

# The Santiam News.

VOL. XII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, MAY 21, 1909.

NO. 48.



## Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

And that weak mother, who under her husband's influence, had for the last week done all she could to abet the sale of the daughter she loved so, wept bitterly now her end was accomplished.

"Don't cry, mother," said Maude, gently: "I will do all you wish. I would rather not know more about it than I am obliged to just yet. And one thing more, I must—when all's settled, you know; there can be no harm then—I must write to bid Green good-by; you'll let me do that, mother, won't you?"

It was all over, the bright Maude of those few weeks back, with her high spirits and ringing laugh, was scarcely to be recognized in the pale spiritless girl who moped about the house now. Hearts don't break nowadays; but when young ladies dispose of their affections injudiciously, the intervention of the authorities is wont to be followed by a short interval of sorrow and sadness.

Harold Denison, upon hearing his daughter's decision, made a mighty gulp, and, swallowing as much pride as might have set up two or three county families, penned a letter to lawyer Pearman.

It was an awkward epistle to compose, but the squire showed himself quite equal to the occasion. The sum of it was this: He first apologized, in a haughty manner, for what he was pleased to term his curiosity at their last interview. In the enumerated state of his property he had thought it right to lay the proposal before Miss Denison, who, it appeared, took a different and perhaps more sensible view of it than she had done in the first instance. He should, therefore, be happy to welcome the visits of Mr. Pearman, junior, to Glinn.

"Told you so, Sam—told you so," said old Pearman, when he received this precious epistle. "He only wanted time and line enough. I've done my part, boy. It is in your hands now; but I think you'll find it all pretty smooth sailing."

CHAPTER XIII.

A little after six in the morning, the April sun had just succeeded in breaking through the morning mist, and the air still has a crackle of frost in it. At the foot of a small knoll, surmounted by a little clump of Scotch fir, stand three men, engaged in earnest conversation. Carefully shod, with stable boots on their backs, some seven or eight thoroughbreds pace majestically round and round the little knoll. On the side these men are standing, stretches a considerable expanse of velvet turf-down. A series of slender white poles mark out a wide oval road, somewhere about a mile in circumference. That broad, green, ribbon-like track is what is termed the Mannerley Gallop, and the ground upon which Mr. Pearman's horses take their daily exercise.

The gentleman in the pepper-and-salt suit, single-breasted coat, longish waistcoat and low-crowned hat, is Martin Pycroft, trainer. He fiddles with the ashplant in his hand, and seems rather to demur to something that his companion—Sam Pearman—seems to insist on.

As for the third member of the conference, a bright, wiry, dark little man, he looks as if by his opinion must be asked pretty decidedly before he intends committing himself on any point. He is a jockey of some considerable eminence in his profession.

"Can't do you any harm, Martin. He might just as well have a spin with the old horse as go his usual gallop."

"Well, I'd rather Mr. Pearman wait till he is quite wound up before trying him. You must do as you please, sir. No horse can be doing better; but continually trying does take the heart out of them, you know, sir."

"Of course it does; but mind, we haven't galloped Coriander beside another this year. We suppose him to be quite as good and better than he was last autumn, but we've never ascertained. I mean to know this morning."

In the meantime the string has halted, the sheets are removed, and then, led by the head lad on a veteran of four seasons' standing, the youngsters proceed in Indian file round the course at a half-speed gallop. Then comes more walking for twenty minutes or so, succeeded by another steady canter, towards the finish of which the pace is considerably improved—the rate of progression being always regulated by the rider of the leading horse, who has, of course, received his instructions from the trainer beforehand. More walking, then more cantering, at the conclusion of which Martin Pycroft says quietly:

"Take 'em home, William, and tell those boys to bring Loadstone and Coriander up here."

Merely replying, "All right, sir," William turned his horse's head in the direction of the stables.

A minute or two, and a couple of stable boys walk the horses to where Pearman, Pycroft and "the rigid rider to orders" are standing.

"Jump off and strip 'em," says the trainer. The boys slip off the backs of their respective mounts, and hold them by the head while Pycroft unboxes Coriander's surcingle, whips off the sheets with a dexterous hand, and proceeds to adjust a light racing saddle on that equine celebrity's back. Jim, assisted by

Pearman, performs the same office for Loadstone.

"Now, sir," says Martin, "before we see how they are together, we had better just let 'em have a quiet canter. Jim, you get up on Coriander. You, young 'un," he continued, addressing the lad who had been upon Loadstone, "get on your own horse, and lead round a nice strong canter, making it a little quicker from the bush home than in the dip; but no galloping in earnest; mind."

"Looks and moves well, sir, don't he?" said Martin, as Coriander, under Jim's masterly hands, after two or three angry snatches at his bit, settled down into the long, low sweeping stride characteristic of the most thoroughbred horses that distinguish themselves on a race course.

And now the pair come striding along towards the knoll, where they are pulled up.

"Go kind?" inquires Mr. Pycroft.

"Nice 'oss to ride—can put him anywhere," observes Jim, sentimentally.

"Walk 'em about a bit, while we get the saddle cloth ready."

Jim and the boy duly go into the scale. Another muttered conversation between Pycroft and his master; then the saddles were removed, the leaded cloths carefully adjusted, the saddles replaced over them, the long surcingles passed carefully over, and Coriander and Loadstone were ready for their trial.

"Give them their orders, Martin, and then come here and see it. Mind, they're to start from the three-quarter-of-a-mile post. Who's to start 'em?"

"All right, sir; I told William to come back, and here he is. You go down with 'em, Will. Bush in, mind. Here, Jim, you ride the old horse, of course, this time. Get off, and come right along. I don't mean ride his head off, but take the lead, and keep it."

"All right!" And Jim walked the grey leisurely down alongside William, to the starting post.

"Now, look here, boy," said Mr. Pycroft, advancing to the striding who was on Coriander; "you have an idea of riding, you have. Now, don't go and make an exhibition of yourself this morning. Mind, if you do it here, I shall take care you don't get much chance of doing it in public. Attend to what I say to you. Get off as well as you can. Jim's pretty sure to do you there; but, even if he don't, mind, you're to wait on him till you come to the quarter-mile post from home. You know it. Run up to him then. But, whatever Jim does, whether he begins riding or whether he doesn't, you're not to begin in earnest till within fifty yards of home. I'll forgive you if you wait too long, and lose it that way; but if you come too soon and ride him to a standstill, we shan't want you for light-weights at Newmarket or anywhere else."

The lad walked his horse after Loadstone with a very serious face. Like all boys in a racing stable, of course the height of his ambition was to become a jockey. He was not a little proud of being in charge of a celebrity as Coriander. For, be it known to the uninitiated that every race horse in a big stable is looked after by his own boy, and that these boys, when their horse is one of distinction, are immensely proud of him. They groom him, ride him at exercise—in short, almost live with him. Coriander was the first crack that had fallen to young Allen's care, and he firmly believed such a byer never existed.

Now-anxious moment—he was to ride him in his trial. He looked even at that as a great rise in his profession. It is true he had ridden in two or three trials before, but then he had generally been on something that had had no earthly chance to win. Suppose he should make a mess of it this morning; Mr. Pycroft would never give him another chance, perhaps. No wonder the boy looks rather serious. But they are at the post. A couple of false starts take place, in consequence of young Allen's eagerness to get well off.

"Stop a bit, young 'un," said Jim, laughing; "be a little steady. Mind, it ain't a race, and I won't want to get the best of you. I only want to get away fair. How a starter would walk down your throat if you carried on like this!"

The remonstrance had the desired effect, and the next time they were away, Jim having a little the best of it, though not much. Once off, the boy's nerves steadied directly. He waited patiently till he came to the quarter post, and then ran up abreast of Loadstone. Locked together, they went for the next two hundred yards, and then Jim began what is termed in racing parlance "fiddling" at his horse; it means riding him a little. He drew near a length ahead, but the boy sat still. "Wait till within fifty yards of home, whatever Jim does," he muttered, "and I will, if I'm beat for it."

A few strides more, and he saw that Loadstone could hardly hold the lead he had obtained. Gradually he was creeping up to him again, though still quiet on his horse. A little more, and Jim began to ride his horse in earnest, and this was the hardest trial the boy had undergone yet. For a moment Jim forged ahead, and looked like leaving him altogether; then he seemed to hang; and now surely he was within fifty yards of home. Was he? Yes! He sat down and shook up Coriander, passed Jim easily, and went

past the knoll a couple of lengths in front.

"You'll do, young 'un," said Jim, good-naturedly, as they pulled up their horses. "Don't quite know what orders you got, but can pretty well guess. You stick as close to what you're told to do, and keep your head as cool as you did this time, and you'll find yourself first past the post at Epsom some of these days."

"Well, Martin, I think that'll hold good," laughed Pearman, as the trial finished. "It will be a good horse that has the best of Coriander three weeks from this."

"Yes, sir; he's better even than I thought he was, and I know I haven't worked him up to his best yet. I've no fear of his not going on well, for I never trained a better constitutioned colt in my life; and though we didn't try him quite the full distance this morning, I've no doubt of his getting the Rowley Mile as well as he's done his three-quarters this morning."

"You did that very well, my lad," he continued, addressing Allen. "This morning's ride will be a little in your jacket, if we're luck, and you pay attention to my next orders; and they are—Hold your tongue. You'll get riding before you're many months older. Well, Jim, what do you think?"

The jockey jumped off his horse and handed him over to the boy that had first been on him. "What an ornish!" he replied, "I'll win the Guinea, bar accidents, unless there's a great three-year-old whose name we haven't heard of."

Sam Pearman, in the meantime, seated on the soft grass, was busily glancing over a neat memorandum book. "Yes," he muttered, "stakes and all, it will be a goodish bit to win. It's a bigger thing than I ever pulled off yet, and I have had some very tidy wins in my time. We'll be off home now, Martin—oh! Good enough, Jim, isn't it?"

"Wish I'd your book on it, sir," was the that worthy's reply.

"Well, you and Martin will find that I've not forgotten to do something in that way for you when it's landed," laughed Pearman. "For the present, good-by."

"Must win—oh?" said the trainer.

"Can't lose," responded the jockey, "unless I'm knocked over."

CHAPTER XIV.

Old Pearman had perfect knowledge of mankind on the receipt of Denison's letter. He had gone over to Glinn the next morning. The old lawyer was quite master of the situation.

The squire felt quite grateful to his visitor for the tact and delicacy with which he paved the way for his retreat from an awkward position. It was, perhaps, the only quality which had helped Pearman on in the world more than anything. Even those who had been most closely shorn were always impressed to their dying day that, if they could have pulled through the swamp of impecuniosity their reckless—had plunged them into, Pearman would have done it.

Denison was no fool where his interests were concerned. He had, it is true, been guilty of the grossest folly in squandering a fine property; but he was not weak enough to look upon the lawyer as a benefactor.

"Well, Mr. Pearman," he said, "we had best let bygones be bygones. I'll was sharp upon you, but by no means disrespectful, but by no means demonstrative in his attentions to Maude; talked just a shade of racing, gratified the squire, letting it drop as quickly as opportunity served; chatted pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and took his departure after the delivery of a neat anecdote that made even Mrs. Denison smile."

Poor Maude, she had sat very pale through the visit; but even she felt a species of mild gratitude for the little her accredited suitor had sought from her on this occasion. She felt that she could marry the man to save Glinn to her parents, but that any loving-kindness before-hand would be unendurable. If he would continue to treat her with quiet courtesy, she could bear it; but to yield her lips to him, she felt was beyond her. That lovers claim such favors she knew; but the girl had a strong touch of romance in her, and vowed no kiss should be laid on her cheek until she was irrevocably severed from Grenville Rose. She still clung to an undefined hope that he might rescue her yet. Poor child! her case looks sad enough now; but there are a good many fitful changes in this world's great kaleidoscope. Men cut their throats prematurely, and humanity generally declines struggling, just as better times are about to dawn. "More judicious to play the game out than throw down the cards," holds good in life.

(To be continued.)

Natural Deduction.

Said She—I wonder how these spirit-ual communications are written?

Said He—With a medium pen or pencil, I imagine.

## 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.

General Meredith, the novelist, is dead.

Captain Haina has been sentenced to eight years in prison.

Mr. Taft is suffering from a nervous breakdown, but not seriously.

A severe snow storm has just swept the Alberta, Canada, country.

The emperor of Russia will visit King Victor Emmanuel, of Italy.

A suit is to be started by the government to dissolve the United States Express company.

A move has been started by two disinherited sons to contest the will of the late Claus Spreckles.

The laxity of the Porto Rican government in caring for its lepers is said to be a menace to the United States.

A Canadian man has offered the defense of being mentally unbalanced when the moon is full and his mother supports the claim.

The New York and New Jersey Livestock exchange has announced that it will undertake the promotion of livestock cultivation in the Atlantic coast states on an extensive scale for food purposes.

Taft has been made an associate member of the G. A. R.

Insurance companies of Indiana are being prosecuted under the anti-trust laws.

Wisconsin proposes to forbid contributions by candidates to churches and secret societies.

A severe wind storm at Corry, Pa., blew over a circus tent, injuring a large number of people.

Reno, Nev., is infested with firebugs who are starting numerous fires in business and residence buildings.

Roosevelt has already started to write a series of articles describing his African adventures to date.

Governor Hadley has vetoed the insurance law which was passed by the Missouri legislature after a long fight.

The army transport Dix, which has been experimenting with Philippine coal, reports that it has excellent steaming qualities and has proven very satisfactory.

The Dry Farming congress, which meets at Billings, Mont., in October, will aim to teach the farmer how to conserve moisture by intelligent cultivation and thus increase the producing area in arid and semi-arid regions.

The French strike is on the verge of collapse, but is pledged aid of the labor unions.

Three men were killed and 12 badly injured by an explosion of dynamite near Key West, Fla.

Farmers of Grand valley, Colo., have protested against Ballinger's suspension of irrigation work.

A bridge on the Wabash railroad near Kansas City gave way as a train was crossing and several persons are missing.

A non-union baker at New York was set upon by women and after giving him a severe beating they threw him into a vat of dough.

Hill and Harriman officials are conferring with the Interstate Commerce commission with a view of forming rates to conform to the Spokane decision.

An extra session of the Washington legislature will probably be called to straighten out some of the matters arising from investigation of state officials.

Experts estimate that in 10 years every drop of water available for irrigation will be utilized. For every acre irrigated there will be 50 acres of dry farm land where irrigation possibilities are exhausted.

Roosevelt says Tolstol is a weak eader.

A saloon is to be opened in Des Moines where treating will be forbidden.

Secretary MacVeagh says prosperity only awaits completion of the tariff bill.

Fire at Long Island, Kan., destroyed five business buildings, causing a loss estimated at \$100,000.

The Farmers' union, at its national convention, has agreed on a plan to build warehouses and market wheat without the middleman.

### STORES IN TIERS.

#### Crowded Condition of State Street, Chicago, is Responsible.

Chicago, May 18.—Stores in tiers, with each tier connected by private elevator with the floors below, is the innovation to be introduced in the downtown business section of Chicago, and it is one that will be watched with interest. The new plan has been devised to meet the urgent demand for more store room on State street.

"If we can't have stores on the first floor, give us at least show space there and enough room to run our customers up to some floor above," has been the cry of those merchants anxious to locate on State street, but unable to find room, and the estate of L. Z. Leiter is the first to meet this urgent demand.

The Leiter estate has had architects prepare plans for the conversion of the seven-story building at the southeast corner of State and Jackson boulevard, which fronts 40 feet on State and 144 feet on Jackson. Architects plan to divide the first floor into seven small stores, and arrangements will be made for tenants to have private elevators connecting with as much additional floor space on the upper floors as they require.

### BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE BURNED.

#### Pride of Japanese Buddhists and Its Treasures Destroyed.

Tokio, May 18.—Sojaki, the famous Buddhist temple in Shiba park, Tokio, has been destroyed by fire at a loss of \$200,000.

Only those who know the pride of the Japanese in their temples can conceive the effect of this irreparable loss upon the people. The Sojaki temple, next to the great temple at Nikko, probably was the most famous and popular show temple in Japan.

Its wonderful red gates, which will be remembered by thousands of tourists, were saved from the flames, but inside the temple compound there remains only a lonely daitubut, surrounded by piles of wreckage and embowered amid the blackened branches of overhanging cryptomeria. A few other gigantic pieces of bronze stand out lonely amid the mass of ashes, all that is left of some of the most wonderful art treasures that were to be found in the Far East.

The fire was set by a beggar who was living in a hole underneath the structure. The man was cold and started a little blaze with a newspaper and a few sticks for warmth.

### ONE MAN AT HEAD.

#### General Scheffek Central Figure in Turkish Affairs.

Constantinople, May 18.—Muhmid Scheffek Pasha, commander of the Turkish Constitutional forces, both on land and sea, is the man most frequently in the thoughts of those observing or dealing with the confused politics of the day in Turkey.

He is the one quiet figure upon whom rests the preservation of order. The civil branches of the government look to him to impose their liberal rule upon the empire and to deal promptly with persons and factions dangerous to the state.

The skill and celerity with which General Scheffek brought the third army corps and part of the second army corps before Constantinople and occupied the capitol have amazed the foreign military men here. Besides those attached to the embassies, seven British officers from Egypt to observe the development of the campaign. They have not ceased to discuss the details of the Constitutional commander's arrangements.

"The army is merely an instrument of civil power," said General Scheffek today. "The army and I, as an officer in it, derive our authority from the national assembly. The army is a finger of parliament only, and works under the will of the cabinet."

The general had an hour's talk with Hili Pasha, the grand vizier, at the conclusion of which he said: "The grand vizier and I are in perfect accord. We have objections to overcome in our progress toward free and stable institutions. I hope we will rise above them."

### Will Signal Mars.

Boston, May 18.—Professor David E. Todd, head of Amherst college observatory, today announced his plan for picking up messages from Mars by wireless instruments carried up in a balloon to the edge of the earth's atmosphere. Shut up in an airtight tank, borne aloft in a huge huge balloon, Professor Todd will in September make his first attempt. He says the Martians are undoubtedly centuries ahead of us in knowledge of ether waves, and have doubtless been signaling us for years.

### Korean Cabinet Controls.

Seoul, May 18.—Obeying a sudden summons from Prince Ito, Japanese resident general in Korea, who is now in Japan, Viscount Sone, vice president general, departed yesterday for Tokio, and for the first time in two years the affairs of the Korean government are being administered by the cabinet without the supervision of Japanese officials.

## RAILROADS ACCEPT

### Will Reduce Rates to Conform to Spokane Decision.

#### AVERAGE CUT OF 15 PER CENT

##### Decide Not to Appeal Spokane Ruling, but Will Stand Loss to Save Trouble.

Chicago, May 18.—The Record-Herald says:

A new freight rate schedule from all the territory east of the Missouri river to all the Western cities not located on the Pacific coast will go into effect on the transcontinental lines July 1.

The new rates will be based upon the rates which the Interstate Commerce commission ordered the railroads to put in from St. Paul and Chicago to Spokane and will be an average reduction under the present rates of about 15 per cent.

The railroads decided to do this instead of fighting the order of the commission in the courts.

One of the officials who are attending said:

"The railroads have decided to try to carry out the principle announced by the commission in the Spokane rate decision, instead of appealing to the courts to prevent such a reduction in our revenue."

### REWARDS TOTAL \$66,000.

#### Sleuths Flock to Spokane in Search of Train Robbers.

Spokane, May 18.—Responding to the offer of rewards aggregating \$66,000, offered by the Federal authorities and the railroad company for the capture and conviction of the robbers who held up and plundered a Great Northern train near Spokane, detectives are gathering here from many places. Several arrived from Denver, and the Pinkerton force here has been increased to 25.

Spokane police believe the robbers made their way into Spokane and a close watch is kept on the saloons and lodging houses. A number of detectives are working on the theory that the desperadoes are hiding in the mountains back of Colbert.

Police and railway men say they do not believe that Charles McDonald, the notorious train robber who broke jail in Helena, Mont., while awaiting trial for holding up a Great Northern train at Rondo, Mont., shared in last Saturday's crime. They say McDonald would not be likely to again invade territory in which he is known to so many persons.

### GROWL AGAINST KAISER.

#### Extravagance of His Welcome Angers Austrian Taxpayers.

Vienna, May 18.—This city is echoing with gossip and comment in connection with the visit of Emperor William. It is agreed that the welcome of the august visitor was outwardly hearty and that the decorations were on a scale quite disproportionate to the brief and incidental character of the visit. Indeed, the extravagance of the municipal authorities has aroused the indignation of the already overburdened taxpayers.

As to the real inward welcome of the kaiser, there is less certainty. Despite glowing panegyrics of the Viennese newspapers and their asseverations of gratitude for Germany's support in the dark days of the Balkan crisis, coupled with declarations that the future interests of the two empires will be still more closely united, politicians are afraid that Austria has given Germany a heavy mortgage on her future. Austria may be forced to join Germany in any foreign policy the latter chooses to adopt.

### Prosperity at Pittsburg.

Pittsburg, May 18.—Announcement was made here tonight that 35,000 employees of iron and steel companies having headquarters in this vicinity will receive an advance in wages averaging 10 per cent the first of June or the first of July. The United States Steel corporation has made no announcement of an increase, but it is said the Jones & Laughlin Steel company, the Republic Iron & Steel company and other independent concerns could restore the wages paid prior to the first of last April.

### Railway Travel Growing Safe.

Chicago, May 18.—According to a report made public by the Pennsylvania lines, the system carried 141,659,543 passengers over 23,000 miles of rails without the loss of life to a single passenger train from train accidents during 1908. The number of passengers injured throughout the year was 102, a decrease of 81.6 per cent from the casualty list of 1907.