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BY MISADVENTURE FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER I.

My name is Keene—Anthony Keene. I am a lawyer; sixty-four years is my age. You may see what kind of man I am by my portrait; not over pleasant with anyone.

George Flexmore and I were friends. He was my first client when I set up in Coneyford, a small town just large enough at that time, as I believed, to keep a lawyer of its own; there are a couple of us now, and we have as much to do as we need. Flexmore had just then come into a fortune and he did not know what to do with it. I prevented him from losing it, as he certainly would have done without proper direction, for he was an easy-going man, of a credulous disposition, such as your needy adventurer and shifty speculator love to take in hand. For every man that has money there are ninety-nine who are anxious to spend it for him.

"If any one asks you for money, Flexmore," said I, "don't refuse him; send him to me." And he did so, with this result—he never lost a penny by these good-natured friends.

He had a great respect for me—more than I deserved doubtless. He seemed to think that whatever I did must be right, and I believe it was the sheer force of example that kept him out of matrimony so long; because I did not care to take a wife, he thought it best to keep single. But the conditions were different. I am not an easy-going man, and marriage would have been purgatory for me or my wife, and the result must have been equally bad for both of us in either case. But Flexmore had nothing to do from morning to night that might not very well be set aside to attend to the wants of somebody else. He saw that he ought to have some other object in life than to eat and sleep and kill time—that his life was incomplete in fact. But he still made pretense of being content with a bachelor's existence.

One day I caught him singing his old song, "When a man's single he lives at his ease," but in such a lugubrious strain that it would have made me laugh if it had not irritated me.

"That's humbug, Flexmore," said I, "and you know it. A man's happiness consists in making other people happy—unless he's a lawyer. You're not a lawyer, and you ought to be making somebody happy. You'd be more at your ease if you had somebody else to think about, and somebody else to think about you."

"Do you mean that I ought to marry, Tony?" he said, blushing like a girl.

"That is exactly what I do mean, George. There's little Miss Vaughan, who has been waiting to be asked these three years; there are dozens of girls to be chosen from."

"Do you think she would have me?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Well, the best way of deciding that point is to go and ask her this afternoon," said I.

The result of this advice was that Flexmore married Miss Vaughan just six weeks after.

She was much younger than he, as a wife should be. A happier couple I never saw. He lived to please her, and she to please him—that was the chief object of their lives.

A year after their marriage they had a child, and a nice fuss they made about it. She grew up a pleasant little thing, shy and timid, with a clinging affection for her father's wife. I never saw anything like the passionate attachment that existed between her and her sweet-tempered mother. Poor Mrs. Flexmore had never been a robust person, and well to cut short a story that is too painful to dwell upon, she died when little Laura was eleven years old. Her father, Flexmore was then sixty-two, but he was not too old to suffer. The loss unmanned him completely. He took on like a woman; and he would have been less a man if he had not, perhaps.

"My poor old friend," said I, "it would have been better to let you live on an old bachelor."

"No, no," he replied. "After such happiness an eternity of suffering would find me still a gainer."

"You have your child—your little Laura," said I; and then, to turn his thoughts from the past, I talked about the future, and what he should do for the child's welfare. Indeed the child's grief gave me almost as much concern as the father's. It was not a passionate outburst, that spends itself like a summer shower and gives place to peace and smiles, but a continued fruitless yearning for that loved one to come back who was gone forever.

"You must have a woman here to comfort her," I said to Flexmore.

He agreed to this, and sent for his deceased brother's widow, who had married again and been a second time left a widow, as being his nearest female relative, and she came readily enough—a woman of fifty, hair as falls, and string as an old crow. She looked upon little Laura's distress as unnatural in a child, and her morbid condition as the result of defective education; and she set about correcting all this by setting the moral things to read some instructive and moral books which no conceivable creature could find interest or pleasure in.

After she had been there three days Dr. Audrey had to be sent for. Laura was feverish and couldn't hold her property. Dr. Audrey ordered her to be put to bed at once, gave directions respecting treatment, and sent physic to be administered every two hours.

Mrs. Yeames had studied medicine from a shilling handbook that she carried with her as if it were an amulet; she diluted the physic and administered doses when she thought fit. Little Laura was very much worse when the doctor called the next day; and it was not long before he discovered the reason. He came down into the library where I was sitting with Flexmore.

"Your child is in a very dangerous condition," he said firmly.

"Heaven have mercy upon me!" exclaimed my old friend, clasping his hands. "What's to be done?"

"She must have a proper nurse, to be given with," said Dr. Audrey. "I can get you one whom I can rely on implicitly, and who can do more than all my physic for the poor child. She is in the hospital for little children at London, and I believe she would come at once if I asked her."

"Then for mercy's sake, telegraph for her at once."

When the doctor was gone Flexmore in some embarrassment turned to me.

"It will never work, Tony," said he despondently. "The nurse will never be able to put up with Mrs. Yeames."

"Yes," she's turned the whole place topside turrey in putting things in order, and left not a bit of comfort anywhere."

"Yes, yes; all the things that my darling loved she has packed away—the little trifles with which she made these rooms so bright and pleasant. I can't bear to see the place altered; and those trifles, Tony, I miss them—I miss them."

"Well, I'll have 'em all back again in twenty-four hours."

"I asked her to come and live here. How can I get rid of her?"

"Don't bother about that, George. You leave her to me. Give me full authority to act in your behalf, and stick to my directions."

He gave me his word most impressively that he would. I went into the sitting room and sent at once for Mrs. Yeames. Then we had it out. She was a tough one to deal with, but not nearly so tough as I am. I tried to be polite, but I fear I insulted her. She certainly said I did, and went into the library to know if her brother-in-law would tolerate such a want of respect on the part of a nurse at home, and the question being put directly to Flexmore whether she or I were to leave that house at once and forever, he replied that he felt convinced, taking all things into consideration, that he could better afford to lose her than me.

After that there was nothing for the indignant widow to do but to pack up and pack off—which she did, happily, before her fury gave place to more prudential considerations.

CHAPTER II.

I expected to see a comely, motherly, middle-aged woman, and was taken aback by surprise when Nurse Gertrude presented herself in the person of a slight young woman of twenty-two or thereabouts.

Of course I am no judge of female beauty, but I don't think Nurse Gertrude at that time could be considered handsome, or even very pretty. If I have any predilection, it is for large women with round, full figures; and I think I rather like a saucy eye and a nice little turned-up nose.

Now Nurse Gertrude, though by no means short, was, as I have said, slight and thin. She had a very delicate, fair complexion and pretty, dark hair, to be sure; but her nose was long, and her eyes were by no means saucy, but calm and deep and thoughtful. Her expression was cheerful, and she had a pretty trick of blushing, but in repose her face was full of intelligence and solicitude. One could not look at her without being impressed with the belief that she was essentially a pure and honest girl, with a very earnest purpose, an amiable disposition, and a clear-sighted, right-feeling mind. Her eyes were so true and frank and loyal, that one was attracted towards her as to a friend whose fidelity and love could never be doubted.

One thing struck me, and this was that in some peculiarity—I know not what—she bore a resemblance to Mrs. Flexmore as I had known her in her younger days. And this seemed also to have struck Flexmore, for more than once I saw him, forgetful of the table, looking at her with the tenderest interest on his poor old woe-begone face.

"Oh, I see how this will end," said I to myself. "He'll marry that girl if she'll have him."

Mrs. Yeames, like an old buzzard that has missed its prey, hovered about the neighborhood, watching the quarry with the jealous intention of preventing any other creature of her own species clawing up what she had failed to secure. She took a cottage at the other end of the town and joined a coterie of ladies famous for their ability in picking to pieces the reputation of a fellow-Christian.

Meanwhile Nurse Gertrude fulfilled her duties with the calm self-possession of one conscientiously doing what she feels to be right. What she had come there to do, she did—and as if by magic. With Dr. Audrey's help she got the fever under in a week, and after that she brought a smile back to the poor child's wasted face, which was of still greater importance; for when one can smile, one can eat and enjoy food. She gave little Laura something to love, and nourished her heart with kindness. That was what

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

HAPPENINGS OF TWO CONTINENTS

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Japan has stopped all emigration of coolies.

Ruef has sued for the money he spent in maintaining his private prison.

The course of Judge Willey, of China, has been upheld and he will not be removed.

Railroads in Missouri have laid off 10,000 men, thus effecting a saving of \$1,500,000 a month.

Commander Sims told the naval committee of many alleged defects in battleship construction, though under gag rule by the senators.

Attorney General Bonaparte has directed that action be commenced against 26 railroads in different parts of the country for violation of the safety appliance law.

Robbers secured nearly \$300,000 from the bank at Chihuahua, Mexico. The border is being watched closely as it is believed an effort will be made to cross into the United States.

The 131,643 acres of land eliminated from the Blue mountain forest reserve in Eastern Oregon will become subject to settlement June 1 and entry and filing July 1. Forty per cent of this land is embraced in pending filings or applications.

The jewels of Pharaoh's queen have been found.

A nun has eloped from an Iowa convent and married.

The Missouri Pacific has closed its shops at Sedalia, Mo.

Two submarine torpedo boats will be sent to the Philippines.

The fight on Harriman's control of the Illinois Central has been resumed.

A California girl is paying her way through the state university by raising bees.

The battleship fleet has started on the last stage of its journey to Magellan bay.

Naval officers who have criticized our warships will be given a hearing before the senate committee.

Unknown warships have been sighted off the Hawaiian islands and the people fear they are Japanese.

Kentucky Democrats may avenge themselves for the election of a Republican senator by carrying prohibition.

The railroads are making a strong plea of poverty to the Interstate Commerce commission as a reason for postponing the 9-hour law.

Thomas A. Edison is slightly improved.

Six accomplices of Alito murderer of the Denver priest have been arrested.

Harriman has declared an extra dividend of 175 per share on O. R. & N. stock.

By an explosion in a mine at San Jose de Sabinas, Mexico, 76 men were killed.

Investigation into the Pennsylvania capitol graft is bringing further graft to light.

The president has asked the Oregon delegation in congress to choose another district attorney.

The bombs thrown at the shah of Persia killed three attendants, but the shah escaped unhurt.

An attempt was made to assassinate the president of Argentina, but the bomb failed to explode.

The Northern Pacific railroad has dropped for the present the idea of reducing pay of its telegraphers.

The British house of commons has passed the woman suffrage bill. The scene of action will now be transferred to the house of lords.

Thomas A. Edison's recovery seems doubtful.

The senate committee may revive the Brownson-Higey controversy.

Northern Pacific telegraphers have rejected reduction of wages.

Roosevelt has called for a new recommendation for Oregon district attorney.

Heavy buying of merchants from New York wholesalers shows a return of prosperity.

Los Angeles police have arrested four men and a woman who had plotted to dynamite a bank.

A tobacco warehouse near Frankfort, Ky., containing 100,000 pounds of tobacco has been burned.

RAILROADS RETRENCH.

Will Close Small Stations Because of 9-Hour Law.

Washington, March 3.—American railroads have made arrangements to comply with the provisions of the "nine hour law." The operation of the law will mean the employment by railroad companies of several thousand additional operators and the closing of a large number of small stations on the principal systems. Discontinuing of railway service at many points, it is thought, will induce at least temporary inconvenience to traveling and shipping public in order to reduce operating expenses, which now seems necessary. The operating officials of the railways believe this is the only way they possibly can meet the situation with which they are confronted.

During the hearing of applications for an extension of the nine-hour law by the Interstate Commerce commission some astonishing statements were made by the operating officials of important railways. A good many lines, owing to a reduction in the revenues and to their inability to command the cash necessary to meet their payrolls, have been forced during the past four months almost to the point of asking for receivers.

With four or five exceptions, no important railroads of the country have indicated an intention to reduce the wages of their employes.

SURPRISE FOR EVANS.

Title of Vice Admiral Likely to Be Awarded Hero.

Washington, March 3.—In a quiet way naval officers in Washington are endeavoring to arrange an agreeable surprise for Admiral Evans when the battleship fleet under his command sails through the Golden Gate, completing the Pacific cruise. It is proposed to greet the rear admiral with a commission as vice admiral of the American navy. Of course, the success of this undertaking depends upon congress, but the president has done his part in making a proper recommendation to that body for the re-establishment of that naval grade, and it is not doubted that congress can be induced to act upon the recommendation in season to insure the issue of Admiral Evans' commission, so that he may bear the title of vice admiral for the few months that intervene between his arrival at San Francisco and his retirement from active service.

The naval argument in support of the proposed re-establishment of the grade of vice admiral is strongly reinforced by a comparison made at the Navy department between the British home fleet engaged in the maneuvers of last fall and the splendid battleship fleet commanded by Rear Admiral Evans. The British fleet, composed of 26 battleships, 15 armored cruisers, nine protected cruisers and 57 torpedo boats, was commanded by one admiral, three vice admirals, seven rear admirals and one commodore.

SILVER THAW IN CHICAGO.

Temperatures Rise in Nick of Time to Save Big Damage.

Chicago, March 3.—Record breaking destruction of telegraph and telephone property was averted today by a narrow margin. Sleet that covered wires and poles 25 to 50 miles, north and west and south of Chicago, and 100 to 150 miles east, was melted during the day by a rise of temperature just in the nick of time. Ice coated lines, sagging heavily, had already begun to snap to pieces or topple to the ground long lines of glistering overweighted poles.

The worst damage was east of this city and west of Fort Wayne. Trunk system on the Lake Shore and Michigan Central railroads suffered particularly. In one instance a stretch of nearly a mile of poles bearing dozens of important circuits to New York and other Eastern cities, went down in a tangled mass of wreckage. With the mercury ascending a trifle, the miles of sleet disappeared almost as if by magic. Tonight the telegraph officials had restored the facilities to a basis adequate for the usual traffic and hoped to be able to care for brokerage and other business tomorrow without delay.

Tampa Swept by Fire.

Tampa, Fla., March 3.—The entire extreme northern section of this city was destroyed by fire, which broke out in a boarding house Sunday and raged uninterruptedly for four hours. The area burned over covers 55 acres or 18 1/2 city blocks; 308 buildings were destroyed with a total loss estimated at \$600,000, and one woman is dead from excitement. The burned section included four large and one smaller cigar factory and numerous restaurants, saloons, boarding houses and over 200 dwellings, occupied by cigarmakers.

Pittsburg Fears Flood.

Pittsburg, March 3.—A warm rain has been falling here and at the head waters of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers all day. Both streams are rising, and small creeks are already beyond their banks. It is expected the danger line of 22 feet will be passed unless there is an early change in the temperature and weather.

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TIME CARD NO. 33.	
Trains From and To Yaquina.	
No. 1—	Leaves Yaquina..... 7:15 A. M.
Arrives Albany.....	11:58 A. M.
No. 2—	Train leaves Albany..... 12:25 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis.....	1:15 P. M.
Arrives Yaquina.....	5:40 P. M.
Trains To and From Detroit.	
No. 3—	Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A. M.
Arrives Detroit.....	12:30 A. M.
No. 4—	Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....	5:50 P. M.
Trains for Corvallis.	
No. 5—	Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:35 A. M.
Arrives Corvallis.....	8:35 A. M.
No. 10—	Leaves Albany..... 7:55 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis.....	8:55 P. M.
Trains for Albany.	
No. 6—	Leaves Corvallis..... 6:50 A. M.
Arrives Albany.....	7:40 A. M.
No. 9—	Leaves Corvallis..... 12:30 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....	1:15 P. M.
No. 7—	Leaves Albany..... 4:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany.....	4:40 P. M.
No. 11—	Leaves Corvallis..... 11:15 A. M.
Arrives Albany.....	12:15 P. M.
No. 12—	Leaves Albany..... 12:35 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis.....	1:18 P. M.

All of the above trains connect with Southern Pacific Company trains, both at Albany and Corvallis, as well as trains for Detroit, giving direct service to Newport and adjacent localities as well as Breitenbush Hot Springs.

For further information apply to:
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