The Santiam News.

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" Sacramento 7.55 p. m., 8.55 a. m
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Bound by a Spell

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

After I had sat thus meditating for about ten minutes, I began my work. I wrote very quickly, and in less than an hour I had finished my task. I opened my door and as quietly as I could, without an appearance of stealth, descended the stairs, hoping to reach the kitchen unobserved. But my master was watching too vigilantly; he came out of the parlor as I reached the landing place.

"What do you want creeping about the house at this time of night?" he asked, sharply.

"I was going down into the kitchen to get a glass of water," I answered. "I have finished my work."

"You can't go into the kitchen; Martha has gone to bed. You can go into my room and get water, and then go to bed."

Without answering him, I remounted the stairs and heard him following me. I went into his room and drank a glass of water, for I was really parched with thirst. While I was there I heard him ascend the second flight of stairs and go into my room. As I reached the door I met him coming out, with the envelopes in his hand. I wished him good night, but he did not answer me. I watched him over the bannisters, heard him pass along the passage, lock the street door, take out the key, and then re-enter the parlor.

"I am a prisoner," I thought; "and he will take good care that I have no communication with Martha."

Suddenly I remembered the way I got out of the house on that memorable October night. As soon as all were abed, I would creep up to the boys' room—they might all be asleep, and not hear me; and if they should, I did not believe that they would betray me; I had always been as kind to them as I had dared, shielded them from punishment when I was able, and I believed that they liked me.

I felt renewed confidence after this thought. "I had better lock my door," I thought, "in case he should come up, and find me not in bed."

The key was not in the lock! It must have been taken out while I was getting that glass of water. This last incident shook my courage severely. "Perhaps they want to enter my room, and smother me in my sleep!" was my first thought. Then I remembered that I had heard my master say that he should not resolve upon any course of action until he had satisfied himself of what I knew.

While I was thus revolving in my mind every imaginable horror, I heard footsteps ascending the stairs. I put out my light, and tore off my boots and coat, and then jumped into bed. The footsteps stopped outside my door, paused for several seconds, then I heard the handle cautiously turned, and a light began to creep through the slowly opening door. The agony I endured at that moment I shall never forget. I could not move nor speak, but lay watching the stream of light gradually broaden, until it was darkened by the figure of Mr. Porter standing upon the threshold. The rays of the candle fell upon his face; its blotches were inflamed with drink, but otherwise it was very pale, and I was her slave—bound to her by chains stronger than were ever forged by human hands.

And she was merciless in her power. She hated me, loathed me, despised me! She did not tell me so, but my instincts, now preternaturally sensitive, needed no words to divine her thoughts. While a free agent, I had refused, shrunk from an alliance with her, and she was now enjoying her vengeance.

"You should have taken me when I was offered to you," she said, mockingly, "now it is too late!"

I knew she did not mean the latter part of her sentence. I knew that after she had glutted herself with my torture, she would become my wife. I could read it as plainly as though her mind had been a printed book open before me.

I still went through the form of superintending the boys, but I was very little use in this pitiable condition, and Mr. Porter himself was oftener in the school room than I had ever known him before. He treated me the same as usual, but he never regarded me without a cunning leer of triumph. Except during the school hours I was never suffered to enter the kitchen, or to exchange a word with Martha. I afterwards learned that she made several attempts to get to me, but all these efforts were balked by the vigilance of her master or mistress.

As for me, I made no effort to see her, neither had I any desire; I was alienated from every object in life save one. One night, as I was going to bed, I found her standing close against the wall upon the first landing. She laid her hand upon my arm, and said, in a whisper, "What are they doing to you, Master Silas? What has so awfully changed you? You don't look like a creature of this world. Can I do anything for you?"

"You can't do anything for me, Martha. Thank you for your offer," I said, pressing her hand.

"Is it true that you are going to marry Mis Judith?"

"I hope so," I answered; and yet I shuddered as I spoke.

"Poor boy! Whatever can it be that ails you? I do believe that woman has bewitched you!"

Before I could answer, the sound of footsteps in the passage warned us that spies were at hand. I blew out my candle and crept upstairs; and Martha disappeared in another direction.

One evening, several of the principal members of the congregation of Little Bethlehem were invited to tea. I was present, and was seated next to Judith, who was kind and almost affectionate in her demeanor towards me.

When the meal was over, we went and sat together at the window, she drawing her chair close to mine, now and then laying her hand upon my shoulder, suffering her long hair to brush against my cheek as she pointed out some object in the garden, and now and again casting a furtive glance from beneath her drooping lids that shot through me like a flash of fire.

At the other side of the room Mr. Porter was talking to his friends in a subdued voice. I and Judith were the subjects of the conversation. A portion of it occasionally fell upon my ear.

"He dotes on the ground she walks upon," I heard him say. "It is sinful to so love a creature of dust; but she is a treasure more precious than gold."

"Yes; she has always been a pious, modestly behaved young woman," answered one of the tea drinkers, Mrs. Humphries, in a modifying tone; "but what has become of that Mr. Rodwell? I thought there was going to be a match there?"

"Could I trust my precious lamb to that man of sin?" ejaculated the reverend hypocrite, in a voice of pious horror. "I had hoped to turn his heart from the ways of the wicked; but it was callous and unregenerate; and finding that, I bade him go his ways, and told him my child was not for him."

The party groaned an approval of this conduct.

"This young man," he went on, evidently referring to me, "has nothing—neither money, nor birth, nor friends; but, thanks to me, he has a humble heart that reverences those who have been good to him. And is not that far above the riches of this world, which are but as dross?"

"Yet a little worldly wealth is necessary to us while we are sojourners in this vale of tears," remarked Mrs. Humphries.

By and by the party left, and we were alone. I and Judith sat still at the window, watching the angular, gloomy looking figures go down the garden walk, preceded by their host.

"Ah, if you would always be to me as you have been this evening!" I said to her, gently laying my hand upon hers.

"Poor idiot!" she cried, with a mocking laugh; "do you think it was for your sake that I played the fool to-night? It was only to throw dust in the eyes of those hypocrites, and give a color to what I have to do. You see, I have no secrets from my lover," she went on, with momentarily increasing irony. "You will not be able to accuse me hereafter of having deceived you. My candor relieves you, too, from the trouble of eavesdropping. You can learn nothing fresh from behind the rhododendron bush."

"You know, then, that?" I began, faintly.

"I do know that, and every secret thought of your soul," she interrupted fiercely. "There is nothing that you can conceal from me. I have but to ask, and you must answer."

I shuddered, but could not speak.

"Now listen to me, Silas Carston, or whatever your name may be. You have made me drink my degradation to its bitterest drop. My father asked you to make me your wife; and you refused me—you, a base-born, pitiful, mean hound like you, refused me—you, whom I look upon as dirt beneath my feet! Had you spared me that degradation—had you taken me then, I would have fought against the contempt I felt for you; I would have done all in my power to have done my duty. I would have even been grateful to you. Now I hate you, I loathe you; and yet I will marry you, that I may degrade you, make you my tool, and your life a curse! I tell you all this boldly and fearlessly, for you cannot shake off my power. You will be my slave, as much as ever, and crawl and fawn upon me and implore my love as much as you did before."

(To be continued.)

Has He Been Around?

One man with horticultural accomplishments is turning his knowledge to account these days in a novel way. He poses as a flower doctor. Patients are secured by scouring the streets where house plants are displayed in the windows and offering to treat those that present a faded appearance.

"I see," he says to the woman who comes to the door, "that your plants are not up to the mark. Most house plants have a ragged look in the spring. These are very fine plants, and it would be a shame to lose them. With a little attention given them before they are too far gone they can be braced up and made as vigorous as ever."

Nine times out of ten the man gains permission to examine the plants. Nobody knows just what he does to them. To all appearances he doesn't do much of anything. He picks off a yellow leaf here, punches a twig there, and pokes the earth some place else, and thus ends the treatment.

For each professional call the man gets 10 or 15 cents, according to the generosity of the householder. Sometimes he heals as many as twenty lots of flowers a day, which at least insures him a lodging and something to eat.

Senator Fairbanks in College.

Young Fairbanks, by farm work and wagon making, had saved $41 by the time he reached the age of 15 years. With it and one suit of clothes he traveled to Delaware, Ohio, where he entered Ohio Wesleyan University. He turned to account his rudimentary knowledge of carpentry by working on Saturdays for a local contractor for $1.25 a day.

A few weeks after young Fairbanks arrived at college he fell and split his only trousers beyond immediate repair. It was necessary for him to borrow a pair from a fellow student, and the loan had to be continued, because he was denied credit for a new pair at the stores in the town. He had to send home for his mother to make him another pair.

Working in college during the college year and in the harvest fields in vacation, he was graduated from the college and its law course at 20. At 22 he was admitted to the Supreme Court of Ohio, and later he went to Indianapolis.—Leslie's Monthly.

After The War.

"The paper says that Korea has recognized the new republic of Panama."

"Well, I'm afraid Panama will have hard work recognizing Korea after the war is over."—Woman's Home Companion.

A proud man never shows his pride so much as when he is civil.—Greville.

ARE BEATEN BACK

Russian Advance Ends in Disastrous Defeat.

AWFUL SUFFERING OF SOLDIERS

Battle Carried On in Blizzard by Japanese When Forced to Fight to Save Position.

Tokio, Jan. 31. — The troops which twice captured Port Arthur, once from the Chinese and then again from the Russians, have administered a defeat to General Kuropatkin's army from which it cannot possibly recover during the winter. Field Marshal Oyama has sent a dispatch to the imperial headquarters indicating that the conquerors of Port Arthur were sent by him to meet the enemy in the bloody battle just decided, owing to their long practice under arms and their tried ability to withstand the hardships of the awful Manchurian winter. The result of the struggle so far has proved the wisdom of his course.

Every dispatch received from the front tells of winter horrors such as no other battling army ever had to contend with. Many inches of snow cover the country as far as the eye can see. The ridges are snow-capped. Avalanche upon avalanche has tumbled into the trenchs, inflicting untold suffering upon the soldiers therein.

Field Marshal Oyama's dispatches have convinced the military authorities here that he was by no means anxious to engage in the battle, and, in fact, permitted the Russians to take several positions in his vicinity to save the troops from the unspeakable strain of fighting in the storm. But the Russian advance was made withh such energy and determination by large bodies of troops occupying miles of ground that Oyama finally decided to accept the challenge.

A large portion of General Nogi's army, both his regulars and his reserves, were placed in the vanguard. Among them were thousands of veterans of the Chino-Japanese war, who, having done service in Manchuria in the winter, were abie to make progress and use their arms where less seasoned troops would have been paralyzed. The victory gained over the Russian right army is considered here even a greater feat than was the capture of Port Arthur, for, while the battle raged, there were no trenches to seek protection in and every shot of the enemy was made more deadly by the indescribable cold. For this reason the news from the front that Field Marshal Oyama is now following up his advantage with relentless energy has been received with amazement.

CITY OF BLOOD.

Battle Rages in Warsaw Streets with No Respect to Age or Sex.

Warsaw, Jan. 31.—Another day and half a night of horrors have passed. As this dispatch is sent, the city is ruled by savage mobs and more savage soldiers. Both are intent upon killing. No official statements are obtainable at this hour, but when the cost in human lives comes to be counted there will be found dead by the hundreds—men, women and children.

Everybody—young and old, men, women and children—was attacked by the soldiers and ruthlessly shot down. One soldier aimed a sabre blow at a woman. In self defense she drew a revolver and fired a shot, which went wild. A second later a volley was directed at her, and she fell dead, riddled by a score of bullets. This is but one of a hundred instances.

For the most part the soldiers who rode and tramped through the streets during the late afternoon of Monday were drunk. They seemed to take a particular delight in attacking harmless persons. They killed for the mere sake of killing.

All Agree with Hay.

Berlin, Jan. 31.—The Russian government's reply to China's declaration that she has not infringed neutrality, nor permitted Japan to do so, is a reassertion that she has done so. The Russian note is such that it is inferred that Russia is not likely to carry the discussion much further. It is learned here that Russia found that all the powers, particularly Germany, held views identical with those of the United States on limiting the zone of war and the keeping China out of it.

Run Down by Cavalry.

London, Jan. 31.—The foreign office has received a telegram from Consul Gneral Murray, at Warsaw, reporting that himself and Vice Consul Mucukain were charged by Russianl cavalrymen engaged in clearing the streets of Warsaw. It appears that Mr. Murray is partially deaf, and when he endeavored to make known his personality, it was without avail. Ambassador Hardinge has been ordered to make urgent protest at St. Petersburg.

Beef Trust a Monopoly.

Washington, Jan. 31.—The supreme court of the United States today decided the United States vs. Swift & Co., known as the beef trust case, charging conspiracy among the packers to fix prices on fresh meats and like products. The opinion was handed down by Justice Holmes and affirmed the decision of the court below, which was against the packers.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.

Wednesday, January 25.

The house today passed the District of Columbia and military academy appropriation bills. The proceedings were almost entirely devoid of interest. The house passed the bill extending the presidential succession act so as to include the secretaries of agriculture and commerce and labor in the order named.

The army appropriation bill was the cause of a lengthy discussion in the senate. The assignment of General Miles to service in charge of the Massachusetts state militia being the main point of controversy. A number of credentials of newly elected senators were presented. The hour of meeting tomorrow was postpond until 1 o'clock, to allow many invited senators to attend a wedding.

Thursday, January 26.

The agricultural appropriation bill was considered in the house today, but the debate turned principally upon the topic of restricting railroads in the matter of freight rates. The house adopted a joint resolution appropriating $40,000 to defray the expenses of the senate in conducting the trial of Judge Swayne.

The senate passed the army appropriation bill after modifying the provision concerning the assignment of retired army officers to active service with militia organizations. This will relieve General Miles from its application. The bill transferring the control of forest reservations from the interior to the agricultural department was passed.

Friday, January 27.

The Swayne impeachment case was brought up in the senate today and after several preliminaries had been arranged the time for the real trial was set for February 13. The rest of the day was spent in considering the joint statehood bill. Gallinger addressed the senate in support of his amendment prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors to Indians.

The house today passed the agricultural appropriation bill without material amendment. The usual discussion on the free seed distribution was indulged in. The house committee on naval affairs today decided that the bill should provide for two battle ships of 16,000 tons each. Three were asked for. The bill carries approximately $100,070,000.

Saturday, Jan. 28.

Eulogies upon the departure of the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, particularly engrossed the atiention of the senate today. There were 16 speeches by as many senators. After the conclusion of the memorial services the senate adjourned out of respect to the dead senator's memory.

In a session of less than two hours today the house passed 373 pension bills and received for the calendar the naval and diplomatic appropriation bills. The session was devoted to legislation entirely devoid of discussion.

Monday, January 30.

The senate today agreed to vote on the joint statehood bill before adjournment on Tuesday, February 7, the amendments to be considered on that date under the ten-minute rule. The larger part of the day was occupied in general debate on the statehood bill. Fulton offered amendments to the Indian appropriation bill referring to the court of claims of Chinook and Cathlamet Indians; also conveying title to persons who have purchased grazing lands from the Umatilla Indians.

After a protracted debate the house adopted the conference report on the executive, legislatve and jodicial appropriation bill. As agreed to the bill carries $29,132,242. A bill was passed dividing the state of Washington into two judicial districts, the Eastern and Western. The bill extending to the Philippines the provisions of the revised statutes concerning the extradition of fugitives from justice was passed.

To Check Injunction Evil.

Washington, Jan. 27.—An important measure, which is the result of conferences held during the past two months among President Roosevelt, Attorney General Moody, Commissioner of Corporations Garfield and representatives of labor organizations and corporate interests, has been introduced in the house of representatives. It provides that in labor disputes an injunction shall not be issued until an opportunity shall have been afforded the adverse party to the proceedings to be heard by the court.

Will Now Build.

Sacramento, Jan. 27. — The Lewis and Clark appropriation bill, which passed the senate on Monday by a unanimous vote, today passed the assembly. It will be signed by the governor as soon as it can be engrossed. The money appropriated by this bill, with the appropriation of two years ago, $90,000 in all, will be immediately available, under the direction of Governor Pardee, who is authorized to act in his own discretion.

Illinois Will Exhibit.

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 27.—With the sanction and official approval of governor Deneen, a bill will be introduced in both branches of the general assembly next Monday providing for an appropriation of $35,000 for an Illinois building at the Lewis and Clark centennial exposition which will open next June at Portland, Oregon. Along with the bill will be presented a special message from Govenor Deneen.

Burning the Factories.

London, Jan. 27.—A dispatch from St. Petersburg late tonight to a news agency here reports that Pahl's factory and a large cotton mill have been set on fire and are burning fiercly.