

The Santiam News.

VOL. XIII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, JULY 23, 1909.

NO. 5.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

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THE PIRATE OF ALASTAIR is a romance of love and adventure of great power and interest. There is a charm to this story that is manifest in every chapter. While the incidents deal with modern, every-day life, the author has brought in a glamour of the romantic that gives great spirit and variety to happenings along the Atlantic coast.

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

is the author of this entrancing serial, and his gifted pen has done fine work in depicting events that are stirring and entertaining. There is the mysterious Ship and the modern Pirate; there is beautiful Barbara Graham, a fine young girl to admire and love, and the gallant adventurer, who meets with some thrilling experiences. The air of the mystical about the story is warranted by an absorbing and well devised plot.

The Pirate of Alastair is essentially a story of the times, recently written, copyrighted, and is a serial having features that commend it to every reader as a capital romance. We bespeak for this narrative a very favorable reception, and do not hesitate to pronounce it one of the leading romances of its class—modern, interesting, and having all the elements of a splendid story.

CHAPTER I.

You know Alastair? No—how should you? Very few people know it, and I have done my best to keep the secret to myself. The place lies, however, not so very far from great cities on the Atlantic coast. You take a train northward from Boston, and when you reach the proper station you alight and climb into a countryman's wagon, and he drives you through the pines by a twisting, sand-bulldozed road to the little harbor at the end of the coast. You will know it because you can go no farther, unless you choose to drive into the waves.

Few people come to Alastair. Most of the travelers in this part of the world turn off about a mile inland from the beach and go on for another mile and a half to the Penguin Club. The latter is full of New Yorkers who come to the pines and the sea to hunt and fish and forget Wall Street and Fifth Avenue. They forget it by keeping close together, and dressing for dinner, and dancing every other night.

Alastair itself is only a beach between two great headlands. From the end where my cottage stands, snugly hid in the pines on the edge of the dunes, the beach stretches smooth and white to a little land-locked harbor at the farther end. Sit on my porch and look down along the sands to the east and you will see a reef of rocks shaped like the letter U that closes in a little salt water lake with the aid of a distant cliff. It is not quite a lake, rather a small inland sea, for the tides have room to ebb and flow. A ship is settled into the sands of this sea, settled upright, so that one may walk the decks, and I often go there of an afternoon when the tide is low and climb on board. It is a good place to sketch, and I can leave my paints and canvases in the cabin.

I stumbled across Alastair when I was looking for a quiet place in which to write. I found the dilapidated cottage, camped in it for a week, and fell so much in love with the beach that I went to town, bought the house and part of the woods, and moved in. Charles, the man who had served my father before me, de-murred at first, but finally gave in, and turned himself into cook, housemaid, and valet for my sake.

From my balcony I can see the distant rocks of the little inland sea and, standing up above them, the high sides of the ship, and its single remaining broken mast pointing straight to the heavens. Sometimes the stars seem to outline the missing spars and sails should he, and on a bright night I can half close my eyes and fancy that I see the rigging lighted and lanterns burning on the quarter-deck.

There is history hidden in that battered hulk. She is no ordinary vessel, and may once, for all I know, have been a pirate craft. She has the long clipper lines of swiftness, and her high bulging bow is of a type long past. When I first came to Alastair I made inquiries

as to her history, but the oldest farmer could tell me only that she had always been there so far as he knew, and dismissed the subject as of no importance. The people of the nearby country appeared never to have boarded the craft. I felt the joys of Cruise when I first climbed on her deck. The name was gone, long ago washed out by the sea; the deck was bare, and the top of the foremast choked with sand. I brought an shovel and dug away the rampart drifted against the hatchway. At last I could open the door and, clearing the steps of what little sand had sifted through, I descended into the cabin. It was mildewed with damp and water, but in time, by hailing and letting the sun in, I dried it out and found quite a habitable apartment, furnished with table and chairs and a row of bunks along the seaward side. Whatever there had been that was portable the first wreckers must years before have carried off. All that was left was a heavy wooden chest, studded with brass nails, now greenish-yellow, and when I broke the lock I found the chest bare.

My fancy loved to play about the ship. Often I dreamed of her and of a man who should come up out of the sea and tread her deck again. He was always a magnetic figure, and I never could resist the call of mystery to fight beside him.

CHAPTER II.

It was the most beautiful August that I remembered. The air was clear as a bell, and day after day the sun rose on a tranquil world and smiled at it for joy. Every morning at breakfast I would say to Charles, "Did you ever know such weather, Charles?" and he would answer, "No, sir, I never did, sir," and every evening at supper I would say, "It has been a glorious day, Charles, hasn't it?" and he would answer, "It has, sir, indeed it has, sir." My family servant made a perfect echo.

The afternoon on which I finished the first half of my book I sat for some time on the porch outside my den, smoking. I was too serene to stir. I watched the gulls circle and skim above the pine-crowned cliff, and the lazy waves, rising occasionally into sparkling white caps, lift their heads and duck again like playful dolphins. The tide was coming in; I could mark the great wet circles on the beach as it advanced, now receding for a moment, but quickly recovering the lost ground and marching on, steadily winning over the yellow sands. It would be high-tide by sunset or a little after; everything was setting in from sea to land; the salt smell was coming strongly on the east wind.

About 5 o'clock I shut the door of my cottage and started down the beach, conscious of no further plan than to board the ship and, possibly, catch something of the late afternoon color for my canvases. Now and again I stopped to watch

small flocks of sandmips scurry over the wet, glistening sands, now to watch a wave recede and leave a path of opalescent pebbles in its wake. There were jewels for all the world and to spare as long as the water bathed the stones.

No, walking leisurely, I came in time to the far end, and looked across the harbor—rocks to the ship. To my surprise, a young woman stood on the deck, and fluttering from a splinter of the mast was a white handkerchief. She was looking across at me, her hands shading her eyes from the sunset glitter at my back, and as she saw me look up she waved her hand beckoningly. The easy path to the ship lay through a small break where the rocks joined the cliff, but this break was some distance off. With a smile for what I saw must have happened to the skipper, I climbed over the nearest rocks and stood on the edge of the little inland sea. Sure enough, the tide in rising had covered the causeway to the cliff, and was pouring in, fast filling the harbor, like the bowl of a flooded fountain. The water was not yet deep; it barely covered the path by which the explorer had come, and even of the rocks in front of it it was scarcely up to my knees.

The woman of the ship called, "I'm marooned, I came by the path and forgot all about the tide. What shall I do?" She pointed towards the way she had come, but I was in rough clothes and quite used to a wetting, so I waded in and, crossing the shallow bowl, quickly scrambled on to the high deck. I stood up dripping and laughing.

"So you thought you'd go for a sail," I asked, "but didn't think you'd sail so far from land?"

The girl—I saw now that she couldn't be more than 20—looked quizzically at me for a second, then smiled, and finally laughed.

"It was such a very real ship," she said, "that I couldn't resist the call. I fell asleep sitting against the gunwale, and when I woke up the water was over the path—not very far over, but quite enough to ruin these fellows." She pointed to her kid slippers. "I was growing desperate when I saw you on the beach."

"I was studying the slippers; there was no question but that the salt water would ruin them. She inspected them also."

"It was very foolish of me to wear them, but I had no idea of going far when I left the club. The first thing I knew, I caught a glimpse of the water, and then I forgot the slippers and walked on until I came to that cliff, and from there I saw this little harbor and this boat, and I couldn't resist that, could I?"

"I shook my head. 'Nobody could resist it.'"

"I had just about come to the point of taking them off and wading in," she went on, and then finished, "when I sighted you."

"I can go away again," I suggested.

"No," she said slowly; "I'd rather you didn't do that. There must be some other way out of it."

"There are several other ways," I answered. "I've often studied the problem from this very deck."

I thought she looked a little bit surprised. "Do you often find people marooned here—girls, I mean?"

"No, but I've often wondered what I should do if I did. To tell the truth, I've never found any one here before, but the ship looks as if she ought to be inhabited. She's a good ship, and once belonged to a pirate chief."

"How do you know that?" she asked.

"By the oaken chest below-deck. It has the pirate lock, though there's nothing in it."

"Yes," she said; "I made an exploring trip and I found the chest."

"Don't you agree with me, then?"

Again there came that quizzical look in her eyes, and then she smiled.

"Yes," she said; "it must have belonged to a pirate." She stopped short and the smile spread from her lips to her eyes. "Shall I tell you a secret? When I fell asleep here an hour ago I dreamed of pirates, of a real old-fashioned buccaner who came up out of the cabin fully armed, pistols in his pockets and in his hands and a pistol clenched in his teeth. The funny part of it is that he was exceedingly polite to me. Do you ever have such foolish dreams as that?"

"I loved. 'I am the man,' I said, 'and you are my home.' I pointed westward to where the tip of my balcony showed between the dunes.

"What a beautiful little world!" she said, and then, a moment later, "but how lonely! Who named the place Alastair?"

"I don't know. It's always been called that, apparently."

"It's a lovely name. And what do you call the ship?"

"Oh, just the Ship. Her other name disappeared years and years ago."

"The Ship of Alastair. And do you sometimes come on board of her to write?"

"No, I have a den for that. Sometimes I come here to paint. I keep my things in the cabin."

"Yes, I found them," she said. "You see, I know a great deal more about you than you think."

(To be continued.)

In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe

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.

Miss Wanamaker is to marry the son of a French count.

More than 5,000 people left Portland to attend the Seattle fair on Portland day.

Don Jaime, son of Don Carlos, the pretender, has been barred from France.

American bankers will demand a share in the Chinese loan of over \$27,000,000.

Indicted sugar trust officials have been given more time to prepare their defense.

An Ohio man has been arrested for embezzling \$13,500 given to him by a woman to invest.

Another aeronaut has appeared with a machine in which he says he will cross the English channel.

A clerk of the Adams Express company at Chicago has confessed to stealing \$10,000 which disappeared a week ago.

Victoria, B. C., officers are investigating the many marriages of white girls to Chinese. A number of them have been found held as slaves.

Prince Ito says Japan will help China to become a modern nation.

Mexico is preparing for an outbreak that is expected in the south.

More earthquakes have occurred in Greece and the people are panic stricken.

Despite the assertion of officials, the streetcar strike at Pittsburg, is far from settled.

Professor Matteucci, director of the observatory on Mount Vesuvius, died while at his work.

An Italian laborer on a railroad in Colorado became enraged and fatally shot three of his countrymen.

James J. Hill says if the people would pay less attention to the new tariff the country would be better off.

Count Hony says he is to marry Marjorie Gould, daughter of George Gould and niece of the count's former wife.

British Columbian officials are charged with discriminating against American halibut fishermen and favoring the Japanese.

The government is to issue bonds for the entire cost of the Panama canal.

A slight earthquake was felt at Sanat Barbars, Cal., but no damage done.

An American is sure he recognized Leon Ling, murderer of Elsie Sigel, in London.

A strike may be declared by all employees of the American Smelting & Refining company.

Mrs. Eddy, founder and leader of the Christian Science deomolition, has just passed her 88th birthday.

All miners in England may go on a strike in support of the Scotch miners who are fighting a reduction in wages.

Eight anarchists arrested at Stockholm on the charge of having conspired to assassinate the czar of Russia, have been exiled.

The Japanese government has not yet decided whether or not Ambassador Takahira will be continued as ambassador to the United States.

The Union Pacific railroad has claimed a 200 foot strip of land through the town of Brighton, Col., which is now covered with store buildings.

A son has been born to the Princess de Sagan.

The shah of Persia has fled to Russia for protection.

Over 14,000 coal miners are on strike at Pittsburg, Kan.

Hanover, Germany, police have started a war on long hatpins.

Anarchy rules in Morocco and Spain will send 8,000 more troops in an effort to restore peace.

The Interstate Commerce commission has ruled that express rates in the West are exorbitant and has ordered sweeping reductions.

Unless rains come soon farmers of the New England states will face disaster. There has not been enough water for the crops and they are said to be burning up.

Immense quantities of asphaltum have been found on the Shoshone Indian reservation in Colorado and a stampede to stake out claims and secure land is taking place.

KEPT BLOODY OATH.

Moro Bandit, Jikiri, Had Sworn to Kill 100 Men.

Manila, July 19.—When Jikiri, the Moro bandit chief who was killed with all his followers in a desperate battle with troops and constabulary near Pattian, on Jolo island, July 5, began his career as an outlaw, he swore he would kill 100 men before he died.

The record of the murders he committed is not complete, but it is stated in a dispatch received today from Zamboanga that the bandit probably made good his oath, as the partial record at hand shows he took the lives of nearly a hundred persons.

From the latest reports of the fight, all but one of the several women in the cave where the outlaws made their last stand were wives of Jikiri.

But one of the women escaped. She was the wife of one of the Jikiri followers and accepted the safe conduct offered by the Americans before the assault on the cave began.

Lieutenant Joseph A. Baer, of the Sixth cavalry, is agreed by all who saw the fight to have been the hero of the battle. He was armed with a Winchester pumpgun with which he did great execution. His timely rescue of Lieutenant Arthur H. Wilson, who was struggling with Jikiri and already desperately wounded, when Baer shot and killed the bandit, and his certain aim, which brought down three other outlaws, are the talk of army circles.

Baer killed four of the eight bandits slain.

TAX ALL INCOMES IS PLAN.

National Manufacturers Association Issues Statement.

New York, July 20.—The board of directors of the National Association of Manufacturers today issued the following statement addressed "To the Congress of the United States":

"The National Association of Manufacturers indorses any reasonable measure to secure by tax the requisite money which, together with the tariff duties, shall be sufficient to support this government.

"We deplore the effort of demagogues to segregate American citizens and make government supporters of one class and charity recipients of another; well knowing the character of our best-grade workmen, we understand that they do not relish attempts to make of them recipients of any other man's contributions.

"We therefore recommend if necessary for income purposes, the enactment of measures providing a just and equitable tax upon all citizens. As an illustration, we suggest one-eighth of 1 per cent on all incomes; this would require 75 cents from the man who receives \$600 a year and \$1,250 from the man who receives \$1,000,000 a year.

TURKISH POLICE CENSURED.

Report of Court Martial on Adana Massacres Made Public.

Constantinople, July 20.—The report of the court martial on the Adana massacres, made public today, is a strong denunciation of the incapacity and apathy of the police and other local authorities. It says:

"Fifteen persons already have been hanged; 800 deserve death; 15,000 deserve hard labor for life; 80,000 deserve minor sentences.

"If it is decided to proceed with the punishment, we will cordon the town and deal expeditiously with the matter."

In view, however, of the general reconciliation between the opposing elements, the report recommends that a general amnesty be made the occasion of a national fête.

Don Carlos is Dead.

Rome, July 20.—Don Carlos, of Bourbon, pretender to the Spanish throne, died today at Varez, in Lombardy. Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who claimed under the special law of succession established by Philip V to be the legitimate king of Spain, under the title of Charles VII, was born at Laybach, Austria, March 30, 1848. His father, Don Juan, was the brother of Don Carlos, Charles VI, known as the Count de Montemolin, in support of whose claims the Carlist risings of 1848, 1855 and 1860 were organized.

Naval Pageant Success.

London, July 20.—London's naval pageant, in which 150 warships are taking part, was favored today by glorious weather, and is pronounced an enormous success. It has been asserted that the reason such a large fleet never before was gathered in the Thames was the fear of the possibility of its being bottled in by an enemy.

Grane Pleasing to China.

Pekin, July 20.—Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, whose selection as minister to China by President Taft was announced recently, is persona grata to the Chinese government. The grand council has authorized the foreign board to inform the United States government that China will gladly receive Mr. Crane.

EXHAUST PATIENCE

Japan Tries to Obtain Peaceful Settlement With China.

TERMS OFFERED UNACCEPTABLE

China Refuses to Reconsider Matter and Japan May Abandon All Effort to Conciliate.

Tokio, July 20.—The Kokumin, one of the most influential of the Japanese newspapers, and which is generally regarded as the mouthpiece of Marquis Katsuma, the premier, in matters pertaining to the government's policy, in an article today discussed the situation between Japan and China and strikes a somewhat alarmist note.

It was expected, says the article, that the withdrawal of the proposal to refer to The Hague arbitration tribunal the differences between China and Japan, preceded the adoption of what was hoped would be a conciliatory policy by China. But this expectation has not been realized. China now proposes wholly unacceptable terms and refuses to reply to Japan's request for reconsideration. The article concludes: "The Japanese government is exercising all possible patience, but is not carrying its endurance to the point of sentimentality. Unless China's mood changes before the conclusion of the current month, Japan will be obliged to assume a different attitude."

MAY MEAN RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

Pekin Diplomat Sees Deep Meaning in Crane's Appointment.

Pekin, July 20.—The appointment by President Taft of Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, a man unknown to the Eastern world or in diplomatic circles, to be minister to China, is recognized in Peking official quarters as the breaking of new ground as well as the most striking action with reference to American representation in China for the last 50 years.

The Russians and French in the Chinese capital have attached special significance to the transfer of W. W. Rockhill from Peking to St. Petersburg, holding it to mean a Russo-American alignment on Chinese affairs.

High Chinese officials declare that Japan is China's greatest enemy, but Great Britain has unofficially warned China that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was never more strong than it is at present, and has urged that China devise amicable relations with Japan.

TRYING CALHOUN AGAIN.

Court Begins Interminable Task of Securing Jury.

San Francisco, July 20.—Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railroads, is again on trial in this city on a charge of offering a bribe to a public official to gain a privilege for his corporation. Half a day had been devoted to interrogation of prospective jurors when the first panel of 25 citizens was exhausted, and an adjournment taken until next Wednesday morning.

Except for the absence of three or four notable principals and the presence of District Attorney W. H. Langdon as chief prosecutor, the proceedings today differed in no particular from the early stages of the first trial, which resulted in a disagreement. It was evident from today's examination that the talemens were anxious to escape service on any pretext.

Disagrees on Jap Case.

Honolulu, July 20.—The jury in the case of 13 Japanese strikers who resisted arrest following the riot on the Waikahi plantation on July 8, which retired at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon and which last night reported that it was impossible to agree, came into court today and informed Judge Robinson that it could not reach a verdict. After charging it further the judge again ordered it locked up. An hour later the jury for the third time reported a disagreement and finally was discharged.

Plan for Hayes Funeral.

Colorado Springs, Colo., July 20.—The funeral of Mrs. J. Addison Hayes, daughter of the Confederacy, whose death occurred Sunday evening, will be held at the family residence next Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock. Following the funeral services, the urn containing the ashes—the body having been cremated at Riverside cemetery, Denver—will be interred in Evergreen cemetery until fall, when it will be taken to Richmond, Va.

Revives Carlist Party.

Madrid, July 20.—Although the Carlist leaders are divided, the majority believe the accession of Don Jaime as head of the Carlists will give a new impetus to the party. Don Jaime made repeated visits in disguise to Spain in order to consult with his followers.