# The Love of Col. Pilkington

By D. H. TALMADGE.

(Copyright, 1901, by Associated Literature.)

COL. LEROY PILKINGTON, aged 60, irongray of hair and beard, gruff in voice and kind of heart, paused one afternoon in the course of a stroll upon the streets of a great western city to gratify a whim. He plunged his hand (he had but one) into his pocket and drew forth a nickel, which he inserted in the slot of a picture machine. After which he put his eyes to the holes provided for the purpose, and saw things.

Capt. Dilforth, who was with him at the time, states that for an instant he thought the colonel's intellect had collapsed, for the colonel, after a brief period of attention to the scene the nickel had revealed to his gaze, gave utterance to an exclamation indicative of shock, immediately succeeding which he executed a most undignified and unmilitary dance, while his face became distorted with emotion.

"The rose!" he cried. "The rose! At last! New York! Great heavens!"

"Yes," said the captain, taking him gently by the arm; "yes, yes, I know. Come, now. People are stopping to stare at us."

"Let 'em stare," vociferated the colonel; "it is none of their business."

"Captain," he said, in a choked voice, "were you ever in love?"

The captain beheld a mental image of a certain dwelling, in which he was wont to associate with a numerous collection of family and family's family, and replied promptly in the affirmative.

"I know, I know," the colonel went on; "hang it! I've gone a bit daft, I think. Your dreams have all come true, while mine—by George! I'm not sure but mine are coming true also. I've never married, captain. You may have observed that I have retrained a good order at the first suggestion of an engagement with a woman. I have a reputation, I believe, as a hater of the sex. My mind has been made up for 20 years to die a bachelor. I have been reconciled. But now—"

He looked about him, and perceiving a restaurant near by he made a motion towards it with his hand.

"Let us go in there while I tell you about it," he suggested. "I must tell some one or I shall blow up."

The captain was nothing loath, and they entered the refreshment place, calling for viands which they did not eat.

"I fell in love with a girl when I was a very young man," the colonel began. "She was a beautiful creature, winsome as clover to a fiery colt, such as I was then, but, like the rest of the sex, I presume, in disposition. She was mettlesome and inclined to shy at the prospect of restraint. I proposed to her. She did not refuse me. 'I am not certain that I like you well enough for that,' she said, placing the most adorable emphasis upon the final word. 'Let me wait and think it over.' So I let her wait and think it over for a long time—a week, as I remember it—and then I pressed her for an answer. 'Not yet,' she said; 'dear me, I've not had half time enough.' And three times more this happened, but the last time was slightly different from the others for she told me that she had nearly decided and that I should have a definite answer at the day-day festival, which was two weeks distant. 'If I decide to marry you, sir,' she said, with two dimples showing in her cheeks and one in her chin, 'I shall wear a white rose here,' and she lifted her hand to her head; 'but if I decide not to marry you,' and the expression of her face changed to one of gloom, and tears came to her eyes, 'the rose will be red.'

"Very well," said I, a trifle coldly for I was exasperated, being naturally short of temper, as you know, and did not take kindly to a further postponement. In fact, I had resolved that in case she refused me an answer on this particular instance, I would drop the matter entirely, pain or no pain, and go away to the war and get shot full of holes. I was rather foolish."

"You were," assented the captain. "My wife acted in much the same manner towards me, and I simply took her by storm. It required more courage than was required to lead the old troop into action at Shiloh; but I did it, and, by Jove, sir, it was precisely what she wanted me to do."

"The colonel groaned. "I see my mistake," he said. "I saw it long ago. I should have known by the dimples had my perspicacity not been so completely outweighed by my jackassity. But instead of doing what I should have done, I went off to the war without seeing her again. I did not attend the May day festival. I imagined that I was a devil of a fellow, which was true in a sense; and for months I kept my neck stiff and nursed my idiotic pride, or whatever it was, with considerable satisfaction. I drew fanciful pictures of the scene which would ensue upon my return to the old town. I saw myself, courteously dignified, paying the girl back in her own coin; and taking her at last, condescendingly, as my wife. I heard myself saying, ironically: 'Why, my dear! Where is the rose you were to wear? Is the time not yet come for me to know my fate?' And I gloated in the tears I saw her shed. Dear, dear! How differently it all came about!

"When I returned she was not there. She had gone to visit a relative in California, and I was compelled to rejoin the regiment without having seen her. I wrote to her at the address they gave me at home, but we were ordered away to Georgia then, and if she ever sent a reply to my letter I did not get it. I did not go home again until the war was over. She was not there, and the aunt with whom she had lived was dead. None seemed to know where she had gone. She had left no forwarding address at the post office. She had told her friends that she was going west, that was all.

"So for ten years thenceforth I labored most strenuously for money, and spent it in searching for her. I visited California, where I obtained a slight trace; the girl had been there, but had sailed away on a boat, together with her relatives. I went here and there and everywhere, taking no one into my confidence, and of course getting no reward. Finally I gave up. For 20 years I have been—well, you know what I have been, captain; a moderately successful man, as the term is used; a modest patron of the arts and sciences and of the manly sports; but to woman—adamant. This afternoon in that picture of a New York street gathering I saw her face, and upon her bonnet was a rose. It may have been white or it may have been red—I could not tell its color. I recognized the locality by the buildings. It seems to me more than likely that she lives in that quarter of the city, and, such being the case, it will not be difficult to find her. I go to New York to-night. It may be—"

The captain involuntarily extended his hand and the colonel grasped it warmly. Then they arose and passed into the street.

"It may be," continued the colonel, clearing his throat and throwing back his shoulders, "that I am to come in for a share of love's young dream after all. I am no longer young, to be sure, but it is the same dream. Ah—er—ahem—captain, will you oblige me by information relative to the state of my cuticle? Do I blush?"

"You do not," replied the captain, frankly.

"Is not my pulse somewhat accelerated?" asked the colonel, presenting his wrist to the other's grasp.

"Nary," returned the captain; "it is like an eight-day clock."

"I go to New York to-night, at any rate," said the colonel, a bit disgustedly. "I shall write you, captain; and in the event of my bringing home a bride I shall look to you to make fitting arrangements for our reception. See to it personally that we have the bridal suite at the Grand Union, nicely warmed and ventilated and perfumed and all that sort of thing, you know. And a good carriage waiting at the station for us. And your wife and a few female friends to smile at us when we step from the Pullman might have a good effect and convey a heap of joy to the young wo—er—the bride's heart."

"I shall be only too happy to make the arrangements," declared the captain. "I trust you may have your fondest hopes realized, my dear friend. You certainly deserve immense happiness. God bless you, sir."

"May He bless you, sir," returned the colonel.

And then they parted, the captain charging home at a double quick to tell his wife the story, while the colonel marched rapidly but with dignity to his apartments to prepare for his journey.

He was absent six weeks. At the end of the second week a letter came from him to the captain. It was very brief.

"Have not found her yet," it said. "Have obtained copy of slot machine photograph, and am determined to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

At short intervals thereafter other letters came, all brief, all to the same effect, and the captain began to fear that his friend was doomed forever to disappointment. But at last, at the close of the fifth week, came a letter the very outside of which shrieked triumphantly. The captain's hands trembled with much violence as he opened it, and thrice his eyeglasses sprang from his nose.

"I have found her," were the first words that greeted him from the hastily scribbled page. "I have found her, and the rose she wore in the picture was white. I have talked with her face to face after all these years, and I have seen her face dimple as it used to dimple, though, alas! the dimples now are all but lost in wrinkles and the sparkle of her eye is but a suggestion of the long ago. She wept when she saw me, and I wept—d—n you, sir, I did, and I am proud of it—when she told me that she had worn a white rose upon her head every day for 30 years. And after awhile she introduced me to her husband, a retired sea captain, comfortably provided with this world's goods, whom she met in California; and to her children, of whom she has three; and to the five of her nine grandchildren who are at home. She has been the companion of her husband in his voyages, else I should probably have found her and made a thundering ass of myself. She has been around and around the world—and she has not failed for a single day to wear a white rose. Talk of fidelity! Great heaven! Is it not wonderful? I seem hardly worthy of it. I have enjoyed my trip. Shall return next week. Do not trouble yourself about the bridal suite. Want to see you. Want to rest. I am not so young as I once was, but, by George, I have got a big load off my mind! Have not felt exactly right about that girl for 30 years. Do not suppose she has felt exactly right, either. She gave me the rose she had in her hair. She is not going to bother about wearing it any more. Thirty years is a very long time. Whoop!"

"Well, I'll be blowed!" ejaculated the captain.

He handed the letter to his wife, and then departed, somewhat precipitately, for the nearest telegraph office, where he scrawled upon a blank the word "Congratulations," which action he has been ever since at a loss to explain.

# MOTOR OF FUTURE.

## May Be a Gas Engine of Turbine Description.

### Some Learned Opinions on the Subject of Advanced Propulsive Power—The Hope of Engineers.

Two of the most revolutionary movements in the science of developing mechanical power that the world has witnessed for several years past are the introduction of the steam turbine and the use of gas exploded in a cylinder behind a piston. A third advance is predicted for the near future, in consequence of combining the two ideas in a gas turbine, states the New York Tribune.

One great advantage of the steam turbine is that it affords rotary motion at the very outset, whereas with the old steam engine it is necessary to employ a crank to convert movement to and fro into rotation.

In other respects, too, the mechanism is simpler than the reciprocating engine. It occupies much less space for the same output of power, it is less liable to get out of order, the first cost is lower, and it is beginning to be believed that it is more economical in the use of steam. For propelling ships and driving dynamos it is particularly well adapted, and other applications are now contemplated. The gas engine has various drawbacks. It takes up more room than a steam engine of the same capacity; power is exerted on the piston only once for every two or four half strokes, instead of for every half stroke, and a water jacket around the cylinder to keep it cool adds to the complication and bulk of the machine. Yet it can work under a high pressure and within certain limits is more efficient than the steam engine. Gas engines, or as they are more appropriately called, "internal combustion engines," have developed an amazing popularity in the last decade. The type has been well known for nearly half a century, but it has been much improved of late. It is more quiet, does better work, and is more economical than formerly. Fifteen years ago one seldom heard of an internal combustion engine developing more than five, ten or perhaps 15 horsepower. Many are in service to-day having a capacity of from 1,000 to 3,500 horse-power, and even larger ones have been projected. The number of engines of this class has increased in the same proportion.

In utilizing the force of exploding gaseous mixtures to produce rotatory motion directly, the form of the motor would need to be changed a good deal, and the methods of control would need to undergo considerable modification. The present gas engine is operated by a series of shocks. The steam turbine, of whatever variety, is driven by a continuous pressure. Perhaps the vapor emerges from a nozzle and acts on buckets on the edge of a wheel. Perhaps it enters a closed chamber and there presses against curiously curved vanes on the sides of the wheel. But in any case it acts steadily, not intermittently. It does not, at first sight, seem easy to manage explosions so as to get the same general effect. Still, a number of promising experiments in that direction have been tried. George Ethelbert Walsh, a well-known writer on mechanical topics, says in Science and Industry:

"It is not considered a physical impossibility to control gas under pressure so that its ignition and combustion will be continuous. The gas turbine is something which engineers are working on with the hope of ultimate success. If ever worked out satisfactorily, it will mark one of those revolutionizing epochs in the world of power and mechanics which completely change old conditions."

# LUCAYAN NOVELTIES.

### Odd Articles from a Little Known Land Are Now Common in This Country.

Since the Spanish war, New Yorkers have shown more interest in the products from the Caribbean. The reason of this is a commercial matter—no doubt the West Indians have acquired an easier method of exchanging products. At any rate, one sees little reminders of the lesser known islands and their inhabitants constantly, says the New York Post. A few days ago special prominence was given to importations from the Lucayan islands by several shops. The Lucayans, popularly called Bahamas, have been heretofore known to Americans as a winter resort, and outside of the traveling class, few persons have been benefited by their output.

The tongue of the ocean or submarine gulf and bays are the home of the coral polyp, the progenitor of the islands. The limestone found thereabouts is easily quarried and made into quaint souvenirs, the lignum vitae, pitch, pine, and palm match safes; jewel trays, and receptacles, are art objects of value.

The dumb dog seen in the markets is said to be a little brother to the raccoon, and one can purchase with it these days, for a Lucayan feast, tamarinds, pomegranates, melons, yams, bananas, and figs.

From the vessels that touch at the Great Bahama, Great Abaco, Berry Isles, Cat island, and Harbor island can be bought humming birds, flamingos, parrots; also, bits of coral, dried fish, preserved mollusks, turtles, and other varieties of life from the curious "garden of the sea."

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Chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

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No. 2, For Yaquina:
Train leaves Albany ..... 12.45 P. M
" " Corvallis ..... 2.00 "
" arrives Yaquina ..... 6.25 "

No. 1, Returning:
Leaves Yaquina ..... 6.45 A. M
Leaves Corvallis ..... 11.20 "
Arrives Albany ..... 12.35 P. M

No. 3, For Detroit:
Leaves Albany ..... 7.00 A. M
Arrives Detroit ..... 12.05 P. M

No. 4, from Detroit:
Leaves Detroit ..... 12.45 P. M
Arrives Albany ..... 5.55 P. M

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train for Portland.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. West side train at Corvallis Crossing, for Independence McMinnville and all points north to Portland.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.
THOS. COCKRELL, Agent, Albany.

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That the Rio Grande route is the most popular one between the Pacific coast and the east, is evidenced by the fact that the greater per cent of transcontinental travelers use it.

First, the scenic attractions in view are unequaled in the world.

Second, the daily personally conducted tourist car excursions being especially adapted for ladies travelling alone or with children, affords a comfortable mode of travel at rates within reach of all.

Third, it is the only route between the East and West passing directly through Salt Lake City, or modern Zion.

Fourth, the choice of two distinct routes through the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

Fifth, three fast through trains daily between Ogden and Denver equipped with every modern convenience.

There are many other reasons why this route is the most comfortable and enjoyable in the whole country.

You can learn a great deal on the subject of through travel, and receive some very beautiful and interesting booklets, by calling on or writing to the undersigned. W. C. McBride, Gen'l Agent, or M. J. Roche, Traveling Passenger Agent, 124 Third Street, Portland, Ore.

### Try This! What You Are Taking

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# LEGAL NOTICES

### ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day been appointed administratrix of the estate of Robert Cary, deceased by the County Court of the County of Linn and State of Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to the undersigned at her residence near Scio, Oregon, duly verified as by law required, within six months from this date.

Dated this 1st day of June, 1903.

H. J. CARY,
Administratrix of the estate of Robt Cary deceased.

Weatherford & Wyatt
Att'ys for Administratrix.

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, as the administrator of the estate of John Y. Crocker, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at his residence near Scio, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof duly verified as by law required.

Dated this 29th day of May 1903.

W. E. ARNOLD,
Administrator.

Weatherford & Wyatt,
Att'ys for Administrator.

### ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of A. D. Woobmansee, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate with the County Clerk of Linn County, Oregon, and the judge has set the 6th day of July, 1903 at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. and the county court room of said county as the place for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

M. E. WOODMANSEE,
Administratrix.

H. C. Watson and L. L. Swan,
Attorneys.

### His Last Hope Realized.

[From the Sentinel, Gebo, Mont]

In the first opening of Oklahoma to settlers in 1889, the editor of this paper was among the many seekers after fortune who made the big race one fine day in April. During his traveling about and afterwards his camping upon his claim, he encountered much bad water, which, together with the severe heat, gave him a very severe diarrhoea which it seemed almost impossible to check, and along in June the case became so bad he expected to die. One day one of his neighbors brought him one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a last hope. A big dose was given him while he was rolling about on the ground in great agony, and in a few minutes the dose was repeated. The good effect of the medicine was soon noticed and within an hour the patient was taking his first sound sleep for a fortnight. That one little bottle worked a complete cure, and he cannot help but feel grateful. The season for bowel disorders being at hand suggests this item. For sale by all dealers.

### Notice to Dog Owners.

You are hereby notified that the license on dogs is now due and you are requested to call on the Recorder and settle the same.

J. A. BILYEU, City Marshal.

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—VIA—

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Leaves Portland 8.30 a. m., 8.30 p. m.
" Albany 12.30 p. m., 11.30 p. m.
Arrives Ashland 12.33 a. m., 11.30 a. m.
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SANTIAM NEWS and Weekly Oregonian one year $2.00.
THE NEWS and Oregon Daily Journal 1 year (for the price of one) $4.00
THE NEWS and Oregon Semi-Weekly Journal 1 year $2.05
THE NEWS and Oregon Weekly Journal 1 year $1.90
THE NEWS and San Francisco Sunday Bulletin 1 year $2.50


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