

Oregon West Coast

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OF GILLIAM COUNTY.

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No. 6 Mail & Express.....1:42 A M

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No. 1 Portland Special.....12:12 P M
No. 3 Portland Flyer.....3:05 A M
No. 5 Mail & Express.....3:50 A M

D. TIERNEY, Agent,
Arlington, Or.

CONDON GLOBE

VOL. XIV.

CONDON, GILLIAM CO., OREGON, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1904.

NO. 4.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
Professional cards.....\$1.00 per month
One square......50 per month
One-quarter column......25 per month
One-half column......50 per month
One column.....1.00 per month
Business locals will be charged at 10 cents per
line for first insertion and 5 cents per line
thereafter.
Legal advertisements will in all cases be
charged to the party ordering them, at legal
rates, and paid for before advertising is furnished.

Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)
She had gone deeper than this into
thought before the prudent man above-
stairs had finished the last will and testa-
ment of Sarah Eastbell. She had forgot-
ten all danger in her love-dream, but she
awoke suddenly to it at finding a figure
standing at her elbow, wan and ghost-
like, a something from the other world
she verily believed in her first surprise
and horror. Two years ago this being
had lived—only to-night she had heard
that she was dead—and she sprang up
and went back with hands spread out
against the wall, too terrified to scream.
"Hush! don't make a row—don't you
know me?" croaked the haggard figure
hoarsely.
"Sophy—Tom's wife!" ejaculated
Sarah Eastbell.
"Yes—but not dead yet—oh, dear, no—
black as Tom's coat is!" she whisper-
ed back.
Sarah glanced at her. She had not
yet recovered from the shock, and the
woman was terribly forlorn and ragged,
with a death-head gleaming from a bat-
tered black straw bonnet.
"How did you obtain admittance to
the house?"
"Through that window—it was unfast-
ened."
"You have come in search of Tom?"
"No, no—to warn you of a danger—of
an awful danger, as I live, Sally, to you
and your grandmother! can't tell you
here—I don't see by Tom," she
whispered still, "he would kill me if he
found me at his heels. Outside in the
garden I can breathe a bit."
"I will come with you. Tom Eastbell,
who walked very freely into the garden,
where a little while ago she had seen
Miss Holland and Captain Peterson to-
gether. Was this a further installment
of the mystery about her?—or in the
shadows of the night would she approach
closer to the truth? In thinking of Reu-
ben Culwick, everything else, what
valuable time might she not have
lost?—she who should have been
watchful at all hazards of the men who
she knew were dangerous.
Thus from one mystery to another
passed Second-cousin Sarah.

CHAPTER XIX.
The will of Sarah Eastbell was com-
pleted, and Hartley, the maid, and a
second servant were introduced into the
room to witness the old lady's effort at a
signature.
"It's a good thing done, after all,"
muttered Mrs. Eastbell as she lay down
wearily.
"It's brief and un lawyer-like," said
Reuben, contemplating the will, "but I
think it sets forth your intentions clearly,
aunt. What shall I do with it?"
"Lock it in that iron box; the key is
under my pillow," said Mrs. Eastbell.
Reuben found the key, and locked up
the will, restoring the key to its place
beneath his aunt's head.
It had been a day of more than ordi-
nary fatigue and excitement to Mrs.
Eastbell, and she was tired out; sleep
was life to a woman of her age, and he
would not trouble her again concerning
the granddaughter, or ask her any ques-
tions respecting the engagement. There
would be time enough to-morrow to con-
sider that—and Sarah was waiting for
him.
Reuben went downstairs thoughtfully.
He had almost resolved to proceed to the
gallery in the first place, but the tempta-
tion was too strong to seek out his second-
cousin, who would surely be in the draw-
ing room awaiting him. He had a great
deal to tell her now, and a little to ex-
plain concerning his past misadventure,
which had grown more strongly develop-
ed as the old lady seemed to fade away
more completely from him. A real hero-
ine had his Second-cousin Sarah posed
herself to be; he wished that he had been
more of a hero to match, that he had
more bravely endured the inevitable. She
did not know yet what an obstinate and
bad-tempered man he was, and how he
quarrelled with everybody in turn
after his father's death. He went into
the drawing room full of these odd resolu-
tions, and found Mary Holland there.
"Where is Sarah?" he asked, after a
glance round the room had assured him
of the absence of his second-cousin.
"Sarah?" said Miss Holland, springing
to her feet. "Has she not been with you
in Mrs. Eastbell's room?"
"She left it half an hour since."
"Wait an instant."
Mary Holland left the room; and Reu-
ben remained, with a new perplexity to
battle with, all rising doubts and fears
to beat down.
Mary Holland entered the room again,
and was standing at the door, a pale
and more affected woman than when he
had seen her a few minutes since.
"Gone!" she said at last.
"What do you mean?"
"That—that Sarah Eastbell is not in
the house," explained Mary.
"It can't be true!" ejaculated Reuben.
"Stay, let me think still. For heav-
en's sake give a distracted woman time
to think!"
Reuben, in the midst of his excitement,
remembered afterward that the demen-
or of Mary Holland aroused in him for an
instant a half-wondering interest, as in
a dream of vague beliefs and startling in-
consistencies; and then the trouble of
Sarah's absence took away all thought of
everything else.
"Her brother and the man he brought
with him," said Reuben, "where are
they?"
"They are in the gallery still; they
could not have left the room without my
being warned."
"They are in this plot, if plot there
can be," said Reuben.
"That—that Sarah Eastbell is not in
the house," said Reuben.
"Open!" she cried.
Reuben and Mary Holland stepped in-
to the garden, and looked around them.
It was a dark, dry night, with the stars
hidden now, and the wind sighing
through the larches on the hillside with
such plaintive moanings that Reuben
strive to catch the accents of his coun-
sils' voice amidst them.
"We shall find her in the garden," said
Reuben, assuringly, as he strode along
the path, with which he was acquaint-

ed, and directed Mary Holland in a dif-
ferent direction. When they met again
a quarter of an hour had passed, and they
were no nearer the discovery of Sarah
Eastbell. She had vanished away com-
pletely, by a miracle; and Reuben stood
discomfited by the drawing room win-
dow.
"This is beyond all guessing at," he
said, with a half groan.
"The window of the picture gallery is
closed and barred," said Mary Holland,
"but they are not to listen to the noises of
the night—the shriek of a distant engine,
tolling on with its luggage through the
country to some bustling center; the rattle
of the train, the rustling of the trees,
the whirling of a night bird in the long
grass of the meadows, the yelping of dogs
in the farm house yards, as he dashed
by. He found his way at last to Wor-
cester, and went slowly, hopelessly along
its deserted streets in the direction of
the police station.
It was seven in the morning when he
was at Sedge Hill again. He rode back
in hot haste, as if something unforeseen
was to be thwarted by his quick return;
and he was prepared for evil tidings, as
he passed into the hall and found Miss
Holland, pale as he had seen her last,
awaiting him with eager eyes.
"What news—what has happened since
I have been away?" he exclaimed.
"Nothing has happened," answered
Miss Holland; "and you? Have you
heard or seen—?"
"There is not a trace of her."
He set before the fire where his cousin
Sarah was surprised by her sister-in-law,
endeavored from his bewildered brain
to shape out a scheme for her discovery,
when the maid Hartley entered, with
breakfast on a little tray, and set it down
on a coffee table at his side.
There was a letter lying on the tray,
addressed to himself. The superscription
was in a strange hand, a fine bold hand-
writing, which he had never seen before,
but which he was wholly satisfied, when
he took up the letter curiously, broke the
seal and read the following epistle:
"Sir—After your courteous behavior
of yesterday evening, I cannot, with sat-
isfaction to myself, remain a guest in
your august establishment. I feel com-
pelled to withdraw from a place, which
is incompatible with my dignity to re-
tain. I have intrusted Mr. Thomas East-
bell with my kind regards to his grand-
mother, to whose hospitality and invari-
able kindness I am forever deeply indebt-
ed. My servant will call for my violin
in the course of the day. I beg to re-
main, sir, your obedient servant,
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ed the perusal of this letter.
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the house?" he asked. "He who called
himself Captain Peterson. I didn't know
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servants were away when I saw him last."
"When was that?"
"At five o'clock this morning. He was
talking to Miss Holland—here, just
now, and Miss Holland's very kind;
she's been always very kind to all of us,
but I wanted to hear what he had to
say, because poor Miss Sarah was angry
at those two being together in the garden
last night."
"Those two—what two?"
"Miss Holland and the Captain."
"Was he angry?" repeated Reuben.
"With whom?"
"With Miss Holland, just before you
came. She said she couldn't trust her.
I heard that as I was passing with my
mistress' gruel, quite by accident."
"That will do," said Reuben, moodily;
"don't say any more. I will wait for
Miss Holland."
(To be continued.)

The llama of the Andes.
What the camel is to the people of
the deserts of Asia and Africa the
llama is to the people who dwell in the
Andes, says W. E. Curtis in his book, "Be-
tween the Andes and the Ocean." The
llama is a faithful, much-enduring
beast, sure-footed and speedy, without
the services of which the inhabitants
of some parts of the country would be
utterly helpless, for mules and horses
cannot endure the great altitude and
the rarefied atmosphere.
It costs nothing to keep llamas; they
pick up their food by the wayside, al-
though this seems almost incredible to
those who know the barrenness of the
terrible deserts.
Although the llama is naturally do-
cile and obedient, he has a furious
temper, and duels sometimes take place
in the herd which continue until one
of the combatants is killed, if both are
not.
When frightened, the llamas scatter
over the desert, but when cornered they
huddle in groups, with their tails to-
gether and their heads out to meet the
enemy. Their only weapon of defense
is their saliva, which, when they are
angry, they squirt through their teeth
in showers, as a Chinese laundryman
sprinkles clothes.
A drop of this saliva falling in the
eye or on any part of the body where
the skin is broken will produce a
painful irritation, and sometimes dan-
gerous sores, like those that result from
the venom of a serpent.
A Man of Family.
"Are you a man of family, sir?"
"Heavens, yes! My third son-in-law
moves in to-day."
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"Yes," said Ned, coolly; "fortune has
favored us, and she has left your grand-
mother's establishment."
"There must be no harm done to her,"
Tom said, trembling; "I won't have her
hurt, I swear."
"You left all to me, Tom Eastbell,"
said Captain Peterson; "it's too late to
complain, whatever happens."

CHAPTER XX.
Only one person slept that night in the
big house at Sedge Hill. While Mrs.
Eastbell slumbered, the inmates were
astir, and not a few of them abroad, beat-
ing right and left for scraps of informa-
tion, and falling in their object misera-
bly. Sarah Eastbell had disappeared,
leaving not a trace by which she might
be followed.
As Reuben rode to Worcester he scanned
the hedge-tops, and the dry ditches,
for a trace of her; he turned into yawning
meadows, he roamed in his horse's
guileless darkness; he examined every
fifty paces to listen to the noises of the
night—the shriek of a distant engine, toll-
ing on with its luggage through the coun-
try to some bustling center; the rattle
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It costs nothing to keep llamas; they
pick up their food by the wayside, al-
though this seems almost incredible to
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EVENTS OF THE DAY

GATHERED FROM ALL PARTS OF THE
TWO HEMISPHERES.

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

Japan has finally allowed war corre-
spondents to proceed to the front.

The house has voted down the senate
amendment to build a military road in
Alaska.

St. Marys, Ohio, reservoir, one of the
largest in the world, is in danger of
breaking.

Odesa gave a warm welcome to the
Russian survivors of the battle of
Chernopol.

Russians captured a Japanese steam-
er, seized maps, telegrams, etc., and
then sunk her.

Semi-official advice give the number
of Russian troops in the Far East as
nearly 200,000.

Russia is too busy with Japan to fol-
low or make any objection to British
advance in Tibet.

Another attempt has been made by
the life of Pope Pius, this time by two
men disguised as clergy.

It is reported that Japan after bom-
barding Vladivostok, dropped a number
of floating mines in that vicinity.

The three bandits who held up the
Oregon express and killed a messenger
got no loot from the wrecked express
car.

Rains make the flood situation in In-
diana more grave.

French court decides the Panama
canal case against Colombia.

The Botkin murder trial has been re-
sumed with the jury alleged to have
been bribed.

William J. Bryan has been decided
against in contest for \$50,000 in the
Bennett will contest.

Plans of the Jamestown exposition
prove an obstacle in the passage of the
Lewis and Clark bill.

Senator Clark, of Wyoming, says
land ring boasts of spending money to
secure repeal of present laws.

F. A. Haines has paid fine of \$20,000
for contempt of court in Montana.

The Oregon express was held up at
Copley, Cal., and Express Messenger
O'Neill killed. The treasure box was
carried away.

Bel, of California, created a sensa-
tion in the house by declaring that
veterans in the soldiers' homes in his
state are robbed by the canteen system.

Russia is found, technically, to have
fired the first shot of the war.

John Mitchell will come to Colorado
to conduct the miners strike.

The Lewis and Clark exposition bill
received a setback in the house.

It is estimated that the damage from
floods in Michigan will reach \$5,000-
000.

The Cunard Steamship company's re-
port for 1903 shows a profit of \$1,359-
330.

Admiral Makaroff is expected to as-
sume the offensive at the first oppor-
tunity.

Foreigners believe martial law at
Niu Chwang will cause all save the
French to vacate.

The Serbian government will remove
from office all who were implicated in
the assassination of the late king and
queen.

Many towns in Indiana along the
tributaries of the Ohio and Wabash
rivers are still suffering from the
floods.

Ten deaths are reported as a result
of the storms in Northwestern Arkan-
sas.

Colorado militia has thrown three
miners and two business men in the
bullpen.

French deputies have passed the bill
to suppress teaching by religious
orders.

A report that the railway merger is
seeking refuge in Cuba is a surprise to
President Palma.

The Anglo-American league of Lon-
don favors an American-British arbi-
tration treaty.

The French textile workers' strike is
becoming serious and is liable to in-
volve all of the large factories of the
country.

The flood situation in Michigan is
more hopeful, but 14,000 people are
still in distress.

An alliance between Russia and
Britain, through France as an inter-
mediary, is again broached.

The government has offered to ad-
vance money to build an irrigation
dam for Wallawa county settlers.

The Vladivostok squadron is re-
ported to have returned to the harbor
with a number of captured Japanese
vessels, among them a warship.

The captain of a Chinese junk arriv-
ing at Wei Hai Wei reports seeing the
Russian and Japanese squadrons ap-
proaching each other off Port Arthur
and believes a decisive battle has been
fought.

Mobilization of the Manchurian army
is now complete.

BRIBES STOP TRIAL.

Botkin Jurors Approached to Clear the
Alleged Prisoner.

San Francisco, April 2.—The second
trial of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin on the
charge of having caused the death of
Mrs. J. P. Donning by means of poi-
soned candy virtually ended in a sen-
sational manner late this afternoon.

Acting upon information that four
jurors had been bribed to favor the
prisoner, Judge Cook ordered the jury
into the custody of the sheriff until to-
morrow morning, when he will for-
mally dismiss the jury and begin the
impending of a new one. It is al-
leged that besides four jurors who are
said to have been influenced, an at-
tempt was made to bribe the fifth one.

When the denouement came in court
today, Mrs. Botkin's attorney made a
passionate speech, disclaiming that
Mrs. Botkin or any one connected with
her case was implicated. He also said
that he would not continue with the
present jury.

The state's attorney
concurrent in a motion to discharge the
jury. A brief investigation was held
by Judge Cook after the jury left the
room.

Chief of Police Wittman testified
that one of the jurors had followed him
to his office after the noon adjournment
yesterday and said that on the previ-
ous evening a strange man had called
upon him and said:

"We have secured four jurors for the
defense and want a fifth; we will give
you \$50." The juror told the chief
that he turned down the offer, assert-
ing: