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The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

She walked away and leaned on the balustrade on the other side. "The water's getting quite deep."

"There's quite a rise of tide. It's nearly full, and then it will turn—in about an hour, I should say."

She looked at the little chateaufort watch she wore, and gave a cry of dismay.

"But that will be 7 o'clock, and then dine at the club at that time, and my aunt will be worried half out of her poor old head."

"They dine too early; they miss the best part of the day."

She turned a trifle imperiously towards me. "Still, that is the hour, and I must be getting back. What answers to the problem have your frequent studies brought?"

"The first is to wait until the causeway is dry," I answered, avoiding her eyes and looking out to sea.

"But that is out of the question," she said, with the faint hint of a tapping foot upon the deck. The touch of authority made me stubborn.

"There's a fine view of the sunset from here, though not so fine as from the cliff beyond my house. You should see that some evening when you're not afraid of missing dinner."

She looked me over while I kept my face away, and I could feel the struggle whether resentment or amusement should have the upper hand. The latter finally won. "Please help me to get home, Mr. —," she began.

"Felix Selden," I supplied her, "though I'd much rather you stayed here, Miss —," and I in my turn hung questioning.

"Barbara Graham," she answered quite frankly. "Then suddenly she laughed, and I was forced to join her. 'Come, Mr. Pirate, now that are properly known to each other, and I have thanked you for your compliment, will you think of a way to save my poor aunt from nervous prostration? If you will, I promise some day to go without dinner and come to see the sunset from your cliff.'

"It's a bargain," I said, and strode resolutely across the deck to the side where the causeway ran.

"But how? What are you doing to do?" came in surprised accents from Miss Graham.

I stopped and turned. "You will not wait for the tide, and you must not wet the slippers, so there's only one way left."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"For me to carry you ashore."

I happened to be looking at her, and her face went pink of a second, pink over the brown of the sun.

"But," she stammered, "I don't think that would do."

"It's the only alternative," I said, positively.

"Are you sure," she said, "that you are strong enough?"

I looked at her slender figure and laughed. "I have not lived out of doors for nothing," I answered. "I could carry you from here to the Shifting Shoals yonder without tiring."

Again came the infectious laugh, apparently at the thrill of the adventure, and I found it impossible to keep from joining her.

"But it's time I made the boast good," I answered, and, leaning towards her, picked her up in my arms, careful to keep the little slippers and her skirts clear of the waves' curl.

"You must put your arms about my neck to keep the balance," I said, "or I'll not guarantee the consequences."

"Must I?" she said quite demurely, and did as I commanded.

Feeling my way cautiously, I started across the causeway. A false step and I should have slipped into the deeper water, so I went slowly, feeling for safe footing as I took each step. Once I glanced momentarily at the face which was so close to mine, but Miss Graham's eyes were fixed on the shore ahead, and would not look at me.

We reached the sand at the foot of the cliff and I put the girl down. She looked a her slippers.

"Splendidly done," she said. "Not a drop of water touched me. You're quite as strong as you said."

"Remember the cause," I answered.

"But you're frightfully wet," she objected, looking at my heavy riding breeches and leggings, which were soaked through.

"You must run back to the cottage as fast as you can, to save yourself a cold."

"I must see you to the club first," I answered. "I know a short cut back of the cliff and through the woods."

"Hurry, then," she said. "I'll not have you catching cold on my account."

We scrambled up the headland and struck into the pine woods, I leading, she following close behind. We went along at a dog trot, and, although I often stopped to insure against her tiring, I found that she was a strong runner and wanted no rest. At last we came to a clearing just this side of the club entrance.

"I'll say good-by here," she said, "and spare you the sight of a civilization that

you dislike." She held out her hand. Then I remembered our bargain. "You said that if I set you ashore you would come to see the sunset from my cliff. You haven't forgotten that?"

"No; but I must think out a way. They dine here at such a stupid hour. But I promise you that some afternoon you'll see me strolling down the beach, and then if there's a sunset I'll let you show it to me. You deserve that much, at least, for coming to my rescue."

She gave me her hand a second time, and turned into the grounds of the Penguin Club. I looked at my watch; she would be just in time for dinner.

I walked back through the woods and up the beach. The western sky was fairly ablaze with color. It seemed that a beacon flamed through the pines upon my cliff.

"Have you ever known such a beautiful afternoon, Charles?" I asked my man at supper.

"Never, Mr. Felix, never."

I was sitting so that I could look out of the window at the sea.

"It was unusually glorious, even for Alastair, wasn't it?" I pursued.

"Yes, sir, it certainly was, sir, even for Alastair, sir."

After supper I had my coffee on the balcony and sat there and smoked and wondered how long it had been since a petticoat had boarded the ship.

CHAPTER III.

The weather next morning was just right for a ride, and sending for my horse, I made a great circuit of the woods, coming back by the marshes about noon. As I galloped past the upper end of the lowlands I heard a voice calling to me, and, drawing rein, waited until the voice's owner appeared. This proved to be an extremely unburned young man dressed in very loud tweeds. He carried a fishing-rod over his arm, and a fish-basket dangled from his shoulder.

"I say, do you know the country hereabouts?" he inquired. "I've lost my horse, and I'm infernally hot and tired."

He looked it; his tips were almost as muttonous as those of a spoiled child, and even the tilt of his soft felt had had a dejected air.

"Where do you want to go?" I asked in return. "The Penguin club lies about three miles off to the east."

"Yes, that's it," he said. "I'm a Penguinite, worse luck." He dropped the fishing-rod and tried to kick some of the mud from his boots. "I came out to get some fishing at 5 this morning, and not a bite have I had, nor a morsel of food tasted since. My legs ache at the thought of that three miles yet to go. Isn't there a farm-house somewhere near where I could get something to eat?"

The appeal in his eyes was so plaintive that I could not help smiling. Thereat he smiled back.

"It's a beastly pickle, isn't it?" he said. "The next time I'll arrange to have a man follow me with lunch."

It was only a quarter of a mile to my cottage. "Come along with me," I said. "I'll fix you up."

He grinned gratefully, and trudged along beside me until we came to the cottage. I called for Charles and sent him off with the horse. By the time he returned, my guest was feeling considerably better, having postponed famine by the aid of whisky and soda. He sat down to dinner with the air of a king come into his own. For a time he ate silently but strenuously, then he looked up at me.

"They don't give us such food at the club, no, sir-ee, and as for the wines, they can't compare with your claret. Funny to think of finding such things down here in the country, away at the end of an empty beach. I didn't know there was a civilized man within fifty miles of here. Do you happen to come from New York?"

"Originally," I made answer. "But it was some time ago."

"Funny thing, New York," said my guest. "When I'm back there I think I'd like to be out in the open country, but as soon as I have my wish I'm crazy for the old burg. I've been down at the Penguin now for more than two weeks, and I don't suppose an hour of the day passes when I don't long for the scenery of Broadway. The worst time is at night. I can sit on the club porch and fairly hear the Elevated sizzle by. Sometimes it seems as if I really couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why do you?" I asked.

"There are reasons, good and sufficient reasons," he answered, with a slow smile. "Reasons for which I might be lying in Kamchatka as well as anywhere else."

He looked at me intently for a few seconds, then lighted a cigarette.

"You're not inquisitive, are you? First rule to success in any business affair. However, there are certain facts you are entitled to have: my name is Rodney Islip, and I'm a broker, offices at 37 Wall Street, where I'd be glad to execute any orders for you at any time of year—though between you and me the present is a particularly bad time to invest in

anything, not even including British consols or government bonds. This recent French smash put lots of people out of business. You've heard of it, I suppose—the most outrageous swindle since Whitaker Wright."

"I read of it in the papers. It seems this man Etienne induced half the poor of Paris to trust their savings to him, and then played one company into the hands of another until the bubble burst—isn't that about it?"

The man in tweeds nodded. He threw back his head and blew a cloud of smoke in an upward spiral. "So little difference," said he, "between absolute triumph and absolute defeat. A jerk of the tinker may convert the greatest benefactor into the deepest villain. For Etienne—though I think that's only a pseudonym of his—is undoubtedly a villain when you think of the numberless lifetime savings he has swept away. Why will people trust a promoter? Haven't they all of history to judge by?"

"History teaches that people are always ready to be fooled," I answered. "However, I don't blame them. I'm a man's nerve was only big enough I'd follow him myself."

Islip looked at me with a merry twinkle.

"The solitary life makes you a philosopher," he said. "I envy you. I'm as restless as a hawk."

I smiled. "An uneasy conscience?"

"No; I'm no Etienne. I believe the only place for such men is under lock and key. But I hate to sit still and think—in my present condition."

He did not seem disposed to explain this position, and I would not press him. After a time we adjourned to my balcony and sat there enjoying the day, carrying on a somewhat desultory conversation. I found that I liked this man; there was a frank camaraderie about him, an openness of face and spirit, that irresistibly appealed. He seemed the better sort of young New Yorker, thoroughly optimistic, when sailors can't see I could see he had the knack of knowing how to dress; even his loose, baggy, out-of-date clothes set well upon him.

"Do you ever shoot at gulls?" he asked, noting the birds that wheeled continually in from sea and over the cliffs.

"No; it's bad luck to shoot them. In stormy weather, when sailors can't see their hands before their faces, they can hear the beating of gulls' wings and look out for hidden rocks. One comes to think a great deal of seafarers down this way."

"I dare say. It must be beastly work in a storm at sea."

"Oh, there's that when I'm in bed on a bad night. The Shoal Light yonder keeps most of the ships away."

We smoked for a time in silence.

"What a contrast," Islip said at length, "between this quiet beach and the folks at the club! I think I like this better of the two, but I should want company."

"Many people over there now?" I asked.

"A goodish number."

"Who are they?" I inquired idly.

"Oh, the usual crowd of city mag nates with their wives and families, James G. Purviance of Oil, with the Mrs. and two marriageable daughters. The Mrs. has her eyes on Colonel Fellowes, the man who judges the hackneys at all the shows, I think he'd rather stay single, but the nets are tightening, and Mrs. Purviance isn't going to let him slip. Then there's the Gregory family. The old man sits at the telephone most of the day, giving orders how to run his railroad, though he thinks he is off on a summer holiday; and the three girls and the boy cut capers on the golf-links, and get up theatricals in the evening. Then there are two very decent unattached bachelors, Philip Leroy and Arthur Savage—well, I suppose I might say three, because I'm a bachelor."

"Yes?" I asked in a tone that asked delicately for more.

"Oh, there's Mr. Divine of Rock Bottom Lead, and—let me see—there's a Miss Elizabeth Corey and her niece, Miss Graham, of New York."

I watched him out of the corner of my eye, but his tanned face was placidity itself.

"What are they like?" I asked.

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"What are they like?" I asked.

"Well, she's very nice, too, very nice. I knew her quite well in town." He broke off definitely.

I changed the subject. I didn't care very much about the rest of the guests at the club.

A little later Islip took up his fishing-rod and his empty basket, and we walked up the beach together. At the farther end I pointed him out his road home.

"May I drop in on you again if I'm in the neighborhood?" he asked as we said good-by.

"I wish you would. Next time I'll put you on to a place where you'll get all the fish your basket will hold. I've a little place of my own."

"Thanks. I know you don't care for the club, or I'd ask you up to dinner. If I get word of a sudden break in the market, I'll let you hear."

It was plain that he couldn't keep his thoughts long from Wall Street. I smiled at the apparent incongruity of his words there on the beach, then I watched him climb the rocks and disappear. It was pleasant to have company. I considered, but for some reason I found the ship, when I climbed on board to try my paints, rather lonely. I was not used to having two visitors in as many days.

(To be continued.)

The Proper Thing.

Myer—In writing to the secretary of the navy, would it be proper to address him as "your excellency?"

Guyer—No. "Your warship" would be more appropriate.

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.

Canada is seriously considering the advisability of building a navy.

A general strike is on at Barcelona, Spain, against the war in Morocco.

Hawaiian sugar planters propose to import Russian laborers to displace the Japs.

The battleship Michigan, the speediest of her class, will go into commission in August.

The chances seem good that Thaw will be declared sane and released from the asylum.

European pressure may yet cause China to refuse Americans a share in the railway loan.

The assistant cashier of a Tipton, Ind., bank, robbed it of \$60,000 and left for parts unknown.

Hubert Latham damaged his airship during a trial flight before attempting to cross the English channel.

The British cabinet has announced that four more battleships of the Dreadnaught type will be built.

The ex-shah of Persia has been offered an annual pension of \$25,000 on condition that he leave the country.

Japan has adopted a vigorous policy against Korean insurgents.

The death roll of the recent Gulf storm has been increased to 41.

A train struck an automobile at Menominee, Mich., killing an entire family of three.

One man saved his life in the recent Galveston storm by using his cork legs to keep him afloat.

Spain is on the verge of a revolution because of English and clerical influence over the king.

A Seattle woman has secured a divorce because her husband has been too tired to work for 12 years.

Lightning struck a residence at American Forks, Utah, four times. One woman was killed and four other persons hurt.

During a balloon race at Newton, Ill., two of the big gas bags collided, 2,000 feet in the air. One man's leg was badly crushed.

Raphael Manco, who served in the Crimean war, later served with "Chinnee" General Gordon and then saw service in the Civil war, is dead. He had lived at Los Angeles for the past 25 years.

Premier Briand has formed a new French cabinet.

Roosevelt is being proposed for mayor of New York.

A big forest fire is raging in the mountains near San Bernardino, Cal.

A cloudburst in Colorado killed two persons and did much damage to property.

Premier Asquith says Britain should be warned against tariff by American and German experiences.

In an automobile race at Grand Rapids, Mich., 50 miles was made in 51 minutes and 22 seconds.

The serious condition of King Peter of Serbia is arousing anxiety. His death would cause no surprise.

A Vancouver, B. C., police magistrate fined himself \$5 and costs for exceeding the speed limit with his automobile.

A Los Angeles judge in denying a divorce in which the plaintiffs' mother was involved said no house was big enough for a married couple and a mother-in-law.

The final count of dead in the Texas storm shows a loss of 25 lives. Communication has been established with all points and the property damage will be over \$1,000,000.

Bolivia and Peru have agreed to arbitrate the boundary dispute instead of fighting.

The Six Companies have forbid making San Francisco's Chinatown a show place for tourists.

The Italian press is greatly excited by reports that Italians in the Southern states are practically slaves.

Spanish troops have protested against going to Morocco. There have also been several riots among the people.

The Chicago health commission has decided that pasteurization of milk is ineffective and useless, if not dangerous.

ROADBED CRUMBLES.

Train Goes Into River and Six People Killed and 36 Hurt.

Kansas City, July 27.—Six lives were lost and 36 persons were injured, three perhaps fatally, in the wreck of Wabash passenger train No. 4, when it plunged into the Missouri river 30 miles east of here.

The train left Kansas City at 9 o'clock Saturday night, and was due in St. Louis ten hours later. Of the eight cars that made up the train, five and the engine are now in the river with the water covering all of them except one end of the Des Moines sleeper.

A deadhead Pullman, a mailcar, a baggage car, a day coach and a sleeper followed the engine into the stream. The chair car and two Pullmans remained on the track.

For days flooded waters have been undermining the roadbed, which parallels the river. Three hours before the wreck a freight train of 45 loaded cars passed the point safely. Three hours later No. 4 started across the same bit of track and 50 feet of the roadbed suddenly collapsed.

The train was running 14 miles an hour, and the forward cars telescoped, allowing the rear cars to stopso gradually their occupants were hardly shaken.

MARK TWAIN AS PILOT.

Former Steamboat Man Will Conquer President Down Mississippi.

St. Louis, Mo., July 27.—When President Taft takes his trip down the Mississippi river from St. Louis to New Orleans, Mark Twain, the humorist, will act as pilot on the boat carrying the country's chief executive.

The president's river itinerary has been completed and includes stops at Cape Girardeau, Caruthersville, in the Missouri; Cairo, Ill., Memphis, Tenn., and Vicksburg, Miss.

When a president of the United States takes a river trip, Mr. Clemens always has been invited by the committee in charge to pilot the boat. The usual invitation was extended to Mr. Clemens on this occasion, and his friends, who say he has a high personal regard for Mr. Taft, declare he will agree to pilot Mr. Taft safely down river.

MOORS GATHER IN FORCE.

Madrid, July 27.—Official dispatches concerning the bombardment yesterday around Melilla state that this measure was taken to prevent the enemy from massing. The gunboat Martin Alonzo Pinzon assisted in the bombardment, after which she chased, but did not catch, two steamers suspected of carrying contraband arms. The bombardment was resumed today. The Moors are gathering in great force in the Rif region. It is estimated that they now number 20,000, and are preparing for a concentrated attack.

Bleriot Awakens English.

London, July 27.—The London morning newspapers publish editorials on Bleriot's feat. A new point brought out in its striking appeal to the imagination of Englishmen that Great Britain's insular strength is no longer unchallenged, that the aeroplane is not a toy, but a possible instrument of war fare which must be taken into account by soldiers and statesmen and that it was the one thing needed to wake up the English people to the importance of the science of aviation.

Big Four Crash Hurts 42.

Indianapolis, July 27.—Forty-two persons were injured today in the wreck of a southbound Big Four passenger train at Zionsville, Ind., and all but 76 passengers who were brought to hospitals in this city were able to continue to their destinations. The baggage car and the coaches behind it left the track while the train was running 50 miles an hour.

Nebraska Pays Notes.

Omaha, Neb., July 27.—It is evident that the people of Nebraska did not mind the recent panic, for during the year 1908 there were 17,990 farm mortgages paid off and cancelled, representing a value of \$126,377,791, and 16,658 new farm mortgages were recorded, representing a value of \$36,432,657, leaving a tidy balance of about \$90,000 to the credit of the property.

Speed Test Sets Record.

Philadelphia, July 27.—The battleship Michigan, which returned today from her trial trip, is reported to have broken all speed records for a vessel of the battleship type. The Michigan is said to have made a fraction over 19 knots an hour. Her speed requirement was 17 1/2 knots.

Three Lives Lost in Gulf.

Pensacola, Fla., July 27.—With her rigging damaged and her sails torn almost to shreds, the fishing schooner Minnie W. arrived today and reported the loss of three of her crew in the Gulf hurricane of last Wednesday, and the narrow escape of two others.

Blucher's Orderly Dies.

Quincy, Ill., July 27.—John Leonard Roeder, who died Saturday at the age of 108 years, was buried today. During the battle of Waterloo Roeder acted as orderly to General Blucher.

MOB OPPOSES DIAZ

Troops Called Out to Suppress Mexican Political Meeting.

TWO AMERICANS ARE WOUNDED

Supporters of Reyes for President Attend Diaz Gathering and Troops Fire Upon Rioters.

Mexico City, July 27.—Two dead, 20 injured and more than 200 arrested, is the result of political riots in Guadalajara yesterday and last night, according to reports received here.

The riots started when a mob broke up a mass meeting in Delgado theater in the interest of the re-election of President Diaz. The orators were stoned in streetcars, carriages and automobiles in which they rode.

Mobs paraded the streets crying: "Down with Diaz!" "We want Reyes!" A barricade was erected and many shots were exchanged. Eight policemen were wounded.

The police charged the crowd repeatedly, but were repulsed. State troops were called out and a number of volleys were fired in the air without effect.

Considerable American property was destroyed and two Americans were wounded. The Americans have asked the American consulate for protection. The Hotel Garcia, which was wrecked by the mob, was leased by an American, and he has put in a claim for damages.

The riot is the most serious that has occurred in Mexico in years, and is looked upon as significant by those who have been closely following the political situation. The officials say it was planned and carried out by the Democratic party, known as the Reyesista party, from the name of the candidate for vice president, General Bernardo Reyes.

FORTERS OUTWIT HARRIMAN

Buy Land and Block Road Leading to Construction Camp.

Grass Valley, Ore., July 27.—Porter Bros. opened a war of strategy on Harriman's railroad construction forces today by cutting off the base of supplies for Twoby Bros.' camps at Horse Shoe bend, in the canyon of the Deschutes. This was accomplished by Porter Bros. by the acquisition of the homestead of Fred Gurtz, across which runs the only road that leads to the brink of the canyon anywhere near the vicinity of Horse Shoe bend.

It is said that Porter Bros. paid \$30,000 for the land by which they have shut off entrance to the canyon to Twoby Bros.

At Horse Shoe bend Twoby Bros. have begun to establish the biggest camp along the construction route, but to get there with the trainload of supplies now here the Harriman contractors will have to cross Porter Bros.' land, and Porter Bros. have put up signs warning trespassers off the property. The Gurtz homestead is enclosed by a barbed wire fence and a wire gate is across the road at one boundary line and a wooden gate at the other.

COLONIST RATES AGAIN.

Railroads to Give Reduced Fares to Pacific Coast This Fall.

Chicago, July 27.—Colonists' fares to the Pacific coast which have been under consideration at the rate meeting of the Transcontinental Passenger association for several days, will be made this fall at the same rates as heretofore, \$33 from Chicago, \$32 from St. Louis and \$25 from the Missouri river to California and North Pacific states. Their availability will be reduced, however, from the usual 60 days to a month, from September 15 to October 15.

This was decided upon because the heaviest movement has been found during the first and last ten days of that period. About 25,000 people are expected to take advantage of the rates, which are for single trips.

Carving Away Sloop Gjoa.

San Francisco, July 27.—Fearing that relic hunters will carry away piecemeal the sloop Gjoa, in which Raul Amundsen sailed through the Northwest passage, the San Francisco police department has set a guard over the sloop and will try to punish some of those whose initials cover the vessel's sides. The ship is beached at Golden Gate park and was intended to be a museum for things nautical. Relic hunters have carved away at the timbers until the worth of the vessel as a historic relic is impaired.

Tornado Wipes Out Town.

Winnipeg, July 27.—The village of Mecklin, located on the Saskatoon and West Akiwin branch of the Canadian Pacific railway in Saskatchewan, was wiped out by a tornado yesterday afternoon. No one was seriously hurt.