

The Aurora Borealis

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BRIEF NEWS OF THE PAST WEEK

Condensed Dispatches from All Parts of the Two Hemispheres.

Interesting Events from Outside the State Presented in a Manner to Catch the Eye of the Busy Reader—Matters of National, Historical and Commercial Importance.

The Chinese dowager empress is mortally ill.

Roosevelt denounces Haas' crime and applauds Heney.

A race between balloons from the Pacific to the Atlantic is about to be attempted.

It is estimated that General Gomez has been elected president of Cuba by a majority of 25,000.

The death of the Chinese emperor has been confirmed. The regent appointed is a friend of reform.

Prince de Sagan and his American wife have already tired of each other, and may secure a divorce.

Ruef's trial will be continued by volunteer lawyers. Some of the best of San Francisco have offered their services.

Mrs. Conger, widow of the late ambassador to China, says there is no likelihood of any uprising following the death of the emperor.

A wealthy Montana man, who has just died, provided in his will that if any woman present themselves claiming to be his wife, each shall be given \$1.

Texas has declared a quarantine against smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, typhoid fever, bubonic plague or other communicable diseases. "Other communicable diseases" is understood to mean tuberculosis.

Denver has almost zero weather.

The anti-gambling war is again on in Reno.

Von Buelow is to present an ultimatum to the kaiser.

Roosevelt says there will be no slaughter of game on his trip to Africa.

Samuel Gompers will be re-elected president of the American Federation of Labor.

A New York delivery company contemplates tubes for the delivery of packages.

German miners blame managers for the recent disaster in which 390 men lost their lives.

The United States Steel corporation will spend \$5,500,000 in increasing the capacity of its plants.

For the first time in the history of the San Francisco mint, pennies and nickels are to be coined there.

The emperor of China is reported dead; the empress dowager dying, and regent appointed to control the destinies of the Flowery Kingdom.

District Attorney Langdon declares Heney is a martyr to the public, and says prosecutions will continue despite the attempted assassination.

The election of Gomez in Cuba is almost certain. The election is the first step toward again turning the island republic over to the people.

San Francisco has voted for municipal waterworks.

Liberals are expected to win in the Cuban elections.

Castro has finished his preparations for war with Holland.

Six Chinese were drowned in Niagara falls while trying to smuggle into the United States.

A German military balloon hit a tree and fell into the Baltic sea. The occupants were rescued.

The fate of Chancellor von Buelow depends on the kaiser's acceptance of pledge to keep quiet.

Charles M. Schwab, the steel man, says real pleasure is not to be found in palaces, but among hammers and whistles.

A Philadelphia boarding house has been blown up by Black Hand members because one of the occupants refused to give up \$1,000.

Members of the board of supervisors of Schenectady, N. Y., have resigned at the call of citizens. They are charged with grafting.

Federal officials who are investigating the Standard Oil company are looking for a man who "borrowed" \$7,500,000 from the company.

The house committee has begun its tariff revision inquiries.

Roosevelt says he will not run for the senate from New York.

A committee of San Francisco citizens is to inquire into delay of graft trials.

Five persons were killed by an explosion on a steamer near North Bay, Ontario.

An automobile collided with a train near Red Bluff, Cal., and four persons were killed.

A student at a Cleveland, Ohio, university has been driven insane by imagined hazing.

Electoral Vote for President

State	Taft	Bryan
Alabama	11	9
Arkansas	10	10
California	10	10
Colorado	10	10
Connecticut	10	10
Delaware	10	10
Florida	10	10
Georgia	10	10
Idaho	10	10
Illinois	27	10
Indiana	15	10
Iowa	13	10
Kansas	10	10
Kentucky	10	10
Louisiana	10	10
Maine	10	10
Maryland	10	10
Massachusetts	10	10
Michigan	10	10
Minnesota	10	10
Mississippi	10	10
Missouri	10	10
Montana	10	10
Nebraska	10	10
Nevada	10	10
New Hampshire	10	10
New Jersey	10	10
New York	29	10
North Carolina	10	10
North Dakota	10	10
Ohio	23	10
Oklahoma	10	10
Oregon	10	10
Pennsylvania	24	10
Rhode Island	10	10
South Carolina	10	10
South Dakota	10	10
Tennessee	10	10
Texas	12	10
Utah	10	10
Vermont	10	10
Virginia	10	10
Washington	10	10
West Virginia	10	10
Wisconsin	10	10
Wyoming	10	10
Total	521	162

Membership of New House

State	Dem.	Rep.
Alabama	7	2
Arkansas	7	3
California	7	3
Colorado	5	5
Connecticut	7	3
Delaware	1	1
Florida	3	3
Georgia	11	1
Idaho	6	19
Illinois	6	19
Indiana	11	10
Iowa	1	10
Kansas	1	10
Kentucky	8	3
Louisiana	7	3
Maine	1	1
Maryland	3	4
Massachusetts	3	11
Michigan	1	12
Minnesota	8	1
Mississippi	1	1
Missouri	10	1
Montana	5	1
Nebraska	5	1
Nevada	1	1
New Hampshire	1	1
New Jersey	1	1
New York	11	26
North Carolina	7	7
North Dakota	9	12
Ohio	9	12
Oklahoma	2	2
Oregon	5	2
Pennsylvania	5	2
Rhode Island	7	2
South Carolina	7	2
South Dakota	8	2
Tennessee	8	2
Texas	16	1
Utah	1	1
Vermont	1	1
Virginia	9	1
Washington	1	1
West Virginia	1	1
Wisconsin	1	10
Wyoming	1	1
Total	175	216

New Governors of States

State	Name	Politics
Colorado	John F. Shafroth	D
Connecticut	George F. Ledy	R
Delaware	Simon S. Pennewill	R
Florida	Albert W. Ghent	D
Georgia	James H. Brady	R
Illinois	Charles S. Deneen	R
Indiana	Thomas R. Marshall	D
Iowa	R. F. Carroll	R
Kansas	Walter R. Stubbs	R
Massachusetts	Eben S. Draper	R
Michigan	Fred M. Warner	R
Minnesota	John A. Johnson	D
Missouri	Herbert S. Hadley	R
Montana	Edward Donlan	R
Nebraska	A. C. Sibley	R
New Hampshire	Henry R. Quinn	R
New York	Charles E. Hughes	R
North Carolina	W. W. Kitchin	D
North Dakota	C. A. Johnson	D
Ohio	Judson Harmon	D
Rhode Island	Louis E. Remondino	R
South Carolina	Robert S. Vannoy	R
South Dakota	M. R. Patterson	R
Texas	Thomas M. Campbell	D
Utah	William Spry	R
Virginia	S. G. Coatsworth	R
West Virginia	W. E. Glasscock	R
Wisconsin	James O. Davidson	R

WAR AGAIN POSSIBLE.

All Depends on Note to the Powers From Austria.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 13.—Although an air of outward calm is maintained at the Russian foreign office, the Balkan situation has now reached an acute stage, where everything depends upon the nature of the note which is expected from Vienna today and the outcome of the mediation which Russia, France and Great Britain have undertaken at Belgrade, at Austro-Hungary's request, with a view to limiting the belligerent activity of Serbia.

If mediation is not successful, war is recognized as a possibility in authoritative circles. The Austro-Hungarian-Serbian relations are too strained, it is believed, to permit present conditions to continue indefinitely.

The Austrian note will definitely outline the attitude of that government regarding discussion of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina and possible compensation to Serbia and Montenegro, and the nature of the note will determine whether or not an international congress can be held.

Prepares for Big Influx.

Butte, Mont., Nov. 13.—That the Northern Pacific expects travel into the northwest next year to exceed that of any previous year is indicated by the statement of President Elliott yesterday that the company has ordered 93 new passenger coaches, which will be placed in the transcontinental service next year. An increase in the service throughout the northwest will be made.

SAYS HENEY RUINED HIM

Rejected Juror Shoots at Prosecutor During Recess of Court.

Was Ex-Convict Who Had Been Exposed During Second Ruef Trial—Wound May Not Prove Fatal—Ruef Sends Chaffeur for Doctor and Denounces Crime.

San Francisco, Nov. 14.—The San Francisco bribery graft cases had a dramatic climax yesterday, when Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney, who has been in charge of the prosecution during its course of two years, was shot and seriously wounded in the crowded courtroom by Morris Haas, an ex-convict. The shooting occurred during a brief recess in the third trial of Abraham Ruef on the charge of bribery, which is now in its 11th week.

With four uniformed policemen in the hall, half a dozen of the prosecution's special detectives within a few feet, one of them detailed especially as his bodyguard to see that no attempt was made upon his life, and several court bailiffs and attaches scattered about, the aggressive special prosecutor, whose fearless and relentless work in the exposure and prosecution of graft in the municipal affairs of this city, earned him many enemies, was shot in sight of 500 persons.

Mr. Heney is now in the Lane hospital, and the physicians say that his wound is not fatal. Haas is in the city prison. The would-be assassin is a Jew and a saloonkeeper, who was drawn upon the jury panel in the second trial of Ruef, and, after having been temporarily passed by both sides, was exposed in a dramatic manner by Mr. Heney as an ex-convict and discharged from the jury. Haas declared after the shooting that Heney had ruined his life by this exposure, and that he had determined to kill Mr. Heney for that reason.

Mr. Heney was leaning over on his table, conversing in low tones with Al McCabe, chief clerk of the district attorney's office. Directly in front of him was James L. Gallagher, the witness, and a representative of the Associated Press had just walked to Mr. Heney's table, and was standing at his left elbow, waiting for an opportunity to speak to him, when a small man, neatly attired and having a decidedly Jewish cast of countenance, approached the assistant district attorney from behind in quick steps, but with deliberation. Suddenly his right hand shot out, and before the newspaper man, Mr. McCabe or John Foley, Mr. Heney's special bodyguard, sitting about eight feet away, could make a move, there was a flash and a loud report rang through the courtroom.

Ruef and his two attorneys, who were out on the sidewalk, were startled by the report and started for the courtroom, but were forced down the steps by the crowd rushing frantically out.

"What has happened?" shouted Ruef to the Associated Press representative as the latter ran out to the nearest telephone.

"Heney has been shot," was the reply.

Ruef's automobile stood in front of the building, and he immediately ordered his chauffeur to get the nearest physician. The car returned a few minutes later with Dr. A. S. Tachler, of 763 Van Ness avenue.

"My God," exclaimed Mr. Ach. "I wish I had never taken a criminal case in my life. I will never take another when I get out of this one. This is a dastardly outrage. I cannot express myself in strong enough terms. Mr. Heney did not denounce this man Haas, if he is the one who did the shooting. In pursuance of his duty he disclosed the fact, during the other trial of Mr. Ruef, that Haas was an ex-convict, and as such had him dismissed from the jury box. I sincerely hope that Mr. Heney will recover."

The report of the attempted assassination spread throughout the city like wildfire, and caused intense excitement and indignation. An immense crowd gathered around Carpenters Hall, to which Judge Lawlor had moved his court this week on account of the lack of room and facilities in the temporary criminal court building. Several hundred persons followed the ambulance from the hall to the Central Emergency hospital, and down town thousands gathered around bulletin boards.

Judge Lawlor reconvened court at 5:15. He had already sent the jury to the St. Francis Hotel in charge of deputy sheriffs. As soon as a semblance of order was restored, the court ordered Ruef, who has been at liberty on bonds aggregating \$1,500,000, into the custody of the sheriff and he was soon afterward taken to the county jail. His counsel offered formal objections. Mr. Dozier then demanded that Gallagher, the witness, be also ordered into the custody of the sheriff until his cross examination had been finished. This was refused.

Votes for Independence.

San Juan, P. R., Nov. 14.—Official election returns show that the Unionist party carried all seven districts of the island. The Unionists advocated independence and self-government.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I'm thankful that the years are long—
However long they be,
They still are laborers glad and strong
That ever work for me.
This rose I cut with careful shears
And wear and cast away—
Or shake my sense of ownership
The cosmos wrought a million years
To make it mine a day.
This lily by the pasture bars
Beneath the walnut tree,
Long ere the drenching formed in stars,
Was on its way to me.

The laws of property are lax—
Mr. neighbor's farm is fine;
I'm thankful, though he pays the tax,
The best of it is mine.
No shaggy clutch can loose my grip
On fields I have not sown
Or shake my sense of ownership
In things I do not own.

I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood,
His orchard, lake, and sea;
For, while my eyes continue good,
I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
These days beyond compare,
When hope is such a heritage
And life a large affair.
We thank the gods for low and high,
Right, wrong as well we may,
For all the wrong of days gone by
Works goodness for to-day.

Here on Time's table-land we pause
To thank on bended knee,
To thank the gods for all that was,
And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace
And winsome beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the commonplace,
The glory of the Here.

I'm thankful for man's high empire,
His stalwart sturdiness of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That slight a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood—
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That makes all things good.

—Sam Walter Foss, in Success Magazine.

Mrs. Pettingill's Thanksgiving Dinner.

"Nor nobody else, I guess," said Mrs. Pettingill, bubbling with laughter. "But, you see, Liza Jane just 'bominates codfish, so we ain't had none I don't know when; and her pa's orful fond of it."

"Dear, dear!" thought Miss Dawson, in silent horror. "I should say they had fed the hard times. I guess I orter go. Poor soul!" she said to herself, as she walked homeward; "she carries it off well, but they must be dreadful poor."

"I wonder what makes Mary Ann Dawson act so queer," soliloquized Mrs. Pettingill. "I s'pose it must be because she's an out-an'-out old maid."

"Wall, mother," said Deacon Pettingill on Thanksgiving morning, "I hope you ain't goin' back on that codfish dinner?"

"Dear, no, pa; but it is an orful queer dinner. I've half a mind to make an Indian pudding to keep the codfish company."

"Just the thing," declared the deacon, with a satisfied air.

At that moment there came a rousing knock at the door. It was little Tommy Tompkins, who lived close by. He had brought a two-quart pail of cranberries.

"Uncle John sent me a bushel of cranberries," he said bashfully; "an' ma' lowed you might like to taste of 'em, 'cause they're Cape Cod cranberries."

"That was reel kind of yer ma," said Mrs. Pettingill, as she emptied the pail and filled it again with rosy-checked apples. "There! Mebbe yer ma wouldn't mind hev'ing a few of our Non-suches; an' I'll fill yer pockets with butternuts," she added.

Before the good woman could prepare her codfish and vegetables for cooking, she saw Farmer Gibson's old white horse and yellow market wagon stopping in front of the door.

"Wall, I'm in somethin' of a hurry," said the farmer, a little awkwardly, taking a big parcel from his wagon as he spoke. "I was on my way home from Westbury market, an' I jest thought mebbe you could use this turkey I had left over."

"Why, I dunno but what I'll take it off yer hands," said Mrs. Pettingill.

"I ain't askin' yer ter buy it, Mrs. Pettingill," said the bluff farmer, with increasing confusion. "I wanter give it ter yer. I couldn't sell it nohow," he added, "an' it would jest spile."

"It certainly is good of yer," said Mrs. Pettingill. "But you must let me give you a keg of our new cider; it's jest right for drinkin'."

Scarcely was the dinner well under way

WHO SAID PUMPKIN PIE?



THE ANNUAL TRAGEDY!



"There's GOIN' TO BE SOMETHING COMIN' OFF HERE PRETTY SOON."

when there was another knock, and Lella Graham, the minister's little daughter, made her appearance with a basket on her arm.

"Oh, Mrs. Pettingill," she cried, eagerly, "grandma sent us some of her very own mince pies for Thanksgiving, and mamma wants to know if you wouldn't accept two of them with her love?"

"Wall, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Pettingill. "Twas uncommon kind in your mother. I'll just fill your basket with apples and butternuts."

Five minutes later pretty Tilla Graham, who lived next door to Miss Dawson, presented herself with a heaping dish of hot doughnuts.

"Mother was trying a new recipe," the young girl said, "an' she thought you wouldn't mind her sending you a few, as you was so busy."

"I swum! that looks somethin' like," said the deacon as he came home from church.

His wife prudently refrained from mentioning the various donations. She congratulated herself that as it was now past noon, they would probably be allowed to dine in peace. Vain delusion! Scarcely were they seated at the table when Miss Dawson appeared, bearing a delicious looking chicken pie.

"You see," she said, breathlessly, "I knew you hadn't no time for chicken fix'ins, so I jest baked this pie when I had the oven hot up."

"I'm sure you was just as thoughtful as you could be, Miss Dawson," returned Mrs. Pettingill. "An' I'll accept the pie of you'll stop an' help us eat it."

After some urging the spinster consented, and out of compliment to her the chicken pie was cut. But as she glanced at the platter of flaky codfish, cooked to just the right degree of tenderness, flanked by dishes of crimson beets, neatly potatoes and feathery biscuit, she confessed, "I do believe I'd ruther hev some of that than the pie." And when she had finished her repast with a dish of Mrs. Pettingill's golden-brown Indian pudding she declared, "I dunno when I've relished a meal so much."

"Jest come here a minnit," said Mrs. Pettingill, conducting her guest to the pantry, after the deacon had gone out.

"Now, whatever do you s'pose is the meaning of that?" and she pointed to the array of eatables with a look of perplexity on her rosy face.

"For the land's sakes!" cried the spinster, blushing guiltily.

Mrs. Pettingill surveyed her visitor wonderingly.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" she began, and then she burst into a laugh. "Mary Ann Dawson, I most think you're a goose," she said, when she had recovered her breath. "Do I look s' though I didn't hev 'nough ter eat?"

"I never said any such a thing," stammered Miss Dawson. "I jest happened to mention to the minister's wife an' Miss Graham 'bout your bein' so busy; an' you know you was talkin' considerable 'bout the hard times an'—an' the codfish," faltered Miss Dawson. "But I never thought—"

"Laf you needn't take it to heart," interrupted Mrs. Pettingill. "But I dasn't tell pa. Howsumever, I guess I give 'em as good as they sent. There's one thing I can't make out, though, an' that is 'bout Farmer Gibson. He lives a good two miles from here, so he couldn't very well bear anything."

"Maybe I can explain that," said Miss Dawson, with a conscious blush. "You see, Mr. Gibson and me's calculatin' to get married 'bout Christmas time."

"Well, ef that don't beat all!" ejaculated Mrs. Pettingill. "I guess he'll be a real good provider, an' I'm sure I hope you'll be happy. Now, s'pose he might be comin' over to your house to-night?"

"I s'pose he might," returned Miss Dawson.

"Well, ef you'll jest get him to call an' take these donations over to Sam Higgines' we won't say another word 'bout 'em. Well, I do declare," soliloquized Mrs. Pettingill, after her friend had gone. "Ef that don't beat all. And him a confirmed old bachelor, and her an out-an'-out old maid."—People's Home Journal.