

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

The Oregon Irrigation Congress will meet in Portland for its third annual session, Friday and Saturday.

The First National Bank of Merrill has applied for membership in the new banking system.

W. S. U'Ren of Oregon City has formally announced himself as an independent candidate for governor of Oregon.

William Hanley, of Burns, will be an independent candidate for United States senator from Oregon at the general election next November.

Floyd Bilyeu, chairman of the state game and fish commission, states that the department will save about \$8000 a year as a result of moving its offices to Salem.

T. T. Geer, ex-governor of Oregon, is considering seriously becoming a candidate for the republican nomination for governor at the coming primary election.

Senator Chamberlain's joint resolution to continue the provisions regarding the marking of the graves of Confederate soldiers and sailors was reported favorably to the senate.

Mrs. Joseph Nusbaum gave birth at the Salem hospital to a baby January 26, making the fourth baby of the family born on that date in as many generations.

The federal grand jury will, it is said, investigate the business transactions of T. R. Sheldon, former president of the First National bank of Roseburg.

The "dry" petition, bearing names of 262 voters, was presented to the city council at Klamath Falls, asking the question of prohibition to be placed on the ballot.

Two hundred and fourteen native Alaskan school children at the Salem Indian school have telegraphed Senator Chamberlain their thanks for getting the Alaskan railroad bill passed.

The North Pacific Fire & Lumber company, which is installing a big mill at Banks, will put in an electric power and lighting plant for use by the inhabitants of the village.

Governor West is considering accepting an invitation of the National Civic Federation to speak on "Prison Reform" at a meeting to be held in New York city March 6.

The O.-W. R. & N. Co. is showing moving pictures at La Grande, in a campaign of education to show how accidents may be avoided and urging people to keep the laws of the country.

The departments of civil engineering in both the Oregon Agricultural college and the University of Oregon were ordered eliminated by the board of higher curricula.

The Interstate Commerce commission announced that they will give hearings on Senator Lane's resolution to investigate the steel trust freight rebates, dates of hearings to be announced later.

Because he claims Oregon as his real residence, Jale Gronich, serving time in federal prison at McNeil's island, denies jurisdiction of any court outside his own district in matter of proceedings to forfeit his citizenship papers.

At the second meeting of the loganberry growers of the Willamette valley, held at Salem, the 100 growers present voted to effect a permanent organization for the purpose of developing the loganberry market and advancing the interests of the grower in every way possible.

Representative Sinnott's bill to authorize the secretary of war to detail two army engineers to work with engineers of Oregon and Washington and the reclamation service in evolving a plan for the development of the Cello Falls power project, seems to be meeting with favor.

Hereafter it will be unlawful to work any woman employe more than 54 hours a week, and employes will be required to pay experienced women workers not less than \$8.25, and inexperienced workers not less than \$6 a week. This is the ruling of the state industrial welfare commission.

A movement has been started in Polk county to prevail upon the county court to employ a general supervisor over road construction in this county. It is estimated that the employment of a competent man to oversee and direct all road construction and maintenance in Polk county will save many thousands of dollars.

Probably the highest price ever paid for an apple tree was the \$600 which was paid to an Oregon farmer for a 15-year-old seedling which grew in a fence corner on his farm. The worth of the tree to the purchaser lay in the fact that it yields ripe apples every month from May to November, the fruit being rich in quality and prodigious in quantity.

The people of Oregon will be given opportunity to recover, by vote at the election next November, the use of tide-lands in the Portland harbor. An initiative measure revoking the tide-land franchise of 1882 will be prepared within the month by Frederick W. McKay, chairman of the public dock commission. This franchise gave upland owners of waterfront right to use tide-lands for dock construction.

The White Goose

Took a Leading Part in a Motorcar Romance

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jim Radford would never have seen the white goose if his motorcar had not broken down three miles away from the nearest village.

He emerged from under the body of the big machine and wiped the grime from his face. For an hour he had worked with his coat off and his sleeves rolled to his elbows. He was tired, hot and exceedingly disgusted.

"There is only one thing to do," he decided dully, "and that is to walk back to that forsaken hole and hire an ox team to yank me out of this."

So he pulled on his coat and, not realising the untidy appearance of his good looking countenance and the disorder of his unruly hair, tramped down the road toward the village.

Presently he came to a crossroads, where a signpost pointed fingers in two different directions. Each finger read, "Delmore, 3 Miles."

Both roads were well traveled, although they plunged into thick woods. Jim could not remember which road he had taken nor could he decide which one to choose now.

So he tossed a penny and turned into the right hand road. On one hand there was a steeply wooded hill broken in one place by a bluestone road, marked "Private." On the other side was a stretch of oak forest.

A few hundred yards after he had passed the private road, Jim Radford heard a strange sound behind him. He turned around and discovered an immense white goose waddling at his heels.

"For the love of Mike!" ejaculated Jim. "I don't mind a good dog at heel, but a goose—never! A waddler! He should be shot and skinned."

"Won't, eh?" Jim picked up a stone and hurled it at the goose. She nimbly side stepped the missile and hissed again. Jim went on his way confident that the bird would turn about and go home, wherever it might be.

Half a mile further on he turned around and was disgusted to find that the goose was still following him, although she had increased the distance between them by a few yards.

He paused and considered. It would never do for him to enter the village with a white goose trailing after him, nor did he care to meet a party of motorists on the way. There was too much unexplained humor in the world for that.

"If you insist on going to Delmore go on ahead, goose," he ordered when she came back.

"Yes—do you know Oscar?" asked the girl in a surprised sort of way.

"I've heard of him," muttered Jim, for Oscar had been his classmate at college.

Judge Pinney came down the front steps to greet them. He was a tall, white bearded man, whose austere countenance did not change in the least when the girl started her errand.

"You did well to bring him to me, Carol," he said. "Please come into my office and make your complaint." He helped Carol to the ground and then motioned Jim to follow.

"Bring the goose," he ordered. Jim meekly obeyed and presently found himself standing before Judge Pinney's great walnut desk, while Carol Delmore briefly stated her complaint against the unkept and much-frenzied youth, who was compelled to hold the goose all the while.

Now Judge Pinney looked over his spectacles at Jim, and his voice rasped sharply.

"Well, young man, what have you to say?" he demanded.

"I wish to enter a complaint against Miss Delmore," replied Jim calmly.

The girl uttered a queer cry and exchanged an amused glance with the magistrate.

Judge Pinney drew another printed form before him. "State your grievance," he said briefly.

"I desire to prosecute Miss Delmore for stealing my motorcar."

"Your motorcar?" shrieked Carol. Judge Pinney leaned across the desk. "Stop this nonsense, young man!" he roared.

"It is the truth," insisted Jim, and then in a few well chosen words he stated his case—how his car had broken down three miles from Delmore, how he had fallen to repair it after a couple of hours' strenuous labor and how he had set out to walk to Delmore for help. Then he related the chase of the Hamadan goose and his capture by Miss Carol Delmore.

"I recognized the car before I entered it," concluded Jim. "These are certain outward marks by which every man can identify his own machine; besides that my monogram is on the panels of the doors, and in the pockets are road maps and other papers bearing my name, and I have here"—he reached into an inner breast pocket and brought out a Russian leather case—"my driver's license. It also has the number of my car, the one outside. What I cannot understand is this: I left the car crippled by the roadside, and yet Miss Delmore was able to drive it without trouble."

Judge Pinney looked from the license card to the young man who had presented it, glanced outside at the number swinging from the rear of the big car, which was plainly visible, and then he turned to the girl with a wrathful frown on his eyes.

about it," he asked of her.

"I believe you're the man who robbed our chicken roosts last week," replied the girl, "when you poisoned our dog, Ponto."

"Poisoned your dog?" echoed Jim blankly. "Do I look like a man who would poison a dog?"

But the girl evaded the verbal answer, although her eyes frankly acknowledged that she believed the disreputable figure before her would be guilty of almost any crime.

"You will pick up the goose and get into the car," she said crisply.

"Suppose I prefer to run away?" asked Jim angrily.

"You dare not," she said coolly and get into the car. "I'm going to take you to Delmore to the nearest magistrate. These petty thievings are contemptible."

For a few moments Jim stared incredulously at the girl, but her expression of determination was unwavering. There was no softening of her long lashed blue eyes, and her red lips were firmly set. His eyes wandered to the car, which was of the latest model—in fact, it was a duplicate of his own handsome car. Suddenly a steely gleam came into his gray eyes, and he moved around the car.

"I'll pick up the goose and go with you," he decided grimly.

Whereupon ensued a quarter hour of unobscured argument to the girl in the motorcar, for the goose objected to being caught and fought viciously with feet and bill and wings, but Jim came off triumphant, although his appearance was rendered more disreputable than before. Now his face was plastered with mud, and there was a little trickle of blood on one cheek where the goose had pecked him.

"I am sorry you are hurt," said the girl in a strained voice as Jim climbed into the tonneau and wrapped the indignant bird in a robe so that only the head and long neck were visible.

"No matter, so long as justice and right triumph," retorted Jim dryly, and the girl's face went suddenly serious, and she shot a queer, doubtful glance at him.

In another moment the car jerked forward, and they were off for Delmore.

Once the girl turned sharply around. "I thought you laughed!" she murmured, a hint of embarrassment in her lovely face.

"I expect it was the goose—laughing at me, no doubt," said Jim gloomily.

She turned her face away and gave her entire attention to the operation of the car. Jim watched her furtively and could not help but grudgingly admire her skill in driving. The road was narrow, and once or twice they met other vehicles, the occupants of which invariably stared with surprise at the battered young man in the tonneau, who appeared to be in attendance upon a very ill goose, and many of them appeared to recognize the girl, for they exchanged gay greetings as they passed.

"At last they came into the long village street, and the car swerved into the driveway of a large, white painted residence.

"I am taking you before the magistrate, Judge Pinney," said the girl crisply.

"Young Oscar Pinney's dad?" cried Jim eagerly.

"Yes—do you know Oscar?" asked the girl in a surprised sort of way.

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her confusion—and every one knows



"WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?" HE DEMANDED.

that pity is akin to another emotion, love; and Jim Radford was not far from that at this very moment.

Then Carol Delmore told her little story. If it appeared that she had been returning from a walk in the other direction, and she had found the apparently abandoned motorcar by the roadside, and being an experienced driver as well as a very practical young woman, she entered the car, tested the engine, found it working properly, if a little stiffly, and, turning about, had proceeded to drive the car to Delmore to be held until called for.

On the way she had overtaken Jim, apparently driving the Hamadan goose, which had strayed from that private road which led up to her father's country home, and we all know what happened after her encounter with Jim.

After Jim had washed the oil and grime from his face and made a few other changes in his toilet in the room of Oscar Pinney, who soon joined them, he went back to Judge Pinney's office, where the judge was saying farewell to Carol Delmore.

"May I offer apologies?" asked Carol. "I don't know how to make amends for humiliating you so all on account of that—thing?" And she pointed a scornful finger at the Hamadan goose, sitting limply in the folds of the robe.

"It is not a thing—it is a valuable Hamadan goose," quoted Jim gravely.

The laughter that followed did much to restore an embarrassing situation. Carol permitted Jim to drive her and the goose home, and she did not appear displeased to learn that he had accepted Oscar Pinney's invitation to visit for a few days.

"I want to learn more about goose, especially Hamadans," said Jim gravely.

Carol blushed, because she knew very well that was not the reason Jim was staying over.

"Jim?" said Oscar Pinney, when the motorist had returned from the Delmore home. "I'd be jealous of you if it wasn't that Carol has a cousin in Virginia who is a little more delicious than Carol herself."

Jim blushed, but he would not talk about Carol Delmore in that light vein. He knew that young Jim was engaged to some girl in Virginia, but his heart he could not understand how any man he his senses could look at any other girl after once gazing into the dark blue eyes of Carol, hearing the rich tones of her voice, seeing the ensnaring witchery of her fair hair and the general loveliness of her.

But Jim found other rivals for Carol's hand, and his wooing was short and sharp—and in the end successful.

The wedding was the Delmore farm, and the guests were married because a great white Hamadan goose waddled around the front lawn, vainglorious because of the big white satin bow tied about her long neck and the spray of orange blossoms tucked in the knot.

"Fancy waddling all thatinery on a goose!" sniffed one young woman.

But Judge Pinney and his son, who overheard the remark, nodded understandingly at each other.

"They knew that if it hadn't been for the Hamadan goose, there wouldn't have been a wedding that day—at any rate," Jim Radford might not have been the happy bridegroom.

Wanted—Another Victim. One day during the reign of terror an agent of Pouquier-Tinville came to the Luxembourg with a list of victims, drawn up by the accuser, which contained eighteen names. He collected seventeen of these unfortunates, but could not find the eighteenth. A suspect was passing by, and the agent asked his name. The prisoner declined to give it, and the agent at once handed him over to the gendarmes. Next day the man was guillotined. Another day an agent summoned a prisoner of fifty, but the man did not answer to his name, and a lad of seventeen who was playing at ball was seized, taken to the conciergerie and put to death.

Information Wanted. Simmons had returned from his vacation. "I certainly enjoyed the hiking bees," he said to the young woman. "Were you ever in the country during the season of husking bees?" "Husking bees?" exclaimed the girl. "How do you husk a bee, anyway, Mr. Simmons?"

Pragmacy. Small Boy (quinting) drizzled half dollar—Five five-cent cigars, and give me the change.

Druggist—But, look, your father always smokes ten cent cigars.

"Well, he has got to do this time."

Way of the Law. Prisoner—It's hard to charge me with forgery. I can't even sign my own name. Magistrate—That point is immaterial. It's another man's name you've accused of signing.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Events Occurring Throughout the State During the Past Week.

Round-Up Buckaroo Killed. John Day.—In a drunken row Yel-son Pope, 18 years old, son of a well known pioneer, shot and killed Jim Green, a half breed Indian. The shooting occurred at the Pope ranch, a few miles out of John Day.

Green was employed at the Pope ranch to break wild horses, and on his return from a trip to John Day he took a quantity of intoxicating liquor with him.

Green was noted for his prowess as a buckaroo, and was a star performer at the Pendleton Round-Up last year. He is survived by a wife and a child about one year old.

Highway Stakes Are Set. Central Point.—The surveyors employed by the county in connection with the Pacific highway, and under the direction of the state engineer, are here setting grade stakes between this city and Medford. This is the initial move in the actual development of the highway here. The surveyors after they have finished work in this locality will move to the Shikyou mountains, south of Ashland.

Eight-Footed Hog 2 Months Old. Ashland.—The four-winged duck on the Cyster ranch, east of Ashland, has a rival in an eight-footed pig on the Beall ranch, south of Central Point. Both sets of feet are well developed. This freak is now 2 months old and promises to attain the size of the average hog. Its legs are normal down to the ankle joint, each leg terminating in two feet instead of one.

Prisoner Eats Evidence. Portland.—Although he also the documentary evidence against him while on the witness stand, in full view of the court attaches and spectators, according to officials, Sam Matheson, a Seattle contractor, was bound over to the grand jury by Municipal Judge Stevenson on a charge of passing a bad check for \$38.

Buckwheat. Buckwheat being to be cultivated in England in 1907. It had been brought to Europe from Asia 100 years before.

Dangers of a Cold. Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is not the colds themselves that you need to fear, but the serious diseases that they so often lead to. For this reason every cold should be gotten rid of with the least possible delay. To accomplish this you will find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy of great help to you. It loosens a cold, relieves the lungs, aids expectoration and enables the system to throw off the cold. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

SUITS WILL NOT BE DELAYED. Attorney-General McReynolds Advises Governor West Decision is Final. Salem.—Announcing that the decision to separate the Southern Pacific and Central Pacific railway lines was final, Attorney-General McReynolds telegraphed Governor West that the institution of suits could not be delayed for further hearings. The Attorney-General said that a careful investigation had been made and that the consolidation of the system was clearly in violation of the anti-trust act. This means that the business interests of the state will not have an opportunity to make protest through hearings.

Rabies Reported in Baker County. Baker.—Reports of rabies infected dogs have been received in Baker and county health officials are taking steps to advise the populace on how best to escape infection, and on what to do if infected. It is believed that the disease is spread by coyotes on the range.

Gold Strike Made. Canyon City.—The gold strike reported on Canyon mountains several days ago has been followed up by three other discoveries. Miners here say that it now has the appearance of ledge matter. The ground is the same that Dan O'Shea took a \$2500 pocket from last summer.

To Prison For Fourth Time. Pendleton.—Four times a convict is the record held by Bert Fidler, found guilty in the circuit court of the theft of four cattle. The crime for which he has just been found guilty was committed within 10 days after he returned from the state prison. He was sentenced to serve 10 years.

Cooperative Store Burns. Redmond.—Fire swept the plant of the Farmers' Cooperative Warehouse company here, doing damage estimated to be in excess of \$12,000. Insurance will cover about \$8000 of this loss, but valuable contents of the structure were unprotected.

Will Film North Umpqua. Roseburg.—Two camera operators from a California motion picture company, accompanied by a guide, left Roseburg for a trip up the North Umpqua river forestry trail as far as Cape Blanco, to take views of that district.

Two Readings.

A well known Parisian antiquary while on his holidays in Normandy came across in an old farm which had a curious carving in the form of an arm-rod bearing over one of the stable doors. Requesting the carrying was a wooden bar inscribed with a date. Examining it closely, he found the letter to be 1081. All his antiquarian passions were aroused, needless to say, and after some bargaining the farmer sold him the carving for quite a nice sum. The next day the farmer brought the trouvaille to the antiquary's villa.

"This isn't what I bought!" exclaimed the purchaser. "It bears the date of 1601. I don't want it." "Excuse me, sir," replied the farmer. "It's the same, right enough. But the farmer who recently repaired it replaced the bar upside down, and I thought I ought to put it right for you." The antiquary was sporting enough not to go back on his bargain, but the facts of the case do not seem to speak highly of his antiquarian knowledge.—London Globe.

Very Cautious Birds. One day in my walk I came upon two phoebe's nests under overhanging rocks, both with half fledged young in them, and in neither case were the parent birds in evidence. They did not give their secret away by setting up the hue and cry that nesting birds usually set up on such occasions. I finally saw them as about an shadowy perch near by, with food in their beaks, which they finally swallowed, as my stay was prolonged. And the nests, both on a level with my eye, were apparently filled only with a motionless mass of bluish mold. As I gently touched them, instead of four or five heads with open mouths springing up, the young only settled lower in the nest and disposed themselves in a headless, shapeless mass. The phoebe is evidently a very cautious bird, though no birds are more familiar about our porches and outbuildings.—John Burroughs in Atlantic Monthly.

Bifidness and Constipation Cured. If you are ever troubled with biliousness or constipation you will be interested in the statement of R. F. Erwin, Pers. Ind. "A year ago last winter I had an attack of indigestion followed by biliousness and constipation. Seeing Chamberlain's Tablets so highly recommended, I bought a bottle of them and they helped me right away." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Cost of First Class Traveling. While on the Pacific ocean I met a life insurance man who told me that he traveled constantly and that his expenses, adroit and astute, averaged \$11 a day. He kept no expense account, he said. At the end of the year he charged the company \$11 a day for expenses, and that was almost exactly what he spent. I made a calculation and found that the present trip has cost us \$11 a day each, almost to a penny.

If you want to know what traveling costs, here is an estimate you may depend upon. This means rapid traveling, by railroad and steamship, and sightseeing in the towns with the assistance of a guide. The estimate includes the purchase a travel second class and does not include reduced rates and many yourself many things.—Ed W. Howe in His Travel Notes.

Excellent for Stomach Trouble. "Chamberlain's Tablets are just fine for stomach trouble," writes Mrs. G. C. Dunn, Arnold, Pa. "I was bothered with this complaint for some time and frequently had bad attacks. Chamberlain's Tablets afforded me great relief from the first, and since taking one bottle of them I feel like a different person." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

SOWING AND REAPING. Sow a seed and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.—C. R. Deems.

An Old Time Mermaid. An amusing and detailed account of a merman seen in the Atlantic, written apparently in good faith, ends with the following description of the monster, which may possibly have been a seal or a sea lion. "That monster is about eight feet long, his skin is brown and tawny, without any scales, all his motions are like those of men, the eyes are a proportionable size, a little mouth, a large and flat nose, very white teeth, black hair and chin covered with a mossy beard, a sort of whiskers under the nose, the ears like those of men, his between the fingers of his hands and feet like those of ducks. In a word he is a well shaped man. Which is certified to be true by Captain Oliver Morin and John Martin, pilot, and by the whole crew, consisting of two-and-thirty men." (An article from Brest in the "Memoirs of Voltaire.") The monster was mentioned in the Gazette of Amsterdam Oct. 12, 1723, where, it is said, it was seen in the ocean in August of the same year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to Read the Moon. Few people can tell at a glance whether the moon is waxing or waning. Here is a whimsical rule to remember by. It is very simple to those who know Latin and is not difficult for those who do not. The first thing to do is to notice whether the moon is like a D or a C—that is, whether the full semicircular curve is on the right or the left. If the moon shows a D that naturally stands for decrease. "It wanes."

But then comes the great principle—"the moon is always deceitful," and one has to understand the opposite of what the moon says, so that a moon which shows a D is a waxing moon, while a waning moon is like a C.

Those who have no Latin will no doubt look to see whether the moon says "It is decreasing," in which case they will understand that it is waxing. While a waning moon will deny that it is "decreasing."—New York Sun.

Cough Medicine for Children. Never give a child a cough medicine that contains opium in any form. When opium is given other and more serious diseases may follow. Long experience has demonstrated that there is no better or safer medicine for coughs, colds and croup in children than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is equally valuable for adults. Try it. It contains no opium or other harmful drug. For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

Ouch! He (bitterly)—I suppose you consider it quite a triumph to make a fool of a man.

She—Oh, dear, no! A triumph in something done that was difficult of achievement.—Boston Transcript.

Washington's Spy

He Had a Unique Way of Getting Information.

By F. A. MITCHELL.

While visiting one of the historic houses in northern New Jersey—and there are a number of such houses still standing—I noticed among other relics of bygone times one of those quaint, old fashioned clocks standing some six or seven feet high. One may see a clock of this kind frequently in these days, either an antique or made to look antique, so that there was nothing especially peculiar about this one except that it was a very large one.

My host, noticing me looking at it, told me a story about the timepiece.

"All the antique furniture in this house," he said, "has been here since 1766, though some of it is earlier than that. There is a bed upstairs in which General Washington slept when he passed through this place when he was going to make his headquarters at Morristown. My great-grandmother, then a girl of seventeen, was here at the time and has left an account of the dinner in the family occasioned by the presence of the commander in chief and a description of him.

"Washington passed on up to Morristown, from where he kept in touch with all the regions between New York and Philadelphia. He learned much from the patriots living hereabout, but his principal source of information was spies, whom he sent in different directions.

"One of those emissaries was a Lieutenant Rogers, a fearless youngster, but so gallant that he was very liable to spend more time with the girls than in looking after the movements of the enemy. Nevertheless he seemed to pick up more information than any of the other spies, and for this reason Washington relied much upon him. Though his commander did not know it, the secret of Rogers' success was that he had a way of getting news from girls in whose homes British officers had been quartered and who had heard their talk. What they said Rogers usually worked out of the girls. With the patriots girls he had no trouble; with the Tories he succeeded by making love to them.

"One day the young officer came through here on his way to New York, where he was going to gather information of Howe's army, then occupying that city. My great-grandmother—the girl I was telling you about—was the only one of the family who sympathized with the royalists. The reason for this was that she had been at school in England and had returned but a short time before the Revolution broke out. Rogers, instead of going to New York, called here. My great-grandmother—Catherine was her name—was sweet on him, and perhaps the reason he stayed was that he was getting more out of her about the British plans than he was likely to get in New York. Anyway, Howe and a party of his officers had been here only a day or two before.

"Rogers could have got out of Catherine all she knew—so I should suppose—within a week, although it may have taken more love-making than could be done within that time to do the job. But he stayed two weeks. Most of this time he was sitting up to my great-grandmother—I mean Catherine—and whether he was doing the business of his general or making love for the fun of it I don't know. But one evening his courting or spy work, or whatever it was, came to a sudden end. It was 11 o'clock at night, an hour which in those days found everybody in bed, but Rogers and my great-grandmother—Catherine—were sitting together in this very room