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BY MISADVENTURE FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

I glanced around to see that there was nothing Mr. Lynn could pry into or take away during my absence, and seeing all safe, I left him. In my sitting room I found Dr. Audrey waiting to see me.

"I saw Lynn's horse outside, and I dropped in to know if he were here. I should like to see him before he goes. If you don't mind my waiting here."

"Go in and see him at once," said I. "I have done with him."

He thanked me and went into the office, while I slipped into my dining room, which, as I have said, is divided from the office by a half-glazed door, that intercepts sound so slightly that what takes place in one room is audible in the other. If anyone thinks it is wrong to play at eavesdropping, let them remember that I am only a lawyer. I have no compunction at listening in a case of this kind.

They had got through their first greeting when I reached the door, but as I saw through the old green taffety curtains, they still held each other by the hand.

"A mere sprain; that's all. Painful enough at first; just enough to keep me from running about, you know," Lynn was saying in his bluff, open tone.

"Why on earth didn't you write a word or two to us?" asked Audrey.

"Oh, I don't want to make a fuss about a trifle—especially at such a time—and you know what women are when there's anything the matter with a fellow," Lynn replied, throwing himself into a chair.

"Your silence made us think that the accident was not a trifle," Audrey said, half sitting himself on the table and facing his friend.

"I see now that I was to blame. I'm sorry for it. That's all I can say, my dear fellow."

"I am sorry also. It must have troubled Miss Dalrymple; it would have offended her had she been an ordinary girl. Old Keene here doesn't like you; I want he has put a bad construction on your silence and done his utmost to set her against you. Indeed it taxed my ingenuity to find excuses for your neglect."

Lynn toyed with his riding whip in silence for a few minutes (during which his quick brain had conceived a plausible means of escape), and then he said: "Audrey, old fellow, I must tell you all. I can't keep a secret—at any rate, from you. I purposely stayed away—I was purposely silent."

"Why? Let us have the whole matter out from beginning to end."

"Some months ago this old rascal here, Keene, for what purpose I cannot imagine—let me believe that I was heir to Flexmore's fortune. In the belief that I should before long be in a decent position to maintain a wife, I sought to win Gertrude—Miss Dalrymple. Well, on the day of Flexmore's death I discovered the truth—that I had nothing to expect from him."

The barefaced effrontery of this lie nearly took my breath away.

"I had been living rather extravagantly, in fact—relying on being able to recoup myself sooner or later, and then suddenly I realized that I was thrown upon my own resources, in debt, and incapable of providing the woman I loved with the home I had absolutely offered her a few days before. Of course, I am to blame—I know that. I ought to have been prudent, I ought not to have counted upon Flexmore's generosity. I ought not to have offered my hand before I was assured beyond the possibility of doubt that I had enough to marry upon. But you know what I am—a headstrong, impulsive, thoughtless, reckless, thrifless, unhappy wretch!" His voice faltered, he covered his face with his hands, rose abruptly, stamping with impudence at his own weakness, and turned in silence to the window. It was not a bad piece of acting; it took Audrey in completely. Her nose went to the window, and, slipping his hand through the other's arm, said:

"There's nothing unpardonable in that, Lynn—nothing that she will not readily forgive."

"I know it, Audrey, and that's the worst part about it. I must break off the engagement, but I know not how with such a generous girl as that. I know what she will say when I tell her I am a beggar; she will say, 'No matter, I can wait till you are rich.' Wait—good gracious! I am in debt now; a penniless beggar must remain; I haven't the ability to gain fifty pounds a year, and never shall have. No; it must be broken off. I said that from the first. Do you know, I forced myself to affront her, that she might throw me over—I pretended a brutally cruel feeling towards dear little Laure, poor child; that Gertrude might think me unfeeling. I went off to London without a word of farewell, I refrained from writing one kind word—all with the same purpose. Don't you see now?"

"Yes; but all that must be made clear to her," said Audrey, slowly.

"Made clear to her? Is that the way to break off this unfortunate engagement?"

"No; but there is no necessity to break off the engagement."

"What do you mean? Surely you wouldn't have me ask her to wait till I grow rich—rich! I, who never did a decent day's work in my life."

"No; you will not see her that. She did not inquire whether you were rich or poor when she consented to be your wife; she will not refuse you now for any reason of that kind. You must explain your silence, and ask her to marry you at once. Listen to me, Lynn—I am not advising you without reason. Flexmore wished you to be the guardian, with Miss Dalrymple, of little Laure, and to take the interest of the money in trust for her until she came of age. By an accident that wish was prevented from being legally carried out; but, virtually, you are as much entitled to the money as though the accident had not happened. Miss Dalrymple has consented to take care of the child permanently—relieving me of a certain part of my duty. Legally I shall remain her guardian, and shall in fact exercise my function whenever a question arises respecting her welfare, but virtually she is Miss Dalrymple's ward, and her services must be paid for. I shall settle upon her all that is paid me as interest arising from Flexmore's bequest."

"But, my dear fellow, you are robbing yourself—you are carrying generosity beyond all the bounds of reason!" exclaimed Lynn.

"No, I am doing nothing of the kind. I shall simply be carrying out Flexmore's intentions, and I shall remain as rich as I have been. Whether you marry Miss Dalrymple or not, I shall settle the money on her. But now you know you have no excuse for breaking off the engagement."

Did you ever read of heroism to beat this—a man relinquishing fortune, and the fair chance of making the girl he loved his wife, from chivalrous consideration of that girl's happiness, and a conscientious feeling of duty?"

Those sponsors made a pretty good forecast at his character and disposition when they gave him the name of John Howard; for I doubt if the great philanthropist was ever more loving to the good, more generous to the erring, or kinder to the weak.

"I should like to know what you would have done, seeing an honest man bamboozled and cheated by a lying, subtle rascal on the other side of a half-glazed door with a taffety blind. If you are an ordinary person, with an ordinary love of truth and an ordinary hatred of deceit, I'll be bound you would have fung open that door and told simple Dr. Audrey that Lynn Yeames was a liar and a cheat, and proclaimed all you knew about him and his motives; but if you are like me, a wily old lawyer, you would have done nothing of the kind. For Dr. Audrey believed that my prejudice against Lynn Yeames amounted to a mania; I had no proof whatever to substantiate a charge against him, and in the absence of proof Dr. Audrey would be fully justified in believing a trusted friend in preference to a biased lawyer. How could I prove that he knew nothing about the will before his mother telegraphed to him after the reading of it? I could only declare that he did not know; he could declare that he did. He had ingenuity to invent reasons as good for his knowing the fact as those I could produce to show that he was ignorant of the real truth. In a case of hard swearing the judge must lean towards the side which seems least capable of duplicity, and it would go hard with the lawyer in such a case."

These conditions decided me to leave the half-glazed door as it was, and to seek some more than ordinary means of discomfiting an extraordinary rascal. I felt sure of this—that Dr. Audrey would insist upon Lynn going at once and telling his story to his sweetheart; and it seemed to me that the best thing I could do was to go to Flexmore House before-hand and prevent Mr. Lynn deceiving Miss Dalrymple as he had deceived Dr. Audrey.

"Mrs. Guttridge," said I to my housekeeper, who is a careful woman, and delivers messages correctly, "I can't wait any longer; I don't wish to disturb Dr. Audrey and his friend, who seem to be having a nice little chat. If they ask for me, you will say that I had an appointment to keep, but that I shall be at home from nine till twelve to-morrow morning."

With that I trotted off to Flexmore House as fast as my legs would carry me; but there was plenty of time to think on the way, and I had plenty to think about. How was I to warn Miss Dalrymple? To tell her bluntly that her lover was a scamp would not do. Her love would only strengthen in defending him against his accuser.

But did she still love him? Had she ever really loved him? I was inclined to answer no to both questions. I believed that as yet she had really loved no one. Yet I was not sufficiently sure to feel that I could with safety speak openly on the subject. And that is why I made up a fairy story—a pretty occupation for a lawyer, you will say.

They saw me, Nurse Gertrude and little Laure, from the drawing room window as I came up the gravel path, and the child darted off to open the door, and both welcomed me with smiles on the threshold.

I found opportunity only to begin my story when Mr. Yeames himself appeared. I gathered up my hat, great coat, comforter, and stick, and, tucking them under one arm and little Laure under the other, slipped into the adjoining room, where

we shut ourselves in, just as Mr. Yeames was admitted to the drawing room by the other door.

I would have given anything to know what was taking place there; but I could not well put my ear to the keyhole in the presence of little Laure, so I had to content myself with the hope that Nurse Gertrude would see through the wiles of her crafty visitor. It was exasperating to hear the murmur of voices and not to distinguish what was being said, however. I learned later on from a certain source what took place in this interview, and I will set it down here as if I had seen and heard all—which, in my mind, I certainly did when the mere facts of the case were made known to me.

Standing by the door as he closed it Lynn made a grave inclination of his head expressive of respect, contrition—anything you like; then he stepped forward hastily with his hand out, his hand erect, his chest thrown forward, in a manly, honest way. She put her hand in his.

"Can you forgive me?" he asked, holding her hand and speaking in that rapid, full undertone that is supposed to express earnest anxiety. "Gertrude!" he added with a tender inflection, putting forth his left arm to take her by the waist.

Nothing succeeds like audacity with certain women; but Gertrude was not of that set, and, quietly shrinking to avoid his touch, she withdrew her hand and seated herself with the slightest deprecatory movement of her head. I can see that graceful, dignified movement as I write—a kind of "no-thank-you" movement. With a deep sigh Lynn dropped his hands by his sides and sank into a chair.

"I ought to have spoken out at the very first, I know that," he said, in the tone of a man candidly admitting an amiable weakness. "I ought to have given you an explanation; but I was beside myself that morning."

"As you have not offered any explanation since, I am to suppose that you have been beside yourself rather over a week," said Miss Dalrymple, with sympathy in her voice.

"Indeed I have," he said. "Then I think a little apparent eccentricity of conduct must certainly be forgiven," and so, as if she had dismissed the subject, she asked in a tone of ordinary civility, "And when did you return?"

"Oh, I—er—came back this morning," replied Mr. Lynn uncomfortably.

"Dr. Audrey has asked frequently after you. I suppose you have not had time to call upon him?"

"No—that is, yes; I saw him coming along."

"How very fortunate! Mr. Keene has been inquiring about you. Of course, you have not seen him?"

"No, knowing how much she knew, he would not admit the fact that he had seen me also."

"E—yes, I have, had to call upon him on a pressing matter of business, you know."

"Then, now I suppose you have satisfied nearly everybody's curiosity. Isn't it a great relief to you?"

(To be continued.)

TREE-DESTROYING RIVER.
Western Stream that Chews Up the Growth Along the Banks.

The Gila river enters the Colorado west of Yuma, and we crossed its angry waters through a maze of eddies and whirlpools through which immense quantities of driftwood were whirling in a mad race, says a writer in Harper's Magazine, reaching the worst of the turmoil, we reached the town at landing speed and made triumphant race with half our journey accomplished.

At most places along shore the river had reached the line of older growths and was leveling the larger trees by hundreds wherever a bend of the river directed the force of the current against the far shore. Trees ten inches in diameter and twenty to thirty feet high were constantly toppling into the insatiable river.

The fall of these larger trees was always graceful. The first intimation of it was a distinct shiver that ran through the entire tree, but was most marked in the upper branches; a moment later the tree would bend gracefully forward as if bowing to its enemy. An instant's pause and it would sink slowly into the rushing waters that had reached to the loosened and insubstantial roots.

Tree after tree of this large growth would start down the river broadside to the current. Slowly at first it would roll over and over, tangling its branches into a great skeleton wheel, rolling faster and faster as the branches became more impacted and presented fewer projecting points to catch and hold a moment in the shallower reaches. Eventually the branches would be worn off in such progress, leaving only the tougher roots to retard it. Then the denuded tree would give up the struggle, and whirling into the line of least resistance, would float head on down stream until caught by the spreading roots in some shallow.

The Philosopher Also Increasingly Grims.—The feminine population seems to have increased wonderfully during the last few weeks.

Briggs—What do you mean?
Griggs—Why, when I was married a month ago, my wife seemed to be the only woman in the world.—Boston Transcript.

Between 5,000 and 6,000 alcohol engines are now in operation in Germany.

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.

Mining industries of Montana are reviving.

Catholics of San Francisco held special mass to pray for rain.

The bandits who shot Marshall Miller at Kent, Wash., are surrounded by a large posse.

While "playing burglar" a 14-year-old boy of Woodstock, Oregon, shot his 9-year-old sister through the heart.

It is now against the law to bind the feet of women in China, and many of the opium dens have been closed.

The office of the anarchist paper La Question Sociale, has been dismantled and the printing material removed.

Governor Hughes of New York, threatens to call out the militia if necessary, to stop race track gambling in that state.

Admiral Serebr and the officers and crews of the cruisers California and Tennessee received a great welcome at Everett, Wash., enroute to Seattle.

While the contralto soloist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was singing at the Armory in Portland one afternoon a canary drew the attention of the entire audience by alighting on the sill of an open window and singing lustily.

Seven jurors have been secured to try Abe Ruef.

It is now reported that Admiral Evans is on the mend.

Eight jurors have been secured to try Percy La Ford of San Francisco, for bribery.

Salem people saw a strange light traveling in the air for about half an hour Sunday evening.

Seven hundred junks were sunk and 2000 people drowned in Hankow, China, as the result of a midnight flood.

Four "trusties" escaped from the Salem penitentiary. They had been working on the asylum for feebleness.

The B. R. Lewis Lumber company and the Idaho & Northern Railway, of Coeur d'Alene, are in the hands of a receiver.

The selection of a jury to open the ballot boxes and examine the ballots of the New York majority contest of 1905 has begun.

Three persons were killed, several hundred injured, and 10,000 made homeless and \$10,000,000 worth of property destroyed by the fire at Chelsea, a suburb of Boston.

Anna Gould has sailed for Europe.

Nearly 5,000 acres of hops have been plowed up in England.

Several Mexican towns have been shaken by an earthquake.

At the Los Angeles hearing Santa Fe officials have admitted rate discrimination.

A new copyright treaty has been entered into by the United States and Mexico.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, ex-premier of Great Britain, is growing weaker.

The Portuguese premier has offered his resignation, but the king has refused it.

Massachusetts Republicans have elected unincorporated delegates to the national convention.

Roosevelt may send a special message to congress on the question of the number of battleships to be built.

German building trades employers have disagreed with their workmen and 50,000 of the latter are out of work.

Chicago has just received \$863,340 as its share of the net earnings of the street railway companies for the past year.

Clerks and other officials in the various government departments at Washington, D. C., have been warned not to mix in politics.

The American government is not likely to intervene in Hayti.

The Republican National convention will have two Taft delegates from New York.

Another record breaking year for trans-Atlantic passenger business is in sight.

Harriman has secured control of the Erie railroad, giving him an ocean-to-ocean line.

The Olive Street bank, St. Louis, having a capital of \$100,000 and deposits of \$350,000, has been closed.

FORTY MILLION BUSHELS.

Oregon, Washington and Idaho Make New Record for Wheat.

Total 1907 Grain Crop.

	Bushels
Wheat	58,000,000
Barley	10,000,000
Oats	12,000,000
Total	80,000,000

Shipments by Water to April 1

	Bushels
Wheat	37,700,000
Barley	1,057,000

Shipments East by Rail to April 1

	Bushels
Wheat	100,000
Barley	2,724,000
Oats	500,000

Stocks on Hand April 1

	Bushels
Wheat	11,250,000
Barley	1,850,000
Oats	2,240,000

Portland, April 14.—With the departure this month of seven chartered ships now loading at Portland, and five loading on Puget Sound, the greatest season in the history of the North Pacific grain trade will be practically over. There are a few straggling ships coming along for May-June loading, and at least two more steamers will load wheat for the Orient, but the movement has been so rapid this season that May 1 will find the business nearer cleaned up than in any previous "big crop" year. When the returns are all in for April, it will be found that Oregon, Washington and Idaho for the first time in their history, have shipped (for export) 40,000,000 bushels of wheat, and still have some on hand to tide over the dull season until the new crop arrives.

The 1907 wheat crop of the three states was a record-breaker by nearly 10,000,000 bushels, reaching a grand total of 58,000,000 bushels, and on account of the good prices prevailing throughout the season, it moved more rapidly proportionately than any of its predecessors. Not only was the wheat crop the largest on record, but barley, which has been steadily increasing in prominence as one of the great staples of the Pacific Northwest, also established a new mark with a crop of nearly 10,000,000 bushels. Oats, exclusive of the crop grown in the La Cumbre district on Puget Sound, is credited with a yield of 12,000,000 bushels in the three states.

These figures which show a grand total of 80,000,000 bushels of the three leading cereals, are compiled from accurate statistics, kindly supplied by the railroad companies, and by prominent grain exporters in various parts of the three states. The figures fall short of some of the earlier estimates made on the crops, and naturally are several million bushels smaller than the government figures on oats and barley.

Washington's 40,000,000 bushel crop of wheat dwindled to about 35,000,000; that of Oregon was slightly under 18,000,000, and Idaho's was somewhat over 5,000,000 bushels of a receiver.

WILL GO ABROAD.

President Will Leave Matters Entirely To His Successor.

Washington, April 14.—Should President Roosevelt's present desires be realized, he will spend the first year after his retirement from office in traveling outside the United States. Mr. Roosevelt's itinerary, however, has not been determined. His plan is to see some of the rugged and little frequented portions of foreign lands, as well as to travel the beaten track of the tourist. That the president will indulge in his fondness for hunting big game is believed by those to whom he has confided his intentions.

It was at the recent dinner of the Boone and Crockett Club in this city that the president last told of his intentions for next year. He was told of the opportunities for hunting in Alaska, and urged to arrange for a trip there. This, he said, would interfere with his plan, for foreign travel and would have to be considered, if at all, at some future time.

Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as adding at this time: "If William H. Taft is nominated and elected president, which would be very gratifying, it would make impossible criticism if I were abroad, to the effect that I was dictating to him and being followed, or that I had dictated and had been turned down in my suggestions."

New Emblem for Democracy.

Denver, April 14.—A monster tiger, constructed of papier mache, will welcome the delegates to Denver when they come to the Democratic National Convention July 7. This emblem has been selected instead of the prosaic donkey, as the striped king of the jungle lends himself more readily to the purposes of ornamentation. A special committee of citizens is at work devising plans for the suitable decoration of the city. The decision is to erect a mammoth figure of a tiger at Sixteenth street and Broadway avenue.

Populism Wiped Out.

Topeka, Kan., April 14.—The Populist party in Kansas is officially dead. The Republican state canvassing board has refused its candidates a place on the official ballot because the party at the last state election did not poll 1 per cent of the total vote of the state, as provided by the new primary election law passed in January. The party in 1906 polled fewer than 1200 votes.

ANARCHY A MENACE

Widespread Existence in United States Is Ascending.

ALARM FELT IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES

Thousands of Suspects on Government Lists—Details of Discoveries Kept Secret.

Washington, April 14.—As a result of the work of the government, recently undertaken for the stamping out of anarchy and anarchists in the United States, it leaked out today that government officials are absolutely astounded at the widespread growth of anarchy in this country. Groups of anarchists have been discovered in almost every state in the Union and in most unexpected places. Detailed information concerning their location and numbers was refused by high officials today, but it is known that steps are now being taken by the government to get acquainted with the various groups and their individual members, and that the Reds will be kept under strictest surveillance hereafter.

The clue to the location of the anarchists is said to have been furnished by a list containing the names of several thousands which recently fell into the hands of the government. Tracing down the list, it has been found that for every name on it there are several anarchists, ranging from two or three to a group of 10 or 20, or even more, living in the same town.

According to the local police, extra men have been assigned to the neighborhood in which Postmaster General Meyer lives, and that official was accompanied by plain clothes men when he went to Boston to preside over the Republican convention today.

RUSSIA TO STATE POSITION
Will Reassert Attitude Set Forth by Baron Rosen.

St. Petersburg, April 11.—It is the purpose of the Russian government shortly to issue a statement in the matter of the question of territorial administration that has arisen at Harbin and Chialar. It is understood that this announcement will reassert the attitude set forth recently in Washington by Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador there. This entire question was brought to the front about three weeks ago by the refusal of F. D. Fisher, the American consul at Harbin, to recognize Russian jurisdiction and his insistence that he was accredited solely to China.

The Novoye Vremya today publishes a dispatch from Harbin detailing the progress of the conflict and saying that the antagonism between Russian and China is growing steadily. China opposes all Russian administrative establishment in Manchuria on the ground that the railroad concession carries with it only the rights of a common carrier and does not imply government functions.

DRAFT CODE OF PROCEDURE
Powers Will Move to Establish International Prize Court.

Washington, April 11.—Great Britain has invited the governments which participated in the last Hague conference to send experts to London whose duties shall be to formulate a code of procedure for the proposed international prize court, the establishment of which is provided for in each of the treaties resulting from the conference.

The American government will be represented at the London conference. This conference is regarded as informal in character, and the participation of the United States will require no legislation, except, perhaps, a small appropriation to meet the expenses of the American representatives. The date for the conference has not been fixed. It is stated here that the ratification of the treaty providing for this court will doubtless be delayed by the nations until after the report of this body.

Absorbs Cooper College.

Stanford University, Cal., April 11.—President David Starr Jordan today announced the affiliation of Cooper Medical college, of San Francisco, with Stanford University, and said that the medical institution and Lane hospital will hereafter be under the control of the university trustees. This is the first step towards making a real university at Stanford by the addition of graduate schools in the professional courses. At present, the law department is the only one having complete graduate courses.

Protests Against Quarantine.
Havana, April 11.—Governor General Magdon sent an earnest protest to Washington today against the quarantine against Cuba. His message is supported by reports from American officials throughout the island denying that fever exists anywhere.