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## The Pirate of Alastair

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Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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### CHAPTER XI.

It was of the first importance that Monsieur Duponceau should keep himself well hid, and to this end he spent his days in the cabin of the ship, coming out only when night had fallen, and then most discreetly. There were not the same reasons for concealment in my case, however, so I boarded the ship soon after I left Barbara that day and set up my name as an excuse in case any chance observers should look across the beach and see me. This also gave me the chance to keep a careful lookout.

It was perhaps 4 o'clock when, as I sat on the gunwale of the ship, sunning myself and leisurely smoking a pipe, I saw Charles approaching with a pitcher and glass.

"The afternoon being so warm, I thought that you and the other gentlemen might be wanting something cool to drink, sir," he explained, when he had come on board; "so I made a pitcher of claret cup."

"Much obliged to you, Charles. Take it down to the cabin, where it'll keep cool until we want it."

Charles disappeared with the clinking pitcher. When he returned I spoke again.

"What is Monsieur Duponceau doing?"

"He is lying in one of the bunks, sir, with his eyes wide open, and when he sees me, he says, sort of pleasant-like, 'You're trying to make me think I'm back in Paris, but unfortunately the setting isn't the same!'"

"I don't expect to be much at home for some time, Charles. I'm going to help Monsieur Duponceau here. We may need you suddenly, so keep an eye on the broken mast, and if you see a lamp or a flag come over at once. Otherwise, keep mum."

"Yes, Mr. Felix. I've been pestered all day with some of them shuffling fellows that want to know my business. May I land 'em one if they interfere?"

"You may land 'em one whenever you feel like it; only, land so hard that there won't be any come-back."

"Yes, I will, sir," and Charles made so bold as to grin. I could see that the spirit of fight was taking hold of him also.

I went back to my pipe and my drowsy survey of the sea. There was little wind, and the only rollers swept calmly in with a curiously machine-like rhythm. Far out the funnel of a south-bound steamer sent a black ribbon across the sky; to the west of the Shifting Shoal a sloop was lying to, waiting for the evening breeze. I half dozed, thinking what a peaceful scene it was.

Half an hour later I heard Duponceau call my name from the cabin stairs.

"It's getting intolerably warm down here; might it not be possible for me to come on deck if I kept in the shadow of the gunwale?"

I looked the situation over, and decided that no one could possibly see a man who hid at the side of the ship, keeping low down by the rail. I advised Duponceau of this, and then told him the moment the beach being clear, he might dart from the hatchway, and scurry across to shelter. This he did, and, with a sigh of thankfulness at having reached fresh outdoor air, he stretched himself in the shadow, and I sat opposite, facing him and watching the shore.

"I've been sleeping," Duponceau said, "so that I could stand watch to-night. What a beautiful world! But it's not like France; nothing is like France. And to think I may not see it again!"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because—" He hesitated. "Because I have enemies who would shoot me away from the sea and the sky and the sun, and so I have to come to some lonely corner of the New World, and seek refuge. Ah, this new world of yours! It is good for the young, but not for those who have grown gray in the Old. There is only one world for them and one land for me—I love it as I might love a woman."

Foreigners have the habit of sentiment; it did not seem strange to me to listen to the thoughts of an exile spoken in a voice that was musically clear. The frankness of the man cleared away all barriers.

Suddenly looking up, I caught sight of Barbara coming towards us by the path behind the cliff. She carried a package under her arm. As I watched her descend carefully, I saw the two men that I had met in the morning come out of the pines and approach her. As she saw them appear, Barbara involuntarily glanced over to the ship, and the men instantly turned their eyes in the same direction, and so caught sight of me.

"Sit still and keep very low," I whispered to Duponceau, under cover of my pipe.

Barbara took a step forward.

"Not so fast. Where are you going?" demanded the surly faced chap.

"I am going—where I choose," she answered, and took another step.

"You're not going out to that ship," he stated. "There's some one hiding here we mean to find."

I caught his words and jumped to my feet.

"What's the trouble? Miss Graham."

"You come on board!"

I was careful to lean directly over Duponceau, in order to shield him better.

"We'll all three come," announced the man.

I was put out; it would be impossible for Duponceau to crawl from the shelter of the gunwale to the cabin now without being seen. I temporized.

"Well," said I, "suppose—"

"Come on," said the leader to Barbara; "you were very anxious before."

"Hold up!" I cried, pretending to get angry. "I didn't ask you to come over here. It happens that I'm painting, and don't wish to be disturbed."

The other man laughed. "We won't hurt your painting. I've never been over that boat, and she looks interesting."

Duponceau was still crouching low under me. It was time for me to be emphatic.

"The ship is mine. I bought it when I bought my cottage. I don't want you on board, and if you try to come on I shall certainly keep you off."

Now Barbara spoke up. "If all this contending is over," she said, "I'll give up my visit to-day. Some other day will do as well, Mr. Seldon. Good-afternoon!" and she started away.

"Not so fast!" The surly faced man beside her, had his hand on her arm. "You will either go with us, miss, or he gives us a chance to search that boat."

I could scarcely keep Duponceau crouching longer; I could feel that his fingers were itching for one of his revolvers.

"Stop!" called a voice from the cliff, and I saw Rodney Islip standing there. He took in at a flash that Barbara was in trouble, and came leaping to her aid.

"What the devil's this? Take your hand away!" and he raised his walking stick in the man's face. The latter, startled at Islip's violence, dropped Barbara's arm and fell back.

"Now, what do you fellows want here?" demanded Islip. "I've a mind to thrash you both for touching a lady."

"We're going on board that boat," said the man; then he hesitated. "Oh, we'll take the lady with us."

"Oh, you will?" said Islip.

"Yes," said the leader, his confidence returned; "and I don't think you'll stop us."

Rodney and he squared. The fight would be two to one; Barbara was trembling.

"Now," I cried, and looked along my leveled pistol. "If it's come to fighting, we'll all be in the fight. Islip, bring Miss Graham on the boat. There's a bullet waiting for the man who stops you."

The men fell back, hesitating, and seizing advantage of the moment, Rodney took Barbara's hand and led her over the causeway. They came up the ladder and on board.

"That's all!" I cried to the men on shore. "You can go!"

I had the drop on them, and their hands did not even seek their pockets as they turned and went into the woods. But I knew that they were as sure of Duponceau's presence as if they had seen him on board.

"Well," said Islip, as he saw the strange figure of the Frenchman hidden behind the bulwark. "There's a pretty kettle of fish! No there is a mystery, and we're carrying guns."

"My dear lady," said Duponceau, rising. "I shall never forgive myself for causing you such distress."

But Barbara was not distressed; instead, she looked very much pleased.

I motioned Duponceau to go below to the cabin, and the others followed him there. I sat at the top of the steps, where I could both join in the conversation and watch the shore.

Barbara placed her package on the table. "I thought I was only bringing you provisions," said she, "but instead I've brought you a recruit. Mr. Islip, this is Monsieur Duponceau," and she added lightly, "the pirate of Alastair."

Islip shook hands. "So you're in on this, too, are you, Seldon?" he called up to me. "All arrayed against the bloodhounds, I take it? Well, whatever the game is, count me in on it. I'll feel more as though I were back in little old New York."

"Good!" cried Barbara. "Now you've four men to man the ship, counting Charles, and a spy at the club to bring you news and food."

She caught sight of the pitcher of claret and poured out four glasses. Then she raised one to her lips.

"I pledge myself in the defense of Monsieur Duponceau, who came out of the sea and found the land inhospitable!" she cried. "Drink with me!"

We drained our glasses.

"That's the oath of fidelity," she said, looking at Islip and me, and I think she knew she could trust us both to the end of the adventure.

The sun was dropping low, and Barbara prepared to leave the ship. Islip started to join her.

"No," she said; "I'd rather go alone. No one will stop me now. You must stay here and watch during the night."

He bowed, but insisted upon escorting

new ashore and setting her on the path homeward. Then he came back to the ship.

"It's curious," he remarked to me as we sat alone on deck, "but I don't feel as though I were living in the twentieth century any longer. It seems as if I'd gone back to about the sixteenth. I'm just thinking for a revolver and a chance to get in a fight. I didn't know I was really so much of a savage."

"Same here," I answered. "I've always longed to have a fight on this ship. Then there's something about this man I can't resist."

When it fell dark we supped on the food Barbara had brought, and then we divided up the watch for the night.

### CHAPTER XII.

We were not yet sufficiently good sailors to drop to sleep in the stuffy bunks below when it was not our turn on watch.

Rodney tried it, but soon came up on deck, announcing that he never had felt more wide awake in his life and believed he could last through the night without a wink. So we three busied ourselves making the ship snug, and Rodney in addition in vainly trying to interrogate Duponceau.

There was no doubt but that in the direction of the beach we were practically impregnable. Invaders would first have to climb the rocks and then splash through the water, or, if they came by the causeway, pass the narrow defile at the base of the cliff. In either case we would have ample chance to defend ourselves, and even if they succeeded in reaching the ship's side we would have the advantage of being six feet above them. I pulled in the rope ladder that still hung over the side and stowed it away in a cupboard in the cabin. When we had done everything precaution could suggest, we three gathered on the forward deck and sat with our backs to the sea, facing the shore.

The night was clear and cool; there was little sound beyond the regular throbbing of the waves on the beach and the occasional distant call of a bittern from the marshes upriver. As I listened to the talk of the other two, I realized that Rodney was slipping under that same insupportable fascination of Duponceau's as readily as I had done.

"But I say," put in Islip at last, "do you mean to tell me that you came all the way over here without any luggage, that you let those chaps land you just as you were, without anything else?"

"Without anything else save a little box of papers," Duponceau smiled—and each of them were many thousand times its weight in gold.

"Why," said Islip, "what kind of securities were those?"

"See how I trust you," returned the other. "We hid the box in the ground back in the woods, between two roots of a hemlock, one pointing south by the compass, the other west. The hemlock is ten paces west of a scarred fir that was stripped of its sea branches by lightning."

"I know the tree," said I.

Rodney rubbed his hands joyfully. "Ye gods and little fishes, think of it! Ever since I was a boy I've wanted to have my hand in a buried treasure. We used to hide tin cans in the bean yard, just to dig them up again. And now to think that I've come across a real treasure! What would those other boys say?"

"Here's one of them now," I put in. "I used to do the very same thing myself."

Duponceau was smiling again. "You can both take it lightly," he said, "because you do not know how to count, and many governments would give almost anything for a chance at that box out there."

"Better and better. The higher the interest, the more sport for us," said Rodney. "I've always wanted to be mixed up in an international affray. I'm more than ever glad I decided to come. About midnight, the air grew colder, and we walked to warm ourselves."

"Do you think," said Rodney, finally, "that we might go on a hunt for that tree? My eyes are fairly itching to follow that trail, and we might reconnoitre the enemy's position you know. We could make tracks back to the ship if there was any need."

"Wait till Duponceau comes up, and we'll ask him," I suggested.

In time, at the end of his midnight nap, Duponceau came on deck, and gave us permission to take a survey of the shore.

"If I need you," he said, "I'll make the call of the osprey—quien?" and he sent forth a long, quivering cry that was echoed back to us, from cliff and beach.

Armed with revolvers, Rodney and I slipped out of the ship, forded the lake, and, keeping as close as we could to the rocks, for the night was bright with stars, headed towards the pines.

We saw not a word, but tip-toe, leading, he following, he skirted the woods until we came to the scarred fir. There I turned to look back; the beach lay a bright silver field sloping to the sea, which rippled like quicksilver beneath the stars. The beach was empty as the desert, and still, save for the lapping waves.

"Ten paces to the east," whispered Rodney, and with infinite caution, we tiptoed through the pines. The trees are very thick there; we felt as if plunging into an unknown screen. We came to the hemlock, and crouched on the sea side of it, some instinct telling us that there was need of caution. On hands and knees I crawled a foot farther, and beheld a white tent, its guide-ropes running to the hemlock's roots. Islip pulled himself up beside me.

(To be continued.)

Centipedes are eaten in some parts of South America.

## HARRIMAN IS DEAD

Victor in Financial Battles Loses to Grim Reaper.

MIND REMAINED CLEAR TO LAST

Secrecy Preserved Until Stock Market Closed—Time Misstated—Whole Family Present.

Arden, Sept. 10.—Edward H. Harriman, the greatest organizer of railroads the world has ever known, met the only lasting defeat of his active life at the hands of death. Secluded in his magnificent home on Tower Hill, he succumbed to an intestinal disorder yesterday after a fight against disease that will rank for sheer grit with his remarkable struggles in the financial world.

The exact time of his death is known only in that limited circle of relatives and associates who had shielded Mr. Harriman from all outside annoyance during his last illness. The time was given out as 3:35 p. m., but Mrs. Mary Simonds, sister of the dead man, said last night that Mr. Harriman died at 1:30 p. m. Whether this apparent discrepancy has any bearing on the current belief that every effort was made to lessen the influence of the financier's death on the New York stock market is problematical. But it is significant that the time of his death, as officially announced, was just 35 minutes after trading had ceased on the New York exchange.

Mr. Harriman died peacefully and to the end his brilliant mind retained its clearness. After a relapse on Sunday he sank slowly and soon after noon yesterday there came a relapse that marked the approach of the end. His wife, two daughters and two sons, who have been constantly with him, assembled at the bedside and a carriage was hastily dispatched for Mrs. Simonds, whose home is three miles from the Tower Hill home. Mrs. Simonds entered the great silent home in time to be present at her brother's death. She joined the wife and children, who, with Dr. W. G. Lyle, of New York, and Orlando Harriman, a brother, and the nurses, formed a group at the bedside.

Mr. Harriman will be placed at rest in the family plot at the little graveyard behind St. John's Episcopal church at Arden. He will rest beside his eldest son, Edward H. Harriman, Jr., who died 22 years ago, soon after the family first came to Arden. The services will be held at 3:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon, and, it is understood, will be strictly private.

Edward Henry Harriman will go down in history as one of the most spectacular financial geniuses, most daring stock speculators and greatest railroad magnates of his time. He was born at Hempstead, L. I., February 25, 1848, the son of Rev. Orlando Harriman, Jr., rector of an Episcopal church in that town, founded in 1702. The early life of the future man of millions was one of great poverty. His father was a cultured but poor man, his mother came from an old aristocratic, but equally impecunious family of New Brunswick, N. J.

Edward H. Harriman received his early education at the district school and supplemented it by a two years' course in a boys' school under church auspices, where the sons of clergymen paid practically nothing for their education.

Edward Henry Harriman began his career as clerk in a broker's office on Wall street. He showed no unusual ability and for many years gave no promise of his later brilliant development. Socially he was well liked and those who knew him at that time described him as a sociable young man, always full of fun. He was noted, however, for a mind of his own. What he wanted he generally obtained, but his desires and ambitions were, at that time, at least, neither very sweeping nor particularly important.

How he obtained his start and the funds which enabled him to buy a seat on the New York stock exchange, have never been clearly explained. The most widely accepted explanation, however, was to the effect that during the famous "gold corner" engineered by Gould, Fisk, Kimber and others, Edward H. Harriman plunged with all his own money and some borrowed from

### Squaw's Claims Settled.

San Francisco, Sept. 10.—Heirs named in the will of John R. Hite, a millionaire mining man of Mariposa, Cal., have effected a settlement with the Indian widow, it was announced today, and within a week more than \$6,000,000 will be distributed. Hite was a pioneer in the California gold fields and married an Indian woman, from whom he afterwards separated, making an allowance for her maintenance. She was not provided for in his will and the contest followed at his death. The suit was compromised for \$100,000.

his brother Orlando, and cleared enough to buy himself, in August, 1870, a seat on the New York stock exchange.

Young Harriman married early in life and married very well. His wife was Miss Mary Averell, of Rochester, N. Y., whose father was a capitalist and a successful railroad man.

For a number of years the broker firm of E. H. Harriman & Co. did a thriving business on Wall street, speculating with its own funds and executing commissions for the Vanderbilts and other wealthy capitalist clients. It was not until 1883 that E. H. Harriman came actively into the railroad field. At that time he had become known as a capitalist, one of the few who had gathered together a great fortune in the ten trouble years between 1870 and 1880. He was credited with having in his strong box a fair list of stocks he had picked up at extremely low prices during the various panics.

Along in 1883 he was elected a director of the Illinois Central railroad. Whether Mr. Harriman entered the railroad field in accordance with an already matured plan of his or whether his accidental acquaintance with railroad matters suggested to him the enormous possibilities of acquiring the control of large railroad systems, is not definitely known. At all events, Mr. Harriman's entry into the directorate of the Illinois Central railroad marked the beginning of his career as a manipulator of railroad stocks and reorganizer of railroad systems which, in the course of 10 or 15 years made him one of the greatest railroad kings ever known in the United States and placed him in control of more than 54,000 miles of water transportation lines and of railroad lines of an estimated length of 27,000 miles.

The railroads included in the Harriman system were of sufficient mileage to reach more than two and one-half times around the globe. They comprised the following:

Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Oregon Short Line, Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, Illinois Central, Georgia Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Delaware & Hudson, Erie, New York Central, Pere Marquette, San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake, St. Joseph & Grand Island, St. Paul & Northwestern. Harriman was in addition the head of four steamship companies, one of which operates steamers across the Pacific. He was also in the directorate of the Wells Fargo Express company, the Western Union Telegraph company, the Colorado Fuel & Iron, The Guaranty Trust, and the Equitable companies of New York, the National City bank, and 31 other corporations.

### GENERAL CORBIN DEAD.

Noted Army Man Passes Away After Long Illness.

New York, Sept. 9.—Lieutenant General Henry C. Corbin died in Roosevelt hospital in this city yesterday after an operation for a renal disorder. General Corbin would have been 67 years old in a few days. Mrs. Corbin and ex-Governor Myron T. Herrick were at his bedside when death occurred. He had been ill for two years.

Accompanied by Mrs. Corbin and his daughter, Mrs. Parsons, of Ardsley, N. Y., he went to Carlbad for treatment on June 12 last. The waters there appeared to have improved his condition after two weeks' stay, and he returned to England, where his former trouble recurred and he went to Paris to consult physicians. The trouble developed more seriously while in Paris, and he determined to return to America. J. G. Schindler, of Cincinnati, met him in Paris and with Mrs. Corbin they sailed for New York on the steamer Rotterdam, which arrived here Sunday. The general was taken to the Hotel Martineau in this city, and Dr. Frank Erdworm was summoned. The physicians advised that General Corbin be removed to the Roosevelt hospital, and he was taken there on Monday. The operation was performed Tuesday morning by Dr. Laureus Hotchkiss.

### Englishmen See the Joke.

London, Sept. 9.—The morning papers apparently consider that the Polar controversy has passed the stage where serious comment will prove any useful purpose. All statements from either side tending to throw light on the disputed points are printed in full, but most of the papers either refrain from making editorial comment or confine themselves to a few semi-humorous remarks. The Daily News points out the complete unreliability of evidence from Eskimos, who are likely to say anything calculated to please.

### Otter Hunting is Stopped.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 10.—Word has been received by the Victoria Sealing company that the sealing schooner Thomas F. Bayard, which has been in Behring sea hunting for sea otter, has been ordered from the hunting grounds by a United States revenue cutter. As hunting for sea otter is not prohibited, protest will be made to Ottawa with a view to having representations made to Washington.

### Wellman Gives Up Dash.

Christiana, Sept. 9.—A special dispatch from Tromsø says that Walter Wellman has instructed his agent to arrange for the return of all the explorer's property from Virgo bay.

## 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.

Dewey says the United States needs a larger navy.

It is said the Harriman estate will not be divided.

The Peary-Cook controversy has grown very bitter in New York.

Rear Admiral Schley favors Cook, notwithstanding that Peary is a navy man.

Sweden has taken steps to end the labor war. Arbitration will be insisted upon.

The biennial convention of the national association of machinists is in session at Denver.

It is expected that 10,000 delegates will attend the Eagles' national convention at Omaha.

St. John's Catholic church, New Orleans, has been almost totally destroyed by fire. Loss \$200,000.

General Reyes says he has never been a candidate for the vice presidential nomination in Mexico.

New York, fears a tong war in its Chinatown, and has sent scores of additional police to that section.

Cardinal Gibbons says that while he should like to see prohibition rule, he does not believe the present move will be successful.

Fairbanks has left China on his way to Manila.

The Santa Fe has withdrawn its orders for fast trains from the East.

Burglars succeeded in getting away with jewelry valued at \$100,000 in Pittsburgh.

Spanish forces in Morocco have been greatly reinforced and now hope to defeat the Moors.

The first snow has fallen in Montana. Should it continue much uncut grain will be damaged.

Hill has attacked the Southern Pacific land grant in order to force an entrance into Southern California.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound road has offered to carry mail from Chicago to Puget sound in 59 hours.

Pernicious anemia and oedema of the lungs was the chief cause of Harriman's death, according to Dr. Lyle, his physician.

Ex-President Roosevelt has been named as a delegate to the world's missionary conference at Edinburgh, Scotland, next June 14 to 24.

Peary says he will prove Cook was never at the Pole.

Harriman lines are not likely to have any more one-man power.

Canadians are determined to re-open the Bering sea sealing question.

Harriman stocks did not drop on the stock exchange as was expected.

Lord Roseberry has left the British Radical party and joined the Liberals.

The first drawing in the Cuban national lottery yielded the government \$100,000 profit.

Latest advices say 10,000 lives were lost in the earthquake which destroyed Acapulco, Mexico.

Chicago carmen are again endeavoring to arrange for arbitration with the streetcar company.

The situation in Northern Mexico is still serious and there is much suffering among the people.

Unusual building operations throughout the United States is reported for August. Portland shows an increase of 29 per cent.

J. P. Morgan has offered financial aid to Explorer Cook.

Wireless messages from the Pacific fleet report it near Honolulu.

A movement has been started to unite St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Harriman's fortune is variously estimated at from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

British people are inclined to favor Cook against Peary after reading the latter's story.

During his trip through the West Taft will explain the new tariff bill in his speeches.

Government suits involving title to oil land in California will be delayed by the death of Harriman.

The party of Japanese business men visiting the Coast express surprise at the magnitude of the country.