

Published Every Thursday by S. A. Pattison, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. One year (in advance) \$1.00. If not paid in advance 1.50. Six months 1.00. Three months .50. Single copies 10c.

Entered at the postoffice at Condon, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

J. W. BROWER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will practice in all the Courts of Oregon. Office one door north of Dunn Bros. store.

L. W. DARLINO, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Notary Public and Conveyancer.

S. A. PATTISON, NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Globe Building. CONDON, OREGON.

J. F. WOOD, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Day and Night Calls Promptly Answered. Office Downing Building, Spring Street, CONDON, OREGON.

D. R. S. K. LUNA, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Day and Night Calls Promptly Answered. Office second door south of Condon Pharmacy MAIN STREET, CONDON, OREGON.

T. L. NICKLIN, DENTIST. Office Over Wilson Pharmacy, CONDON, OREGON.

C. S. PALMER.

Artistic Barber

SLEEK SHAVES AND HAIR-CUTS

Razors Honed and Re-Ground CONDON, OREGON.

O.P.&N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC

3 TRAINS EAST DAILY

Through Pullman standard and tourist sleeping cars daily to Omaha, Chicago, Spokane; tourist sleeping car daily to Kansas City; through Pullman tourist sleeping cars (personally conducted) weekly to Chicago, and Kansas City, reclining chair cars (seats free) to the East daily.

Ocean steamers between Portland and San Francisco every five days.

LOW RATES!

Tickets to and from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe. Far particulars call on or address

D. TIERNEY, Agent, Arlington, Oregon

O. R. & N. TIME TABLE. Trains Depart from Arlington. EAST BOUND: No. 2 Chicago Special, 2:50 P.M.; No. 4 Spokane Flyer, 12:40 A.M.; No. 6 Mail & Express, 1:20 A.M. WEST BOUND: No. 1 Portland Special, 12:12 P.M.; No. 3 Portland Flyer, 3:05 A.M.; No. 11 Mail & Express, 3:54 A.M. D. TIERNEY, Agent, Arlington, Or.

The Contrabandist; OR One Life's Secret! A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued.) They reached Paris and shortly were established in another home, at the Hotel de Clairville. Here the kind-hearted Count Frederic and his amiable wife congratulated themselves upon having gathered together so happy a family party; and no pains were spared to contribute to the enjoyment of each. Rose had never been in Paris before; its splendours and gaieties were novel and pleasing to her. But every enjoyment had its chief source from the presence of Louis; and she was completely his. He was not at her side to share in her pleasures; and it charmed him to perceive this. "You shall dwell here, some day, my Rose," he said to her, with his own bright smile that the young girl loved so well. "And she smiled in return; while Helen Montauban turned away, with a dark gleam in her eyes, a darker frown on that splendid brow. "Some day! How little," said the haughty woman, mentally, "how little do they dream that the will of another is to exercise authority then! They count confidently on their future—upon the fate that is awaiting them. Ah! if they knew what it is to be—that fate!" Now that Paris was gained, she was nearer to her purpose, and the fierce impatience she had felt subsided as she approached to the consummation of that purpose. Not because she quailed, or shrank from it, but that now she was able to contemplate it more readily—to look upon her revenge as almost accomplished, and she was content to wait yet longer.

"Helen, you are ill, I think," said Francis Egerton in alarm. She had been sitting in the same attitude for a full hour, with her head resting on her hand, and those dark, calm eyes fixed on the floor. But her lips were pale, and her face marble white. "You are ill, Helen," he repeated, gently, bending over to attract her attention, and laying his hand on hers. But the icy coldness of that hand chilled and startled him. "You are not quite right, my lord," she answered; "for I am not ill exactly, and yet I am not well. I have merely a severe headache." And she pressed her hand to her brow.

A headache—is that all? Nay, you are feverish, for now your cheeks are burning. Let me ask your father to send for a physician. You may, perhaps, have taken the fever which is prevailing in the city. Dear Helen, be advised!" "Francis, I command you to remain where you are," said Mademoiselle Montauban, imperatively. "I have assured you that I am not ill, and I do not wish either to attract attention or to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Since you are so anxious, I shall endeavor to rest awhile in my own apartment, and may regain my usual spirits by evening, in which case I will rejoin the family. Pray that I am not ill, and do not please." She left him and ascended to her chamber.

Night came. The rest of the family were to attend the opera. Helen Montauban assigned a severe headache as her reason for not accompanying them, and remained at home. From the easement of her room she looked down and saw the carriage roll away from the gates. An hour afterwards there emerged from the hotel a youth, wearing a broad hat slouched over his eyes and a cloak, which he drew about him, half concealing his face with its folds. He looked back with a hurried, nervous glance as he gained the portal. "No one has seen me," he muttered, "and the rest is sufficiently easy." At a rapid pace he hastened on. It was dark; but the lamps in the streets poured a flood of light along his way as he proceeded, and crowds of pedestrians passed him and the way was thronged with carriages and vehicles of every description. He only drew his hat further over his eyes, arranged the folds of the cloak so as more fully to hide his features, and hurried along, passing from one street to another, and never looking at a single face in all the jostling multitude about him.

At length, in a retired street, he reached the door of a building, half shop, half dwelling; at this door he knocked. A domestic appeared, bearing a light, which she held up to survey the features of the youth; but he shrank further back into the shadow, and gathered the folds of the cloak more closely about his face as he asked, in a low and somewhat hoarse voice: "Is the alchemist at home?" "He is, monsieur. Will you come in?" The youth entered, the woman looking at him with a half-curious glance for an instant; but then uttering to herself: "Well—well, I need not trouble my head; he is not the first mask that has come hither," she added aloud: "This way, monsieur; you will find my master in here," and led the way through the room into which he had entered from the street to a back one, opening from the first. Here was a man, bent half double, seated at a table, and engaged in poring over a rich and curious volume of antique appearance. About the apartment were arranged, in different places, various stuffed figures of animals, and some of them reptiles so hideous as to send an involuntary shiver over the boy as he beheld them. Strange and horrible forms were everywhere about him; he turned from contemplating them in disgust. The old man laid aside his book and looked up.

"You want me?—well, what is it?" he said, leaning back in his chair, and regarding his guest closely with the piercing dark eyes that seemed still darker and more piercing from the bushy, snow-white brows that overhung them. The youth spoke not, nor removed the cloak from his face; but silently advancing, presented a folded paper to the old man. He received and glanced over it. A slight frown darkened over his face, and again he fixed on the boy that same searching glance. "You do not want me, but my wife,"

he said. "I touch not such matters as this," and he handed back the paper. Then going to a small door in the wall, he opened it and called, "Bianca—Bianca!" An instant and there appeared at this door a tall, dark-looking yet splendidly handsome woman, with a brunette complexion, magnificent black eyes and a noble and commanding form. Those eyes were fixed upon the muffled figure and half-concealed face of the stranger. "Bianca," said the old man, "here is one who has need of your services." "What do you want?" asked the woman, in the sternest and most majestic of voices, as she came forward, with her glance still fastened on the youth—"what do you want?" He gave her the paper, which she perused. Then regarding him closely once again, she said: "Follow me, and I will obtain for you what you desire."

to reach the residence of his uncle a day or two before the wedding ceremony, which was to take place on the first day of the ensuing month.

It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage approached, once more the neighborhood of the Chateau Montauban. The tempest raged with terrible fury; the darkness was that of the merriest midnight. All along the forest road, the giant trees skirting the way creaked and groaned as if almost with human agony, and the moaning of their mighty arms, unceasing in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travelers silent the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices singing in despair. A loud horrid wailing, Mademoiselle Montauban, who was seated in the carriage, uttered her name to call forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderer!"

A hand, small and trembling, and icy cold with human agony, and the moaning of their mighty arms, unceasing in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travelers silent the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices singing in despair. A loud horrid wailing, Mademoiselle Montauban, who was seated in the carriage, uttered her name to call forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderer!"

"Helen—Rose—my children!" called the voice of the marquis, "are you hurt?" There was no answer. The voices of the Count de Clairville and Francis Egerton alone were heard. "Adele!" cried the count to his wife, "I cannot see you; speak to me—tell me that you are uninjured." "Ah, my wife—it is broken, I believe!" uttered the countess, in a tone of pain. "But that is nothing; where are those dear children? If one could but see!" "Helen—Rose!" called the marquis again, in agony. "Ah, for lights!"

"Here is the drug. A death warrant is in your hands," she said finally, giving it to the youth. He grasped it eagerly; the fingers that clutched it trembled. Pointing to the vial he thrust the vial into his breast, and escaping fearfully from the neighborhood where it had been obtained. Each moment he turned his head to see that no one followed him; for he was in possession of that which might, in more ways than one, prove dangerous to its owner; and the scrutiny of those spectral eyes haunted him. But beside himself, not a soul traversed the way, and he hurried on with rapid and almost noiseless steps, he hurried on.

And the Italian, Bianca, looking forth an instant after the slight figure that flitted on through the gloom, turned again to the room in which sat the aged alchemist. "You gave the boy his drug, Bianca?" he asked, raising his head. "Yes—yes! but I tell you, it was a woman's heart that throbbeth beneath that mantle; a woman's hand—and a beautiful pale, cold, and beautiful—'See!' and she tossed the heavy purse to her husband; 'there is the reward—the price for which I have sold the life of another mortal! How many are entered on my list now, I wonder?' She laughed bitterly, and then a deep, despairing groan followed the laugh.

And long the streets of Paris at midnight, sped the figure of that boy; on—on with nervous and shuddering haste, still clasping the fatal vial. Till, at length, the Hotel de Clairville is gained once more, and unseen, unheard, he glides silently in, and stealing up the stairs, enters a chamber, and securing that door, flings aside the disguise of that night's guilt. And Helen Montauban stands revealed!

CHAPTER XIX. A month had been passed in Paris, and the party were preparing for a return to the chateau, with the exception of Louis, who was to remain here some three weeks longer, and then follow them, as was

to reach the residence of his uncle a day or two before the wedding ceremony, which was to take place on the first day of the ensuing month. It was a wild, dark, stormy night when the carriage approached, once more the neighborhood of the Chateau Montauban. The tempest raged with terrible fury; the darkness was that of the merriest midnight. All along the forest road, the giant trees skirting the way creaked and groaned as if almost with human agony, and the moaning of their mighty arms, unceasing in the gloom, was yet heard with dreadful distinctness; while, to add to the impression of awe that kept each of our travelers silent the deep and mournful wailing of the unchained winds almost took the sound of human voices singing in despair. A loud horrid wailing, Mademoiselle Montauban, who was seated in the carriage, uttered her name to call forth upon the night the awful secret over which she brooded; to denounce her with the tones of fiends, and declare her guilty—a murderer!"

PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE TO CONGRESS Chief Executive Sends Message to People's Lawmakers

HANDLES MATTERS BEFORE PUBLIC Favours Lewis and Clark Exposition—Undesirable Class of Immigrants Should be Kept Out—Appoint Commission to Inquire Into Needs of Shipping—Extend Rural Free Delivery—Better Legislation for Alaska—Panama Canal Question.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—President Roosevelt's message to Congress was read before the Senate and House today. The text of the message follows: To the Senate and House of Representatives: The country is to be congratulated on the amount of substantial achievement accomplished in the past year, both as regards our foreign and as regards our domestic policy. With anxiety as with a man the most important things are those of the household, and therefore the country is especially to be congratulated on the amount of substantial achievement accomplished in the past year, both as regards our foreign and as regards our domestic policy. With anxiety as with a man the most important things are those of the household, and therefore the country is especially to be congratulated on the amount of substantial achievement accomplished in the past year, both as regards our foreign and as regards our domestic policy.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES Indications Are That the Surplus of the Present Year Will Be Small. From all sources exclusive of the postal receipts the Government for the last fiscal year aggregated \$60,258,674. The expenditures for the same period were \$58,090,000, the surplus for the fiscal year being \$2,168,674. The indications are that the surplus for the present fiscal year will be very small, if indeed there be any surplus at all. A large surplus is certainly undesirable. Two years ago the war taxes were taken off with the express intention of equalizing the Government receipts and expenditures, and the first year thereafter still showed a surplus. It now seems likely that a substantial equality of receipts and expenditures will be attained. Such being the case it is of great moment both to exercise care and economy in appropriations, and to scan sharply any proposed increase of the public debt which may reduce our income.

HAWAII. Greater Power Should Be Vested in the Governor. I recommend that an appropriation be made for building lighthouses in Hawaii, and taking possession of those already built. The territory should be reorganized for whatever amounts it has already expended for lighthouses. The Governor should be empowered to suspend or return any official appointed by him without submitting the matter to the Legislature. INSULAR POSSESSIONS. Philippines Should Be Knit Closer by Tariff Agreements. Of our insular possessions the Philippines and Porto Rico it is gratifying to find that their progress has been such as to make it unnecessary to spend much time in discussing them. Yet the Congress should ever keep in mind that their interests are vitally connected with our interests in the Pacific. PUBLIC LANDS. Necessity for Revision of the Laws is Pointed Out. The cash receipts of the General Land Office for the last fiscal year were \$11,924,743.66, an increase of \$4,782,816.47 over the preceding year. This sum, approximately \$4,000,000, will go to the credit of the fund for the reclamation of arid lands, making the total of this fund up to the 30th of June, 1903, approximately \$18,130,000.

RURAL FREE-DELIVERY SERVICE System Must Be Extended, and Salaries of Carriers Adjusted. The rural free delivery service has been steadily extended. The attention of the Congress is asked to the question of the compensation of the letter carriers and clerks engaged in the postal service, especially on the new rural free-delivery routes. It is pointed out that since the first of July last in no like period in the department's history. While a due regard to economy must be kept in mind in the establishment of new routes, yet the extension of the rural free delivery system must be continued, for reasons of sound public policy. No Governmental movement of recent years has resulted in greater immediate benefit to the people of the country districts.

LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION Congress Should Give It Support as Well as Recognition. I trust that the Congress will continue to favor in all proper ways the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. This exposition commemorates the Louisiana purchase, which was the first great step in the expansion which made us a continental Nation. The expedition of Lewis and Clark across the continent followed thereon, and marked the beginning of the process of exploration and colonization which thrust our National boundaries to the Pacific. The acquisition of the Oregon Territory, including the present States of Oregon and Washington, was a fact of immense importance in our history; first

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

ADVERTISING RATES. Professional cards, \$1.00 per month. One square, 1.00 per month. One-quarter column, 0.50 per month. One-half column, 0.25 per month. One column, 0.12 per month. Business notices charged at 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line thereafter. Legal advertisements will in all cases be charged for on a special scale, and paid for before adverting is furnished.

NEED THERE IS RECOGNIZED NOW AS NEVER BEFORE.

PRESERVATION OF FORESTS. The study of the opportunities of reclamation of the western States of land shows that whether the reclamation is done by individuals, corporations, or the State, the source of water supply must be effectively protected and preserved.

INDIAN AFFAIRS. Agents Should Not Be Dependent Upon Partisan Politics. The Indian agents should not be dependent for their appointment or tenure of office upon considerations of party politics; the practice of appointing, possible, ex-army officers or bonded superintendents to the vacancies that occur is working well. Attention is called to the widespread illiteracy due to lack of public schools in the Indian Territory. Prompt action should be paid to the need of education for the children of this territory.

PENSIONS. No Other Class Deserves So Well of the Nation as the Veterans. No other class of our citizens deserves so well of the Nation as those to whom the Nation owes a debt of gratitude for the services of the Civil War. Special attention is called to the excellent work of the Pension Bureau in expediting and dispensing of pension claims. Over a million grants ending July 1, 1903, the Bureau settled 231,982 claims, an average of 836 claims for each working day of the year.

ISTHMIAN CANAL. Review of Dealings With Colombia and Recent Events. By the act of June 28, 1902, the Congress authorized the President to enter into a treaty with Colombia for the building of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama; it being provided that in the event of failure to secure a treaty after the lapse of a reasonable time, recourse should be had to building a canal through Nicaragua. It has not been necessary to consider this alternative, as the Government has already entered into a treaty providing for the building of the canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

White House, December 7, 1903.