

# The Santiam News.

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NO. 7.

## STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

### CHAPTER XIX.

An hour passed without a word being spoken by his singular hostess. She went to the window from time to time, and looked out as if expecting some one. At length Walter determined to break the silence, which had become oppressive. It did not seem natural for two persons to be in the same room so long without speaking a word.

"I should think you would find it lonely living in the woods away from any neighbors," he said.

"I don't care for neighbors," said the woman, shortly.

"Have you lived here long?"

"That's as people reckon time," was the answer.

"You don't have far to go for fuel," was the next remark of our hero.

"Did you say you were a book peddler?" she inquired.

"I am a book agent."

"Is your business a good one?" she asked.

"I have done very well so far, but then I have been at it only a week."

"It's a good thing to have money," said the woman, more to herself than to Walter.

"Yes," said Walter, "it's very convenient to have money; but there are other things that are better."

"Such as what?" demanded the woman abruptly.

"Good health, and a good conscience," she laughed scornfully.

"I'll tell you there's nothing so good as money. I've wanted it all my life, and never could get it. Do you think I would live here in the woods if I had money? No, I should like to be a lady, and wear fine clothes, and drive about in a handsome carriage. Why are some people so lucky, while I live in this miserable hole?"

"Perhaps your luck will change some day," he said, though he had little faith in his own words. He wondered how the tall, gaunt woman of the backwoods would look dressed in silks and satins.

"My luck never will change," she said, quickly. "I must live and die in some such hole as this."

"My luck has changed," said Walter, quietly, "but in a different way."

"How?" she asked, betraying in her tone some curiosity.

"A year ago—six months ago—my father was a rich man, or was considered so. He was thought to be worth over a hundred thousand dollars. All at once his property was swept away, and now I am obliged to earn my own living, as you see."

"How did your father lose his money?" she speculated in tones.

"The more fool he!"

"My father is dead," said Walter, gravely. "I cannot bear to hear him blamed."

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman. "I expect you are hungry."

"Yes," said Walter, "I am; but I can wait till your husband comes."

She took out from a small cupboard a plate of bread and some cold meat, and laid them on the table. Then she stepped some tea, and when it was ready, she set it also on the table. Walter understood from this that supper was ready, and, putting on his shoes, which were now dry, he moved his chair up.

The woman poured him out some tea in one of the cracked cups.

The first sip of the tea, which was quite strong, nearly caused a wry expression on Walter's face, but he managed to control himself so far as not to betray his want of relish for the beverage his hostess offered him. The only redeeming quality it had was that it was hot, and, exposed as he had been to the storm, warm drink was agreeable.

"There's some bread and there's some meat," said the woman. "You can help yourself."

Walter ate heartily of the food, and succeeded in emptying his cup of tea. He would have taken another cup if there had been milk and sugar, but it was too bitter to be inviting.

Walter pushed his chair from the table, and sat down again before the fire. She rose and cleared the table, replacing the bread and meat in the cupboard. There was silence for another hour. Walter wished it were time to go to bed, for the presence of such a woman made him feel uncomfortable. But it was too early yet to suggest retiring. At length the silence was broken by a step outside.

"That's Jack," said the woman, rising hastily; and over her face there came a transient gleam of satisfaction, the first Walter had observed.

Before she could reach the door it was opened, and Jack entered. Walter looked up with some curiosity to see what sort of a man the husband of this woman might be. He saw a stout man, with lowering eyes, and matter red hair and beard.

"They are fitly mated," thought our hero.

The man stopped short as his glance rested upon Walter, and he turned quickly to his wife.

"Who have you got here, Meg?" he asked, in a rough voice.

"He was overtaken by the storm, and wanted me to take him in, and give him supper and lodging."

"He's a boy. What brings him into these woods?"

"He says he's a book peddler."

"Where are his books?"

"I have sold them all," said Walter,

feeling called upon to take a personal share in the conversation.

"How many did you have?"

"Twenty."

"How much did you charge for them?"

"Three dollars and a half apiece."

"That's seventy dollars, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can stay here all night if you want to. We ain't used to keeping a tavern, but you'll fare as well as we."

"Thank you. I was afraid I might have to stay out all night."

While his wife was getting out the supper again, the man sat down beside the fire, and Walter had a chance to scan his rough features. There was something in his appearance that inspired distrust, and our hero wished the night were past, and he were again on his way.

### CHAPTER XX.

About nine o'clock Walter intimated a desire to go to bed. The woman lit a candle, and left the room, followed by Walter. She led the way up a rough, unpainted staircase and opened the door of the room over the one in which they had been seated.

Looking around him, Walter found that the chamber which he had entered was as bare as the room below, if not more so. There was not even a bedstead, but in the corner there was a bed on the floor with some ragged bedclothes spread over it.

"That's where you're to sleep," said the woman, pointing it out.

"Good-night," said Walter.

She put the candle on the mantelpiece, for there was no bureau or table in the room, and went out.

"This isn't a very stylish tavern, that's a fact," thought Walter, taking a survey of the room. "I shall have a hard bed, but I guess I can stand it for one night."

There was something else that troubled him more than the poor accommodations. The ill looks of his host and hostess had made a strong impression upon his mind. The particular inquiries which they had made about his success in selling books, and their strong desire for money, led him to feel apprehensive of robbery. He was in the heart of the woods, far away from assistance, and at their mercy. What could he, a boy of fifteen, do against their combined attack? He would have preferred to sleep in the woods without a shelter, rather than have placed himself in their power.

Under the influence of this apprehension, he examined the room to see if there was any way of locking it. But there was neither lock nor bolt. There had been a bolt once, but there was none now. Next he looked about the room to see if there was any heavy article of furniture with which he could barricade the door. But, as has already been said, there was neither bureau nor table. In fact, there was absolutely no article of furniture except a single wooden chair, and that, of course, would be of no service.

"What shall I do?" thought Walter. "That man can enter the room when I am asleep, and rob me of all my money."

Looking about the room, he noticed a closet, the door of which was bolted on the outside. Withdrawing the bolt, he opened the door and looked in. It was nearly empty, containing only a few articles of little or no value. A plan of operations rapidly suggested itself to Walter in case the room should be entered while he was asleep. In pursuance of this plan he threw a few pennies upon the floor of the closet, and then closed the door again. Next he drew from his pocketbook all the money it contained, except a single five-dollar bill. The bank notes thus removed amounted to fifty-five dollars. He then drew off his stockings, and laying the bills in the bottom, again put them on.

Walter's feelings, as he lay on his hard bed on the floor, were far from pleasant. He was not sure that an attempt would be made to rob him, but the probability seemed so great that he could not compose himself to sleep. Suppose was so painful that he almost wished that Jack would come up if he intended to. He was tired, but his mental anxiety triumphed over his bodily fatigue, and he tossed about restlessly.

It was about nine o'clock when he went to bed. Two hours passed, and still there were no signs of the apprehended invasion. But, five minutes later, a heavy step was heard upon the staircase, which creaked beneath the weight of the man ascending. Jack tried to come up softly, but it creaked nevertheless.

Walter's heart beat quick, as he heard the steps approaching nearer and nearer. It was certainly a trying moment, that might have tested the courage of one older than our hero. Presently the door opened softly, and Jack advanced stealthily into the chamber, carrying a candle which, however, was unlighted. He reckoned upon finding Walter undressed, and his clothes hanging over the chair; but the faint light that entered through the window showed him that his intended victim had not removed his clothing.

The robber paused a moment, and then, stooping over, inserted his hand into Walter's pocket. He drew out the pocketbook, Walter making no sign of being aware of what was going on.

"I've got it," muttered Jack, with satisfaction, and stealthily retraced his steps to the door. He went out, carefully closing it after him, and again the steps creaked beneath his weight.

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"I'm afraid he'll come back when he finds how little there is in it," thought Walter. "If so, I must trust to my plan."

The door was soon again thrown open, and Jack strode in, bearing in his hand a candle, this time lighted. He advanced to the bed, and, bending over, shook Walter vigorously.

"What's the matter?" asked our hero, this time opening his eyes, and assuming a look of surprise. "Is it time to get up?"

"It's time for you to get up. I've got something to say to you."

"Well," said Walter, sitting up in bed, "I'm ready."

"Where've you put the money you had last night?"

Walter put his hand in his pocket.

"It was in my pocketbook," he said; "but it's gone."

"Here is your pocketbook," said Jack, producing it.

"Did you take it out of my pocket? What made you take it? Do you mean to steal my money?"

"Yes, I do; and the sooner you hand it over the better."

"I have some more money," said Walter. "But I hope you will let me keep it."

"What made you take it out of your pocketbook?"

"Because I thought I should have a visit from you."

"What made you think so?" demanded Jack, rather surprised.

"I can't tell, but I expected a visit, so I took out most of my money and hid it."

"Then you'd better find it again. I can't wait here all night. Get up, and find me that money, or I'll be the worse for you."

"I hid some money in that closet," said Walter. "I thought you would not think of looking there."

No sooner was the closet pointed out than Jack eagerly strode toward it and threw open the door. He entered it, and began to peer about him, holding the candle in his hand.

"Where did you put it?" he inquired, turning to question Walter.

But he had scarcely spoken when our hero closed the door hastily, and, before Jack could recover from his surprise, had bolted it on the outside. To add to the discomfort of the imprisoned robber, the wind produced by the violent slamming of the door blew out the candle, and he found himself a captive, in utter darkness.

"Let me out, or I'll murder you!" he roared, kicking the barrier that separated him from his late victim, now his captor.

Walter saw that there was no time to lose. The door, though strong, would probably soon give way before the strength of his prisoner. When the liberation took place, he must be gone. He held the handle of his carpenter between his teeth, and, getting out of the window, lunged down. The distance was not great, and he alighted upon the ground without injury. Without delay he plunged into the woods, not caring in what direction he went, as long as it carried him away from his dishonest landlord.

(To be continued.)

**The Other Reason.**

A teamster retires at the age of ninety with an accumulation of \$50,000. He says he wants and is entitled to a rest. Some inquirers want to know how he could have saved so much on \$12 a week, the highest wages he ever received. The answer is easy. He got \$2 a day. He lived on an asleep, and rob me of all my money."

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**Gold Hoax.**

Manager—Do you play by note?  
Violinist—Nefn. Cash only.

## 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 great Paris strike has ended in a failure.

Wheat is booming in Chicago and has gone above the \$1 mark.

Employees of all the paper trust's mills have gone on a strike.

A man has been killed in Nevada by a friend who mistook him for a deer.

Great preparations are being made for the reception of the battleship fleet at Auckland.

Governor Hughes, of New York, is preparing for a more vigorous fight against betting men.

Eastern politicians say Hearst's independence party has less chance of winning than the Socialists.

The United States and Great Britain are to unite and bring pressure to bear on Belgium for reforms in Congo.

George A. Pettibone, leader of the Western Federation of Labor, died in a Denver hospital as a result of an operation for cancer.

Detective Burns, employed on the San Francisco graft cases, is securing a salary of \$625 a month and his 26 assistants \$150 each.

Harriman says there should be an increase in freight rates in order to secure good service. He favors a readjustment rather than a general increase.

The pope will create ten new cardinals next fall.

The French government is relentless in its fight against labor rioters.

An immense power has been gained by Harriman through his alliance with Gould.

Roosevelt has reinstated a number of West Point hazards to be disciplined by the faculty.

The sultan has appeared on the streets unattended for the first time during his reign.

Castro has dismissed all Dutch consuls and demands apology for insults.

F. D. Spaulding, a wealthy automobile manufacturer of San Francisco, perished in the Yuma desert.

Suit has been commenced against the Cleveland Traction company for violating its charter granted by the city.

Samuel E. Moffat, an editorial writer on Collier's magazine, is dead. He was a nephew of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain).

One miner was killed and two fatally injured in an explosion of gas in a coal mine near Scranton, Pa. A number of men were slightly hurt.

Bryan is busy on his speech of acceptance.

Hot weather set fire to a great coal pile at Reno, Nev.

Officials of the Philippine railroad are making arrangements to extend it.

Dismissals of consuls may cause a quarrel between the United States and Honduras.

Reports are being received at Republican headquarters of babies named after Taft.

Gould has got money from Harriman to pay his railroad debts, and lost control of the Wheeling road.

M. R. Preston will not accept the Socialist nomination for president, and August Gillhaus has been named.

Panama is afraid the United States wants to annex the country and Roosevelt has sent a reassuring message.

Eastern railroads have begun an attack on a law passed by the last congress limiting the hours of continuous service of employees.

The Northwestern road has been buying cars for the rush when the crops begin to move and expects to have use for every piece of rolling stock.

There is some talk of Cortelyou running for governor of New York.

The international peace congress at London is supported by the king and cabinet.

### MANY FAMILIES SEPARATED.

Property Loss at Fernie Not Less Than \$2,500,000.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 4.—A special from Fernie, B. C., to the Spokesman-Review, says:

It is feared that the loss of life will reach beyond 100, for there are so many living people without homes or shelter or food to be looked after that up to the present no effort has been made to ascertain the number of those who lost their lives.

In the district swept by the flames there is estimated to have been some 7,000 people. Two thousand of those people have been sent west to Cranbrook and Elko, some 1,500 fled from the flames to the northward and reached Hosmer and other places along the line.

The Great Northern train took all the people it could carry up the line, fighting its way through sheets of flames before reaching a place of safety.

Scores of families were separated, husbands not knowing where their wives and children were, and in some instances it was ascertained this morning that members of the same family were in Cranbrook, Fernie and Hosmer.

The lowest estimates of the amount of the loss is placed at \$2,500,000, and as nearly as can be ascertained the insurance carried will amount to something like \$1,500,000. Of the 7,000 people who had been housed yesterday, 3,000 have been taken away. It is estimated by the committee appointed that there will be 3,500 who will have to be furnished with temporary shelter and food.

### DEATH LIST GROWS.

Seventy-Four Said to Have Perished in Destruction of Fernie.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Aug. 4.—As a result of bush fires the town of Fernie, B. C., is wiped off the map as a child cleans a slate. Michel, 14 miles distant, is in flames and the fate of Hosmer and Sparwood, intervening towns, is in doubt, they being cut off from communication.

Over 100 lives are known to have been lost, 74 of them in Fernie.

A territory of 100 square miles is a seething mass of flames. Through it are scattered hundreds of lumbermen and prospectors, so that the actual loss of life will not be known for days.

The properties of the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways are destroyed, the bridges and rolling stock burned so that it is impossible to enter or leave the burning area.

There is no possibility of estimating the loss of life and property which will result, for the flames are driven by a half gale, making it impossible to put up a fight against their advance.

The conflagration is the greatest which has ever reached Canada and ranks only with the San Francisco disaster.

For the past month forest fires have been raging in the mountains of Elk river valley country, but they have not been considered serious. Saturday morning a heavy wind sprang up from the west and early in the afternoon the flames appeared over the crest of the mountains to the west of Fernie. This ran down the mountain side and before a fire guard could be organized had entered the town.

### FLEET PASSES TUTUILIA.

Natives Gaze on Great Battleships at Close Range.

Suvia, Fiji Islands, Aug. 4.—The United States Atlantic fleet at 8 p. m. Saturday was in latitude 15 43 south, longitude 172 24 west, being distant from Auckland 1,500 miles. At 6:30 o'clock in the morning the fleet changed its formation from line of squadrons to single column, and at 7 o'clock passed the end of eastern end of Tutuilua island, Samoa, and steamed close in along the coast, giving the people of the island an excellent view of the ships.

The station ship Annapolis passed close to the fleet off Pago Pago. The usual honors were rendered.

At 9 o'clock the fleet resumed its course for Auckland in line of squadron formation. It had reduced its speed to nine knots. The weather is fine, though hot. The collier Ajax arrived at Suva today.

### Cars of Coal on Fire.

St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 4.—The Great Northern officials have received word from their division superintendent at White Fish, Mont., that 65 cars of coal and coke and three bridges belonging to the company have been destroyed by the forest fires at Fernie. The big bridge just west of the depot at Fernie and No. 3 and No. 4 bridges across the Elk river between Hosmer and Michel have been wiped out. The Canadian Pacific has lost two depots, a water tank and all of its cars at Fernie. A hurricane is blowing.

### Die of Heat in Mine.

Virginia City, Nev., Aug. 4.—Half a mile beneath the surface of the earth and 8,000 feet from the mouth of the Sutro tunnel, C. Puellini was discovered dead this afternoon with his four mules, killed by the heat in the tunnel's depths.

## THIRD IN STRENGTH

Japanese Navy Will Be Greatly Increased by 1911.

### MANY NEW SHIPS ARE BUILDING

German Navy League Discovers Large Addition to Program—Soon Have 21 Battleships.

Berlin, Aug. 4.—The Japanese navy will take third place in 1911, according to the bulletin made by the German Navy League in its August report.

"Notwithstanding the assertions of Japan's bad financial position," the article says, "the so-called program of 1907 appears to provide for considerable more construction than has been reported. From a fully well informed quarter it is affirmed that Japan, besides building the three battleships, Aki, 'A,' and 'B,' and the four armored cruisers, Kurama, Iruki and 'E' and 'F,' has appropriated money for four additional battleships, each of 12,800 tons, and for five armored cruisers of 18,500 tons.

Through these increases Japan will push forward in 1910-1911 to third place in the world's navies, Japan's position with great ships now being:

Ready, 14 battleships with a tonnage of 191,400, and 12 large cruisers with a tonnage of 113,000; building, three battleships with a tonnage of 60,800, and four cruisers with a tonnage of 66,900, to which must be added those vessels embraced in the latest information, namely, four battleships with a total of 83,200 and five cruisers with a tonnage of 92,500."

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### HEAT RECORD SMASHED.

Temperature in Chicago Registers Highest in Eight Years.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—August heat records for the past eight years were smashed at 10 a. m. today, when the mercury reached the 94 degree mark, which it had not attained since August 5, 1900. Having reached this mark, the liquid metal rested for a time, being at the same mark at 2 p. m., but started up the tube later, determined to break all records for the year—96 degrees, made July 23—the hottest day since July 21, 1901, when a mark of 103 degrees was set. In spite of the high mark reached by the mercury, there was less suffering in the city than there was on some of the days last week when the temperatures were in the 80s. Then, however, there was a great humidity. Today it was dry and a 15-mile wind was blowing from the southwest. This kept the number of deaths and prostrations down.

Four deaths and 26 serious cases of prostration had been reported up to 10 o'clock. Tonight a cooling breeze came off the lake, which lowered the temperature to 87 degrees. The police killed 24 unmuzzled dogs.

### LEARN LANGUAGE FIRST.

Foreigners Ignorant of English Are Denied Final Citizenship.

Denver, Colo., Aug. 4.—A sensation was created in the Federal court today when Judge Lewis, in throwing out half a dozen naturalization cases, held that a foreign-born person must speak the English language before he can secure citizenship.

"I cannot allow final papers to be given," said the court, "where the party seeking the same is unable to speak the English language. He cannot understand the laws of this country, its constitution or any of the acts that go to prove his citizenship. He may have homesteaded upon land, but he must read and write English before he can secure his final papers and come before the court with a native citizen who can swear he has known the subject for a period of five years."

### Standard's Fox in Europe.

Basle, Switzerland, Aug. 4.—Reports received here today from representatives of the International Oil syndicate, which proposes to buck the Standard Oil company all over Europe, state that the outlook is bright and that the product of the new concern will find a ready market as soon as an effort is made to push the trade. The syndicate managers are rapidly completing arrangements for an alliance with the great Russian oil firms. These firms, it is understood, have expressed a readiness to sell out.

### Robbers' Swag Fifty Thousand.

Chicago, Aug. 4.—Terrorizing the postmasters of Northern Michigan for ten years and stealing more than \$50,000 from the government, George Ross and Frank Roach are under arrest today. The bandits were captured by Postal Inspectors Frasier and Clark in a hut in the woods near Escanaba. When they were captured Ross and Roach had \$10,000 worth of stamps and postal orders in their possession.