

# The Santiam News.

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## BY MISADVENTURE FRANK BARRETT

### CHAPTER VII.

I did not anticipate any serious consequences from that evening's announcement. It seemed to me that Miss Dalrymple was entirely occupied with the music, and doubtless no thought of anything else could have entered her head without being suggested to her. But that was not the case with Lynn Yeames. He was carried away by the good looks of Miss Dalrymple, and perceiving that she was the best woman of the throng, both in appearance and family connection, he magnanimously resolved to sink the consideration of her being poor and resolved to secure her at any price, no matter how rich he might be by the death of his uncle.

Somehow or other he proposed to her that night—between the parts, perhaps, when he led her into the adjoining room for refreshments, though more probably the old woman, his mother, ashamed sleep in the brougham to give her son the opportunity as they were taking Miss Dalrymple home.

Two mornings after the concert Dr. Awdrey called on me, looking as yellow as an old title-deed.

"You must go up to Flexmore House at once," he said, without asking me how I was, or any other preliminary civility. "Flexmore is in a critical condition—there's not a moment to spare."

"What does he want me for?" I asked.

"He wants to see you about that fool of a will you drew up for him. Get into my trap. I tell you there is no time to waste."

"Aren't you coming with me?" I asked, as he put the reins in his hand.

"No, I have another case to attend. I can do nothing for Flexmore at present; Miss Dalrymple has my instructions, and I can rely on her carrying them out."

I drove over to Flexmore House, expecting mischief. I found my old friend in bed, but perfectly calm and collected. Miss Dalrymple was in the room with little Laure, who clung to her hand as though she felt that soon there would be but that to protect and defend her. Flexmore took my hand with a smile—a silent greeting that was more touching than words.

"My dear," he said to Miss Dalrymple, "you must leave us for a few minutes, please; we have a little matter of business to discuss, my old friend and I."

"Well, what is it, George?" I asked, going to the bedside.

"Tony, you must alter that will or draw up another at once. You thought right to tell Dr. Awdrey of the provision I had made. He refuses to be Laure's guardian or trustee for her fortune."

"He won't get out of it if you let the will stand; we shall see."

"But the will must not stand; he has shown me that. For the child's sake, for that dear girl Gertrude's sake, it must be altered. They must not be separated. The money must be left in trust, and her guardian and trustee must be my nephew, Lynn Yeames."

"Nonsense! As soon as Lynn Yeames finds he has nothing he will cease to protect Miss Dalrymple; he'll never marry her if he gets the money; and then how is your little Laure to live with her? A proof that he doesn't mean to marry her is that he has been hanging about her for months, but has carefully refrained from binding himself to any engagement."

"You are wrong, Keene. He proposed to her night before last."

"This took my breath away, and left me no ground to stand on."

"And she accepted him?" I gasped, after an interval of silence.

"She did. Yeames told Dr. Awdrey yesterday morning. He came at once to me, and arrived at the very moment I was seized with the attack—otherwise I might not have survived it. He was with me all night; and this morning, finding me sufficiently recovered to listen to argument, he had this out with me. He has the highest opinion of Lynn—so has Miss Dalrymple, or she would certainly not have accepted him. I myself see no reason to disbelieve in him. In fact, it's only you, Tony, who stick out so obstinately against him; and you, as every one knows, are a man of strong prejudices—very strong prejudices."

"I'm a man of strong prejudices!" I gasped.

"I, a lawyer, whose business it is to weigh both sides of the question and decide impartially? I, an old man of the world—"

"I don't care what you may be; I know you are an obstinate, pig-headed old fellow. But you must let me have my way—I know I am right. No argument will change me—I must have my way."

"Good," said I; "I'll draw up another will. It shall be just as you wish."

As I left the house I spied Lynn Yeames coming down the road; but I had no patience to speak to him, and jumping in the doctor's gig, I drove off as quickly as I could. I kept the gig at the door; and then, going into my office, I fetched out the draft of the old will and a sheet of foolscap to write the new one upon.

Just as I was finishing, there was a ring at the bell, and my housekeeper brought in word that Mr. Lynn Yeames wished to see me. "Ah, ah!" thought I, "he wants to pump me again, does he? All right; so be shall." So I bade the

housekeeper show him into my office, and say I would be with him in a minute or two. I emptied my cup, and rose to join my visitor in the next room.

In that moment it struck me that I had left the draft of the old will on the office table beside the sheet of fresh foolscap. I went on tiptoe to the door and peeped through the green taffety blind. Lynn Yeames was standing by the table, looking round him curiously; I could see him distinctly, but he could not see me, by reason of the light from the office window falling on the blind. Quickly he caught up the draft, and ran his eye down it.

Now this, being only a draft, had neither date nor signature, and he must have jumped at once to the conclusion that it was the copy of a will I was about to draw up; and seeing that by this draft all Flexmore's money was left to Awdrey, it must have convinced him that this instrument was intended to revoke that will which I had led him to believe was made in his favor.

The sheet fell from his hand; he stooped hastily, picked it up, and replaced it on the table. I moved a chair, made a clatter with an empty plate as if I were just rising from my lunch, then I opened the door and entered my office bravely. Lynn Yeames was seated at some distance from the table, looking pale.

"How do you do, sir?" said I. "You don't look quite yourself this morning."

"I am upset; my uncle is in a critical condition—I don't know whether you know it. I came over to tell you—I thought you ought to know, in case there was any legal matter to arrange."

"As it happens, there is a very important matter to arrange. I have just come back from Flexmore House—you heard nothing there? Well—of course I can place confidence in you, Mr. Yeames?"

"I give you my word of honor that you may depend upon my secrecy," he hastened to assure me.

"Good, sir. I trust to your honor. Your uncle is about to revoke his will. And I glanced significantly at the papers on the table. "I assure you," I continued, "I have done all in my power to persuade him to the contrary."

"Of course you have, in your own interest," said he savagely.

"One must consider one's own interests sometimes; and after having had the management of the estate for so many years—"

"What on earth has induced him to revoke it?" he asked, taking very slight pains to conceal his chagrin.

"I believe he has been considerably influenced by Dr. Awdrey."

"Dr. Awdrey?" he exclaimed. "What has he been talking about?"

"Well," said I, "with a good deal of shame hesitation, 'I believe you are indiscreet enough to inform him that you had proposed to, and been accepted by, Miss Dalrymple.'"

"To what use has the rascal put that knowledge?" he asked.

"We must not call Dr. Awdrey a rascal, sir," said I. "All of us have our own interests to look after. And really Dr. Awdrey's case is plausible enough."

"I don't understand you; what do you mean?" he asked sharply.

"You see it's almost an open secret; at any rate the fact has for some time been known to Dr. Awdrey, that my old friend Flexmore wished Miss Dalrymple to marry the doctor—one of those curious fads that invalids occasionally take up. I don't know if you have ever remarked—"

"Go on, go on, for goodness' sake!" he exclaimed, interrupting me impatiently.

"Well, sir, lately it has been obvious that Flexmore's daughter Laure has formed a very strong attachment for Miss Dalrymple—a most extraordinary attachment."

"Yes, I know all about that. Go on."

"Well, you see it is obvious that Miss Dalrymple cannot marry both you and Dr. Awdrey; while, at the same time, it is equally evident that were you the child's guardian, and from any unforeseen accident you might alter your intention with regard to matrimony, Miss Dalrymple could only marry Dr. Awdrey by separating herself from the child Laure."

"But then I could be trustee to the child's fortune, and leave her guardianship to Miss Dalrymple, couldn't I?"

"Oh, certainly. If there were time to persuade your uncle to such an arrangement, which," I added, with a profound sigh, "I fear there is not."

He turned his back upon me and going to the window, looked out into the thick grey mist, while I, with two or three little coughs, seated myself at the table, and began laboriously to draw up the new will, my spectacles low down on my nose, and one hand on the old draft, which I frequently consulted.

"How long will you be before you take that thing up to the house to be signed?" asked Lynn Yeames, who as I lifted my eyes, I found was regarding me attentively.

"Dr. Awdrey was good enough to lend me his gig that no time should be lost; and, if all goes well, I shall be at Flexmore's house at half-past two—near as possible."

He drew his hat a little lower over his brows, and quitted my office without a word. As the door slammed, I laid down my pen, put my hands on my knees, and had a good chuckle, for I felt I had played that game of cross-purposes very well.

But how would it end? That I could not foresee. That he had gone off with some definite and immediate purpose I was convinced. Would he in the next hour undo himself completely by throwing off Miss Dalrymple and making his uncle understand that he had no intention of marrying her? It would be sharp work; but men lose no time when their fortunes are at stake. "We shall see," said I, returning to my work, for which I hoped there would be no need when I went up for Flexmore's signature.

### CHAPTER VIII.

It was two o'clock when I got into the doctor's gig with the new will. My house was just on the outskirts of the town. Flexmore's was two or three miles beyond on the other side of Hoagie Woods. The mist had been thick all the morning; but it was thicker than ever when I started, so that I could not see three yards ahead with my glasses on. However, I knew I could trust to the intelligence of the doctor's nag, who took that road every day in the week, and might as well sometimes, and with my collar well up, and my nose well down in a comforter, of I started.

I joggled along pretty comfortably until we got into the Hoagie Woods; there the mist seemed to have settled down into a solid block, and the big trees that skirt the road on either side increased the obscurity. However, the nag kept on her ambling trot—till presently, smack! Down she went, without any kind of warning, up dashed the seat of the gig, and out I flew, as though I had been shot from a catapult.

I was on my legs in a moment, for my first thought was of the will I had stuck under the seat cushion, and I feared the nag would start up a dobit with it. I could hear her breathing heavily; she did not attempt to move. I ran back in that direction, when—bang! over I went again, flat on my nose. I had felt something strike against my shins, and as I rose to my feet once more, I discovered the cause of both falls—a cord was stretched across the road.

It slackened as I touched it, and the next moment was whisked out of my hands. Was this the wanton mischief of boys, or the sinister design of some one bent upon plunder?

"My name's Anthony Keene, and you shall suffer for this, you vagabonds, whoever you are!" I shouted, as I groped my way to the gig. I am well known in Coosford, and I knew that if they were boys they would scuttle off on hearing my name.

There was no sound of voice or footfall—only the old nag gasping on the ground. Then I felt sure it was the work of a man; but I was not fearful of any further mischief, for the thief must be foolishly indeed, to attack an old lawyer, who is more likely to get him into trouble than yield much in the way of booty.

Feeling about the poor old horse, I found that both the shafts were broken, so there was no thought of going on in the gig even if the horse's legs were not broken as well. The will was just where I had stuck it, under the strap of the cushion; I clapped it in my pocket, and, after a moment's reflection, started off to walk the remainder of the journey, leaving horse and trap in the road to take their chances.

A nice walk I had—tumbling into a ditch on the right, and then into a ditch on the left, running flat up against a brick wall, and then pitching on to a pile of flints by the roadside, all the time in such darkness and impenetrable fog, that for all I knew I might have been walking half the time in a circle. To make matters worse, I found my nose was bleeding from the fall I got over the cord. It seemed to me I should never get to my journey's end. However, after a time it grew less obscure, which made me think I must have got clear of the Hoagie Woods, which was a comfort; and shortly afterwards I heard footsteps approaching.

"Who's there?" I called when I felt it was time to speak, lest I ran into something fresh.

"Sam Martin. Be that you, Muster Keene?" replied a well-known voice.

"Yes, it is. How far am I from Mr. Flexmore's house?"

"About half a mile—keep straight on by the paling. Thought it were you, Mr. Keene, by your little squeaking voice. Shall I turn back for ye?"

"No. Go straight on. I've left the doctor's trap in the road—horse down—see what you can do with it, Sam Martin, and take care no one else comes into mischief over it."

### (To be continued.)

### The Riot Act.

What is commonly meant by "reading the riot act" is better known than the origin of the phrase. The historical riot act was passed by the British Parliament in the reign of George I. in 1714. It enacts that felony is committed when twelve or more persons unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assemble together to the disturbance of the public peace, so to continue together for an hour after being commanded to disperse by the sheriff or undersheriff or a justice or the mayor of the borough.

In the "reading" of the British riot act, which is a necessary preliminary to its being put into operation, it is not customary to recite the whole of the statute, which is rather a long one, but only the following proclamation, which it contains: "Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the king!"—Chicago News.

## 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.

China has invited the battleship fleet to visit her ports.

China is very bitter against the Japanese and the boycott is growing.

Hope for the recovery of Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, is slight.

A wind and rain storm in Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama has done great damage to property.

The health of Count Tolstoi, who has been ill for some time, has been restored, and he is again at work.

The Interstate Commerce commission has compiled figures showing the panic has not hurt the railroads.

The annual lumber cut in Michigan has dwindled to less than half of what it was in 1888. The total of 1907 was 743,884,000 feet.

A letter addressed: "Your Excellency, Sir Abraham Lincoln, Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.," has just arrived in the foreign mail.

The American Dredging company's \$100,000 dredge burned to the water's edge at Oakland, Cal. It was the largest vessel of the kind on the Coast.

An agent of the immigration bureau, who has been investigating the subject of undesirable foreigners, says thousands of anarchists and indigents will be deported.

Illinois is in the midst of a bitter liquor war.

The American cruiser Tacoma is at La Guayana, Venezuela.

Senator Borah says it was the plain people that saved the day in the recent money panic.

A San Francisco Chinese woman wants to be deported to avoid prosecution for stealing \$400.

All union miners have been warned to stay away from Alaska until the labor trouble has been settled.

Two train robbers cut their way through four sets of steel bars at the county jail at Helena and are at liberty.

Dr. Hall-Edwards, one of England's greatest physicians, has lost his left arm as a result of constant use of the X-ray.

Congressman Humphrey says that without ship subsidy Japan could whip the United States as easily as she did Russia.

The largest crowd of sightseers ever in San Francisco is expected when the battleship fleet arrives. Accommodations are being arranged by the hotels for 250,000 people.

Fulton says he will return to Oregon to answer Heney.

Senator Bryan, of Florida, is seriously ill with typhoid fever.

There is a rumor that Heney is investigating Chicago graft.

Canada has appealed to Great Britain to keep out Asiatic labor.

Hearst's Independence league intends to keep the old parties guessing.

Roosevelt is to write a message on amendments to the anti-trust law.

Travel to the Coast from the East will be \$2.50 cheaper than last year.

Fire destroyed the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago, to the extent of \$100,000.

The Susquehanna river is so high that the iron works at Harrisburg have had to close.

The Shanghai, China, council has voted to reduce the number of opium smoking dens by one-fourth.

The United States Steel corporation made earnings of over \$60,000,000 last year. This is more than \$4,000,000 above the earnings of 1906.

### BOYCOTT OF CLOTHES.

Chinese Declare Boycott on Japanese Goods.

Canton, March 24.—The greatest indignation prevails here against the government for yielding to the Japanese demands in the Tatsu Maru case, it being considered that the government's action in this matter has brought disgrace upon this province. The Self Government society of Canton has organized several monster indignation meetings, at which resolutions were adopted that the anniversary of the release of the Tatsu Maru be observed as a day of public mourning. The resolutions also declared a boycott against Japanese goods.

More than 50,000 persons attended the mass meetings held yesterday, buildings were draped in mourning and 20 or more orators delivered denunciatory speeches. Among the speakers was a 12 year old, whose declaration against the Japanese caused the greatest enthusiasm.

A great number of those who had assembled thereupon divested themselves of Japanese-made garments, including caps and handkerchiefs, and made a huge bonfire of them. One dealer in Japanese goods offered to sacrifice his entire stock.

The meeting recommended the impeachment of Yuan Shi Kai of the board of foreign affairs for weakness in yielding to the Japanese.

### OVER MILLION UNEMPLOYED

Effects of the Recent Panic in East and South.

New York, March 24.—In a canvass of the country to ascertain the number of unemployed men, dispatches have been received from many industrial centers with reports of conditions, and from these it is estimated that more than one million men are minus jobs. The reports indicate more than 600,000 unemployed in the chief cities and nearly 603,000 in the states outside the cities.

That there are more unemployed men and women in New York City today than at any previous time in many years past is the belief of union leaders, charity workers and students of social conditions. Estimates of the number out of work vary from 100,000 to 500,000. It is probable that half of the latter number, or 250,000, is about correct.

The following estimate is given by responsible labor leaders: Carpenters, 10,000; tailors, 8,000; rockmen and excavators, 8,000; bricklayers, 7,000; laborers, 20,000; housemiths, 9,000; asphalt workers, 2,000; paperhangers, 2,000; painters, 7,000; rockdrillers, 2,000; engineers, 2,000; pavers, 2,000; plasterers, 2,000; steamfitters, 500; sheet metal workers, 500; compositors, 2,000; pressmen, 1,000; miscellaneous trades, 20,000; unorganized labor, 145,000; total, 250,000.

### DECIDES IMPORTANT CASE.

Interstate Commerce Commission Has No Control Over Ocean.

Washington, March 24.—A decision was promulgated today by the Interstate Commerce commission in one of the most important cases it has been called upon to determine for some time. It is that of the Cosmopolitan Importing company, a Philadelphia organization, chartered under the laws of New Jersey, against the Hamburg-American Packet company, the North German Lloyd Steamship company, the Wilson (Hall) lines and the Scandinavian-American lines.

The complainant's petition was filed with the commission nearly a year ago. Some time subsequently the defendants filed a demurrer, attacking the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce commission.

The opinion in the case, which is very voluminous, was prepared by Commissioner Franklin K. Lane.

In brief, and in effect, the commission decides against itself. It holds that it has no authority over oceanic transportation and thus determines the case adversely to the contention of the complainant.

**Robbers Make Rich Haul.**

reno, Nev., March 24.—Three robbers, heavily armed, overcame Edward Hoffman and a companion on a road two miles from Rawhide late this afternoon, threw them to the ground, and made off in their victims' two-horse rig, taking gold and bank notes amounting to about \$47,000 with them. The money was consigned to the Coalition Mining company at Rawhide to be used in paying miners' wages and to meet the final payment on one of the properties purchased last week by the Coalition company. Posses are in pursuit.

### Hundreds Perish at Sea.

Tokio, March 24.—The Mutsu Maru, a 900-ton coasting steamer belonging to the Yusen Kaisha line, was sunk in a collision with the Hideyoshi Maru, 696 tons, at 2:30 o'clock this morning two miles off Todohokke, near Hakodate. The captain of the Mutsu Maru, a majority of her 244 passengers and 43 of the crew perished.

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No. 1—	Leaves Yaquina..... 7:15 A. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 11:55 A. M.
No. 2—	Train leaves Albany..... 12:55 P. M.
	Arrives Corvallis..... 1:15 P. M.
	Arrives Yaquina..... 5:45 P. M.
Trains To and From Detroit.	
No. 3—	Leaves Albany for Detroit..... 7:30 A. M.
	Arrives Detroit..... 12:30 P. M.
No. 4—	Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 5:45 P. M.
Trains for Corvallis.	
No. 5—	Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:30 A. M.
	Arrives Corvallis..... 8:30 A. M.
No. 10—	Leaves Albany..... 3:30 P. M.
	Arrives Corvallis..... 4:30 P. M.
No. 6—	Leaves Albany..... 7:30 P. M.
	Arrives Corvallis..... 8:15 P. M.
Trains for Albany.	
No. 5—	Leaves Corvallis..... 6:30 A. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 7:10 A. M.
No. 9—	Leaves Corvallis..... 12:30 P. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 1:15 P. M.
No. 7—	Leaves Corvallis..... 4:30 P. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 5:45 P. M.
No. 11—	Leaves Corvallis..... 11:15 A. M.
	Arrives Albany..... 12:55 P. M.
No. 12—	Leaves Albany..... 12:55 P. M.
	Arrives Corvallis..... 1:15 P. M.
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