

The Santiam News.

VOL. XII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 10, 1908.

NO. 3.

STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.

Walter went up to his room, and hastily packed his trunk. He felt worried and outraged by the unfounded charge that had been made against him. Why, he argued, should Mr. Drummond so readily decide that he had cheated him out of five dollars? He felt that he could not, with any self-respect, remain any longer under the same roof with a man who had such a poor opinion of him.

He was not sorry that his engagement was at an end. He had obtained some knowledge of the dry goods business, and he knew that his services were worth more than his board. Then, again, though he was not particular about living luxuriously, the fact that Mr. Drummond was so unaccountably poor that he did sometimes long for one of the abundant and well-cooked meals which he used to have spread before him at home, or even at his boarding house while a pupil of the Essex Classical Institute. He was packing his trunk, when a step was heard on the stairs, and his door was opened by Mr. Drummond, considerably to Walter's surprise.

The fact is that Mr. Drummond, on realizing what a mistake he had made, and that Joshua was the real culprit, felt that he had gone altogether too far, and he realized that he would be severely censured by Walter's friends in Willoughby. Besides, it was just possible that Walter might, after all, recover a few thousand dollars from his father's estate, and therefore it was better to be on good terms with him. Mr. Drummond determined, therefore, to conciliate Walter, and induce him, if possible, to remain in his house and employ.

"What are you doing, Conrad?" he asked, on entering Walter's chamber. "Surely you are not going to leave us."

"I think it best," said Walter, quietly.

"You won't—ahem!—bear malice on account of the little mistake I have made. We are all liable to mistakes."

"It was something more than a mistake, Mr. Drummond. What had you seen in me to justify you in such a sudden charge of dishonesty?"

"Well, Conrad, I was mistaken. I should be glad to have you come back to the store as before."

"Thank you, Mr. Drummond, but I have decided to go back to Willoughby for a short time. I want to consult Mr. Shaw about the future. It is time I formed some plan, as I shall probably have to earn my living."

"If you have made up your mind, all I have to say is that my humble dwelling will be ever open to receive you in the future. Perhaps, after a short visit at your old home, you may feel inclined to return to my employment. I will give you a dollar a week, besides board."

Mr. Drummond looked as if he felt that this was a magnificent offer, but our hero knew very well that he could command better pay elsewhere, and was not particularly impressed. Still, he wished to be polite.

"Thank you for your offer, Mr. Drummond," he said. "But I am not prepared to say, as yet, what I will do."

"I hope," said Mr. Drummond, rather embarrassed, "you won't speak of my little difference to your friends in Willoughby."

"No, sir; not if you wish me not to do so."

By this time the trunk was packed, and Walter, locking it, rose from his knees.

"If it wasn't for too much trouble, Mr. Drummond," he said, "I will send for my trunk to-morrow."

"Certainly. Why don't you wait till to-morrow yourself?"

her husband. "That boy sold a shawl a fortnight ago, when alone in the store, and pocketed the money."

"Who said I did?" asked Joshua, boldly, though he looked a little pale.

"The woman who bought it of you was in the store to-day."

"Did she know my name?"

"No; but she described you."

"I remember now."

"What made you keep the money?"

"I didn't. I waited till Conrad came into the store, and gave the money to him. What he did with it, I don't know. Perhaps he forgot to put it in the drawer."

"That's a lie, Joshua Drummond," said Walter, quietly, "and you know it is."

"Do you mean to say I lie?" blustered Joshua.

"I wouldn't if I wasn't obliged to; but in my own defense I am compelled to do so."

"What could I want of the money?" demanded Joshua.

"I think you wanted the money to buy lottery tickets with," said Walter, calmly.

"To buy lottery tickets with?"

"What does this mean, Joshua?" demanded his father, sternly.

"It's a lie," said Joshua, unblushingly.

"Can you prove this charge which you have made against my son?" asked Mr. Drummond, turning to Walter.

"I can, but I am sorry to be obliged to do so. I picked up this letter a day or two since, and intended to give it back to Joshua, but it escaped my mind. I would not have exposed him if he had not tried to charge me with theft."

He placed in Mr. Drummond's hands the letter already given, announcing to Joshua that he had drawn a blank. Mr. Drummond read it with no little anger, for he detested lotteries.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Give me a ticket to Willoughby," said Walter.

Five minutes later he was occupying a seat, or, rather, half a seat, for there sat next to him a brisk, energetic-looking man of about thirty years of age. He had been reading the morning paper, but apparently he had got through with it, for he folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"Fine day," he said, briskly.

"Yes, sir, very fine," answered Walter.

"Some people are affected by the weather; I am not," pursued his fellow traveler.

"I feel as smart one day as another. I'm always cheerful. I've got too much business to do to mope. When a man's got enough to busy himself about, he hasn't time to be in the dumps."

"There's a good deal in that," said Walter.

"Of course there is. Push along, keep moving, that's my motto. Are you in business?"

"No, sir, not at present."

"I'm in the subscription book business—got an office in New York. We send out agents everywhere to canvass for our publications. Lots of money in it."

"Is there?"

"Yes, I used to be an agent myself, and, though I say it, I don't think there are many agents that can get ahead of me. Sometimes I used to make twenty dollars a day. At last I thought I'd like to settle down, so I bought partnership, and now, instead of being an agent, I send out agents."

"Isn't twenty dollars a day pretty large for an agent to make?" asked Walter.

"Yes, there are not many who do it, but plenty make from five to ten right along. You look as if you would make a good agent."

"What makes you think so?" asked Walter.

"You look smart."

"Thank you," said Walter, laughing. "I am afraid you won't think so much of my ability when I tell you that I have been working for the last three months for my board."

"It's a shame. You'd better come with us. We'll do much better by you than that."

"I am going to consult some friends about my future plans. If you are willing to tell me a little of your business, I will think of what you propose."

"I have with me our latest publication. It's going like wildfire. Just the thing to please the people. I will show it to you."

Walter looked with interest while his new acquaintance drew out from a carpetbag, which he had beneath the seat, a good-sized parcel wrapped in brown paper. Untying it, he produced a bulky octavo, in flashy binding, and abounding in illustrations. He opened the book and turned over the leaves rapidly.

"It's stuffed full of illustrations, you see," said he. "The expense of the pic-

tures alone was absolutely enormous; he added, dwelling upon the last word by way of emphasis. "But we're going to make it pay. The sale will be immense. Our agents already in the field report remarkable sales."

"What's the title of the book?" asked Walter, who had yet been unable to determine this point, by reason of the rapid turning of the pages.

"Scenes in Bible Lands." We include other countries besides Palestine, and we've made a book that'll sell. Most every family will want one."

"What terms do you offer to agents?"

"Why, the book sells at retail at three dollars and fifty cents. Of this, the agent keeps one dollar and twenty-five cents. Pretty good, isn't it?"

"Yes, I should think it was."

"You see you have only to sell four copies a day to make five dollars. If you're smart, you can do better than that."

It really did seem very good to Walter, who couldn't help comparing it with the miserable wages he had received from Mr. Drummond.

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.

Major Woodruff declares the army age limit should be 60 years.

Socialists have nominated candidates for president and vice president.

The American aeroplane flying machine made a very successful trial trip.

A meeting of the elder statesmen of Japan will discuss grave political affairs.

Mexican troops surrounded and captured 40 rebels without a shot being fired.

British Columbia has issued fishing licenses to only three Japanese for the coming season.

Revolutionists in Paraguay have overthrown the government and established a new one.

The American battleship fleet is all at San Francisco, ready to start on its homeward trip around the world.

The nine balloons in the Chicago-to-Atlantic race all landed without any fatalities. None of them reached the Atlantic.

Carelessness on the part of the engineer caused a Santa Cruz passenger train to crash into a local at Oakland, Cal., killing seven and injuring about thirty.

The driver of a wagon full of women and children tried to cross the track in front of an electric car at Los Angeles, but was too slow. Four children and the driver were killed and all the others injured.

Bryan is working hard to reunite his party.

The Santa Fe shops at Topeka have resumed work with 1,800 men.

The National Educational association has rejected simplified spelling.

Harry Orchard's death sentence has been commuted to life imprisonment.

Many new schemes to avoid prohibition are appearing in "dry" places.

A storm in the harbor of Batavia caused the drowning of about 600 persons.

Wheat in Eastern Oregon and Washington is suffering great damage for lack of rain.

GREAT BALLOON RACE ENDS.

Winner Makes 895 Miles—Many Narrow Escapes.

Chicago, July 7.—The Chicago-to-Atlantic balloon race ended tonight, when the last of the nine contestants came to earth at West Sheffield, Quebec, 800 miles from the starting point. This craft was the Fielding, owned by P. J. Fielding, of San Antonio, Tex. It covered approximately 100 miles more and stayed in the air five hours longer than its nearest competitor, and is also believed to have captured the prize for the balloon which remained in the air the longest.

The contest was marked by several thrilling escapes from drowning.

The Ville de Dieppe dropped into Lake Michigan soon after the start and for an hour or more Colonel A. E. Mueller and George Schoenck, its pilots, were swept across the surface, finally arising with their craft to a height of 7000 feet, from which they descended at Benton Harbor, Mich.

A similar experience fell to the lot of C. H. Perrigo and J. D. Case, the crew of the Illinois. While endeavoring to effect a landing near Lake Ontario their balloon fell into the Bay of Quinte. The aeronauts had donned life preservers and managed to keep afloat until a yacht put off from Glenn Island and rescued them. The fate of the balloon is not known here.

The third serious accident took place near Clinton, Ont. The balloon Columbia could not be controlled by Captain M. Peterson and C. H. Leickler, and they were dashed against trees and dragged through barbed-wire fences. Both men were painfully injured.

The landing places of the nine balloons were as follows: Fielding, West Sheffield, Quebec; American, Carsonville, Mich.; King Edward, Port Huron, Mich.; Chicago, Atwood, Ont.; U. S., Pinkerton Station, Ont.; Columbia, Clinton, Ont.; Cincinnati, Covert, Mich.; Illinois, Glenn Island, Ont.; Ville de Dieppe, Benton Harbor, Mich.

AEROPLANE FLIES.

Goes 600 Yards Beyond Mark and Lands Safely.

Hammondsport, N. Y., July 7.—The Aerial Experiment Association's aeroplane No. 3, the Curtiss June Bug, yesterday earned the right to have its name the first inscribed on the Scientific American trophy for making an official flight of one kilometer in a straight line, measured from the point where it left the ground.

After passing the flag marking the finish, the machine flew 600 yards farther, and landed at the extreme edge of the field, near the railroad track.

About 1000 persons saw the trial. The June Bug crossed three fences and described a letter "S" two thousand yards in length, in one minute and 41 seconds, at a speed of 37 miles an hour, which followed a 900-yard flight in 24 seconds.

The machine never behaved better. Hardly a breath of wind was stirring. The trial today is of great importance, as it is the first official test of an aeroplane ever made in America.

SOCIALISTS NOMINATE.

Martin R. Preston, Now Serving Sentence for President.

New York, July 7.—Candidates for president and vice-president of the United States were named and a platform was adopted by the national committee of the Socialist party here yesterday. The ticket named is as follows:

For president—Martin R. Preston, of Nevada.

For vice-president—Donald Munro, of Virginia.

The nomination of Preston for president was unanimous. The candidate for vice-president was nominated by D. de Leon, who characterized the man he was naming as an "honest working man, not a professional working man," and added, "the name of that man is Martin Preston, and he is now in jail at Goldfield, Nev. Preston is in jail today for conduct that is honorable, and which no working man should be ashamed of."

De Leon explained that Preston had been sentenced to 25 years' imprisonment for shooting a restaurant-keeper in Goldfield three years ago during a strike. Preston, De Leon asserted, had acted as the protector of defenseless girls, and by so doing his action enraged a restaurant-keeper named Silver. Silver, Mr. De Leon stated, "was shot by Preston while threatening to kill the latter."

Big Fire in Port au Prince.

Port au Prince, July 7.—A serious fire broke out here yesterday in the vicinity of the Palace and Senate buildings. The flames spread quickly, there being a high wind and soon reached alarming proportions. Four hundred buildings were burned, including the courthouse and the prison. All of the prisoners, who included a number of women, were taken to other quarters before the building took fire. Sparks were carried to the arsenal, which was also burned together with stores of powder and ammunition.

Recover 228 Bodies.

Yuzono, European Russia, July 7.—An official statement shows that 228 bodies have been recovered from the Rikosis coal mine, where a gas explosion occurred several days ago. Nineteen injured men are now in the hospital. The fire in the mine has been extinguished and yesterday eight miners were brought out alive.

RUEF OUT OF JAIL

Bail Bonds for \$1,560,000 Approved by Court.

PRISONER SEVENTEEN MONTHS

Father and Sister Sign Obligations as Sureties, Holding Property of Ex-Boss in Trust.

San Francisco, July 7.—Abraham Ruef was released from the county jail last night on bonds aggregating \$1,560,000, the largest amount ever given in a criminal case in the state.

This sum is the aggregate bail upon 78 indictments, returned by the Oliver grand jury, charging Ruef with bribing the former board of supervisors in connection with the granting of franchises to public service corporations, and upon which he was taken in custody by the prosecution as a sort of "prisoner of state," in charge of an elisor appointed by Judge Frank H. Dunne and a half a dozen private guards, at an expense of about \$1000 a month.

Since January 10, when the new administration went into office, Ruef has been languishing in the county jail.

Twenty sureties, including Ruef's father and sister, and himself, signed the bonds. It developed yesterday during the examination of his sureties before Superior Judge Frank J. Murasky, that Ruef owned real estate in this city which he recently transferred to his father and sister, upon which a real estate expert, on the witness stand, placed a value of \$1,095,556.

Ruef's annual income from this property was \$75,000. His father and sister went into custody for the amount of \$609,000, while other sureties qualified for \$870,000. Of the latter, Joseph Hirsch and Leopold Hirsch signed five bonds for \$20,000 each, Louis Friedman six bonds of \$20,000 each, and a surety company deposited a certified check for \$100,000, equivalent to \$200,000 in bonds.

Ruef's next trial has been set for July 15 on one of the indictments charging him with bribery in connection with the granting of a trolley franchise to the United Railroad. Although he has been in custody for 16 months, he has been tried but once, the jury disagreeing after being out 44 hours.

After leaving court Ruef went to the home of his parents to join them at dinner, and announced that later he would visit the county jail and bid farewell to the prisoners, and thank them for courtesies shown him.

RYAN IS DICTATOR.

Has Complete Control of Convention in Denver.

Denver, Colo., July 6.—One great Bryan ratication, leading to a wild burst of enthusiasm in celebration of the triumphant reappearance of the peerless one after a temporary eclipse; a demonstration of the completeness of the new leader's power over all men and measures; amnesty and harmony for all who may be useful and who promise to be good; expulsion from the temple, excommunication and the scaffold for all who have committed less majestic and who refuse to bow the knee in humble plea for pardon—such is to be the Democratic national convention, the first session of which is to begin at noon tomorrow.

Today the Bryan people have the bit in their teeth. They are running strong and free. They are feeling the exaltation of power. They bubble with joy over the triumph they have won over plutocracy. For the great majority of the conquered they have nothing but good-will, and the right hand of good-fellowship. But upon the heads of the few they are preparing to wreak their vengeance.

Guffey, the plutocrat of Pennsylvania; McGraw and his side-partner from West Virginia; Tom Ryan, the head devil of the whole anti-Bryan conspiracy; Sheehan, the head devil's chief scout; Smith, of New Jersey, known as the wolf and poor Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, whose crime is that of being caught in bad company, are to be punished.

Catch Hand Leader.

New York, July 7.—Lieutenant Petrosino and his Italian detectives yesterday were running down the loose ends of their case against a Sicilian, Giuseppe Affinto, who until recently, it is charged, was the moving spirit in many of the East Side bomb-throwings. Affinto was arrested on the specific charge that he threw a bomb in a tenement house in East Seventy-fourth street to intimidate a wealthy Italian in an attempt to blackmail him. This affidavit was sworn to by a man who, the police say, saw the bomb thrown.

Horses Burned.

Portland, July 7.—Fifty horses perished in a fire of unknown origin, which started shortly after 12 o'clock this morning in the Dexter livery stable, corner Fifth and Ankeny streets. The loss to buildings and property is estimated at fully \$15,000.