

The Santiam News.

VOL. XII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, MARCH 5, 1909.

NO. 37.

Aunt Diana

The Sunshine of the Family

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

It was a lovely evening, as Miss Allison said—one of those rare September evenings that come when summer and autumn seem blending into each other. Allison stood for a moment in the hall, debating whether she was too tired to seek Roger in the timber yard, or whether she should indulge in solitary musing under the lime trees. A few half hours was a delicious boon, and she must employ it to the best advantage. She decided after a moment that she was too dull for even Roger's company to cheer her—for she was in one of those moods that the masculine mind finds so difficult to understand—and she was just taking down her garden hat from the peg when a figure came between her and the evening light, a familiar voice spoke her name, and the next moment Allison was in Aunt Diana's arms.

Miss Carrington's kisses were very grave and tender. They spoke volumes, but she seemed to have no words at the moment. But Allison's "Oh, Aunt Di!" was more than eloquent—the quiver of her voice meant ecstasy. But the next moment Miss Carrington put her at arm's length, and, still holding her, scrutinized her face almost pitifully.

"Allie, my poor, dear child, what have they done to you? Oh, dear, what thin cheeks, what heavy eyes!" And suddenly closing her face between her hands, she kissed her again and again, and Miss Carrington was not a demonstrative woman—her caresses meant something out of the common. They brought Allison's soft color back, and the happy tears came into her eyes.

"I am glad I did not tell you," returned, unhesitatingly, "I shall be quite well and rested now I have seen your dear face again. Oh, Aunt Di, how I have wanted you!" her voice sinking still lower.

"Yes, I know," replied Miss Carrington, almost abruptly—all the more because her feelings were not so well under control as usual. "Allie, what must you have thought of my silence? Come, let us sit down somewhere where I can talk to you without interruption. I don't want to see any other face but yours for the present—not even Roger's."

"I think my room will be best," returned Allison, hesitating a little. "Miss Leigh is in the drawing room and Rudel in the dining room, and Roger generally sits in the study when he comes in at an evening. Wait a moment, Aunt Di, please; I must ask Sarah to make some tea for us—supper will not be ready for an hour. Oh," smiling archly, "I know your taste—Aunt Di can not go without her tea."

Miss Carrington offered no remonstrance; perhaps she was in need of refreshment. She waited to see the cabin deposit her luggage in the hall, and then she followed Allison upstairs.

"My dear," she observed, looking round her as she entered, "this is not your old room; I thought this was Missie's room. Yes, but Missie had mine, and I did not like to turn her out—it would only have caused unpleasantness. Please do not look so grieved, Aunt Di; I have got used to it, and do not mind the change so much as I did at first—at least, it does not make my head ache."

"And you never told me, I could not have borne to have thought of you in this room, Allie. Well, you have spared me many a headache. I should have wanted my child back in her little nest, and have been unhappy because I could not get her." And Miss Carrington positively shuddered as she looked at the grim lines of the crane, and round the dark, heavily furnished room.

"I am glad I did not tell you," returned Allison, gently, as she waited on Miss Carrington's mantle and waited on her. Perhaps Aunt Diana loved to feel the soft little hands busy about her, for she offered no resistance as Allison smoothed her hair, and brought her a footstool, of which she took possession herself.

"That is right," observed Miss Carrington, stroking the brown head that laid itself in child fashion on her lap. Allison was so very tired there was utter abandon in her attitude, and yet she was so happy, too.

"Now we will have one of our cosy talks—don't look at the door, Allie—I am in no hurry for my tea. My dear, I am longing to tell you how it is your letters have miscarried. I read them all for the first time last night."

"Aunt Di, do you mean that you have flown to us—only telegraph wires could have done it," laughing incredulously.

"You may be sure that I should have flown to you if I had the power," returned Miss Carrington, seriously. "Allie, I was not in Switzerland, as you thought. I was recalled suddenly, a fortnight ago by Mr. Moore's sudden illness. Greville telegraphed for me, and I came home at once."

"Mr. Moore ill!" exclaimed Allison, with a fast paling face.

"Yes, very ill, but, thank God, my dear old friend is better now. It has been an anxious time for us, darling. Greville is case down and unhappy—you need not look at me so reproachfully. I would not write to you—it would have given you useless pain, and I was so engrossed with nursing that letters were impossible luxuries. Little did I think in my night watching that Allie was anxious and unhappy, too."

"Aunt Di, that is why you look tired."

"Tired? Nonsense, child. It is a blessing

ad thing to wear out one's self for one's friends. I love that sort of fatigue. I could not have left my patient until he was out of danger, but now I can safely trust him in Greville's charge. He is a capital nurse, in spite of his boyishness, and he has Burton to help him. By the bye, Mr. Moore sent his love to Sunny. Sunny, I must try and remember his message; he bade his little sunbeam remember her mission, and not to be afraid of cloudy days."

"Did Mr. Greville send me a message, too?" asked Allison, a little timidly. Miss Carrington hesitated.

"Well, I think he sent his love, too—in fact, he sent a great many messages, but I told him I could not be a carrier of nonsense, and should only deliver one—'That he had kept his promise, and had been working famously.'"

"Oh, I am so glad," returned Allison, brightening at this. "Aunt Di—it was not good of you to keep Mr. Moore's illness from me. I should have liked to have shared your anxiety. Dear old man, I am so thankful he is spared."

"His character seemed lovelier than ever in his hours of suffering," observed Miss Carrington, thoughtfully; "he was so patient, so grateful to us all for our care of him. I understood then what being like a little child meant—it seemed as though it were we who were blind, not he—he seemed so steeped in the light of heaven."

"Do you think he wanted to die?" asked Allison, in an awestruck voice. "How strange it seems that he should be so willing to go."

"Why not?" replied her aunt. "Death has no terrors for him. Why should he fear the summons from the Master whom he loved and tried to serve here, and who died on the cross for his redemption? And yet he was resigned to stay, for Greville's sake. 'The lad wants me a little longer,' he said once. 'Well, I suppose I can spare my boy a year or two out of eternity; I mean to have no will of my own about it. When the Master calls I shall be ready, but perhaps—for who knows His graciousness?—He may be thinking of my boy, too.'"

"How I should love to see him again!" exclaimed Allison with a sigh.

"So you will by and by, I hope. He missed you dreadfully, Allison."

"And you, Aunt Di?"

"I am not going to tell you about that. Then, as Allison's eyes looked pleading, she continued earnestly: "Child, I believe we are a sort of necessity to each other—at least, I find my life will not shape itself properly without you. I am always thinking how Allie will like this or that. Your absence quite took away the pleasure of my trip. You naughty child, you look delighted; but there comes my tea—please pour me a cup, and then tell me all about your poor father."

Allison was soon narrating the story of the last fortnight. Miss Carrington had received here and Roger's letters late the previous night, and Mr. Moore's had put her in possession of the latest news; still there was much that she wished to hear. She listened attentively, and without interruption, as the girl poured out the history of her hopes and fears. Her grave, interested face, and now and then a tightened grasp of Allison's hand, spoke in mute sympathy, but otherwise she said little.

"It has been a dreadful time," finished Allison. "Roger and I were so afraid of papa, and then Missie was so unhappy and ill. That is Roger's history, Aunt Di—for is wondering what has become of me. Shall I call him in?" And Miss Carrington nodded.

Roger's look of intense surprise amused them excessively, but he welcomed his aunt with evident satisfaction.

"Now Allie will be all right again," he observed, with a smile at her; "she has been sick for months, Aunt Diana. You are not going to take her away from us just at present, are you?"

"No, not just now," returned Miss Carrington, quietly. "I am going to stop until you are tired of me, and then Allie and I must say good-by to each other for a little longer. What should you say to bringing her for a few weeks in the spring, if your father gets better? You look in want of a change, Roger; they are working you too hard, my boy."

"You must not tempt me, Aunt Diana," he returned, rather gravely. "There will be no holiday for me next year. The whole concern rests on my shoulders at present, and our manager is a defaulter. Allison shall go with you, and welcome."

"Well, well, we must see about it; winter comes before spring. There is plenty of time, and I don't mean to give up my plan of having you and Allie together. Now I must see your father; will you take me to him?" And Roger consented with alacrity.

In the passage she stopped and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Thank you for taking care of Allie; I know how good you have been to her."

"It is she who has been good to us," he returned, with a sudden flush. "Aunt Diana, you do not know the blessing she has been to us; we have to thank you for that. Allison would never have been the girl she is if you had not taken so much pains with her."

"Don't make me vain, Roger."

"Missie and I have proposed buying her a little red morocco book and presenting it to her," continued Roger, with dry humor; "the title will be 'Aunt Diana's Sayings' for Allie brings out a fresh one every day. Missie says she is inventive, and cools them herself; but I have an idea that they are genuine."

Miss Carrington shook her head at him, and only bade him lead the way to his father's room. Allison had already prepared him for his sister-in-law's visit, and he held out his hand with a pleased smile.

"This is kind, Diana. I said the silence was not like you; my poor girl here has been fretting herself about it; but of course you never got the letters."

"No, indeed; Allison will tell you about

It presently. It is too late for me to prolong my visit now. Invalids should be quiet at this hour. You see I understand all about it, Allie; but I am grieved to hear that you see you like this."

"You must not make yourself unhappy about it; it is only a case of patience, and I have good, attentive children. I wish their mother could see them; she was always so proud of them."

"Yes, indeed! Poor Florence, you must miss her, Allie!" And Miss Carrington's lip quivered slightly, for her sister had been the object of her dearest affection; she had never felt so drawn to Florence's husband as she did now; her gray eyes rested upon him pitifully.

"Children, you must take care of your aunt; she must be tired with her journey. To-morrow you must come and sit with me, Diana." Miss Carrington felt herself gently dismissed, but she did not misunderstand him, and, pressing his hand kindly, she followed the others from the room.

CHAPTER XX.

Missie received the news of Aunt Diana's arrival with an exclamation of dismay, and a hot flush came to her face. "Oh, Allison, it will be dreadful to see her! I always was afraid of her, you know; she is one of those painfully good people who make one feel small and hard. Please don't let her come in to-night." And Missie sat bolt upright in a panic.

Now, Miss Carrington had quick ears, and she caught the most of this speech and laughed to herself softly; for it is those who try hard to be good who are the most conscious of evil within, and Miss Carrington was one who had often cried with St. Paul, "The good that I do not, I do not." Her heart felt very soft toward the willful little girl who had brought such misery on herself and others, even before she entered the room, but her first sight of Missie gave her a feeling of surprise. She said afterward she ceased to wonder at Allison's infatuation for the child, for she was certainly a bewitching little creature.

The pink ribbons in Missie's dainty dressing gown were not pinker than her cheeks, her blue eyes shone with unsteady light, and the soft, fair hair lay in delicate rings above the pretty, childish face; her frightened, appealing look would have touched a colder heart than Miss Carrington's, and it was with real affection that she bent over her. But Missie's tender conscience made her shrink from her aunt's kisses.

"Please don't be so kind to me, Aunt Diana—every one is, and it is not right."

"My dear little girl, we none of us want to see our poor little butterfly broken on the wheel; we are far too sorry for you. Of course, you have been a naughty child; you have been setting your small world on fire, and have got your pretty wings singed. Well, now you have learned wisdom through painful experience, and we must all help you to get the lesson perfect."

"I don't think any one was ever so wicked as I, Aunt Diana," sighed Missie.

"Well, my dear," returned her aunt, briskly, "it is not my concern to go and scolding my neighbor's transgressions in a balance; I don't fancy human scales would be nicely adjusted; but I am quite sure of one thing—that I was a very naughty child myself—the red-checked apples I stole gave me moral indigestion still."

It was impossible to look grave over this; Allison's merry laugh was infectious. Miss Carrington stayed a few more minutes, questioning Missie about her arm, and talking kindly to her, until the poor child was quite happy and at her ease.

"I don't know what it is," she said that night, when Allison gave her the good-night kiss; "you all seem trying to make me believe that I have not been naughty at all, and that there is nothing to forgive."

"I thought forgiveness meant that," returned Allison, simply; "you know how the Bible speaks of sins blotted out—that means the page is white again—one can write freely across the blank."

There never was a merrier supper table than the one at the Holmes that night; late as it was, Poppie sat for it, and no one rebuked her for her chatter. Rudel kept up the character of a bashful school boy; but even he relaxed his wide-eyed gravity when Otter was admitted and kind inquiries made after Suky. Aunt Diana knew the way to a boy's heart; though she never had a boy of her own; but there are some unmarried women whose words can embrace a whole world of little ones, and such a one was Aunt Diana.

But as she talked and laughed with the others, her keen gray eyes followed Allison's every movement. It seemed to Miss Carrington that her darling was changed somehow—some of the brightness that had always lighted her young face had faded a little; she was graver and more in earnest.

Allie has laid aside her leading strings, and has learned to walk alone," she said to herself; "though she loves me as much as ever, she needs me less. I ought to be glad to know this, for I can not expect to live forever."

(To be continued.)

A Question of Honor.

Mother—Willie, you wicked boy, you haven't kept your word. You promised you would never steal jam, and here I find you at it again.

Willie—Well, it's no worse than you. You said you were going out this evening, and if you had kept your word you wouldn't have found me stealing jam.

Her Hero.

"Who's your ideal of bravery?" queried the old bachelor. Is it General Kuroki?"

"No," answered the spinster despondently. "It's a Mormon."—The Tatler.

EVENTS OF THE DAY

News 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.

The California senate has passed a direct primary bill.

Three of Pittsburg's councilmen have been convicted of grafting.

A Seattle man stood by and watched his wife thrash a man she says insulted her.

Emperor William delivered a speech praising the work of his minister of war.

The South Dakota legislature has put woman suffrage up to a vote by the people.

Adlai Stevenson, ex-vice president, is going to establish a university at Chicago.

Lucky Baldwin is dead. He leaves an estate of about \$10,000,000 for claimants to fight over.

The Palace hotel and gambling house, one of the landmarks of Reno, has been destroyed by fire.

W. M. Crum, the negro collector of customs at Charleston, S. C., has resigned to relieve Taft of embarrassment.

A Boston priest was severely beaten by three thugs who lured him from home on pretext that a woman needed dying rites.

Improvements are soon to be made in Grant's tomb.

All arrangements for Taft's inauguration are completed.

Rioting against royalty ended the carnival week at Lisbon.

Harriman is to address the Texas legislature on railroad laws.

The Balkan trouble is about to prove too much for the powers to untangle.

Henry's fees for prosecuting the Oregon land frauds amounted to \$65,000.

Great Britain has provided for an increase of about 100,000 men in the army.

Senator Fulton will in all probability be appointed as the new Federal judge for Oregon.

The butterine and storage house of the Swift Packing company at Chicago was destroyed by fire.

The plan of keeping half of the navy on the Pacific has been left to the discretion of the president.

The pope is not enjoying the best of health and public audiences have been discontinued for the present.

All members of Roosevelt's cabinet who will not continue in office have completed plans for private life.

Three holdup men accused of the theft of 46 cents have been sent to the penitentiary for life by a Chicago judge and jury.

Senator Root has denounced anti-Jap agitators and canal crackers.

Taft has declared for a prompt tariff revision and the creation of a commission later.

A man horsewhipped Billy Sunday at Springfield, Ill., for using vile language before women.

A million dollar corporation has been formed to manage the discoveries of the wizard Luther Burbank.

Von Buelow has warned Russia that if she helps Serbia against Austria Germany will fight for Austria.

Seismographs in various parts of the world have recorded another severe earthquake. It is thought to have been in South America.

The battleship fleet has begun to disperse to the various Atlantic navy yards and the work of overhauling the vessels will begin at once.

Important reductions in freight rates throughout the country are to be made by the railroads. In most cases the advances made in January are to be annulled.

The United States revenue cutter Mohawk struck the rocks off Hell Gate at the entrance to New York harbor. A bad leak was sprung but the vessel may be saved.

Harriman has just celebrated his 61st birthday.

Riotous suffragettes have been sent to jail in London.

A direct primary law is to be rushed through the Colorado legislature.

"Lucky" Baldwin is seriously ill and his physicians say he cannot survive.

READY FOR INAUGURAL.

People Are Flocking to Washington by Thousands for Event.

Washington, March 2.—Washington is filling with inaugural visitors and already the streets show the faces of many strangers. The fine weather today brought great throngs out upon the avenue along which the inaugural parade will pass and which is being given the finishing touches in decorations.

Preparations made by the new Union station for handling the crowds today received the first real test, and so far has proved satisfactory. Committees in charge have made exceptionally complete arrangements for receiving and caring for visitors. Hotels are rapidly filling. Some are already full. All signs indicate that Washington will, during the week, entertain the largest crowd that has attended an inauguration. Beginning tomorrow soldiers will commence to arrive, and from then on there will be a constant unloading of trains.

Admiral Bob Evans is going to be a policeman. The president wanted congress to make him a vice admiral, and it may some day, but pending that elevation in rank he, along with all other members of the inaugural committee on the public comfort, has been commissioned a policeman for special duty on March 4. Badges of authority such as all bluecoats wear have been provided.

It is not probable that "Fighting Bob" would get out upon the avenue swinging a club to restrain the crowd and preserve order during the parade, but he and his committee associates will wear their badges and should the admiral decide to make an arrest, it will be wise for the spotted one to go peacefully.

EIGHTY-EIGHT DROP OUT.

Twelve Senators and Seventy-Seven from Lower House Do Not Return.

Washington, March 2.—Twelve senators and 77 representatives, members of the present congress, will be absent when the Sixty-first congress assembles in special session on March 15. Hopkins of Illinois and Stephens of Wisconsin have not been re-elected yet, and it is possible the number of senatorial absentees will be 14.

Of the 77 representatives who retire on March 1, Hepburn of Iowa has served 22 years in congress, and Sherman of New York, who becomes vice president, has served 20 years. Delegate Smith, of Arizona, has served 16 years and Cooper of Texas has served 14 years.

In years of service, Senator Teller, of Colorado, is the Nestor of the retiring statesmen, having been elected senator upon the admission of his state into the Union, taking his seat December 4, 1876, since when he has been continuously and prominently in the public eye. He resigned from the senate in 1882 to enter the cabinet of President Arthur as secretary of the interior, re-entering the senate March 4, 1885.

Unemployed Organize.

Chicago, March 2.—Under the leadership of J. Eades Howe, of St. Louis, grandson of the builder of the Eades bridge, the Chicago association of unemployed was formed this afternoon. A committee was named to protest to the city council against the proposed reduction of the appropriation for street work. The organization proposes to maintain a local headquarters, an employment agency and bureau of transportation.

New Train Record Made.

Pittsburg, March 2.—Running over four different roads en route, a special train bearing a theatrical company today made the distance of 755 miles from Boston to Pittsburg in the record-smashing time of 17½ hours. Fifty-five minutes were clipped off the best previous time between Buffalo and Pittsburg, the time being five hours and ten minutes.

Snow Falls Over Paris.

Paris, March 2.—Snow has been falling in Paris almost continuously for 48 hours and a blizzard of unprecedented proportions prevails throughout France. Many deaths are reported. Several inches of snow have fallen in the interior of the Alpes Maritimes and the conditions at Cannes and Antibes are exceedingly wintry.

Foreign Labor May Clash.

Pueblo, Colo., March 2.—The local situation between the Servians and the Austrians is rapidly approaching a critical stage. Ran Forabovich, editor of a local Servian paper, has been repeatedly threatened with death if he does not discontinue his remarks on the Austrian government.

Chinese Gets High Honor.

Ithica, N. Y., March 2.—Toufu Hu, of Wu Cheng, China, was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity at Cornell last week. This is the first time in the history of Cornell that a Chinese has been elected to the highest honorary society.

BENSON TAKES OATH

Secretary of State Takes Chair Vacated by Chamberlain.

WILL NOW HOLD BOTH OFFICES

Also Draws Salaries of Both Places—Supreme Court of Oregon So Ruled Many Years Ago.

Salem, March 2.—In the presence of practically all the state officials, Secretary of State Benson yesterday took the oath of office as governor of Oregon and immediately entered upon the performance of his duties as such. The oath was administered by Chief Justice F. A. Moore in the governor's private office. Following the administration of the oath, the assemblage expressed their approval by generous applause and then extended congratulations to Mr. Benson.

The first official act of Governor Benson was the appointment of S. A. Koger, as insurance commissioner and Miss Flossie Shambrook as stenographer to the governor. Half an hour later the commission of Peter Applegate as state land agent, was signed.

C. N. McArthur, who has been chosen as private secretary of Governor Benson, is at work in the governor's office, but he will not be officially appointed to that position until after the special session, as McArthur desires to perform his duties as speaker of the house. McArthur is not drawing his salary as private secretary but is still drawing pay as speaker of the house while helping to revise the house journal.

Mr. Benson will now draw two salaries, \$5,000 a year as governor and \$4,500 a year as secretary of state. His right to the two salaries was declared by the Supreme court many years ago, when Secretary of State Chadwick became governor. Under the decisions of the Supreme court Benson will continue to be governor after his term as secretary ends. His term as secretary will end when the next legislature meets. His term as governor will not end until his successor has been inaugurated.

FIND PORPHYRY GOD.

Believed to Prove That Egyptians Settled in Mexico.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2.—That the Egyptians crossed from the land of the Nile and settled in Mexico, by means of the lost continent, Atlantis, is the new theory advanced by Colonel L. R. Fox, a local civil engineer and archaeologist. In proof of this theory Fox today brought here interesting archaeological specimens dug up in the City of Mexico while workmen in his charge were excavating through the ruins of a prehistoric temple. Fourteen feet below the surface they found a porphyry god, most Egyptian in appearance, resembling the Sphinx, weighing about 30 pounds and being a foot tall.

Nearby was an urn of terra cotta painted vermilion, proving that it was for use in temples and not for the common people, and bearing representations of asps, Egyptian priests and chiefs, some heads of priests, arrowheads and a spindle bearing hieroglyphics similar to the Etruscan. Fox declares the porphyry god, is 3,000 years old.

Perrin Gets New Trial.

San Francisco, March 2.—The United States Circuit court of appeals handed down a decision today granting a new trial to Dr. E. W. Perrin, convicted of land frauds, in connection with John A. Benson. The new trial is granted on the ground that District Judge DeHaven erred in excluding certain testimony. Benson, who was convicted at the same time, appealed on the ground of insufficiency of the indictment and was denied a new trial. The opinion was rendered by Judges Morrow and Ross.

Put Cannon on Airships.

Berlin, March 2.—The military airship of the future is to be armed with small cannon or machine guns. The army authorities at several headquarters throughout Germany are experimenting along this line and it has been virtually decided to provide balloons of the rigid Zeppelin type either with cannon of small caliber or machine guns.

Harvester Company Pays.

Topeka, Kan., March 2.—The International Harvester company today paid to R. L. Thomas, clerk of the Shawnee county District court, \$13,702, the fine and costs assessed against the company by Judge A. W. Dana for violating the Kansas anti-trust laws. The case was appealed and affirmed by the Supreme court a month ago.