

The Santiam News.

VOL. XIII.

SCIO, LINN COUNTY, OREGON, AUGUST 13, 1909.

NO. 8.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

Copyright, 1908, by J. B. Lippincott Company. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER V.

Three days passed before anything further happened to disturb my equanimity of mind, and I was getting back to my accustomed serene outlook on the beach when at dinner I found a tiny note lying at my plate. Charles frequently stopped at the Penguin Club on his way from marketing, to see if by chance any mail had lodged there for me. This time he had discovered the diminutive missive addressed tucked into the box that was reserved for me, and which usually contained only the daily papers. The envelope was square and of a delicate shade between violet and gray, and my name was written on it in a fine, bold hand. Inside was a single sheet:

"My dear Mr. Pirate or Hermit (whichever you are):

"I shall visit the Ship Friday afternoon—when the tide is low."

There was no name, not even a bare initial.

I looked at my calendar—I was apt to forget the days of the week—and found that it was already Friday. I folded up the note and put it in my pocket, hardly knowing whether to be vexed or pleased.

The truth of the matter is that I found Miss Graham's last visit disconcerting. It seemed absurd, but she had in some strange manner changed the tone of the beach. Instead of being a place for calm, solitary musing, it had assumed the aspect of a spot made for company. I had never before felt the need of pointing out the pink shades of the sands and the golden crests of the rolling combers, nor of requiring another's admiration of the circling gulls. Now I did, and the result was that the more beautiful the beach, the more restless was I, and this did not suit me at all. I was not so dull as to miss the cause of this change, and that was the reason why the note both vexed and pleased me. I was vexed that I should be glad, and yet glad that I was in the way of being further vexed.

I looked at the barometer after dinner: it was falling. I glanced at the sky: it was still a deep, dome-like blue, but there were clouds stealing across it that betokened storm. The wind was veering into the northeast; we might have had weather at a moment's notice.

At the appointed time I went up to the beach and clambered aboard the ship. There was no one on board. I descended into the cabin; that was empty. I climbed the stairs, and, coming again on deck, saw Miss Graham starting across the causeway. It was low tide, and the path was above water, covered with shells and barnacles. I threw over a rope-ladder that I had made and hung at the side, and helped her on board. She had on a soft, white lace hat that dropped at the edges and looked delightfully summery. Her gown was white; indeed, the only color she wore was a gold chain and locket that hung low about her neck. She pointed proudly to her stout tan walking-shoes.

"I am wiser to-day," she said; "much more of a sea-woman."

I had thought once before that I had tested fully the sense of exploration of the ship, but now I found that I had not. Like two inquisitive children playing at being explorers, we ransacked every corner of the cabin, thumping the boards for secret hiding-places, peering into the dim recesses of the bunks. She opened the brass-bound chest. "There was nothing found in it," she asked.

"Nothing."

"It seems a shame. How are we ever to find the clue if not in the chest?"

"We must look for it out of doors," I said. "Perhaps if we wish hard enough, the spirits of the old lovers will come back."

So I took cushions that lay with my painting things and made her a seat on deck, and I lit my pipe, and told her all I had dreamed about the ship, and how I was sure, if we only had sufficient faith, that a man would come out of the sea to sail her again and bring her as fine adventures as any she had known.

"How different you are from most of the men I have met!" she said. "Now, you seem quite in your setting. It almost makes me doubt that I'm only six hours from town."

"You're not, you're a thousand miles from town in another world, in another sphere. We don't talk the language of town out here on the ship; we talk a different tongue."

She shifted so that she could look over the sea, her chin still propped in her hand. "Talk that tongue," she said in that little tone of command peculiar to her.

I talked of the sea and ships, of treasures hidden under the waves, of derelicts that floated for years without being sighted, of the Ancient Mariner and the Flying Dutchman and all the thousand and one legends of ghost ships and their crews. Meanwhile I watched her, took in the dreamy lustre of her eyes—gray that shaded to blue—the soft brown color of her cheeks and brow, the curling gold of her hair beneath her big white hat, and the delicate little hand that plucked her chin. I noted the locket, oval and flat, with her initials B. G. intertwined, and the heavy gold links of the chain

that softly stirred with her even breaths. She was a child listening to world-old stories, but I knew she was also a woman who had come to change Alastair.

I stopped, and for a time we both sat silent, while the benediction of that glorious afternoon rested upon our spirits. There seemed no limitation to the world. The sea stretched out far past the Shifting Shoals and melted into the sky, and that in turn rose immeasurably high. Only the white clouds flecked the deep blue, casting patches of shade, silver-tipped, upon the waves, and that gave us the lure of contrast.

Barbara looked up—I think it was then that I first called her Barbara to myself—and over at me.

"The world itself is so much more wonderful than anything it contains, and the beauty of it all so much greater than any single beauty, isn't it?"

I could not agree, looking into her deep, serious eyes, so I held my peace.

"Why is it, I wonder, that we only think these things, only really live, so rarely?"

There was something in her words that made me hope; they seemed to say that she had often felt thus.

"One exists so much, but lives so little," I said; "but I could imagine circumstances when one would be always living."

Her eyes changed, the depths in them vanished, there lay only the surface light that mocked me.

"One?" she echoed.

"Two," I answered. The moment of thought was over; she had changed as swiftly as the shadow of one of those clouds flying beneath the sun.

"You are a great dreamer," she said. "Are you also a man of action, I wonder?"

"Give me the chance."

"Give you the chance? Men of action don't wait for the chance; they make it."

"If I were Canute, I would order the tide to come in."

The red blood flushed her cheeks, her eyelids dropped. I forgot everything but the picture that she made—the loveliest picture that I had ever seen or dreamed.

Next moment she sprang up. "But the tide is still out," she said, "and all your wishes will not bring it in. I must be going home."

I was up and standing beside her, leaning on the bulwark. "But you will come again? You'll come again to the ship and take tea with me, or take supper on the ship? When will it be?"

"Wait; not for a day or two."

"She crossed the deck, and, drawing out a small handkerchief, held it to the breeze.

"The wind is from the northeast," she said. "That means a storm. We may have to wait many days."

"Several, not many," I answered.

She gave a little cry; the handkerchief had blown from her hand and over to the shore.

"Get it for me," she said.

The inland sea was low; I recovered the handkerchief and came back to find her half way across the causeway.

"Thank you. This is the second way you devised of leaving the ship on foot."

"But it's not the best way," I answered.

I went with her to the great gate of the club and said good-night.

"Oh!" she said. "We forgot and left the cushions lying on the deck. It may rain. A good sailor should make things tight."

"I will," I assured her.

A storm was certainly coming; it sang in the boughs of the pines as I hurried through them, it grew in the gathering clouds that hid the beach, it roared in the loud waves that threw themselves on the shore.

I crossed the mussel-bed path, and climbed on the ship. As I picked up the cushions something slid from them on to the deck. It was a locket, the locket she had worn on the chain about her neck, and I lay open, face upward, looking at me. I saw a small, round photograph of Rodney Islip.

CHAPTER VI.

There was no mistaking those features; they belonged as unquestionably to the man in tweeds as did the locket to Barbara Graham. Moreover, the photograph did him justice, and showed an extremely prepossessing, slightly smiling face, and that I considered added insult to the injury.

I snapped the locket together and put it in my breast pocket; then I hurried the cushions down the cabin-stairs, pulled over the hatch, and left the ship. I was in a very different humor from that of an hour before.

All the way down the beach I pondered the matter. How came the locket to have dropped from the chain, how came it to have fallen open when the catch seemed so strong? But these were petty, trivial questions, the merest introductions to the great, all-absorbing question—how came Rodney Islip's picture there?

Alas, there seemed only one plausible explanation, and I remembered the slight air of proprietorship, the amused smile as though at some hidden joke, that had struck me when Islip had come upon us

drinking tea. So they were in all likelihood to be married, and I a poor joke that had been batted back and forth like a shuttlecock between them. I tried to laugh as one should who sees a clown, head in air, stumble over a broomstick, but the laugh was not even a passable imitation.

The storm was coming, and I was glad of it. I wanted no more of this fine weather when a man was led to lapse into rose-colored dreams and fancy blouses a prince with the world as his realm.

The rain began to spin against my face. The storm was coming fast, and the waves barked angrily at my feet, like bounds yelping. But I would not run, I would not even turn up my coat-collar to keep off the wet; I would walk stolidly and let myself be soaked, for the poor-muddle-brained idiot that I was.

But what of her? Barbara Graham looked to me like a consummate flirt, playing with me when she was a little weary of the company of her accredited admirer. I knew that women sometimes did such things; I did not consider that she was the worst of her sex, but merely a striking instance of the sex's insincerity. Yet she had looked like a child, as guileless as a maid in short skirts and braided hair, when she had watched the sea, and then I remembered those sudden flashing changes when the imp of subtle mischief had danced in her blue-gray eyes. She was just a bundle of mischief, to whom a new man was simply so much sport. Yet I envied Islip with all the strength of my heart, which shows how strangely inconsistent I had grown.

Charles had foreseen the storm and had made things tight about the cottage; moreover, he had built a fire in the living room, which was also the dining room, to take the chill out of the rapidly dampening air. Ordinarily, I would have glad to get in and change into dry clothes and stand in front of the fire, snug and comfortable, but now I was as much out of sorts as though the cottage had been a house of cards and had suddenly tumbled down about my head.

Poor Charles! He was soon to feel the rawness of my temper. I had no sooner closed the door than I called to him to get into his oilskins and go to McCullom's with an order to him to have my horse at the back door by 8.

"Yes, Mr. Felix," said Charles. "It's going to be a bad night, sir, asking your pardon."

"I'm going to the Penguin Club, Charles," I answered, "and I don't care if the heavens fall on the way."

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," and Charles departed, wondering, doubtless, at the strange new master he had found. He knew what I thought of the Penguin.

I changed into my storm clothes—heavy riding breeches, with a leather jacket that buttoned up to my chin. I put the locket in a little pasteboard box and placed it in an inside pocket. Doubtless Miss Graham valued that small oval trinket with her monogram woven on the outside and her lover ensconced inside, and she should not have to wait until the storm passed to learn that she had not lost it. It would do no harm for her to be distanced for a few hours; then I would find it.

Charles came back and said that Nero would be around at 8. I had supper in silent state, and then sank into gloomy thought before the fire. Confound me for being such a simple, gullible fool, I who had scarcely laid eyes on a woman before at Alastair! That was the trouble with the affair. In town I should have been prepared, properly gyled and broad-plated, but here she had come upon me in my own natural wildness, on my own simple beach, in my ship of day dreams, where everything was as free and open as the sea.

Charles eyed me askance as I pulled my oilskin hat about my ears and vaulted upon Nero. Even the poor beast must have looked at me suspiciously, for this was no night for riding on any simple errand. I must be the bearer of tidings, a figure stepped out of a rough-and-tumble story. Had I only known how that night was to carry me far afield, and how that ride be the first swift gallop into a strange and swirling enterprise!

The pines shot their water into my face as I galloped along the narrow road. The sandy footing gave now and again, and I had to let Nero's instinct save us from foundering in the bogs which the heavy rain was making of the country. The night was black as pitch; the wind, risen to a hurricane, screeched through the forest in a thousand varied voices, each more harsh and ominous than the last. Several times, riding out from the middle of the road, wet branches driven by the gale flung themselves against me and almost thudded me from my horse. I crouched low, bending forward for safety and that I might peer into the murky blackness of the road. Several times Nero stumbled and I almost pitched over his head.

The lights at the gate of the club were out; they were evidently not expecting visitors. I rode Nero to the stables, left him with a groom, and strode into the club's main hall. I must have presented a sorry spectacle; my tight-buttoned leather jacket, my riding breeches and boots, all soaked and running with water, my hair and face dripping when I took off my oilskin hat that buckled under my chin.

"Take my name to Miss Graham," I said to the clerk at the desk, and he recognized me and sent a butler to find her.

"Miss Graham is in the sun-parlor on the porch to the right of the main-door," reported the butler, "and says she will see you there."

(To be continued.)

The Last Word.

She—And do you believe that a woman always turns to the last page first when she picks up a book? He—Well, I have no reason to doubt it. I know it is the nature of the fair sex to want the last work.—Pick-Me-Up.

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.

Orville Wright says he can fly 1,000 miles in his aeroplane.

The first signs of a break in the Swedish strike are appearing.

China has yielded to Japan in the Antung-Mukden railway affair.

Count Zeppelin, the German aeronaut, has undergone an operation for abscess.

The Milwaukee road will soon establish through service from St. Paul to the coast.

Greece refuses to renounce her claim to Crete and Austria warns Turkey against war.

Cannon intends spending the time until the regular session of congress taking a rest.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., likes the air and will apply for a pilot's license to go ballooning.

Harriman is to merge the Illinois Central and New York Central with the Union Pacific.

Mrs. Harry Thaw wants \$500,000 from the Thaw family purse, but the price is considered too high.

A Los Angeles inventor is looking for a wife with money enough to back him in building a flying machine.

The Forty-third National encampment of the G. A. R. is in session at Salt Lake. Fully 50,000 are in attendance.

Mobile, Alabama, is now in the list of "dry" towns.

Spain explains the Barcelona outbreak as a local affair.

A granddaughter of General Corbin is to marry a Japanese.

Great Britain is not greatly alarmed at the Japanese threats on China.

Jerome says Thaw is still crazy and should be kept in an insane asylum.

Japan has commenced work on the Antung railroad in defiance of China.

California gardeners at Basadena have passed resolutions declaring Burbank a fakir.

A California couple returning from a honeymoon abroad have been arrested for undervaluing goods brought home.

Turkey has renewed her threat to send an armed force into Greece if that country does not withdraw her troops from Crete.

The Swedish general strike contingents and leaders claim more men are to be called out. Two regiments of soldiers have mutinied.

Japan has sent China an ultimatum on the railroad situation in Manchuria.

Cleveland, Ohio, officers are having a row over the Whitla kidnaping reward.

Lord Kitchener is to be field marshal and organize the British colonial forces.

Marrriages of pretty cashiers has caused Los Angeles hotel men to employ men.

The Moors are again showing activity and another clash with Spanish troops is expected.

The murder of a Mexican girl by a Chinaman has caused an outbreak at Zapatlan, Mexico.

Venezuela is about to bring to a close the disputes with foreign powers dating from Castro's regime.

A case of Bubonic plague has been found in Sacramento county, Cal. The situation is not regarded alarming.

The Chinese government has made arrangements to install a telephone plant in Peking with a capacity of 200,000 lines. The instruments are to be American make.

Heat is claiming more victims at Chicago.

Striking bakers at Montreal, Canada, have caused a bread famine.

The Japs have called off their strike on Hawaiian sugar plantations.

The Stockholm strike is causing a famine and is spreading throughout Sweden.

An Oregon woman has been arrested at Oakland for swindling railroads by fake injury claims.

Bernard J. Mullaney has declined Mayor Busse's offer to be chief of police in Chicago.

One of the four surviving wives of the Mormon leader Brigham Young, is dead. She was 88 years old.

CANNOT STOP STRIKE.

King Unable to Control Labor Situation in Sweden.

Stockholm, Aug. 10.—The tie-up of the business of the country as a result of the strike is so serious that King Gustav intervened in an endeavor to secure a compromise. The king today sent a message to the parties at conflict, exhorting them to agree at the earliest moment possible and advising arbitration.

It was after King Gustav's message had been approved at a cabinet meeting Saturday that he summoned to a conference at the palace the two leaders of the warring factions—Director Sedow, of the employers, and Senator Lindquist, president of the federation of trades unions.

The result of the conference has not yet transpired, but apparently the king's efforts for a peaceful solution of the trouble were without result. Tonight it was announced the printers would strike tomorrow, and the National labor union has issued a proclamation that, beginning tomorrow morning, every drag wagon whose driver is not wearing a union badge will be stopped by strikers. No exception, it was stated, will be made for owners driving their wagons.

The union further declares it will try to frustrate the attempt of the Stockholm street-car company to start its cars on the surface lines.

COREA SORE SPOT AGAIN.

Many Clashes Occur Between Japs and Chinese.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 10.—Passengers arriving on the steamer Montevale from the Orient today in discussing the situation between Japan and China, say conditions at Cheintao, on the Korean border, are more likely to cause serious trouble between the two nations than the dispute over the Antung-Mukden railway.

When the Montevale sailed reports had been received that the Chinese had massed 3,000 soldiers at Cheintao and collisions between them and the Japanese police were frequent. Seoul dispatches received before sailing state that, following the arrest of a party of Koreans by the Japanese at Cheintao, the Chinese troops attacked the Japanese and rescued the prisoners, several of the Japanese being wounded. A boycott has been declared against the Japanese by the Chinese and Koreans of the district.

MAY AVERT STRIKE.

Chicago Labor Controversy Appears to Be Near End.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—According to the outlook tonight there will be no strike of the streetcar employes of Chicago, and a settlement is likely to be reached by tomorrow night.

It is said an offer of a wage increase, based on employes' length of service, will be made by President Mitten, of the Chicago City Railway company.

John M. Roach, president of the Chicago Railways company, has had his auditors at work figuring out a method of advancing wages, and it is said his first offer to a committee of his employes tomorrow will be on the same general basis as that of Mr. Mitten.

The controversy probably will be adjusted without resort to outside arbitration. The employes say they are decidedly opposed to arbitration, and rather than submit to it will accept any reasonable compromise coming from the companies direct.

Seattle Fair Half Over.

Seattle, Aug. 10.—With the closing of the gates Sunday, the first half of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition was ended. Figures compiled by the exposition management show the attendance for the first half of the fair to be 1,744,861. Having their estimates upon the percentage of increase for August and September over the preceding months at previous expositions, the officials estimate that the total attendance at the close of the Seattle exposition October 16 will be more than 4,600,000.

Bolivian Revolt Likely.

Lapaz, Bolivia, Aug. 10.—It is stated that, although the inauguration of Dr. Don Elidoro Villazon as president of the republic has been set for next Thursday, there are many persons here who doubt that this program will be consummated because of his friendliness toward Argentina. The situation in Bolivia never has been more serious, and sensational events are expected shortly.

China Gives Her Consent.

Tokio, Aug. 8.—It is believed that the Chinese minister to Japan has received instructions from Peking in which the objections of the Chinese government to the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden railroad and its conversion into a standard gauge line are completely withdrawn.

GIRLS PICK WINNERS

Drawing for Government Land at Coeur d'Alene.

OREGON MAN GETS FIRST CHANCE

Officials Have Double Set Drawn to Guard Against Accident—Work Progresses Smoothly.

Spokane, Aug. 10.—When little Helen Hamilton, niece of Mayor Boyd, of Coeur d'Alene, walked into a pile of 105,000 yellow envelopes containing applications for land of the Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation yesterday morning, shortly after 10 o'clock, the great land drawing on the three tracts of government land—the Flathead, the Coeur d'Alene and the Spokane Indian reservations—was on.

Several hundred people stood around the platform, on which Judge James W. Witten, of Washington, D. C., formally opened the drawing on one of the last of the big tracts of Uncle Sam's public domain. Unlike the rush in "squatting" days, the modern method of distributing land moved along with the precision of clockwork.

When Miss Hamilton, daintily dressed in white, had plucked the first lucky envelope from the mass and handed it to Judge Witten and the name of Isadore Selig, of Myrtle Creek, Or., had been read aloud, the gathering crowds began to evidence increased interest and quivering excitement.

A faint cheer arose and followed in rapid order as Miss Hamilton, aided by Miss Christine Donlan and Miss Harriet Post, plucked the other lucky envelopes from the pile. Men and women, now anxious to hear the verdicts in the first 20 envelopes, crowded up to the platform where newspaper men and government clerks grabbed at the bits of news-bearing names and started them throughout the land by special wires run to the drawing stand.

The whole affair is a perfect delineation of the large scale on which Uncle Sam conducts his official business. The drawing for the first day closed at 4 o'clock. The mark of 1500 set by Judge Witten as the labor for the first day, was reached and the remaining 1500 will be drawn today. There are but about half that many claims to be given away, but the extra 1500 are drawn to fill in where winners fail to file by April 1.

IRRIGATION CONGRESS OPEN.

Large Number Gathers at Spokane to Discuss Important Affairs.

Spokane, Aug. 10.—The congress opened with the "Irrigation Ode," sung by the Spokane chorus of 250 voices. The address of welcome to the state was delivered by Governor Hay, of Washington.

On behalf of the city Mayor N. S. Pratt spoke. He caused the suggestion of a sensation by charging private capital with interfering with government reclamation projects.

The response on behalf of the congress was made by George E. Barstow, president of the congress.

It is understood that a number of state delegations have declined to commit themselves in the matter of endorsing a candidate for president. This is true in the case of President Barstow, who, although an announced candidate, has not been urged strongly for a second term because of the feeling that the honor should be "passed around." Other candidates for the president of the congress developed during the day in the persons of ex-Governor Gooding, of Idaho; ex-Governor Pardee, of California, and Congressman Mondell, of Wyoming.

The question of a next meeting place has narrowed down to a fight between San Francisco and Pueblo, Colo., with Denver pledged to aid the latter.

The new constitution privilege, the business-like basis so much desired by the congress, was adopted without dissent.

Bank Guaranty Law Effective.

Austin, Texas, Aug. 10.—The new guaranty of bank deposits law passed by the recent special session of the Texas legislature went into operation yesterday. The law is similar to the Oklahoma law in all its most important provisions. It provides for and defines two alternative methods or plans for the protection of the depositors of state banking corporations which are referred to as the "guaranty fund plan" and the "bond security plan," respectively. The state banks may decide which plan to adopt.

Wellman May Soon Fly.

Tromsøe, Norway, Aug. 10.—Advices received here from Spitzbergen, where the Walter Wellman polar expedition is being prepared for an attempt to reach the north pole, say the repairs to the balloon sled which was badly damaged by a storm last June, have been completed and a gas apparatus has been installed.