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BY MISADVENTURE

BY FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

I felt the palms by the park, and kept them in touch until at length I reached the carriage drive gate of Flexmore's house. By this time, what with one accident and another, it must have been pretty nearly four o'clock. There were lights in the house. Before the door stood Lynn Yeames' mare, Flexmore's gardener holding her head.

"Afternoon, sir," said he in an undertone that spoke of calmness. There was foreboding silence, also, on the part of the maid-servant as she opened the sitting room door.

Miss Dalrymple was on her knees before a big chair drawn near the fire, in which little Laure sat, her face buried in her hands. They were not aware of my presence. I left them, closing the door behind me in silence.

"Where is Mr. Yeames?" I asked of the maid who waited in the hall.

"Upstairs in master's room, sir," she replied indignantly.

Yeames was standing by his uncle's bedside, he thrust his hands quickly in his pockets as the door opened and I entered. No one else was there. I went in silence to the bed and looked down. Flexmore's eyes were closed, but his jaw had dropped.

"You're a bit too late with that will," said Yeames, in a tone and with an expression on his face that implied a good deal—a tone of subdued jocularity, a cunning leer that bade me understand he knew why I hadn't come earlier.

"Why, what have you been doing?" he asked with surprise. "You're a sight to be seen."

"How long has he been gone?" I asked, indifferent to my appearance.

"Oh, not above a quarter of an hour. Gertrude's just gone down. She did all that was possible to restore vitality. But it's all over this time. He won't come back any more, as the song says."

"Have you sent any for Dr. Awdrey?" he ought to be here.

"Of course he ought, but I suppose he's got some interesting paper to look after. I went for him myself. The old boy was shaking bed when I arrived here after leaving you. I went over to Awdrey at once, but he was out; came back, and by that time ninky was pretty near the finish."

"Was he in a state of consciousness at that time or not?"

"Well, he was conscious enough to ask for you, and wonder why you hadn't turned up."

"It occurred to me that Lynn Yeames, seeing his uncle's precarious condition, had himself stretched that cord for me instead of going for Dr. Awdrey, in order to prevent my arriving in time to get Flexmore's signature to the will."

"Do you know why I did not turn up, as you call it?" I asked sharply.

"Not I; but you're not sorry, I suppose, that you did not get here in time." It was on the tip of my tongue to retort, "Not so sorry as you may have reason to be," but I said nothing, for I wished to see how far this young man's faculty would carry him, and content myself with thinking of the bitter punishment in store for him when he should find out how completely he had deceived himself. Certainly no self-deception could be more complete than his. Assured of my venality, led away by his own hopes and over-confidence in the successful issue of his cunning, he apparently felt as sure of being possessed of his uncle's fortune as though the thousands were already in his hands.

CHAPTER IX.

There are some men who have so little self-respect that they do not keep up a decent pretence of virtue when the object is achieved for which it was first assumed, and Lynn Yeames was one of these. He already took upon himself the airs of master in that house, and with a grand patronage bade me come down and have some refreshment. I complied, for after the shaking I had received I was in no mood to refuse.

We went into the sitting room. Laure was lying on the couch holding the hand of Miss Dalrymple, who sat on a stool by her side.

"Oh, haven't you got all that over yet?" Lynn asked petulently, glancing at them.

"Sit down, Keene," he touched the bell. "It's absurd nonsense to encourage morbid feeling and morbid sentiment about a thing that's been foreseen for weeks—an inevitable thing—a little refreshment for Mr. Keene." The latter addressed to the servant who came to the door. "I say it's nonsense!"

"Lynn" said Miss Dalrymple, in a tone of mingled surprise, regret and remonstrance.

sudden fit of dislike to Laure which had led him to make this savage onslaught. Laure clung closer than ever to her only friend, and looked in terror at Lynn. Miss Dalrymple held her hand firmly. The servant brought in the tray and I helped myself. Lynn waited till the servant was gone, and then, going to the window, said:

"I shall go over and fetch Awdrey. The certificate must be seen about at once. Go and get my hat from the library, Laure. The child sprang up and sped from the room to fetch the bull's hat; Miss Dalrymple stood with howling and close-pressed lips, and not a particle of color in her face. She could not speak before me.

Lynn met her calm gaze with bent brows, and turned again to the window, flicking his handkerchief from his side pocket in a manner which by itself was insolent and offensive.

"But in doing this he flicked a little pellet of paper out. It fell against my toe, and I quickly covered it with my foot. The next moment he thrust his hand sharply in the pocket from which he had flicked out this pellet, then shook his handkerchief and looked about the floor at his feet.

"What dreadful weather, Miss Dalrymple," said I, setting down my glass.

Lynn Yeames went hastily from the room, snatching his hat out of Laure's hand as he passed. I picked up the pellet of paper and slipped it into my waistcoat pocket.

"Oh, is this true, dear—is it true?" cried little Laure under her breath, as she joined Miss Dalrymple. "Will he send me away from you? Will he part us?"

"No, my child," said I, going up to them. "Take this assurance from an old man who loves you for your father's sake, and whose Gertrude for her own—you shall not be parted."

I left them. As I passed through the hall I caught sight of Lynn Yeames on the landing above with a lighted candle, looking about for the pellet of paper I was carrying away in my pocket.

CHAPTER X.

I have in my office what I call my "handy drawer"—a good large drawer that slides easily and fastens with a patent key, and divided into a score of compartments. In this I put away anything that I think may come in handy at some future time, and an alphabetical index on a side of paper tells me at a glance in which nest to find what I want.

I recommend a drawer of this kind to any one of a practical and methodical turn of mind; he will have recourse to it more frequently than he anticipates, and find it occasionally of inestimable value.

Well, into this drawer, Nest Y, I put that pellet of paper after making a careful examination of it, and indexed it thus: "Yeames—Pellet of paper jerked out of his pocket, day of Flexmore's death, Dec. 18, 1888." I shall have more to tell about this later on—a good deal more.

In the evening of that day I saw Dr. Awdrey; he came to me with a face as long as a fiddle.

"That's an unfortunate accident that happened to you this afternoon," he said. "It might have been worse," said I, feeling my nose. "I came plump down on it. Wonder I didn't break it."

"I'm not speaking of that," said he, putting down his hat and seating himself. "Oh, you're thinking of your property." The poor old nag had put his shoulder out and had to be killed, and both shafts of the gig were smashed.

"Well, if your old horse had not been thrown down, you would have been thousands out of pocket."

"You know what I mean; it is an unfortunate accident that prevented your arriving in time for Flexmore to sign the new will as he wished."

"There we differ. I do not regard the accident as unfortunate from that point of view."

"Well, what is it to be done about it? The old will is virtually revoked."

"But actually it stands as good as ever it was, and so it shall stand."

"Supposing I refuse to accept the guardianship of Flexmore's child?"

"You can't refuse. Common sense will not let you; humanity will not let you; I will not let you. Have you seen Lynn Yeames since his uncle's death?"

"No; he had left the house five minutes before I arrived. I hear he called at my house, but I came by the other road. Since then I have been unable to find him anywhere."

"That's a pity. I should have liked you to see him as I saw him. He is so confident of being his uncle's heir that he has thrown off all restraint, every pretense of decency, and shows himself the besting bully, the heartless rascal I have always believed him to be."

"I can't understand you—a man so clear in judgment on most things."

"Get that nonsense out of your head, doctor. I tell you that I am no more prejudiced against him than I am in favor of you. He is a selfish, heartless scoundrel."

"You will never make me believe that of Lynn Yeames."

"He shall make you believe it of himself. Abstain from letting him know how Flexmore's money is to be disposed of, and watch him between now and the reading of the will. He already talks of sending the child away to a boarding school, and, as I tell you, I approved Miss Dalrymple before me for being too sympathetic and kind to her."

"But why should he believe himself to be his uncle's heir?"

"Because he fell into a trap, and was led to believe so by me. And I'll tell you something else, doctor. He believed that this news was to revoke an existing will in his favor; and I am convinced that he stretched the cord that threw the egg over and delayed me, that this will might not be signed; and nicely he has defeated his own ends by it. I'd forgive him for that if my nose had been broken."

"I think I can upset that theory, at least," said Awdrey. "What time was it when you were thrown from the gig?"

"About two o'clock, as nearly as I can reckon," said I.

"Good. He left Flexmore's house to fetch me at one o'clock; he was at my house at half-past, and he waited there for me until ten minutes past two."

"He had proved an alibi for Lynn, and I had to admit I must be in the wrong on this point."

"And so you are, I am sure, on other points respecting him," said the doctor.

"We shall see that. Keep your mind unprejudiced, and watch that young man during the next four or five days," said I, as I opened the door to let him out.

Unfortunately, this chance of clearing his mind was denied to us. The next morning, when I called at Flexmore's house, I heard that he had not been seen since he left, shortly after my departure, to fetch Dr. Awdrey; and in the course of the day I learned that he had gone to London. This did not surprise me. "He's gone to see a London solicitor about this affair," I thought; "and may be bled pretty freely by my learned friends."

Between on Thursday I called again at the house, for I had made up my mind to visit the inmates there every day, knowing how long and dreary the days must be for them in the darkened house, and that the child, at least, looked upon me as a protecting friend. Miss Dalrymple was bending over her work with a worn and anxious look upon her aged face. Little Laure started up with a terrified expression in her eyes, as though she expected to see Lynn Yeames with a rope in his hand to haul her off to boarding school, as I opened the sitting room door. Both of their poor faces lit up with pleasure when I said:

"It's only I—the old lawyer—comes to bother you for some papers."

Laure ran up, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me; and, still hugging me, she whispered:

"You don't forget what you promised?"

"No," I whispered back. "No one shall take you away from Nurse Gertrude."

"You are a nice old dear!" she said, giving me another kiss; and then she ran away laughing, to whisper to Miss Dalrymple all about her secret—at once a woman and a child.

I gossiped for the best part of an hour, raking up all the news of the village, for there's nothing like trifling chat for people in trouble; and then, when Laure went out of the room, I said:

"Well, my dear, have you had many visitors since I saw you last?"

"A few acquaintances and Dr. Awdrey—that is all."

"Have you seen him or heard anything about Mr. Yeames?" I asked.

"No; he has not come back from London. I am anxious about him. I fear he is ill."

It seemed to me that if he were ill, the first thing he would do, being a selfish brute, would be to write and tell his sweetheart of his suffering. The moment a man of this kind feels not up to the bullying point, he whines for sympathy. I considered it much more probable that Lynn had gone to London to spend some of his fortune in advance, and escape from the inglorious condition of things at home whilst his uncle lay dead at Flexmore's house. Of course, I kept this belief to myself; and, promising to drop in again during the day, I left the house, and went directly to Mrs. Yeames' villa.

(To be continued.)

Cupid's Slide.

"I would like to get a sofa for our parlor," said the pretty girl in the furniture emporium.

"Er—excuse me, miss," responded the clerk with a low bow, "but—have you a beau?"

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.

The London Times has much praise for President Roosevelt.

Russia will support Italy in the proposed reforms in Macedonia.

Ruf's lawyers have again had his trial postponed on account of technicalities.

The Haytian president is again arresting conspirators against his government.

A line of first class steamers is to be put on between San Francisco and Alaskan points.

A Kansas City lumber company has entered a plea of accepting rebates from railroads and paid a fine of \$13,000.

No more bodies have been recovered from the burning Hanna, Wyo., mine. All entrances have been closed to smother the blaze.

The steamer Pomona, which went on the rocks a short distance north of San Francisco, is fast going to pieces and will be a total wreck. It is still hoped the engines may be saved.

The senate inadvertently printed a report on sealing which attacks the integrity of Vice President Fairbanks and many other prominent men. The document has been withdrawn.

Stanford students want to remove President Jordan.

The German wants Griecom for ambassador instead of Hill.

The National and Mexican Central railroads of Mexico have merged.

There is no material change in the condition of Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, British premier, is in a very critical condition.

Many Japanese are being caught at San Diego making their way into this country from Mexico.

The auxiliary cruiser Prairie ran aground at League Island navy yard. No damage was done.

The absconding teller and auditor of the Pittsburgh Farmers' Deposit National bank are held in \$250,000 bail each.

Twenty Toledo, O., lumbermen have been sentenced to serve six months in jail for violating the city's anti-trust laws.

A Russian anarchist tried to throw a bomb at the police of New York during a riot of unemployed. A companion was killed and he was fatally wounded.

The assassin of W. D. Stevens has pleaded insanity.

Secretary Taft will deliver the Memorial day oration at Grant's tomb, New York.

President Jordan defends the Stanford faculty and denounces the students' movement as a revolt.

Congressman French, of Idaho, prophesies that no immigration measure will pass congress this session.

A score of persons were hurt by a heavy wind in the vicinity of New Boston, Iowa, and Madison, Illinois.

Pittsburg bankers admit that the paying teller and auditor of the Farmers' Deposit National bank have stolen \$1,105,000 during the past three years.

The British house of commons has passed a bill providing that all clocks be advanced 80 minutes in order to use more daylight by promoting early rising.

The general assembly of Virginia has adopted a resolution removing Judge J. W. G. Blackstone, of the Eleventh circuit, from office on grounds of incapacity and gross neglect of official duty.

MESSENGER IS KILLED

Robbers Then Loot Express Safes of Valuables.

Newton, Kan., March 31.—A. D. Bailey, an express messenger of the Wells Fargo company, was killed by an unknown person on Santa Fe train No. 115, between Florence and Newton, early Sunday morning. The murder was very brutal, with robbery as the object. Both the local and the through safes were ransacked and at least \$1,000 in money and some jewelry taken. The amount the robbers secured is not known.

The dead body of Messenger Bailey was found at 4 o'clock Sunday morning when the train reached Newton. It was stretched on the floor of the car, the head beaten to a pulp and lying in a pool of blood. The back of the skull was crushed and the end of the car where it was lying was spattered with blood. The blood spatters reached to the ceiling.

There was no evidence of any struggle, the indications pointing to the commission of the murder while the messenger was asleep, before he could offer resistance. Bailey was seen alive at Strong City. At Feabody someone opened the car door just enough to throw out a package of waybills and then closed it quickly.

The custom of the messenger has been to go to sleep soon after leaving Florence and it is possible that he did this Sunday night. After being struck while sleeping, and rendered unconscious, his body rolled to the floor, and the robber, after beating him on the head, covered it with the dead man's coat. One blow was struck at the man's face with some sharp instrument, apparently a hatchet, which broke the jaw bone. From the dead man's pockets the keys were removed and the safes ransacked. Then the keys were put back into Bailey's overcoat, the coat folded and put in his grip, where it was found later.

ORDER RATES CUT.

Commission Finds O. R. & N. Tolls Are Excessive.

Portland, March 31.—It is understood the Oregon Railroad commission will sustain the complaint of the Portland chamber of commerce against the O. R. & N. company and will issue an order this week requiring a material reduction in class rates over the main and branch lines of that road throughout the state.

The extent to which existing tariffs will be affected by the ruling of the commission cannot be learned, but the effect may be to disturb transcontinental rates and, probably, to require an adjustment all along the line in the interest both of the railroad and the shipper. If the decision of the commission is attacked by the Harriman interests it will be assailed undoubtedly on the ground that its enforcement would necessitate not only a wholesale revision by the railroad of its tariffs but would seriously disturb interstate business.

It is expected that the findings of the commission will be made the basis of litigation on the part of the railroad company positively to test the powers of the railroad commission which, under the act by which it was created, is authorized to fix rates. The members of the commission were cautious and thorough in their investigation of the complaint of excessive freight charges. It is said the commissioners feel confident that their findings will be found to be fair and reasonable and such as cannot be considered an arbitrary exercise of the authority with which they are clothed.

Closely Guard Adams.

Telluride, Colo., March 31.—As the result of the attempt to murder General Buckley Wells, general manager of the Smuggler-Union mines and mills at Pandora, Sheriff Fitzpatrick is taking precautions to guard the jail in which Steve Adams, charged with the assassination of Arthur L. Collins, General Wells' predecessor, is confined. The feeling against Adams is becoming more bitter from day to day.

Feeling against Adams has also been engendered, it is said, because of the fact that during the past two weeks fully a score or more of miners and others who were deported during strike days have returned to the district.

Going Out of Business.

Victoria, B. C., March 31.—News was brought by the Empress of China today that of the 28 emigration companies in the business in Japan last year, but three remain. The Morioka company is arranging to send emigrants to Callao, the first shipment of 1,000 being embarked just before the Empress of China left; the Meiji company will send 500 Japanese to Peru in April and the Kokoku company is arranging to send 1,000 to Brazil. The Morioka company has chartered a steamer to carry 3,000 Japanese to Chile.

Another Plot Discovered.

Port Au Prince, March 31.—A fresh conspiracy against the government has been discovered in this city. The leader of the plot, General Larraque, who was arrested on March 14 on suspicion of conspiring against the president and who was released with four others on March 24, took refuge this afternoon in the French legation.

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No. 2—
Train leaves Albany..... 12:25 P. M.
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No. 3—
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Arrives Detroit..... 12:40 P. M.

No. 4—
Leaves Detroit..... 1:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany..... 5:25 P. M.

No. 5—
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Leaves Albany for Corvallis..... 7:00 A. M.
Arrives Corvallis..... 8:20 A. M.

No. 10—
Leaves Albany..... 8:35 P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis..... 9:55 P. M.

No. 6—
Leaves Albany..... 7:30 P. M.
Arrives Corvallis..... 8:55 P. M.

No. 7—
Leaves Corvallis..... 5:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany..... 8:20 P. M.

No. 8—
Leaves Corvallis..... 12:20 P. M.
Arrives at Albany..... 1:15 P. M.

No. 9—
Leaves Albany..... 8:00 P. M.
Arrives Albany..... 8:50 P. M.

No. 11—
Leaves Corvallis..... 11:15 A. M.
Arrives at Albany..... 12:55 P. M.

No. 12—
Leaves Albany..... 12:15 P. M.
Arrives at Corvallis..... 1:10 P. M.

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