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The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

The larder was well-stocked, thanks to Charles' foresight, and we made a most excellent supper of poached ham, broiled chicken, pilot biscuit, and coffee, boiled as only Charles knows how. While supper was being prepared Duponceau and I made the round of the house, putting up the great storm-shutters with which I usually protected the windows from the winter gales, and piling packing-boxes and extra-heavy furniture against the doors, so that they might be ready to withstand any sudden attack. I was surprised to find how snug we could make the cottage. It had been built to weather the roughest of off-shore gales, but I never thought of it as useful for a log-house in case of attack by land. I was very proud of it when we barred the last shutter.

Meanwhile Charles was spreading the table, and Rodney, reclining upon a couch as became a wounded warrior, was puffing contentedly at the first cigarette he had had in three days.

"Little did I think, Selden," said he, "when I lunched with you that day, that I'd be coming back as a member of a midnight garrison, defending a mysterious gentleman in a black cloak, who popped up out of the sea. Not but what I enjoy it," he added, as Duponceau looked his way. "I haven't had such a good time since I went bear-hunting in Labrador; but I should like to know what's happened to the market."

"Perhaps I can smuggle Charles through the enemy's lines to the club in a day or two," I answered.

Rodney granted. "You talk of a day or two as though time were nothing. The whole bottom might drop out in less than an hour. However, I don't care so long as supper's come."

We disposed of a prodigious meal, and when we had finished Duponceau examined with great interest an armory of old swords and other war-like instruments that hung over the mantel-piece. Finally he unhooked two long and rusty blades, compared them carefully, and carrying them with him, went to the stairs.

"You're not going to kill him?" I exclaimed.

"Certainly not; but possibly we can end this campaign to-night. Come with me."

Rodney and I followed him up to my study, where a prisoner was stretched out in the Morris chair. Duponceau flung the two swords on the center-table, and I could see a quick look of alarm flare up in the captive's eyes.

"I am about to propose," said Duponceau, "a happy settlement of all our difficulties. Instead of your band of six or eight outlaws fighting my three comrades and myself, what say you if you and I fight it out, you to withdraw your party if I win, I to go with you if I lose? Come, that sounds fair enough." He loosened the bandage from the prisoner's mouth. The wry smile reappeared.

"What do you take me for? I'm no fence, and the parties back of me wouldn't stand for such a game anyway. They want you taken quietly, delivered up, and don't care what happens to any number of me."

Duponceau looked taken aback; he thought over the man's words for a moment, then turned to us. "You'll bear witness that I've done everything in my power to settle this affair with the loss of nobody's blood but my own, and that my offer was refused."

Rodney and I agreed. "What shall we do with him?" I asked.

"Turn him loose," said Rodney. "It's better to have all our enemies on the same side of the house." Duponceau was of like mind, so we took the man down-stairs, and, opening the front door, sent him out into the night. "I'll tell the chief about what you offered," he said as he left, "and if he says it's a go, we'll bring our best fence with a flag of truce. But you needn't expect him, for from what I've heard the boss won't risk no chance of losing you."

I closed the door, and double-bolted it. Charles had laid a fire and lighted it, for we were all stiff with our life on board the ship, and as I stretched out comfortably before it I remembered the old English saying that a man's house is his castle, and was determined that no man in the pay of private schemers should enter mine without my full consent.

CHAPTER XVII.

I was dreaming of the sharp crackle of musketry when I awoke to find small stones rattling against the shutters of my study window. Duponceau had slept in my bed—as became the guest of honor—and I had found lodging for the night upon the divan that graced the den. I went to the window, and, cautiously peeping through a crack's opening in the shutters, looked for the stone-thrower. I could see only the white top of the nearer dunes, and a sky of cloudless blue, the white and blue as perfect as ever painter dreamed. Although I could not see my visitor, it was evident that the opening shutter was visible, for a larger stone struck the shutter and fell on to the balcony. Curiously enough, it was wrapped in a handkerchief, and one which I in-

stantly saw was not a man's property. With this lure, I opened the shutters wide and stepped on to the balcony. Now before me I saw Barbara, dressed for riding, the color in her cheeks high from so much cannonading.

"Good morning," she called to me. "I rode down to the ship, but found that you had all flown, so I left my horse in the woods and came here. I thought you must have gone for the season, by the looks of the house. May I come in?"

"You may," I cried, my heart bounding with new delight at the sweetness of her voice. "I remember a day when you wouldn't enter."

"You forget, Mr. Selden, that that was when there was peace in the land. Many things happen in a siege."

"Many delightful things. One minute I'll be down at the door."

I hurried down-stairs, but before I could open the front door I heard Barbara's voice crying, "Wait, wait!"

Rodney jumped from his couch and joined me. He as well as I had slept in his clothes. "What is it, Felix?" he asked.

"Miss Graham is outside and wants to come in, but she's just called to me to wait. I'll open the little side window first."

I slid the window-bolt and looked out. Two men, the disagreeable chap of our first meeting and another surly-faced individual, stood some twenty feet back of Barbara. I placed my revolver on the window ledge.

"Now, then, what do you men want?" I demanded.

"We don't want the lady to go in," the disagreeable-looking one replied.

"Does the lady want to?" I asked.

"She does," said Barbara, in a most determined tone of voice.

"Then she shall. Slide back the bolts, Rodney," I whispered. "Now if any one chooses to interfere with her entering my house, he can reflect that he's looking in to a straight steel barrel."

The door opened, and Barbara, her head high, walked in. I shut the small window, and put the revolver in my pocket. "There's a pretty mad-looking pair out there," I said. "Welcome to the log-house."

But Barbara was not regarding me.

"Why, Rodney," she exclaimed, "what has happened to your arm? They didn't shoot you, did they?" She had caught sight of Rodney's arm in a sling.

"It's nothing, Barbara," he said, beaming. "Only a scratch. I might have been poked by that badly shooting snipe."

She looked at him, her face all admiration. "It's like you to speak lightly, but you've been in danger, and partly on my account, for you'd never have laid eyes on Monsieur Duponceau if it hadn't been for me."

I would have drifted out of the room if I could, but I was caught between them and the door.

Rodney smiled; I could imagine how pleased he must be feeling.

"We've had several scraps on the ship," he explained, "and when our food gave out we came up here."

"You poor dears," she exclaimed, and this time I was included in her words. "I've been thinking of you every minute of the last two days, and wanting to come over to join you. Well, I've stolen away at last, for a morning ride, and now I'm going to stay here with you."

"Stay here with us!" we both exclaimed in amazement.

"Until after breakfast. I'm going to set your table, and pour your coffee, and fix your rooms, and show you in general what a woman can do in a house."

We both had had visions of that already, I fancy. I caught Rodney's eye; he smiled, and the color rose to his face. "Where's Charles?" Barbara demanded. I led her into the kitchen, where Charles was bustling, and Rodney and I sat on the dresser and watched while Barbara rolled up her sleeves, pinning a napkin over her dress as an apron, and proceeded to direct Charles as to the cooking things. Either one of us would have been supremely happy if the other had not been there.

When the table was set, and the breakfast on its way from the kitchen to the dining-room, Duponceau appeared, for the first time free of the cloak he had worn on the ship, but still all in black, save for his gold chains, and still enveloped in that peculiar air of mystery which instinctively set him apart from all ordinary beings. Barbara curtsied to him, and he raised her hand to his lips and kissed it with the grace of the old-time school.

"We are not quite forgotten by the outside world," he said, with almost a tinge of royalty in his voice, "very far indeed from forgotten, when so charming an embassy joins us."

Barbara looked pleased; I could see that Duponceau was still her paragon of romance.

"Will you take the head of the table, monsieur?" she asked. He carefully seated her behind the coffee-urn, took his own place, and Rodney and I sat at the sides. It was the first state breakfast my cottage had ever known.

Barbara contrived that we should all forget that we were cooped up in a log-

house. She smiled at Rodney and at me impartially, and listened attentively to everything Duponceau said. Even Charles felt her influence. I could see him linger in the doorway on the alert to serve her. Breakfast came to an end, and Barbara insisted on bandaging Rodney's arm. I think he was sorry that she should know how slight the wound really was, for he demurred, though with a look of great satisfaction; but he finally consented to roll up his sleeve. I drew Duponceau away to my den, and the two were left alone for a long half-hour. Monsieur Pierre and I discussed matters of defense. When we returned to the living-room Barbara's face was flushed, and Rodney's cheeks were red. His arm was wound with a new bandage and a little gold pin fastened it.

"Will you take me over to the house?" asked Barbara, jumping up; and now it was my turn to gloat, for she insisted on looking into every nook and cranny, on learning how two men left to their own devices lived, and on improving what she found. I, who had once been averse to feminine influence about a house, surrendered. She straightened the pictures, rearranged the ornaments and knick-knacks, and finally started in upon my desk.

"Oh, please don't touch that!" I exclaimed. She stopped and looked at me. "Rodney let me fix his arm when he didn't want to, and you—"

"Please do," I said, motioning towards the papers, and she placed them in little piles, quite regardless of what they were about.

"Now I've been horrid enough," she said when she'd finished. "I dare say men are better off living alone. Think how angry you'd be if a woman should do that every day."

"That depends on the woman. I could imagine—"

"I always told you you were imaginative," she broke in. "This woman you could imagine would probably be a nymph."

"Yes," I agreed; "she is."

"And nymphs are proverbially slippery creatures."

"Yes, so I've heard."

"So she might slip away from you without a moment's notice."

She sat down in my big desk-chair.

"Poor Rodney," she sighed. "It seems as if he were sacrificing a great deal. Think of his stocks and bonds."

"Yes," I agreed. A moment later I added, "I haven't written a line for ever so many days."

"And it's so important that a broker should keep in touch with his office," she added.

"And that a writer should write."

"Then why did you give it up?"

"Duponceau," I answered. Our eyes met, and we both laughed.

"There was a brief silence, and then she rose. "I have a feeling that the circle is coming. Remember that I trust you to shield my pirate. I must go back to the club."

We went down-stairs, and Barbara made her adieu.

"I'll go with you to your horse," said Rodney.

"I should be delighted to go," I put in at the same moment.

"I am not so valuable a man as you are," Rodney explained, "in case they should cut us off."

Barbara looked from one to the other of us. "Rodney," she began.

I bowed. "I yield." He was the older friend, and much as I feared him, I could not admit that he was entitled to the privilege.

He smiled with pleasure. "Thank you," he said.

"Rodney must not go," she finished.

It was my turn to start for the door. "Nor must you," she continued to me. "I am much safer alone than with either of you."

The matter was settled; we could only hold the door open, and let her pass out. We watched her as she went down the beach. Once she turned and waved her riding-rop in farewell. It was cruel that we should be penned up within four walls when the world was crying aloud for joy of the day, and she was going out to it.

We turned back ill at ease towards each other, and just then a bullet ploughed into the house to the right of us. We jumped in, slammed the door, and bolted it.

There was a cry from Charles. "They're coming up the balcony!"

(To be continued.)

Perfect Confidence.

A physician was summoned to a very sick man, who was very much preoccupied with troubles of his own. On arriving at the sick man's bed, he said to his wife:

"Your husband is in the last throes. Every movement shows that the end is near."

At this moment the sick man's head fell over the pillow, when the doctor said: "The end has come, your husband is dead."

In a shrill, thin voice the sick man said:

"Tain't so, Maria."

At once the wife laid her hand on his head and remarked: "Don't disturb yourself, Rufus—the doctor knows best."—Harper's Monthly.

In the Wrong Place.

It was not until three batmen in succession had struck out that a disgusted patron in the bleachers yelled:

"Hey! You mutts oughta be up here. You're nothin' but fans."—Kansas City Times.

Her Preference.

Edyth—Would you marry a man to reform him?

Mayme—Not if I could get a man who didn't need reforming.

Of the world's population there are

sixty-four to the million who are blind.

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.

More earthquakes are predicted for Sicily.

Spanish troops have burned many Moorish villages.

A French aviator has established a new record in Germany.

A Boston bride weighs 210 pounds and stands 6 feet one high.

Six children were badly injured in a school fire at Jersey City, N. J.

Harvard university has a Chinese athlete who is looking for honors.

A San Francisco highwayman has been sentenced to 50 years in the penitentiary.

The twelfth annual convention of the American mining congress is in session at Goldfield, Nev.

Mayor Galvin, of Cincinnati, has established a "kicking day," when all complaints are to be heard by the city officials.

George F. Baer, of the Reading company, says there is no combine among the anthracite coal companies of Pennsylvania.

Three miners were buried by a cave-in in a Goldfield, Nev., mine.

The physicians attending Judge Williams are hopeful of his recovery.

A big fight is on in Missouri between the breweries and prohibitionists.

A French army dirigible balloon exploded in the air and four aviators were killed.

The Omaha streetcar company will make concessions to its men and a settlement is likely.

Disease is breaking out in the district denuded by the hurricane along the Louisiana coast and more deaths are expected.

Reports from Morocco say the tribesmen have inflicted a terrible defeat upon the Spanish, driving them back and killing 7,000.

An American company will be awarded the contract over a British concern for furnishing the machinery for constructing a small arms factory in Australia.

Hunger among the Moors has led to overtures for peace.

A Colorado man 78 years old is to remarry the wife he divorced 50 years ago.

More pirates are thought to have captured an American cutter and murdered the crew.

Police of Omaha are busy in their efforts to prevent riots in connection with the streetcar strike.

Several English suffragettes in jail in London have refused to eat and had to be fed with a stomach pump.

Eastern railroads established cheap excursion rates from the Middle West to the Atlantic this summer with good results.

Clarence H. Mackay says the report that the Postal Telegraph company is about to absorb the Western Union is unfounded.

The Wright brothers are to start a fight against several flying machines which they consider infringements on their patents.

The late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota left no will, but it was his wish that his wife should have all his property, worth about \$18,000.

General Solicitor Loomis, of the Union Pacific, with headquarters at Omaha, is to go to New York to become head of the legal department of the Harriman lines.

French inventors have several new aeroplanes.

The death loss in the Gulf storm is now placed at 100.

Peary says his indictment of Cook will contain 30 counts.

Religious riots at Castro, Spain, resulted in the death of a priest.

An Iowa grand jury has indicted 85 men for a gigantic bunco game.

A young Chinese at San Francisco has invented an aeroplane which has made several successful flights.

Thousands of pounds of supplies are being sent from Monterey, Mexico, to the flood sufferers. Pack mules are used.

The recent flood fatalities in Northern Mexico have reached the appalling total of 3,000. The property loss will reach into the millions.

CLASHES WITH GOVERNMENT.

National Troops May Be Called To Settle Georgia Trouble.

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 28.—Lawyers and judges of the state are intensely interested in the serious clash now on between the state and the Federal authorities in the case of Charles E. Steggall, in jail at Trenton, Ga., for contempt of court by order of Judge A. W. Fite, of the Dade county Superior court. Steggall refused to testify before the grand jury in reference to an alleged distillery.

Over Steggall the bitterest legal fight in the history of the state has been precipitated, with both sides confident and standing pat.

Should the State court persist in its attitude of defiance to the mandate of the Federal court, the chances are that most interesting developments will come to pass this week, which will result in the arrest of several other officials. It is believed here that the Federal court will carry its point, even if obliged to make a direct appeal to the United States government to enforce its orders. Therefore, in the settlement of this dispute, national troops may have to be used.

The acute situation in Dade county arose over an effort to secure evidence in an alleged blind-tiger case. The people of Dade county, near Rising Fawn, have believed a distillery has been located in that neighborhood for some time, and that it has paid the government license to secure immunity from Federal raids. In order to get the necessary evidence, the grand jury summoned before that body Charles Steggall, storekeeper and government gauger. Steggall then communicated with the collector of internal revenue, H. A. Rucker, asking him what he should do in the matter.

Rucker wired him that under the government rules, he would have to keep quiet. This is the outcome of a government statute, under the revised laws, by which government employes are liable to loss of position, fine and imprisonment, if they divulge information secured in their official capacity.

Steggall promptly informed the grand jury that he could not answer the questions put to him, and gave the government rules as his reason. His refusal brought the matter to the attention of Judge Fite, who ordered him to answer. Three times he was sent for, and three times refused to answer, and then he was sent to jail.

He made appeal to the Federal authorities in Atlanta for protection. As the government cannot afford to allow its employes to be kept in prison for obedience to government rules, the Federal officials determined to stand by Steggall.

Before they could take action, however, Judge Fite held that Rucker had interfered with the conduct of his court by ordering Steggall not to speak, and so sent Sheriff Thurman, of Dade, to Atlanta, to serve summons on Rucker to appear in his court.

CANADA WANTS ASIATICS.

Railroad Contractors Facing Serious Labor Famine.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 28.—The Canadian railways are face to face with a labor famine, and unless a plan can be devised whereby Asiatic labor may be imported for construction work, much of their railroad building will have to be abandoned. This is the opinion expressed by Collingwood Schrieber, consulting engineer of the department of railways.

On the Western prairies the demand for farm laborers has temporarily demoralized the railway construction gangs, the Grand Trunk Pacific road being especially hard hit. This road has been able to retain only a small percentage of its laborers employed on construction work, the farmers in that section having offered as high as \$4 a day for men while the railroad company pays but \$3.

In the next two years, four new contracts are to be let for construction work, and 25,000 men will be needed. Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the Grand Trunk system, has been here consulting Sir Wilfrid Laurier upon a proposal to employ Asiatic labor in building new lines. It is proposed to bring the Asiatics to Canada and return them to their native countries after the work has been completed.

Japs Herded With Pigs.

Victims, Sept. 28.—Captured by the Russian cruiser Shilka, in an attempt to make a sealing raid on the Skel Island seal rookeries, three Japanese seal hunters of the crew of the Japanese sealing schooner Hosi Maru, have returned to Japan, being released according to information brought by the steamer Empress of China, which arrived last night. The report is that the arrested seal poachers were thrown into an outbuilding on Copper Island, containing a number of cows and pigs, and were imprisoned there for 13 days.

Shipwrecked Men Return.

Survivors, B. C., Sept. 28.—Seven survivors of the Japanese schooner Hykuman Maru, given up long ago as lost, returned to Hakodate shortly before the departure of the Empress of China, which arrived here last night. Their schooner went ashore in the Kuril Islands August 25, last year.

TWO TRAINS COLLIDE

Ten Men Killed and 16 Probably Fatally Hurt.

INJURED DRAGGED FROM FIRE

Locomotive Bears Down on Caboose Without Warning—Flames Consumes Demolished Cars.

Chicago, Sept. 28.—Ten men were killed and 16 probably fatally injured yesterday morning when a train south-bound for Cincinnati on the Pennsylvania road crashed into the caboose of a Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul cattle train bound for the stockyards.

Sixteen men were in the caboose of the stock train when the passenger train crashed into it in the railroad yards a few blocks from the downtown station. The engine plowed through the caboose, tearing it to bits and setting fire to the debris.

Six bodies were recovered within a few minutes after the crash, while the flames were eating up the splintered pieces of the demolished car. Sixteen injured were dragged from the burning ruins.

The passenger train known as the Cincinnati special of the Pan-Handle route of the Pennsylvania left the union station soon after midnight. No signals had been given, so far as could be learned, that any other train was on the tracks.

The passenger train increased its speed and when at One Hundred and Twentieth street the engineer saw the rear lights of the freight ahead. It was too late to avert a collision. He used the airbrakes and reversed his engine, but the train crashed into the caboose filled with sleeping stockmen, with tremendous momentum.

PRESIDENT IN MINE.

Taft Visits Famous Copper Diggings at Butte.

Helena, Mont., Sept. 28.—Attired in a linen duster, an old black slouch hat and swinging an electric lantern at his side, President Taft was locked in a narrow iron cage and dropped 1,200 feet through midnight darkness into the depths of the famous old Leonard copper mine at Butte yesterday, and had the rare experience of seeing miners at work with a giant drill in a vein of high grade ore that sparkled green with its wealth of mineral. When he had ascended with a whiz after half an hour under ground, the president, blinking in the glare of the noonday sun, was cheered to the echo by the crowd of curious people gathered at the hoist and declared enthusiastically: "I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

It was the president's first visit to the Montana copper district and between the smelters at Anaconda and the mines at Butte, he had a series of interesting experiences. Not the least of these was a thrilling automobile ride over the mountains from Butte to the mouth of the Leonard mine.

SPANISH ROUT MOORS.

Tribesmen, Driven to Dire Straits, Ask Terms of Surrender.

Madrid, Sept. 28.—The War office announces today the complete success of the maneuvers against the Moors. Both Nador and Zetuan have been occupied. At the latter town there was bloody fighting with large bodies of Moors.

The ring around Mount Guruga is now considered almost closed and the position of the Moors is desperate.

Kaid Amas appeared before General Marina, the commander of the Spanish forces, yesterday and asked terms of surrender for the tribes entrenched on Mount Guruga. The results of this conference are not known, but it is believed the Moors are ready to submit without conditions.

Central States Are Shaken.

St. Louis, Sept. 28.—A slight earthquake, which was felt through South-eastern Missouri and in Southern and Central Illinois and Indiana, occurred today. In St. Louis the tremor came at 3:47 o'clock. So far as has been ascertained little or no damage has resulted. The general direction of the shock was west to east, and it was felt more clearly in thinly settled districts. Villages west of St. Louis reported the destruction of a few chimneys and in the west end of this city, the residence district, many sleepers were awakened.

Mrs. Harriman Takes Her Own.

Goshen, N. Y., Sept. 28.—The simple will of the late E. H. Harriman, bequeathing his vast estate to his widow in toto, without reservation or condition, was admitted to probate this afternoon. Mrs. Harriman qualified as executrix and became the sole director of the railway magnate's millions, assuming her position as one of the richest women in the world.