will go this moment. I will ask him to stay at home and take me back, and then I will tell them. They will be glad, perhaps, to have me go, when they learn that I have taken my destiny into my own hands."

Throwing a handkerchief over her head, and wrapping a light mantle about her, she fastened the door of her apartment, and without saying a word to any



GASPARDE'S DESPERATE THREAT.

were betrothed to him! He had been in my employ. I had discharged him because he no longer wished to remain with me. But he returned, after a long absence. He wished to become the possessor of a certain sum, he said, in order that he might purchase a small farm, and settle down; and in questioning further, I gained this information. Was not such an assertion ridiculous, dear Rose?"

With an earnest, unquiet glance, he watched her countenance. It was covered with a deep blush. Tears were in her eyes.

"It is true!" she said, in a low and sad voice.

He looked at her a moment in silence. "Is this possible?" he asked, at length, with an accent of subdued astonishment.

"I have said it," returned the young girl, inexpressibly pained by his manner.

"But, Rose, think a moment—a gardener! You, so young, so beautiful, the adopted child of a nobleman of most princely wealth! But forgive me—forgive me, dear child! I would not offend or hurt you. I am surprised—horrified—by this unexpected announcement—this confirmation of a most unpleasant fact. Rose, does my uncle know of this?"

"Alas, no!" answered the weeping girl.

"Nor Helen?"

"No!"

"My poor Rose! Ah, they take so much pride in you—we are all so proud of you! We love you, my child. We would give you a higher lot than this—a station more worthy of you. What will they say? Think, dear Rose—what a terrible blow to them!"

"I know it," she said, in a troubled voice—"I know it! I should have told them when they wished to take me. I should have known that I should only work evil by coming hither. I should have remained in the lowly home they took me from. Ah, I shall repay with ingratitude their kindness to me—the love they feel for me!"

She leaned forward upon the table, and laid her face in her hands.

"But, dear Rose, reflect: there is time yet," he urged, with a tone of earnestness and affection. "You would degrade yourself, dear Rose, were you to wed him. You would not render him happy, for he could not understand you. You would both be miserable, and you will break our hearts, Rose!"

She raised her head; and checking her tears, looked at Louis mournfully.

"Monsieur, I cannot break his heart," she said, gently. "He loves me—he trusts in me. I will not break my promise; I cannot do it. I will make Robin happy!"

"Rose—and you will love him still?" He listened, breathlessly.

"I shall love him and serve him till I die, monsieur."

one concerning her intention or allowing herself to be seen, she silently and secretly left the chateau by a side door, and going round the descent to the valley by a little-frequented path, was soon on the path leading to her former home. Rose looked to see her father at the door; but he was not there, and concluding that she should find him within, she hastened forward, and had almost reached the door, when Gasparde appeared on the threshold.

"Good morning, my fair cousin!" he said, in answer to her brief and somewhat surprised greeting. "May I ask whom you seek?"

"My father, Gasparde. He is here—is he not?"

"He is ready to see you, if you will enter," answered Gasparde, stepping aside for her to pass in.

Rose was about to do so, when something in the glance or manner of this man struck her unpleasantly. She hesitated—paused.

"If he is within," she said, "why does he not come to meet me when he hears my voice?"

"You must come in, Rose, before you can see him," he returned. "Come—enter! What are you afraid of? Come in."

"But I will not come in till I have seen him. He must come to the door. Will you ask him to do so? Father!" she called.

"I do not believe he is here. You are deceiving me," Gasparde cried. "A horrible fear—a suspicion of treachery, filled her mind; she trembled and turned deadly pale.

Gasparde smiled. It was the smile of an incarnate fiend. His hand was laid upon her arm.

"Ah! you begin to suspect, my pretty one!" he said.

"Let me go, Gasparde!" she cried, at length, in a low voice. "I am faint, murmured to herself, "and there is no help near. O, pity—pity!"

"Nay—don't be in a hurry, my sweet Rose; you see I am not," he said, still holding her arm. "Yes—you are right; your father is not here, nor will he be. I sent for you to come. I waited for you. And now it is your turn to beg. You know how scornful you were once. You would not listen to my prayers. Times are changed now. I have trapped you cleverly; you shall not escape, I promise you!"

"O, have mercy, Gasparde!" she pleaded.

"Go on, my dear! I like to hear you. Ah, this is charming!"

"Gasparde, you told me once you were sorry for persecuting me, and I believed you—I forgave you. You do not mean to keep me here; you will let me

go; you are only jesting," she prayed her agony.

But he scowled at her with a glowering expression.

"You are mistaken entirely, my dear. What—let my prize go the moment I get it into my hands? No—no! I mean to take good care of you, my fair Rose. I mean you shall marry me shortly, whether you will or not. You cannot say nay, if you would. How does that suit you?"

But his words fell on ears that heard them not. A mist floated before the eyes of Rose; a rushing sound, as of swelling waters, was about her, and she fell senseless to the earth.

At that moment a man sprang hastily through the bushes. It was Jacques Le-roux. He gasped, first at the prostrate figure of Rose, and then at Gasparde.

"Well, what now?" asked the ruffian, angrily.

"So you have got her! Poor Rose! It shall not be—it must not be! Leave her!" he said, excitedly. "Little Rose, I will save you!"

"As I should Gasparde, in a tone of rage, "out of the way! Do you dare attempt musing? Touch her, and you die!"

And drawing from his belt a brace of heavy pistols, he presented them, with an oath, at Jacques.

The action was so sudden that the man started back. Gasparde took the moment to blow a call upon a silver whistle hanging at his breast. Almost instantly half a dozen brigands surrounded him.

"Seize that fellow!" uttered their leader, sternly, "and take him to the cave. Bind him hand and foot, in one of the blind, and put a guard over him. I will teach you," he added, threateningly, "what it is to meddle with my concerns!"

The men lost no time in executing their orders. Jacques, knowing it was useless to resist, submitted. He was bound and led through the winding paths of the adjoining grove, and onward to the forest beyond; while Gasparde followed, bearing in his arms the form of the insensible Rose. On and on they went, through the lonely depths of the forest, till they reached a place where the ground rose in an abrupt swell; and now pressing over steep banks and ledges of bare rock, they stopped at length before the entrance to the cave of which Gasparde had spoken.

It was the haunt of the robbers.

Lights were brought. The broad and gloomy cave into which they descended was illumined on every side. Striking across it, the party entered a long, narrow passage cut in the solid rock, and which was also lighted.

By this time Rose was fully aroused. Memory and consciousness were invested with their full power. She recognized, with a cry of terror, the ruffian who bore her. A cold dew, like that of death, gathered upon her brow as she beheld the rocky walls of that dreadful passage.

"Gasparde—demon—release me!" she uttered, with mad fear.

"Hold your tongue, my beauty! I mean to keep you safe. Go in there and keep yourself quiet!" he cried.

And unlocking as he spoke a heavy, spike-studded iron door in the rocky wall, he threw it open and attempted to thrust her into the cell it revealed. But she resisted.

"You shall not put me in there—I will not enter!" she cried.

Spite of her struggles, he forced her in, while the men bore Jacques farther along the passage to another cell.

"You won't? But I say you shall!"

"Now, Mademoiselle Rose, you will stay here," said Gasparde, "until I choose to release you, and that time will be fixed according to your own conduct. If you are savage, perhaps I may keep you here three months or a year or two years. It doesn't matter much which. But if you make up your mind to treat me a little more favorably, why, a priest shall be ready at the earliest hour of your name. You see the terms are fair. I will give you till to-morrow to make up your mind about it." And he released her arm.

"I will never marry you! and you shall not keep me here! What place is this?" were her indignant words.

"You are under ground, as perhaps you know already. And as for talking so bravely about having your own way, why, I think I shall be likely to have a few words to say on that score. You see there are thick walls here, while there are perhaps from twenty to thirty men just at the mouth of the cave ready at my bidding to bring you back, even if you should escape."

"Twenty or thirty men—ready at your bidding?" cried Rose, trembling with anger and fear. "Wretch! who—what are you?"

He laughed lightly.

"Under ground, as answered, my pretty maid," he said. "The question is, will you marry me or not?"

"No—never!" was her answer; "and less now than before; for now I begin to recognize you fully. Now I recognize your terrible trade. Robber—murderer—brigand! No! I will die by your hand as a damsel free, or else by my own hand in my captivity!"

(To be continued.)

BACK TO DOMAIN.

Oregon, Washington and California With-
drawals Not Permanent.

Washington, Oct. 24.—The disclosure of the operations of the land grafting in Oregon, California and Washington, brings out what appears to be the true reason why temporary withdrawals of vast areas "for forest reserve purposes" have been made in these three states on very slight showing of justification for withholding such enormous tracts of vacant lands from entry. Chief Gifford Pinchot, of the bureau of forestry, as well as other officials, state that only a minor part of the lands now withdrawn will ever be converted into forest reserves. In some cases, practically the entire withdrawals will ultimately be restored to entry.

There appear to have been two prime reasons for withdrawing these lands, and in many cases the more important of the two was to place the valuable vacant public timberland beyond the reach of "scrippers," speculators and land grabbers. The only way this could be done, while existing laws continue in force, was by withdrawing the lands from entry and, of course, bonafide entrymen have to suffer along with the land thieves.

As long as these lands can be kept in withdrawal, under pretense of examination to determine their desirability for forest reserves, so long will the public timber be protected.

In the meantime, the interior department, with the full sanction and approval of the administration, is preparing to put in a hard winter's work before congress, in an effort to secure remedial public land legislation, such as the repeal of the timber and stone act, the desert land law, and commutation clause of the homestead act, but more than all else, the repeal of the forest reserve lieu land law, which is responsible for many of the frauds that have been perpetrated by the land grant ring.

LEDGES BLAZE WITH GOLD.

Remarkable Richness of the New Find
on Owl Creek.

Butte, Mont., Oct. 24.—Almost fabulous finds of gold ore rivaling the Klondike discoveries have been made on Owl Creek, near Hamilton, Mont., according to reports received in Butte. The greatest excitement prevails, and a stampede is on the new fields. Miles Romney, mayor of Hamilton, and one of the well known editors of the state, has returned after spending several weeks at the scene of the discovery, and his account of gold finds sounds like a fairy tale.

Ten massive ledges exposed on the mountain side fairly blaze in many spots from the glint of shining gold particles, dazzling the eye. A towering cliff overhangs the leads and a large gulch below is choked with boulders of ore sloughed from the heights. These chunks of gold laden rock, Romney declares, range from the size of a hazelnut to masses as large as dwelling houses. Enough gold ore is in sight, he says, to run a thousand stamps a hundred years.

W. D. Gross, a Denver mining expert, made the first discovery of deposits on Owl Creek on August 1. Conservative estimates of the value of the ore place the figures between \$14 and \$300 a ton, this calculation including thousands of tons of ore lying on the surface. Sections of the veins will run into the thousands of dollars' worth of gold. Within the past few days over a hundred claims have been staked out. Associated with Gross is Senator George Green, of New York, who with others represents a capital of \$50,000,000.

They are now engaged in incorporating a company, and have 20 men at work on the property.

Makes War on Thugs.

Ogden, Utah, Oct. 24.—Five hundred citizens tonight attended a mass meeting, which was called for the purpose of taking some action concerning the numerous hold-ups and robberies in this city recently. As a result of the meeting a vigilance committee, to be known as the Citizens' League, was formed, and over 100 men signed a roll rendering them subject to call for the purpose of ridding the city of suspicious characters. The organization, under Mayor Glassman, will begin operations at once.

Immigrants Appeal to Washington.

Philadelphia, Oct. 24.—Appeals against deportation were sent to Washington tonight by the Welsh miners who are detained here by the immigration commissioners as violators of the contract labor law on their way to work at Ellsworth, Pa. A decision is expected by them before the hour fixed for their sailing. British Consul Powell and the Welsh society of Philadelphia are taking an interest in the men and are trying to stop the deportation.

Internal Revenue Receipts Decrease.

Washington, Oct. 24.—The monthly report of the collections of internal revenue shows that for the month of September, 1903, the total receipts were \$19,708,241, a decrease as compared with September, 1902, of \$177,128.

HAPPENINGS HERE IN OREGON

PRUNES IN POOR DEMAND.

Association Holds Price Up to Two and
One-Half Cents.

Salem—Dullness and uncertainty prevail in the prune market. The greater portion of the crop in this vicinity has been harvested and by the middle of the week all the growers in the hill country south of Salem will have their prunes cured. The yield has been large and the quality is first class. The prunes are rich in sugar, of excellent flavor and of unusually good texture. The dried fruit this year shows no "bloaters" such as are found some years. The crop having turned out better than was expected, the growers have nothing now to trouble them but selling the crop.

It is estimated that the Oregon crop, including that of Clark county, Washington, will amount to about 1,000 carloads. Of this quantity probably a little more than one-third has been sold at prices ranging from 4 to 4½ cents for the 40 to 50 to the pound size. The sales at the higher price were made early and recently 4 cents for 40s, or 2½-cent basis, has prevailed. Lower prices have been made by a number of dealers. A little less than one-third of the entire crop will pass through the hands of the Willmette Valley Prune association, the Umpqua Valley association and the Clark County association and individual dealers who are at present holding for a 2½-cent basis price. It is estimated that more than a third of the crop is unsold and in the hands of the growers who are not identified with associations and who are looking for a chance to sell at the best price they can get.

SURVEY IN HARNEY VALLEY.

Whistler's Party Investigating Proposed
Reservoir Sites.

Harney—The field party of the geological survey in Oregon, under the direction of John T. Whistler, district engineer, consisting of M. D. Williams and Frederick C. Huber, is continuing the development of topography of irrigable lands in Harney valley. Something over one-half of the valley north of Malheur Lake has now been covered. It is estimated that the work can be completed by December 1.

Another field party, consisting of Herbert D. Newell and Edmund I. Davis, is investigating an additional reservoir site on lower Bully creek and one on upper Willow creek. The Willow creek reservoir site is being studied with a view of ascertaining the possibility of covering certain lands on the west side of upper Willow creek valley.

The work on the Umatilla project has been in charge of Thomas B. White and a party of four assistants. After a full examination of the reservoir site, the canal line to Umatilla river will be taken up, topographic work being carried on at the same time.

A representative body of citizens of Union county, has presented to the chief engineer of the United States geological survey a statement of the existing conditions in that county, accompanied with a request that investigations and surveys be made of certain reservoir sites and of the possibilities of developing an underground water supply by means of artesian wells. The petition asserts that Union county contains more than 100,000 acres of fertile irrigable land, and that the present water supply during the two months of low water suffices to irrigate only about 1,000 acres.

WARNER SETTLERS WILL SUE.

Will Test Validity of Deeds Issued to the
Stock Company.

Salem—Attorney John Hall, of Portland, is preparing papers for the commencement of a suit in behalf of the settlers of Warner valley, Lake county, in their contest with the Warner valley stock company. When Mr. Hall was in Salem a few days ago he said that a suit will be filed in Lake county to test the validity of the deeds issued by the state for the lands which are in dispute.

The proceedings heretofore have been conducted in the general land office and the department of the interior. The decision in the department was adverse to the settlers, who are homesteaders, and claimed title from the United States.

May Move Fibre Factory.
La Grande—It is rumored here that the main factory of the Oregon Pine Needle Fibre company, now operating at Grant's Pass, is to be established at Sunnyside, a small town a short distance from here. Attorney Turner Oliver of this city has secured a controlling interest in the plant, and it is said he intends to bring the institution here. The factory will have a capacity of 2,500 pounds of fibre per day. If the understanding is carried out successfully, it may mean the establishment of a mattress factory in this city.

Would Cut the Insurance Rate.
La Grande—Fire Chief J. H. Pierce, who has been to Portland to ask insurance men if a reduction in insurance would be given if a fire alarm system is installed here, has returned home. He brought with him a letter to the city council offering a 10 per cent reduction. It is estimated that by a 10 per cent reduction about \$2,600 will be thrown off premiums paid in La Grande per year. The new system would cost about \$4,500.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 74c; blue-stem, 78c; valley, 76c to 77c.
Barley—Feed, \$20 per ton; brewing, \$21; rolled, \$21.
Flour—Valley, \$3.75 to \$3.85 per barrel; hard wheat straight, \$3.70 to \$4.10; hard wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.50; gram, \$3.35 to \$3.75; whole wheat, \$3.50 to \$4; rye wheat, \$4.50.
Oats—No. 1 white, \$1.10; gray, \$1.05 per cental.
Millstuffs—Bran, \$20 per ton; middlings, \$24; shorts, \$20; chop, \$18; linseed flake food, \$10.
Hay—Timothy, \$16 per ton; clover, \$13; grain, \$10; chest, \$10.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 25¢ to 27¢ per pound; dairy, 16¢ to 20¢; store, 15¢ to 16¢.
Cheese—Full cream, twins, 14c; Young Americas, 15¢ to 16¢; factory price, 1¢ to 1½¢ less.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, 10¢ to 10½¢ per pound; spring, 10c; hens, 11¢ to 11½¢; broilers, 11.75¢ per dozen; turkeys, live, 15¢ to 16¢ per pound; dressed, 16¢ to 18¢; ducks, \$6 to 7 per dozen; geese, \$7 to \$10.
Eggs—Oregon ranch, 27¢ to 28¢; Eastern, fresh, 26¢.
Potatoes—Oregon, 65¢ to 75¢ per sack; sweet potatoes, 2¢ to 2½¢.
Hops—1903 crop, 19¢ to 22¢ per pound, according to quality.
Wool—Valley, 17¢ to 18¢; Eastern Oregon, 12¢ to 15¢; mohair, 35¢ to 37¢.
Beef—Dressed, 6¢ to 7¢ per pound.
Veal—Small, 7¢ to 8¢; large, 5¢ to 6¢ per pound.
Mutton—Dressed, 5¢ to 5½¢; lambs, dressed, 6¢.
Pork—Dressed, 7¢ to 8¢.