

# The Santiam News.

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## BY MISADVENTURE

BY FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER V.

When I got back to my office I set about drawing up Flexmore's will from the draft he had agreed to, and every word of it gave me pleasure, for I saw that it would bring everything right in the end.

"While Lynn Yeames is doubtful as to the disposition of his uncle's property," said I to myself, "he will refrain from committing himself to an actual promise of marriage. His affair with Miss Kite will make him prudent in that respect; for he'll know very well that he won't get off a second time, if I can help it, and there'll be no uncle to pay the costs. And when he does know that his uncle has not left him a striver, he'll drop Miss Dalrymple; then Audrey will be freed from the quixotic obligation he was lured into making, he will marry Nurse Gertrude, and all will end like a fairy story."

"I was talking to myself in this strain as I proceeded to engross the will, when who should come into my office but the very person uppermost in my thoughts—Lynn Yeames."

"I have called to speak to you about the shooting, Mr. Keene," said he, offering me his hand. "I should like to rent the shooting for another month, if I can," he said.

"There's no difficulty about that. Sir Bartley Vere is going to Scotland, and I shall be only too glad to let the shooting for him—especially as it may keep you here longer than we hoped for."

He seemed rather puzzled at my civility; he had not received much before. He looked at me keenly, could not make much of that, and then proceeded to look at his gaiters, tapping them carelessly with his stick.

"I suppose a man could live here for a couple of hundred a year," he said.

"In a quiet way, he could live on that sum undoubtedly," said I.

"That's all I want. I made a fortunate investment that brings me in about two hundred. Living with my mother, who thinks of buying a cottage, I hope to settle down to a peaceful life. I feel better already with the prospect of it."

I shook his hand in cordial felicitation, though it cost me an effort to swallow the humbug, without making a wry face. But I saw suspicion in the corner of his blue eye.

"This will be good news indeed for your uncle, Mr. Lynn," said I.

"Do you think he takes any interest in me?" he asked, trying to look indifferent.

"I assure you he does. He was speaking about you only yesterday—saying how much you had changed for the better in the last fortnight. It is only natural he should feel very deeply in this matter, and watch this change in your character with keen delight. He is in failing health, you know. I twiddled my thumbs, and looked at him significantly. "You are his kinsman—nephew," I paused. "He is particularly anxious about the future of his little daughter." I coughed. "And though he may have unbounded faith in my integrity, he would naturally prefer to place her welfare in the keeping of a relative who could devote himself exclusively to her interest. Up to the present time I have had the management of your uncle's estate, but of course it would be optional on his successor to employ me as agent."

"I should not wish to take it out of your hands, Mr. Keene," said he, as he quickly, seeing the mistake into which he had been led by the excitement of the moment, "if the property ever should become mine."

"Thank you, Mr. Yeames. I'm sure I shall be most happy to serve you, as I have served your uncle, faithfully, and upon the lowest possible terms."

"I shan't question your terms. Faithful services should be liberally rewarded, in my opinion."

I thanked him effusively, and signed as if I had a load taken off my mind.

"Well, sir," said I, "you cannot, of course, wish me to divulge professional confidence; but I may tell you this: Your uncle has instructed me to draw up his will, and this is it." I laid my hand on the will. "And I may add for your further satisfaction that had your character been other than he has found it in the past fortnight, the terms of this will"—I patted the sheet impressively and dropped my voice—"would have been very different from what they are."

He was completely taken in; and so evermore with astonishment and delight to find, as he believed, that he was an heir, that for some minutes he could not command his thoughts, but simply answered yes or no to my remarks without really following what it was I talked about. He was thinking what he would do with that money when he got it. However, he recovered his self-possession before he left, and when we shook hands in parting, that cunning look was in his eye. I knew well enough what was in his thoughts.

"You old rascal," he was saying to himself. "I can see now why you were so precious civil. You want me to let you go on fingering the fortune when it is mine." That was just what I wanted him to believe.

In the evening there came a couple of brace of partridge with his card attached. At the first moment I felt disposed to pitch them into the yard, but as the results of second thoughts I ate them, and found them just as good as if I had

given an honest poultice half a crown a brace for them.

### CHAPTER VI.

I do not know whether I am particularly sharp in penetrating character—though I have a decent opinion of my ability in that respect—or whether other people are particularly obtuse; but this is a fact—Lynn Yeames succeeded in deceiving everybody but me.

He was of that class of charitable people who will give a guinea at any time to have their names in a subscription list, no matter what the object be—and five to head it Lynn Yeames, Esq., of "The Heron" (as with affected humility he called his mother's cottage when she had bought it), was down for everything. He interested himself in local matters, aiding always in the majority; he became a member of the County Club, bought a horse and got admitted to the hunt; and with his good looks, manly bearing, admirable benevolence and skillful fence-holding, made himself generally popular. One way and another I reckoned he was living up to nearer eight hundred than two hundred a year.

"A pretty rod you're laying in pickle for yourself, my boy," said I to myself, and chuckled to think how he would have to draw in his horns when he found that he was down in his uncle's will for a trifling legacy instead of the fifty thousand pounds he was calculating upon.

All this time he was paying assiduous attentions to Miss Dalrymple. He saw, though he said nothing about it to me, that his uncle was thinking of Laura's future, and wished to provide for her perpetual association with Gertrude, and he knew the hold he had on old Flexmore through this pretended attachment to her, cunning rascal!

I let him go on, conscious that he would not go too far. It was not likely that, feeling now assured of that large inheritance, he would pledge himself to marry a penniless girl. With his uncle's fortune and the effect he was now producing, he would be able to take the pick of the county when he wished to marry; and there were, within twenty miles, many girls more shrewd than quiet, unpretentious, little Miss Dalrymple, full with money, and much more to the taste of such a man as he. But though he would not be rash enough to actually engage himself, it was pretty certain that he would insidiously lead my unsuspecting little friend to believe that he intended to marry her, and I feared that he might obtain such a hold upon her affection that when he threw up the game, as he inevitably would when he discovered that there was nothing to win by it, the effect upon her would be serious. She was not a flirt; she had never cut up her heart into morsels and scattered it about amongst a crowd of admirers; her heart was whole to be given to one man, and one only. She was serious and earnest in all things, and it seemed to be possible that she might never care to give to a second man the affection that had been bestowed by the first. For this reason I resolved, if I got the opportunity, to shake her faith in Mr. Lynn Yeames.

One day I met her alone in the road that cuts through the Hasledown woods. "Here is a beautiful morning, Miss Dalrymple," said I, holding her hand.

"Oh, it is beautiful!" she exclaimed, looking around her. "See how the rime still stands on the brake, and look how the drops glisten on the gossamer. And what lovely tints there are on the beeches, and the brambles down there."

"If you would prefer at this moment to be in your London hospital, you feel that you are wasting your time here—that's the fact, isn't it?"

"I should be sorry to think that," she replied, with quiet gravity.

"But you are. Here you are saving the life of one child; there you might be saving a dozen."

"They will be saved without me."

"And little Laura would be lost—that is true."

"Let us talk about the country," she said, as we walked on.

"There is a man worth talking about," said I, pointing down to the crossroads, where I spied Dr. Audrey jogging along in his gig on his beggarly round.

"Oh, I don't think there is a better man than he in all the world!" she cried, with enthusiasm.

"If he were only a little more practical," said I.

She nodded sadly, and presently said, "I sometimes think he would have died a martyr had he lived a long while ago."

"I don't see what there is in store for him now. There he goes, to look after a lot of thankless vagabonds, who'll never pay him for saving their lives."

She looked thoughtfully before her for a minute, then she said: "Do you think he could ever be happy in the ordinary sense of the word?"

"Yes, if he married."

"I do not think he will ever marry," she said, shaking her head gravely, after a pause.

"Why not?" I asked; "he is a man—and a fine man, too. The only difficulty is in getting any one to have him. A man without superficial attractions and without money, what chance has he?"

"Do you think all girls are either silly or mercenary?" she asked.

"There's a third section; but they don't care for good men."

I have mentioned the girl's trick of blushing; and looking sidelong in the ex-

pectation of seeing this home-thrust bring the color up to her temples, I was surprised to see that it produced rather a contrary effect.

"I don't mean an absolutely bad man, but one who thinks he is reformed," said I, "and attributes, or leads it to be imagined, that he owes his reformation to the girl's influence."

I was morally certain that Lynn Yeames had not ascribed his change to the effects of a country life in his conversation with Gertrude, however he had chosen to represent it to me.

"It flatters the girl's vanity to think she has redeemed the man," I added.

"Is it vanity and nothing else that makes one delight in doing good?"

"I can't say, my dear—not having had much experience in that way myself; but this I know, that every good girl must be doing good, ought to be doing good, or think she is doing good. I speak of good girls, and no good girl would be content to be an idle plaything for a man's leisure moments. And the wish to save some man from evil courses too often leads the girl herself into the evil course of putting faith in appearances, and lending a credulous ear to empty protestations. That course may lead to irreparable misfortune and lifelong unhappiness."

This was plain enough in all conscience, yet she did not allow herself to show that she saw the personal allusion to her own case. She was a wonderfully self-possessed young woman, and moreover had too much principle to suffer the opinion of others to have her own estimate of a trusted friend; indeed, I believe that her loyal heart became only the more staunch by the defense of those she loved against an accusation in which she herself found no reason to participate. Of this she gave convincing proof later on, as I shall show.

Soon after this a concert was given, in aid of some philanthropic cause. Lynn Yeames was a steward and figured prominently in the advertisements. Well, whether it was to please herself, or to please Lynn Yeames, or just to show that she did not value my warning at two straws, I don't know; but this is certain, Miss Dalrymple went to that concert under the protection of Mrs. Yeames, who, ever since the discovery at the flower show, had shown herself mighty civil to the young lady. I went also. It charmed me to watch Miss Dalrymple. The music and gaiety appealed to her feelings as it never could to an old lawyer's. Her eyes black as shew with excitement, her face glowing with healthy animation, she looked prettier than ever I had seen her yet. No, there was not one in the room to compare with her. I wondered how ever I could have thought her plain.

"If they were all like you, my dear," said I to myself, "it would be a real pleasure to come to these affairs."

She enjoyed it thoroughly, for she was young and healthy in mind and body. The music, the light and brightness of the surroundings exhilarated her; and then she must have known that she looked well and was admired, and I believe such a belief as that would set the Lord Chancellor in a good humor. I think it mattered little to her when she was with, for she was free from any idea of flirtation, and just as innocent and pure and sweet and good as she looked.

I enjoyed watching her until the time came for Lynn Yeames to take her home; and it stirred up all the bile in my nature when he took her hand and passed it through his arm. He trod on one old gentleman's toe, and I wished it had been mine; for in that mood I only wanted an excuse to knock his head off.

The fact is I was as jealous as though I had been in love with Miss Dalrymple myself—which, of course, I was not; an odd fellow in his sixtieth year—sixty-second, in fact.

(To be continued.)

**Faps Bathing the Baby.**  
Many fathers stand aloof from the common domestic duties, not because they are so busy or because they are not willing, but because of ignorance. How many men are there who would not gladly drop their business at any time and stay home and give the baby his bath, if they only knew how!

Yet in reality it is much simpler than it seems. Fill the bathtub full of any good water, first carefully removing all germs. Put your elbow in occasionally to see if it is the right temperature. If too warm on your elbow you may know the water is too cold. If there are blisters then it is too warm. Be moderate in all things.

Take the baby firmly by both feet and shake him loose from his flannel coverings until you begin to see safety pins ahead. Then remove the safety pins with your fingers and unroll until the baby looms into sight.

Now, having put on your rubber coat, put one hand firmly under the baby's chest and the other on his back and launch him on the still waters. When he has kicked all the water out of the bathtub renew as before.

Be careful while you are manipulating the baby to keep him face down. Otherwise you would not be able to put water anywhere else but in his mouth. Don't be afraid of soap. At first you will fill his eyes with soap, but with practice you will get so that some of the suds will be distributed elsewhere.

Now rinse and dry with a coarse towel, cover with face powder and rolling him up in blankets set in oven to dry for half an hour—Dellinstator.

According to the Seattle Trade Register the total salmon pack of the Pacific coast for 1906 was 3,805,311 cases, of which 2,209,555 cases were put up in Alaska, an increase for that territory of 318,788 cases over 1905.

## 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.

A deadly epidemic of gripple is sweeping over London.

Night riders in Kentucky burned three tobacco barns.

Boers boast that they at least gained a moral victory over the English.

Panama extended a most enthusiastic welcome to the American torpedo fleet.

The Kaiser wishes an American military title, that he may have another uniform to wear.

A gas explosion in Natchez, Miss., destroyed a five-story building and killed at least eight people.

Russia is disappointed because the trip of the American war ships precludes any possibility of a war with Japan.

A street meeting of about 200 persons who had assembled to hear Emma Goldman, the anarchist leader, in Chicago, was dispersed by the police.

The senate committee has reported favorably on postal savings banks. The banks will pay 2 per cent interest and deposits will be limited to \$1,000.

Taft's enemies admit he is practically sure of the nomination.

A great fire swept the port of Bahia, Brazil, causing a loss of \$1,000,000.

The town of Big Timber, Mont., was three-fourths destroyed by fire. Loss about \$400,000.

Japan is not on the list of visiting points for the battleship fleet, but may be included later.

Four of the men indicted for frauds in the Pennsylvania state capital scandal have been convicted.

The American battleship fleet has been ordered to leave San Francisco July 6 next and complete its voyage around the world.

Sacks containing \$3,800 in gold were stolen from the paymaster's safe on the cruiser Milwaukee, and thus far all efforts to discover the thief have failed.

The president of the Butte, Mont., Miners' union says 5,900 men are out of work, notwithstanding circulars which have been sent out by the mine-owners advertising for more help.

The Roxbury Carpet works, of Boston, employing 900 hands, have closed indefinitely.

Prince Luitpold, of Bavaria, celebrated his 87th birthday. He is in perfect health.

Massachusetts cotton mills have made a 10 per cent reduction in the wages of 25,000 employees.

The forest service has authorized 17,900 cattle and 152,500 sheep to graze on the Blue Mountain reserve this season.

The American auto in the New York to Paris race reached Granger, Wyo., March 12. The second car, the Italian, was at Cheyenne.

Union Pacific stockholders have turned on Harriman and sued him for the \$40,000,000 he made dealing in the stocks of other roads with Union Pacific capital.

A conference was held between President Roosevelt and prominent men looking to legalizing railroad pools, exempting labor unions and making all corporation deals public.

General d'Amade, commanding the French forces in Morocco, has received a letter from Mulai Haïd, the so-called sultan of the South, and leaders of his army, asking that hostilities be suspended pending peace negotiations.

An insane man tried to kill King Haakon, of Norway.

King Alfonso was received with much enthusiasm at Barcelona.

Four negroes have been lynched in Mississippi for incendiarism.

Spanish anarchists are said to be after the premier, and not the king.

The Mother's congress is in session at the White House, Washington, D. C.

The United Railways company of San Francisco is about to go into the hands of a receiver.

Japan ridicules the idea that naval preparations are being made for an attack on China.

Great Britain has sent a note to Japan advising arbitration of the China-Japan difficulties.

The president has sent to the senate the nomination of John McCourt to be district attorney for Oregon.

## LONE ROBBER MAKES A HAUL.

Rides Over 100 Miles in Mail Car on Great Northern.

Spokane, Wash., March 17.—Assuming all the airs and authority of a veteran postoffice inspector, a daring highwayman boarded the Great Northern westbound Oriental Limited train just as it pulled out of Bonners Ferry, Idaho, early this morning, and holding the two mail clerks at bay at the point of a revolver, locked one of them in a clothes closet and tied the other to a chair with ropes, after which he rode a distance of 109 miles into Spokane, spending three hours and 40 minutes rifling registered mail, loading and unloading mail sacks along the route and puffing complacently at a cigar the while.

The lone robber dropped off the train at a railroad crossing inside the city limits, carrying with him, it is believed, much valuable plunder in a satchel. Just how much he obtained is not definitely known.

Mail-clerks Benjamin Stumpf and John W. Nystum, who were held at the mercy of the robber, tell a remarkable story of their experience. Locked in the small closet, hardly two feet square, the latter almost fainted from suffocation after the train had pulled into Sand Point, 34 miles west of Bonners Ferry, and rapping on the door pleaded with the robber to allow him some fresh air.

The bandit responded willingly and leaving the door ajar about an inch, secured it with a piece of rope. Twice later on the way into Spokane the robber ceased his work of rifling the mail sacks to go to the door of the closet to inquire as to how Nystum was feeling.

When Stumpf remonstrated with his captor that the cords which bound him were cutting into his wrists, the general robber generously loosened the fetters and made every effort to make things as comfortable as possible for his victim.

While ripping open the registered sacks the pseudo-inspector cut one of his fingers and many of the pieces of mail were blood-stained. Blood-hounds were put on the trail of the robber, taking the scent from one of the bloody packages, and followed a trail several blocks through the residence district to a carline, where the scent was lost. It is believed that the highwayman boarded a car and rode downtown.

GRAFT FLOURISHING.  
Police Rely on Courts to Keep Them Out of Jail.

San Francisco, March 17.—Police-eman Maurice Behan and John Evtatt were stripped of their stars by Chief of Police Biggy today as the result of an exposure of a vast system of graft on the Barbary coast. Dives, brothels, saloons and gambling joints have been held up with regularity, and the conditions became so bad that landlords complained that they could not rent buildings on the Barbary coast because the big sums in protection demanded by the police-men absorbed all the profits of the tenants. Chief Biggy arranged a trap of marked coins and caught Behan and Evtatt.

Although the cases are clear extortion, under the supreme court decision in the Schmitz case, they do not constitute crimes.

The cases are identical with those of Ruef and Schmitz in almost every particular. If one was no crime, it is difficult to see how the other could be construed into a crime.

WANTS TO DIE.  
Orchard Would Refuse Pardon Were It Offered Him.

Boise, Idaho, March 17.—On the morning of his 43rd birthday, next Wednesday, in the district court of Canyon county, Harry Orchard, the self-confessed murderer of ex-Governor Steunenberg, who was killed by the explosion of a bomb at the gate of his residence in Caldwell on the evening of December 30, 1905, will face Judge Fremont Wood prepared to hear the death sentence meted out to him.

Harry Orchard, of his own volition and against the urgent pleading of his attorney and others, refused, when arraigned March 19, to let his previous plea of "not guilty" stand. He also refused to plead to a lesser degree of murder than first degree. He said:

"I am guilty and am ready to take the punishment. I have told the truth. I understand fully what must be the consequences."

Russian Press Comments.  
St. Petersburg, March 17.—The Slovo says that the return of the American fleet as announced is as sensational as its departure for the Pacific. Apparently the Slovo thinks the danger of war has disappeared, for it adds: "While this arouses deep satisfaction in Europe, the preservation of peace is due to the display of the big stick of the United States, the prudence of Japan and the good offices of Great Britain." The Novoye Vremya says: "Whatever the original purpose, the cruise has done a useful service by a public examination of the American navy."

Reorganize Foundry Trust.  
New York, March 17.—E. H. Gary, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation, made a statement to the stockholders of the American Steel Foundries Company at a meeting in Jersey City today advocating the reorganization plan proposed for the latter company.

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TIME CARD NO. 35.

Trains From and To Yaquina.

No. 1—

Leaves Yaquina..... 7:15 A. M.

Arrives Albany..... 11:25 A. M.

No. 2—

Trains leaves Albany..... 12:35 P. M.

" " Corvallis..... 1:15 "

" " arrives Yaquina..... 5:40 "

Trains To and From Detroit.

No. 1—

Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A. M.

Arrives Detroit..... 12:40 P. M.

No. 4—

Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P. M.

Arrives Albany..... 5:45 P. M.

Trains for Corvallis.

No. 8—

Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:35 A. M.