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Race for a Wife

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)
That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels, until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great large-leaved water lilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm sunshiny days we occasionally blessed with in April. She thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty to save Glinn to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of Glinn to tell her he loved her just when they were to separate forever. Maude slept—she dreamt, and she pictured to herself that she was drowning in some big lake; she was going down—down ever so far, and suddenly she clasped a spar of some kind, and felt that she was saved. Then a big brown man with fierce red eyes threatened her and struck at her, and just as she was about to let go, the big brown man suddenly vanished, and Grenville Rose stood in his place, caught her by the hand, and drew her to him. She fell into his arms; and as he bent over he kissed her. Maude sat up, and turned over her dream in her mind. It cheered her. She thought it foretold the triumph of Gren over Pearman, and everything all light and sunshine for the future.

But Sam Pearman, in the meanwhile, loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such mock courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding shall take place is preliminary to the high contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. So far, Sam Pearman can boast of receiving but scant favors from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheek is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of his achievements.

No news—not a sign of Grenville Rose; and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannersley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman, to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days' illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Pearman was gone to his rest. That ancient father would never angle more, and Samuel, his son, reigned in his stead.

"Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course," said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. "Otherwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Pearman, and his departure leaves Sam and Maude all free to enter upon Mannersley at once."

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on the occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

As for Sam Pearman, he bore his bereavement with tolerable composure. "Sorry for the old fellow," he muttered. "He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it." Then he fell into a brown study. "Yes, put my marriage off a bit—hum! How lucky Corlander is entered in my name for the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy his being disqualified, after the trial of last week!"

CHAPTER XV.
Grenville Rose, to speak metaphorically, has been paddling his skiff through troubled waters of late. Maude's short wabgone little note of dismissal, and his aunt's indignant letter, were far from pleasant reading to a man so much entangled as he was in the love-god's meshes. He sat and sulked—he sat and thought. They all ended in the same conclusion, that Pearman would marry his darling Maude, and that he was, and ever should be, utterly miserable.

in them. There once myself, I suppose; nice unlucky beggar's advent to put in the papers. "Marriages!" Suppose I shall see hers before many weeks are over. "Deaths!"—I feel that's more in my line just now. I hope there's a good lot of 'em. How I should like to add one or two to the column—more particularly one. Hello! what's this? At Mannersley, after a very few days' illness, in the seventy-second year of his age, Samuel Pearman, Esq. Wish it had been his son! muttered Grenville; and then he sat down to think whether this could by any possibility influence his prospects in any way.

It is hard to believe that there is no such thing as destiny. It is almost ludicrous at times to think what a trivial incident has turned the whole current of our lives. There is a large and well-known speculator on the turf at this time—a man, doubtless, worth many legions and much stock and security—whose money-making career dates from the presentation of a case of razors, according to popular report. Who can say? Many such an instance might be quoted. Grenville Rose's life turned on reading the supplement of the Times, it may be said by fancy, that particular morning.

I fancy no human being ever saw that generally light-hearted barrister thinking so hard as he was upon this occasion. He has won many a good cause since, but often laughs and says, "That was the biggest he was ever engaged in; and no solicitor to draw up the brief, mind."

"Ah!" he said at last, "I can almost swear I saw it. I recollect laughing over it at the time, and thinking what a quaint, queer old deed it was. Suppose I'm right—I wonder how it would affect things? I must go over and talk to Dallison a bit."

And while Grenville Rose crosses the Temple Gardens, let me say a few words about George Dallison. He comes athwart the loves of Grenville and Maude but for a few days. Yet he is destined to be the master of the situation of that eventful period. George Dallison is a barrister some two or three years senior to Rose. He has a fair income of his own, and has betaken himself to the elucidation of the mysteries of the turf. Rather below the middle height, with large liquid hazel eyes, a slight almost effeminate figure, feet and hands that would be no disgrace to a woman, and a soft voice, nothing could be more deceptive in appearance than Silky Dallison. His low, languid tones and caressing manner had earned him that sobriquet at college. It had stuck to him ever since. Destitute of whisker, a slight soft brown moustache just shading his upper lip; little, supple, almost girlish in appearance—such was George Dallison. Few men of his age rode straighter and steadier over a country than he; while Tattersall's had arrived at the conclusion that, though he might look young, nobody threw his money away much less than Silky Dallison. When, in his languid manner, he was willing to take a thousand to thirty about any horse's chance, it had a chance—a good deal more than, as a rule, can be predicated of the animals about which such very long odds are to be obtained.

"Come in," was the response to Rose's sharp knock, and Dallison was discovered placidly consuming a French novel in the easiest of armchairs. No greater sabbath-rite perhaps ever existed; yet on Newmarket Heath, he would wait the day through wind and sleet, to back the "good thing," he had journeyed from London expressly for, and return to town without a murmur, if such had turned out the delusive phantom too usual on such occasions.

"Oh, Grenville, charmed to see you! Take a chair and talk. It's not a bad novel," he observed, as he threw the yellow colored volume on the table; "but I've had more than enough of it, and myself for the present. News! Ah, Gren, if you have any, unfold thy short, and I trust, moving tale."

"Thanks! I want to talk to you a bit on business—reason I'm here," said Rose. "Shouldn't come to you on a point of law, 'Silky'; but this happens to be a bit of racing."

"You racing! What do you mean?"

"Have you seen old Pearman's death in the paper?"

"Yes," rejoined Dallison. "You're thinking of Corlander—makes no difference, you know—horse entered in the son's name."

"Suppose, Silky, I could show you that that horse couldn't start without my consent, or something like it?"

"Come, old fellow, no gammon. I'm on him for the Derby, and am only waiting to hedge my money till he's won the Two Thousand."

"Look here, Dallison; I know nothing about the turf, and have come to you to manage a great game between young Pearman and myself. Will you do so? Of course you can take care of yourself in the transaction. I can tell you nothing for certain as yet. Will you manage the turf part of the business while I work the legal machinery? I have my idea of the case stands at present, I tell you fairly. I think Corlander's starting for the Guinea will be at the option of myself and clients; but I may be mistaken."

"Do you advise me to hedge now, then?" said Silky Dallison.

"Certainly not. I know nothing about

the turf, but if I am right in my conjecture, the management of Corlander in the market will be, for the benefit of my clients, in your hands before a few days are over. Will you say nothing till I see you again, and give you, as I hope, the reasons why?"

"You say I'm to be your agent if it is as you think it. I'll ask no questions; but as you know nothing about that great elaborate system of gambling, jockey racing—if, as you think, you've any control over Corlander, don't whisper it to your carpet-bag till you've seen me again. I say this honestly, with a view to doing my best for you. Bring me your case when you've worked it out, and I'll tell you what to do."

"Many thanks, old fellow! I'm off to Hampshire to-night. I shall be back the day after to-morrow, though perhaps late. It will be all decided then. I'm playing for a good deal bigger stake than you, Silky—the girl I love and something to start housekeeping on."

"Ah," returned Dallison, "I like that; if you've got the first stake on, you're playing in earnest. I am still all in the dark; but if you see your way to winning the first, I'll bet you two to one, knowing nothing about it, I win enough for you to start housekeeping on."

That very night, just as they were meditating bed, a loud ring startled the denizens of Glinn. The advent of Grenville Rose seemed to the servants a matter of course thing. They immediately commenced preparation of his usual room. His uncle also was glad to see him, but to his astonishment Maude the thing was past comprehension. As for Grenville, he seemed perfectly calm—shook hands with his aunt, audaciously kissed his cousin, accompanying it by a pressure of the hand and a whisper, the combination of which sent the blood to the very roots of Maude's hair. Then he devoted himself in a most prosaic manner to some cold boiled beef and pickles, particularly at the ladies out, and as he handed them their candles, whispered to Maude:

"Hope for us yet, darling!"

"Now, uncle," he said, "I want you to come with me to your study. You recollect that old box of deeds and papers you let me rummage through two years ago, when I went so deep into heraldry, and spent a good bit of time tracing the family genealogy?"

"Yes, my boy; but you don't mean to say you've come down upon us like a whirlwind in this way to continue that somewhat vexatious pursuit?"

Grenville said no more till he was duly sequestered in the squire's sanctum, with the box containing those musty papers open by his side.

"Now, uncle," he resumed, "I shall probably have to work for two, or three hours through these old parchments before I arrive at the one I want. Of course I don't expect you to remain while I do so, but before you go to bed would you mind answering me two or three questions?"

"You've always been very kind to me, Glinn, indeed, has been my home almost as long as I can recollect. My father and mother died when I was so young, that you and my aunt have almost stood in their place to me."

"Well, Gren, we've always been fond of you, and glad to have you here. But what are you driving at?"

"Will you bear with me patiently a night, when I offend you? Will you wait till to-morrow, and hear then what I have to say before you decide about what I shall, perhaps, ask you to do for me?"

"What on earth are you making mysteries about? Not much use asking help from me, Gren; I must about break myself. You're in some money scrape, I suppose?"

"Most of the squire's own scraps have arisen from that prolific source, he naturally guessed his nephew must have involved himself similarly."

"No, uncle, it's not that. I love Maude, and want to marry her."

No words can paint Harold Denison's face at this last announcement. That there should be love-passages between Grenville and his daughter had never entered his head; and what could the young idiot mean by coming and telling him so now? He must know she was engaged to Pearman.

"Do you?" he said at length, in his most cynical manner. "That's a little unlucky, because she's about to marry somebody else. I fancied that you must have heard so."

"You mean Pearman? Yes, I have heard that."

"Oh, you have? May I ask what particular inducements you have to offer, that you think it probable Maude will break off the prospect of a good match in your behalf? You may have achieved some unexampled success in your profession; I can only regret that I am as yet in ignorance of it."

"You only sneer at me, and I am talking in earnest," said Grenville, biting his lips.

(To be continued.)

Controlled by Combine.
There is a trust in fuller's cartn, with the final process known only to one or two persons, whose lips are rigidly sealed. The deposits of fuller's earth exist chiefly at Bath and Nottinghamshire, England, and at Maxton, in Scotland, in addition to deposits in the London district. The industry is practically controlled by a combine which strictly preserves the methods of preparation of the earth.

The Essence of a Gentleman.
The gentleman is the man who is master of himself, who respects himself and makes others respect him. The essence of a gentleman is eternal self-reliance. It implies a character which possesses itself, a self-controlling force, a liberty which affirms and regulates itself according to the type of true dignity.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

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.

A Georgia negro has been lynched for wounding a white man.

France is alarmed lest American competition kill the lace industry.

Honey has called on United Railway employes to testify against Calhoun.

Two Americans confined in a Mexican prison for murder have been liberated.

Tennessee lynchers are to be punished for contempt of the Federal Supreme court.

Numerous earthquake shocks have been felt near Oaxaca, Mexico. A serious shock is feared.

Astronomers in the East have discovered a huge comet, which is visible in the early morning hours.

What is declared to be the finest Masonic temple in the world has just been dedicated at Indianapolis.

Wheat, corn and oats have taken another advance at Chicago, causing great excitement. All made new high records.

The drought in the vicinity of Vera Cruz, Mexico, is so serious that many people are leaving. Wolves and dogs have gone mad and many natives have been bitten.

The British war scare against Germany is condemned as hysteria.

French seamen have gone on strike, tying up shipping at all the principal ports.

The government has disapproved the charges that Heney is in its pay while prosecuting grafters.

A big Eastern syndicate is said to be preparing to operate a string of 30 dry goods stores in the West.

A San Francisco chemist claims to have discovered a method of making whiskey non-intoxicating, but exhilarating.

Evidence is being gathered that explorers from Sweden came to America in 1362, more than a century before Columbus.

It is said that the reforms demanded by Great Britain and the United States have not been put into effect in the Congo Free State.

The Criminal court of Venezuela has dismissed the charge against President Castro of complicity in a plot to murder President Gomez.

Because the senate refuses to consider legislation aside from the tariff measure, many river and harbor improvements are being held up, including those of the Northwest.

France has decided to materially increase her navy.

A change in lumber duties is likely to be adopted by the senate.

The bill against big hats has been rejected by the Illinois legislature.

Prominent New Yorkers have been indicted for coal land frauds in Wyoming.

Abdul Hamid is said to have turned over \$5,000,000 more to the Turkish government.

Celestino Castro, brother of the deposed president of Venezuela, has been ordered to leave Curacao.

Great Britain will start construction on four more Dreadnaughts before the close of the present fiscal year.

Jap strikers on the Hawaiian plantations are to invade Honolulu and parade. It is estimated there will be from 3,000 to 4,000 in line.

President Taft has nominated Charles D. Elliott, of the Minnesota Supreme court, as a justice of the Supreme court of the Philippines.

Railway freight troubles have just begun. Actions are to be commenced against roads operating into Pacific coast terminals demanding the same treatment as Spokane.

Every employe of the Standard Oil company suspended work two hours during the funeral of H. H. Rogers, vice president of the company. There are 67,000 on the payroll.

A controlling interest in the St. Paul Pioneer Press has been sold to the St. Paul Dispatch.

William Adler, the New Orleans bank wrecker, has been given six years in the penitentiary.

Allen Parker, a member of the British parliament declares that the race to build dreadnaughts is crazy and sinful.

WAR AT SEATTLE.

Fair Exhibitors Will Resist Efforts to Deface Grounds With Shops.

Seattle, Wash., May 25.—War to a finish with an appeal to the courts, through injunction proceedings, if necessary, was decided upon Sunday by the A. Y. P. exhibitors who are resisting the efforts of the exposition company to erect booths on grounds already allotted to various states, Oregon being the first to precipitate the fight against the unseemly disfiguration of its beautiful grounds.

To carry this determination into effect, an organization to be known as the Exhibitors' club, was formed at the Oregon building. Colonel J. A. Filcher, executive commissioner of California, was elected treasurer, chairman, and W. H. Wehrung, president of the Oregon commission, was elected secretary. Attorney General Crawford, who had been summoned to advise the Oregon commission as to its rights in the controversy, took the position that the exposition authorities had no right to erect booths on the Oregon grounds, or on any other grounds assigned to different states, counties and the government. Encouraged by this view of the situation a resolution was unanimously adopted at the meeting firmly protesting against locating any booths on any grounds without permission.

Meanwhile the exposition authorities are standing pat and say they will erect the 100 booths planned. They promise to incur as little friction as possible, but declare their authority is supreme, and they must have their way. Should the Exhibitors' club be upheld in the courts, and it now seems sure the case will reach the courts, it will devolve upon the exposition authorities to establish a special place for the booths, as the exposition authorities themselves declare that the booths should not be installed in the court of honor, thus marring that bright feature of the grounds.

CUT GOVERNMENT EXPENSES
Taft's Policy of Economy Being Carried Out in All Departments.

Washington, May 25.—Secretary Meyer has cut off \$10,000,000 in Navy department estimates for the next fiscal year. This is a sample of what may be expected on the part of other cabinet officials.

It may not be possible to reduce expenditures in all departments to as noticeable a degree as in those pertaining to the army and navy branches of the military service, but the thing that will be accomplished in all directions is a more intelligent idea of the relations between, or rather harmonizing of, estimates and appropriations.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh expects to have in hand by June 1 estimates of all heads of departments. Between then and the time for the meeting of congress in regular session in December, painstaking study and investigation with a view to ascertaining the exact requirement of various bureaus embraced in different departments, or just what work each is performing and a detailed analysis of results as compared to expense involved, will be carried on.

REVOLUTION IS ACTIVE.
Santo Domingo Republic in Throes of Another Strife.

Cape Haytian, Hayti, May 25.—The revolutionary movement is spreading. General Camacho, the ex-governor of Monte Christi, who is working in union with General Quirito Felice for the overthrow of the government, has attacked and seized Guayabin and Dajabon, which are on the Haytian frontier, the Dajabon river being the north-west boundary between Hayti and the Dominican republic.

There has been fighting between the revolutionists and the loyal forces at Monte Christi.

The fate of Jose Bordas, governor of Puerto Plata, is not known, but it is reported he is either dead or a prisoner. Communications are interrupted, and government troops are expected to reach the disaffected districts by sea.

China is Standing Firm.
Lisbon, May 25.—The dispute between Portugal and China over the possession of the dependencies of Macao has become acute. The Portuguese government is sending General Jose Machado to induce China to come to an amicable agreement, notwithstanding the fact that China absolutely refuses to enter into negotiations with the Portuguese delegates unless Portugal announces the dependencies, including the neighboring islands.

U. P. Orders 100 Engines.
Dunkirk, N. Y., May 25.—It is reported that the Union Pacific railroad has placed an order for 100 engines with the American Locomotive company and that they will be built at the Schenectady and Brooks plants.

WASHINGTON LOSES

Supreme Court Upholds Oregon In Boundary Controversy.

FISHING TANGLE NOW CLEARED

Decision That Sand Island is Oregon Soil Removes Dispute Over Game Laws.

Washington, May 25.—The United States Supreme court yesterday declined to grant a rehearing in the Oregon-Washington boundary case involving the location of the state line near the mouth of the Columbia river. Shortly after the court decided this question in favor of Oregon's contention, ex-Senator Turner, of Washington, filed a motion for a rehearing on behalf of his state, and with that motion he filed a brief setting forth the alleged new grounds upon which the case should be re-opened.

The court, however, holds that the question involved is so simple, and the facts so apparent, that there is no ground whatever for the contention of Washington, and it therefore declines to give further attention to the controversy. There is no possible further appeal from yesterday's action, therefore Oregon's claim to Sand island and other disputed fishing grounds in the lower Columbia is finally established. Judge Brewer advised that the two states should follow the plan of the Southern states bordering on the Mississippi river and ask congress to appoint a commission to determine all the niceties of the question.

Meanwhile the court's decision in favor of Oregon will control and will have the effect of giving to that state jurisdiction over the disputed territory.

FLOOD IN OKLAHOMA.
Five People Killed, Many Injured and Much Grain Destroyed.

Oklahoma City, Okla., May 25.—Five persons are dead and at least 10 seriously injured, several thousand acres of crops are inundated and every stream in the northern and eastern part of the state raging as a result of an almost unprecedented rains during the last 24 hours in Oklahoma. A number of houses have been washed away.

Railroad tracks near Shawnee, Holmansville, Tuleme, Pawnee, Vintia and Oklahoma are inundated and sections of tracks are washed out. Bridges are unsafe along the Arkansas, Cimmaron and Canadian rivers and traffic is generally delayed. The flood is the worst since 1872 and the loss of crops will reach many thousands.

Near Miami the Neosho river is out of its banks and many farms are covered with water. A cloudburst at Kremlin damaged houses and crops.

A small tornado struck Morris, demolishing the Methodist church and several residences.

Black Bear creek, in Pawnee county, is out of its banks and hundreds of people are moving to higher lands. At Vinita the Grand river threatens all lowlands and the railroads.

In the oil fields four 16,000 barrel tanks were struck by lightning and destroyed.

Rogers Leaves Hundred Million.
San Angelo, Tex., May 25.—Reports were received here today from various sections of Tom Green and Concho counties that more than 100 head of cattle and sheep were drowned in yesterday's storm. Fifty houses were reported destroyed. One woman was killed. The loss will reach \$100,000.

More Japs Join Strike.
Wellington, Kan., May 25.—Six inches of rain fell in three hours last night in a territory 15 miles in length extending from South Haven, a few miles south of Wellington, into Oklahoma. The rain was accompanied by sheets of hail that beat grain to the ground.

Very Heavy Losses in Texas.
New York, May 25.—From sources close to the family of the late H. H. Rogers, it was learned today that his estate is valued at nearly \$100,000,000. The vast fortune is invested in the best securities and is in excellent condition. It is reported that the whole estate is left to the immediate relatives, with the exception of a bequest to Mark Twain, who was Rogers' most intimate personal friend, and certain bequests to his native town of Fairhaven, Mass. It is understood that H. H. Rogers, Jr., will manage the estate.

Six Quake Victims Shot.
Messina, May 25.—One of the severest shocks since the big earthquake was felt here today. The movement was both vertical and horizontal and lasted ten seconds. The shock was preceded by a rumbling noise. The populace was panic stricken.