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STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Jack ran hastily to the spot, hoping to gain possession of the plank which had been of such service to his opponent, and want of which had entailed such misfortunes upon him. But Walter was too quick for him. The plank was drawn over, and again he faced his intended victim with the width of the ditch between.

He looked across at Walter with a glance of baffled rage. It was something new to him to be worried by a boy, and it mortified him and angered him to such an extent that, had he got hold of him at that moment, murder might have been committed.

"Put down that plank and come across," he called out. Walter did not reply.

Jack might have waded again across the ditch without incurring much additional damage upon his already wet and mucky clothing, but he fancied that Walter was in his power, and hoped he would capitulate. To this end, he saw that it was necessary to reassure him, and to deceive him as to his own intentions.

"Come across, boy," he said, softening his tone. "You needn't be afraid. I didn't mean nothing. I was only trying to see if I could frighten you a little."

"I'm very well off where I am," said Walter. "I think I'll stay where I am."

"You won't want to stay there all day," said Jack. "I'd rather stay here all day than be on the same side with you."

"Come, boy, I'll make a bargain with you. You've put me to a good deal of trouble."

"I don't see that."

"You looked me up in the closet, and you've kept me all night hunting after you."

"You were not obliged to hunt after me, and as for locking you up in the closet, it was the only way I had of saving my money."

Jack did not care to answer Walter's argument, but proceeded: "Now I've got you sure, but I'll do the fair thing. If you'll come across and pay me ten dollars for my trouble, I'll let you go without hurting you."

"What is to prevent you taking all my money, if you get me over there?"

"Haven't I said I wouldn't?"

"You might forget your promise," said Walter, whose confidence in Jack's word was by no means great. A man who would steal probably would not be troubled by any scruples on the subject of violating his word.

"If you don't come, I'll take every cent, and give you a beating beside," said Jack, his anger gaining the ascendancy.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" demanded Jack, after a brief pause.

"I'll stay where I am."

"I can come over any time, and get hold of you."

"Perhaps you can," said Walter. "I'll take the risk."

Two hours passed, and still besieger and besieged eyed each other from opposite sides of the ditch. Jack grew more and more irritable as the cravings of his appetite increased, and the slight hope that Meg might appear with some breakfast was dissipated. Walter also became more hungry, but showed no signs of impatience.

At this time a boy was seen coming across the meadow. Jack espied him, and the idea struck him that he might through him lay in a stock of provisions.

"Come here, boy," he said. "Where do you live?"

The boy pointed to a small farm house half a mile distant.

"Do you want to earn some money?"

"I dunno," said the boy, who had no objections to the money, but, knowing Jack's shady reputation, was in doubt as to what was expected of him.

"Go home, and get a loaf of bread and some cold meat, and bring me, and I'll give you half a dollar."

"Didn't you bring your lunch?" asked the boy.

"No, I came away without it, and I can't spare time to go back."

It occurred to the boy, noticing Jack's easy posture, that business did not appear to be very driving with the man whose time was so valuable.

"Perhaps mother won't give me the bread and meat," he said.

"You can give her half the money."

The boy looked across to Walter, wondering what kept him on the other side. Our hero saw a chance of obtaining help.

"I'll give you a dollar," he called out, "if you'll go and tell somebody that this man is trying to rob me of all my money. I slept in his house last night, and he tried to rob me there. Now he will do the same if he can get hold of me."

"If you tell that, I'll bring your neck," exclaimed Jack. "It's all a lie. The boy slept at my house, as he says, and stole some money from me. He escaped, but I'm bound to get it back if I stay here all day."

"That is not true," said Walter. "Carry my message, and I will give you a dollar, and will, besides, reward the men that come to my assistance."

The boy looked from one to the other in doubt what to do.

"If you want your head broke you'll do as he says," said Jack, rather uneasy. "He won't pay what he promises."

"You said certainly he paid," said Walter.

"You'd better shut up, or I'll be the worse for you," growled Jack. "Go and get my breakfast quick, boy, and I'll pay you the fifty cents."

"All right," said the boy, "I'll go."

"I don't know as I ought to take it," said the boy, hesitating, though he evidently wanted it.

"You will do me a favor by accepting it," said Walter. "You got me out of a bad scrape. Besides, you had a chance to earn some money from Jack Mangum."

"I wouldn't have done anything for him at any rate. He's a thief."

Finally Peter, for he was named for his father, accepted the dollar, and, sitting down by Walter, asked him about his adventure in the wood, listening with great interest to the details.

"I wouldn't have dared to do as you did," he said.

"Perhaps you would if you had been obliged to."

The farmer absolutely refused to accept pay for breakfast, though Walter urged it. It was contrary to his ideas of hospitality.

"We don't keep a tavern," he said; "and we never shall miss the little you ate. Come again and see us if you come back this way."

"Thank you," said Walter. "I will accept your invitation with pleasure, but I shall not feel like calling on Mr. Mangum."

Walter thought he had seen the last of Jack Mangum; but he was mistaken. Three days later, while walking in the main street of Riverport, with a book under his arm, for he had received a fresh supply from the agent at Cleveland, he heard the sound of wheels. Looking up, he saw a wagon approaching, containing two men. One of them, as he afterwards learned, was the sheriff. The other he immediately recognized as Jack Mangum. There was no mistaking his sinister face and forbidding scowl. He had been taken early that morning by the sheriff, who, with a couple of men to assist him, had visited the cabin in the forest, and, despite the resistance offered by Jack, who was aided by his wife, he had been bound, and was now being conveyed to jail. He also looked up and recognized Walter. His face became even more sinister, as he shook his fist at our hero.

"I vow I'll be even with you some day!" he exclaimed.

"Not if I can help it," thought Walter, but he did not answer in words.

He was rather gratified to hear the next day that Jack had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He felt some pity, however, for Meg, who might have been a good woman if she had been married to a different man.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the two men as Walter came up.

"I got lost in the woods, and passed the night in that man's house," said our hero. "He tried to rob me, but I locked him in the closet, and jumped out of the window and escaped. This morning he got on my track, and would have caught me if it hadn't been for that ditch."

"You locked him in the closet?" repeated the other. "How were you able to do that? You are only a boy, while he is a strong man."

Walter explained the matter briefly.

"That was pretty smart," said Peter Holcomb, for this was the name of the man who questioned him. "You're able to take care of yourself."

"I don't know how it would have turned out if you hadn't come up."

"I happened to be at home when my boy came and told me that Jack Mangum had offered him fifty cents for some breakfast. He told me about you also, and, as I suspected Jack was up to some of his tricks, I came along."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Walter, "and I hope you'll let me pay you for your trouble."

"I don't want any pay, but you may pay my boy what you promised him, if you want to."

"I certainly will; and I never paid away money with more pleasure. As I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday afternoon, I should like to have you direct me to the nearest place where I can get some breakfast."

"Come to my house; I guess my wife can scare up some breakfast for you. She'll be glad to see the boy that got the better of Jack Mangum."

"How long has this Jack Mangum lived about here?" asked Walter, after accepting with thanks the offer of a breakfast.

"About five years. He's been in the county jail twice during that time, and there's a warrant out for him now. He's a confirmed thief. He'd rather steal any time than earn an honest living."

While this conversation was going on, they had been walking toward the farm house in which Peter Holcomb lived. It was a humble one-story building, with a little above. On one side of it were broad fields, some under cultivation; and there was an appearance of thrift and comfort despite the smallness of the house.

"Come in," said Peter, leading the way. "John," he added, addressing the hired man, who had accompanied him, "you may go into the potato field and hoe. I'll be out directly."

Walter followed him into a broad, low room—the kitchen—in which Mrs. Holcomb, a pleasant-looking woman, was engaged in cooking.

"Marry," said her husband, "can't you scare up some breakfast for this young man? He stopped at Jack Mangum's last night, and didn't like his accommodations well enough to stay to breakfast."

"You don't say so," repeated Mrs. Holcomb, her countenance expressing curiosity. "That's about the last place I'd want to stop at."

She went to the pantry, and speedily reappeared with some cold meat, a loaf of bread, and some fresh butter, which she placed on the table.

"It looks nice," said Walter, "and I don't know when I have been so hungry."

At that moment the farmer's boy, who had served as Walter's messenger, came into the kitchen.

"You got away," he said, smiling.

"Yes, thanks to you," said Walter.

"Here is what I promised you."

OVER OCEAN FOR HOUR'S WORK

Engineer Would Have Returned Same Day If Steamer Sailed.

Alfred H. Williams, a mining engineer of the English metropolis, has just crossed the Atlantic ocean to transact one hour's business, says the New York Herald.

He arrived here on the steamship America of the Hamburg-American line Saturday afternoon. Before twilight fell he had kept his various appointments, closed the transactions which brought him to this country and would now be on his way home had there been a vessel to carry him. As it happened, however, he has been compelled to wait until Tuesday.

It was not only the brief time required to carry out his negotiations, but the fashion in which his most important engagement was kept that makes Mr. Williams' visit out of the ordinary, even in these days of fast travel. Apart from his mining business he is also interested in railroad affairs in Mexico and it was chiefly to consult with a man from that republic that he made his 3,000-mile journey.

The place chosen for the meeting was the Waldorf-Astoria, but when the America was off Sable Island Mr. Williams found he would be unable to reach New York at the appointed time. He could not send a message because the big German liner was too far away from Sable Island for wireless communication. That same day, however, the Krompachien, a little, outward bound, bore in sight, the message was sent to her and in turn transmitted to the island, whence it was sent to this city.

When Mr. Williams reached the Waldorf his friend from Mexico was waiting him, they transacted their business quickly and it was only then that Mr. Williams discovered to his regret he would have to wait until Tuesday before he could depart for home. He was not inclined to attach much importance to the fact that he had made a journey involving virtually two weeks at sea to effect a transaction requiring no more than an hour, because for years he has been a kind of Phileas Fogg in the matter of travel in record breaking time and on three different occasions made the trip from London to Mexico in eleven days, on swift steamships and the Southern Pacific railway.

Couldn't Work Here.

"All you married me for was my title," growled the duke.

"Well," replied the heiress, as she placed her purse in the safe and mixed up the combination, "I at least got what I married you for—and that is more than you can say."

His Great Sacrifice.

"And you promise to give up club life altogether when we are married?"

"Absolutely, darling."

"How many do you belong to?"

"Only one, the Bachelor's club," Boston Transcript.

The life of the modern battleship is put down at fifteen years.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

PREPARED FOR THE BUSY READER

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Extreme heat in the East is again causing prostrations and deaths.

Fire in a San Francisco shirt waist establishment burned \$100,000 worth of goods.

Governor Hughes, of New York, has ordered an investigation of betting at Saratoga.

King Leopold is reported ill, but court officials deny that his condition is alarming.

A young man, heir to \$200,000, was killed near West Chicago while beating his way on a passenger train.

At new revolt is under way in Morocco. An army of 25,000 has been mobilized to attack the French troops.

A decrease of over \$10,000,000 is reported in the net earnings of the Harriman lines for the year ending June 30 last.

The steamer Aberdeen, with a cargo of lumber, went on the rocks at Humboldt bay, California. Later the vessel was beached.

Insurance companies will pay no losses occasioned by the rioters at Springfield, Illinois. The only recourse for property owners will be to sue the municipality.

Because the charges of the restaurants were too high, three companies of North Dakota national guardsmen on their way to American lake raided the Pasco, Washington, eating houses. Everything edible was carried away.

The War department will ask for a million dollars to build airships.

A woman is said to have led some of the rioters at Springfield, Illinois.

A fire in the East Buffalo stockyards burned between 15,000 and 2,000 sheep and calves.

Governor Deneen says the whole power of Illinois will be exerted to protect the negroes.

An Omaha judge denounced a woman for marrying an old man for his money and refused to give her a divorce.

The Alaska Pacific Steamship company will establish daily papers on its two passenger steamers between San Francisco and Puget sound.

Altogether there are 4,200 militiamen on duty at Springfield, Illinois, as a result of the race riots. This is all of the state troops except the colored members.

In the recent holdup of a Great Northern mail car near Spokane the clerks outwitted the robbers by dumping the registered letters into newspaper sacks.

Unveiling of a Roosevelt statue in a Texas town caused a riot, the people being divided in their views of the president. One person was fatally hurt and nine others injured.

The battleship fleet has sailed from Auckland to Sydney.

Japan is paying off her war debt in good sized installments.

The Canadian government is to mediate in the railroad strike.

Ira D. Sankey, the evangelist, is dead. He was 68 years old.

Fire in the Buffalo, N. Y., stock yards, burned close to \$1,000,000 worth of property.

Contractors driving the big St. Paul tunnel in Montana are breaking all records for speed.

Two people were killed and six injured by the explosion of a balloon at London. A spectator attempted to light a cigar.

The bones of 21 persons have been found on an island in Lake of the Woods. They are believed to be the remains of a party of explorers massacred by Indians in 1736.

Rear Admiral Cogswell, retired, is dead. He was an officer on the Oregon when that vessel made its famous voyage around the horn to engage the Spanish fleet.

Train robbers held up a Northern Pacific train near Trust, nine miles west of Spokane. The mail car was uncoupled and run up the track. It was not known what the result of the haul was.

It is believed the effect of the Thaw bankruptcy proceedings will be liberty for Thaw.

The government has started a fight in San Francisco against the bringing of young girls to this country for immoral purposes.

MOUNTAIN IS MOVING.

Men Combat Landslide on Southern Pacific in Nevada.

Reno, Nev., Aug. 18.—For the past three days scores of section men in the employ of the Southern Pacific company on the Palisade division in Nevada have been at work trying to prevent the caving of the big tunnel of that company near Palisade. The tunnel is 300 feet or more in length and cost more than \$150,000 to complete. Last year the Western Pacific started a tunnel 50 feet to the south of the Southern Pacific. This was recently completed, and now it is known that the blasting has practically shaken the entire mountain, which is now slowly sliding into the Humboldt river. Big timbers in the Southern Pacific tunnel are being slowly crushed like so much matchwood, and unless a means of combatting the slide is determined upon it may necessitate the company abandoning the tunnel.

A thousand men and twice as many horses and mules were placed at work along the Western Pacific railroad in this state yesterday, and from now on the line will be rushed to completion. For nearly a year operations have been practically at a standstill in this state. The grade has been completed from Salt Lake to a point near Elko, while from this end the grading has reached a comparatively short distance. Work westward will continue now until completed. Trains will probably be running into Winnemucca early this fall.

NEEDS CASH FOR BIG NAVY.

Britain Will Raise Loan of \$500,000,000 for Ships.

London, Aug. 18.—The British government, according to the Daily Telegraph, contemplates raising a large loan in view of the growing naval competition abroad. It is stated that financiers of the highest standing have undertaken to get \$500,000,000 on nominal terms to meet the necessities of the fleet for the next few years without disorganizing the annual budgets or casting a heavy burden upon the present generation.

If such a plan is attempted, it will be because it is possible to forecast the future requirements of the navy until a general shipbuilding program has been crystallized and the setting aside of this fund would be a declaration, translated into terms of cash, of the country's intention to maintain a two-power standard at all costs.

TROOPS PURSUE REBELS.

Thousand Chinese Pillage Town and Flee to Mountains.

Hongkong, Aug. 18.—The soldiers stationed at Kowloon, near Wuchow, who rebelled last Tuesday and killed their commander because a comrade had been arrested for gambling, have joined the Yau, a warlike tribe of aborigines, living in the southwest portion of the province of Kwangtung. Their home is in a region of inaccessible mountains and they have never been subjected to governmental control.

Admiral Li has arrived here in his flagship, accompanied by gunboats, torpedo boats and launches. Troops have also been summoned and the country is in a turmoil. The mutineers are 1,000 in number. After murdering their commander, they pillaged the village, securing \$100,000 in money and withdrew to the Talking mountains.

Waste Coin on Novels.

Berlin, Aug. 18.—Twelve and a half million dollars are thrown away every year in Germany by the poorer class in the purchase of "pernicious penny dreadfuls," according to a statement just published by the Durer Union, which is engaged in a campaign against the growing tendency in Germany to read trashy literature. The secretary of the union vows for the astounding declaration that 40,000 established booksellers and 30,000 peddlers are engaged in selling sensational serials and books of a low order.

Employees Will Assist.

St. Paul, Aug. 18.—Three hundred railroad employees met in this city today to organize an association to fight legislation hostile to the railroad interests. The men are of the opinion that by standing by the railroads in their fight they will be benefitting themselves. It is the intention to support only those candidates in the coming election who are favorable to the railroads and their employees.

Crimes Puzzle Police.

Boston, Aug. 18.—Boston and Eastern Massachusetts are undergoing a "crime wave." Half a dozen murder mysteries are still unsolved by the police. The undeniable reign of crime is credited to the fact that many foreigners are out of work and are attempting to adopt the methods of European banditry.

ILLINOIS RACE RIOT

Mob Burns Blacks' Homes and Clubs the Occupants.

TROOPS ARE RUSHED TO CITY

Whole Negro Quarter of Springfield Burning and Firemen Kept Away From Fires.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 15.—Springfield is in the hands of a mob of enraged citizens who began last night to wreak vengeance on negro residents for an assault committed yesterday by George Richardson, a negro, on Mrs. Earl Hallam, a white woman. At 1 o'clock this morning the whole east end of town burst into flames, the torch having been applied to several negro houses by some of the more desperate mob members.

A mob of white men at 2:45 o'clock this morning lynched a negro who was supposed to be sneaking under cars on the Illinois Central tracks and shooting at the whites.

The Decatur company of the Illinois National guard arrived at 2:30 o'clock this morning and went to the "bad lands," where 20 huts occupied by negroes have been burned and where the fire is still raging.

Two men are already dead and probably two score others are injured, mostly negroes. The rabble is sweeping through the streets attacking every negro met. All the local militia are on duty, and half a dozen companies from other cities are rushing here on special trains. Still other companies are ordered to hold themselves in reserve. The fire department is helpless to combat the fire in the negro quarter on account of the threatening attitude of the mob toward the firemen.

Eugene Chaffin, Prohibition candidate for president, in protecting a negro from death, was struck on the head with a brick and put out of commission temporarily. The negro he saved drew a knife and badly cut several men in the fight.

Richardson and another negro wanted for murder were stealthily taken from Springfield jail last evening and rushed to Bloomington, whence they were later taken to Peoria. It is thought that with the arrival of the out of town troops the streets will be cleared and order restored.

Negroes in two instances have turned with considerable effect upon their assailants. In one mixup a trooper attempted to separate the combatants and was nearly overwhelmed by those in pursuit of several negroes.

Most of the members of Troop B, of Taylorville, are on guard around the jail. The rioters who had gathered in front of the jail after the incarceration of Richardson were enraged by the use practiced by the sheriff in removing him.

Finding that the negroes were gone, the mob amused itself for a time by looting negro resorts in East Washington street. The amusement of the rioters was tragedy for the negroes, many of whom were roughly handled and beaten with pieces of their own furniture.

A white man and his son, whose names were not ascertained by the police, were shot, supposedly by negroes. This encounter further enraged the members of the mob and they began a general search for negroes wherever they could be found.

Dozen Probably Killed.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 15, 2:45 a. m.—The mob is still burning houses in the negro quarter and the police believe that at least a dozen people have been killed. No outside troops have yet arrived.

Bloomington Firemen Called.

Bloomington, Ill., Aug. 15.—At 3 a. m. the Bloomington fire department was notified to be in readiness to go to Springfield to assist in fighting the fire.

Priest Fears Black Hand.

New York, Aug. 15.—Asserting that he had been driven from city to city by persons threatening his life, until he fears that he must leave the United States, the Rev. Michael S. Vertka, a Polish priest, of Newark, N. J., appealed to the police of that city for protection, and fled aboard a steamer bound for Europe. He was recently assigned temporarily to the Holy Trinity Catholic church, in Newark, and hardly had been established there when he received one of the letters that have been troubling him.

Cholera Gaining Ground.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 15.—A death from cholera has been reported from a town in Tula province, close to the estate of Count Tolstol. At Tzaritzin, where the epidemic has been most severe, 225 cases and 150 deaths have been registered since the outbreak.