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The Pirate of Alastair

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CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

Rodney thought, "The poor French workmen, the widows and orphans, who had saved and slaved, gave him everything they had, because he knew how to make money multiply as no one else did. He drew them pictures of the great factories and stores and hotels he would build for them with their money, and told them how by adding their little mites together they might produce something gigantic. How about them left without a son?"

"It was their own lookout," I tried to argue.

"Well," said Rodney, "the right and wrong of this sort of thing lie deep, but it may be that a man has no right to use his own imagination to see for other people; that he can build air-castles only for himself."

"Perhaps," I agreed; "but, as you say, if he had succeeded, he would have been a hero."

"That's all the difference. However, he didn't, and so he's an outcast," Rodney laughed. "And to think that I've been doing my best to defend the worst escapee the market has known in years."

I sat back on my couch and clasped my hands about my knees.

"What must we do now?" I asked at length.

"Give him up; deliver his precious self and his treasure chest to the blood-hounds."

I shook my head. "No, I can't do that. We've been too close together. They may take him, but I can't have a hand in it."

Rodney sat staring out of the window.

"Well," said he, "I don't believe I can either, though as a broker I see my duty plain enough. I can't do it, I am simply can't do it."

We sat silent for some time, each intent on his own thoughts.

"Ought we to tell him that we know?" Rodney said finally.

"I was wondering. Perhaps we should, but I don't believe we can. When you face him and look into those clear black eyes and hear that voice I doubt if there'll be anything to do but keep your mouth shut."

"Yet we must do something," objected Rodney, "for I must be off for New York in two hours from now, to try and straighten out my losses."

"Suppose we go down and look at him," I suggested. "Possibly we can think of something then."

We went down-stairs and looked in the dining-room, the hallway, and the kitchen. In the kitchen we found Charles drowning. We could find no trace of Duponceau. I waked Charles and questioned him.

"When did you last see Monsieur Duponceau?"

Charles rose and pulled a paper from his pocket.

"Only a couple of minutes ago, Mr. Felix," he said, "he gave me this note for you and told me not to disturb you, but to give it to you when you asked for him."

I opened the paper and read it to Rodney.

"My ship has come at last. I am going on board. I can get there alone; no one could help me. If you knew all, perchance you would not wish to help me. I have done sufficient harm without taking you and the others farther. Ask mademoiselle to pray for me. Good-by."

I looked up at Rodney in blank amazement; and as we stood so, a shot came from the beach. We turned and made for the stairs.

CHAPTER XX.

From the balcony we sighted a schooner lying between the beach and the Shifting Shoal. A long-boat was in the water, and men were hurriedly manning it. Below us on the beach stood Duponceau, a pistol in either hand, fronting a half-dozen of his enemies, who were between him and the cottage. I would have leaped to his help, but a glance told me that the matter was too far gone for that.

Duponceau fired quickly, steadily, then wheeled and ran for the dunes. Bullets chased him, ploughed into the sand behind him, whizzed past him, but by some miracle failed to hit him. He reached the nearest sand-wall, and was hidden from us. A moment later and we saw him appear, his pistols reloaded, and watched him stand again at bay and shoot. Then again he fled for the next dune up the beach, and the pursuers temporarily stayed, were after him again.

It was to be a running fight, stand and deliver, then hide, until the long-boat should ground upon the beach and the fugitive spring into it. I looked to the boat and prayed that it might come quickly, but the distance was long, and the sea ruffled and choppy.

Again Duponceau appeared, and again the enemy were held at bay, and dropped and ducked and dodged as his bullets flew among them.

A moment's stand, and he was hidden in the next dune, loading, making ready for another dash. It was breathless, speechless work. Rodney and I gripped our glasses, shut our teeth, watched and hoped and prayed. Again the enemy were on, after him, gaining fast, and again he shot out from the dunes, and a lone fig-

ure, frouted and scattered them with his fire. A man went down with a bullet in his leg, and Duponceau had gained another breasting.

Now the boat from the schooner was coming closer in. I caught an agonized glance from Duponceau in its direction, then his eyes returned to his foes, and he was shooting, ducking, and squirming in the sand-wall. It was a pitiful chase, like that of a hare by hounds, but it was also heroic, for the man made a noble quarry, and the hounds were more than fearful of his fire.

"He's down!" cried Rodney. True, Duponceau had fallen, but on the second he was up and on again, and now he had found the last dune, and he must stand there or dash across the unprotected beach.

"Come on!" We fled down the stairs, through the open door, and hard up the shore. Now we could see another element of danger. Some of the enemy had stolen through the pines, and were firing at Duponceau down the length of his dune.

"Look!" I muttered. We stopped, breathless, panting, wide-eyed. Duponceau burst out from the dune, whirled about, fired back at the hidden foe, wheeled and shot at the men who were following him up the beach, and, turning, headed straight for the Shifting Shoal.

"Run!" I murmured, and Rodney schooled me: "Run, Duponceau, run, and may Heaven help!"

I have seen men run, but never as Duponceau ran that day. He seemed to skim, almost to fly, across that open space, and behind him came his enemies, no longer firing, no longer cursing, matching their speed against his frantic flight.

The Frenchman neared the rocks, was on them, was up and clambering over the ship's side. Then came a sharp report, and I could see Duponceau quiver and hang useless—worse than useless, for he was only half over the vessel's rail.

"He's down!" I breathed.

But as he hung there, Barbara suddenly appeared beside him and pulled him inboard, supported him across the deck, and got him as far as the cabin door before he collapsed on the boards.

Barbara disappeared, and then reappeared with something in her arms.

"The chest!" I muttered. "He couldn't forget that!"

I saw Barbara lift and steady Duponceau on his feet, saw him clutch the box with one hand, while he held a revolver in the other. He staggered across the deck.

"Come on!" I breathed, and we were off for the ship.

The long-boat was half way in when a new shout threatened to sound Duponceau's death-knell. Men came out from the cliff and stood high above him, ready to fire down upon him. There was a ring about him now—enemies on the rocks, on the cliff, and men already scrambling through the water to lay their hands on him.

"Look!" cried Rodney. I saw Barbara whisper in Duponceau's ear, saw him straighten up to his full height and fire at the men above him. One bullet ripped into the cliff, another shattered an arm.

We stood now on the rocks, a stone's throw off. Duponceau looked seaward and gave a cry. With terrible effort, he leaped to the farther rail, raised himself to plunge—the box still in his arms—into the sea, and sink or swim to help. He balanced, crouched, and then—a clear report and he fell, a leg broken, down into the waves. His stand was over, the fight done; his enemies had taken him.

A couple of men lifted him from the water and carried him to shore; another man followed with the chest. Rodney and I drew near and looked at him; he was conscious, and only his set teeth showed the agony he suffered.

"It's over," he said. "The boat was late." Then his eyes lighted on me, and he tried to smile. "Good-by," he muttered. "Take my good-by to her."

Carefully the men lifted him and carried him into the pines.

"He will live," said Rodney briefly, and I nodded. It was not for Duponceau to surrender easily, though I wondered if now he would not prefer it so.

CHAPTER XXI.

The long-boat returned to the schooner, and in a quarter-hour the latter had vanished as silently as she had come. Rodney and I went on board the ship, and found Barbara sitting against the broken mast, her eyes deep with unshed tears of pity. We sat there and talked of Duponceau's flight and capture. "If it hadn't been for the chest, he would have escaped," said Barbara. "His face lighted when he had it in his arms again."

It was some little time after this when Rodney stood up.

"I'm going to the club. I have to pack and catch the next train to New York. May I take you home, Barbara?"

The girl's eyes looked over at the beach, standing there all desolate, lacking again into that silence from which it had just been awakened. I saw a certain wistfulness steal into her eyes.

"No, Rodney; I don't think I'll go home just yet. I'm not in the humor to

meet aunt and the people at the ship. I'd like to sit here and think a while."

"Well," said Rodney, "good-by. He shook hands with her. "Good-by, Felix. If you ever find this place too lonely for you, come and see me in New York. Things do happen there sometimes, though not such things as here in Alastair."

We shook hands, and I caught a glimpse of some passing regret beneath the smile on the surface of his eyes.

As I had watched Duponceau, I watched Rodney disappear into the pines. The cheerful man in tweeds, like the mysterious man of the sea, had said farewell to the beach, but each had left a trace of himself there which I should never forget.

I turned back to Barbara.

"It's all over," she said. "They've all come and gone, and it might have been a dream."

"Here's the ship," I answered, "riding at anchor, just as she did before."

"That makes it seem more like a dream," she said; "that after all that has happened, the ship is just the same as on the first day I found her, and the beach"—she turned to face it—"is just as sunny and as desolate."

"Yet the pirate came," I answered, "a real pirate, a lineal descendant of Captain Kidd, and he brought treasure and hid it and dug it up again, and fought like the thorough-going gentleman adventurer he was. Monsieur Pierre Duponceau was no ordinary man."

"Tell me what you know about him," she commanded, and settled down, leaning against the mast.

"He was an uncommon man," I began, "but whether an uncommon man becomes a hero or a scoundrel depends upon the luck of time. Duponceau had ideas that were far about the heads of most men, ideas that some one at a later day might use to great ends, or which he himself might have used so had he been given time. His planned, gathered his cargoes, launched his ships in search of the Golden Fleece, and was on his way to winning it when a quarrelsome gale drove his craft upon the rocks. Had the wind veered by a needle-point, he might have won. He was planning to make the poor of France well-to-do; instead he made them much poorer than they were; and yet those same plans pushed on may succeed when it's too late for the poor investors or for him. That's about the way it stands."

Barbara was silent, her eyes watching the distant glitter of the sea.

"The pirate had a much luck in his hands, didn't he?" she said finally. "I like him, anyway; I like him for what he tried to do." Then, after a pause: "You were always sure something would happen here, weren't you? So was I. Something had to happen. Do you suppose he came of his own free will, or because we had wished so hard for an adventure?"

"Wishing hard can accomplish almost anything, I've been told."

"What are you going to do now that everything is over?" she asked presently.

I shook my head disconsolately.

"I have barely yet faced the possibility of no more tests on the beach, no more sunsets from the cliff, no more adventures on the ship. It's not a very pleasant prospect, is it?"

"But the beach and the cliff and the ship will still be here," she answered. "I followed her gaze seaward."

A week ago I discovered a curious thing. For years I had lived here and found all the beauty I wanted in watching the changing colors of the waves, and the golden glow through the woods, and the dark pinks of the sand, and yet all of a sudden I found that had absolutely vanished, that I couldn't possibly find them any more."

I waited, and finally I caught her low-whispered, "Why?"

"Something had happened. I couldn't see them alone; I could see them only when some one else was there to see them, too."

She gave a little sign. "I know; I can understand just what you mean."

"The pines show no more armies, and the ship gives up no more adventures, unless there is some one else here to see and live with them."

"And," she said slowly, thoughtfully, "if there were some one else, would all these wonders still come?"

"Surely, for we would be living them all the same as we were together."

"Poet," she said, "dreamer!"

I waited, fearful and hopeful in one.

"And yet I dream, too," she said at last; "and I think that you have shown me more wonderful things than any one else could."

"Then do you still think," I asked, "that some other man will come who can show you more?"

She would not answer my question.

"The man we imagined came out of the sea and is gone. I feel as if I'd lived years in a fortnight. Dear old ship, how I hate to leave her!"

"Why must you? Why not sail on and on in her forever? Why not set sail in for the Fortunate Isles? Barbara, will you?"

She turned and looked into my eyes, and I read her answer.

So, with Barbara sitting against the mast, our ship set sail.

THE END.

Happy Correction.

Holax—I hear you are engaged old man. Allow me to congratulate you.

Tomdix—You didn't hear it quite right, my boy. I'm married.

Holax—Oh, I beg pardon. You have my sympathy.

Justice.

"My wife and I always settle our little disputes by arbitration."

"And who is the arbitrator?"

"My wife, of course."—New York Times.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.—Alkin.

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.

Cholera is raging among all classes in Seoul, Korea.

The Santa Fe has obtained track privileges in San Francisco.

A huge boycott against Japan has been unofficially started in China.

Crush to see aviation tests in Paris caused a riot and wreck on railroad.

William Jennings Bryan was greeted by an immense crowd on his arrival in Portland.

It is reported that Miss Gladys Kereas, of St. Louis, will wed Prince Schoenberg, of Saxony.

The Rock Island railroad has been mulcted of about \$300,000 by over-confidence in one of its big shippers.

Enormously rich deposits of silver and cobalt have been found in Canada, after having been overlooked for 30 years.

The real reason for the recall of Charles R. Crane, minister to China, is said to be indiscreet utterances while in Chicago.

It has been revealed that two Chicago aldermen are heads of one of the most gigantic graft and corruption systems ever known.

Wu Ting Fang visited a spiritualist meeting in Washington and appeared much interested, and intimated that he might attend again.

Hearst has accepted the nomination for mayor of New York.

A trainwreck in Kansas killed 17 laborers and wounded 10 others.

Freight cars are scarce in the East and a serious shortage is predicted before winter.

Prince Ito, president of the privy council of Japan, will make a long tour of Manchuria.

Professor Fryer, of California, says China is preparing to make war on encroaching foreign powers.

Wright made his first flight in a government aeroplane and began the instruction of signal officers.

Congressman Landis says the navy is top-heavy and needs a strong merchant marine to back it up in time of war.

A steamer reports that several thousand natives were drowned on the island of Yucatan by the recent Gulf hurricane.

Captain de Gerlach, who commanded an Antarctic expedition in 1907, has no doubt that both Cook and Peary reached the Pole.

Mix, the American balloonist who won the international balloon race in Switzerland, is about to lose the prize because some peasants dragged him to the ground for a moment.

Director of Census Dana Durand believes that college students will make excellent census enumerators, and he proposes to suggest that educational institutions give leaves of absence in April next to such students as may care to join the army of 65,000 enumerators.

Taft immensely enjoyed the beauties of the Yosemite valley.

Spanish revolutionists predict a revolt against King Alfonso.

British and German admirals shook hands across the banquet table.

Glenn H. Curtiss made three successful flights in his airship at St. Louis.

Near-beer dealers of Tennessee will have to pay a tax of \$1,150 each yearly.

Dewey says the U. S. navy is by no means a bluff. He advocates more warships and a ship subsidy.

Accumulated sewer gas and waste from neighboring garages caused a tremendous explosion in a New York sewer.

Nebraska Baptists are much wrought up because a Mormon convict has been appointed chaplain of the state penitentiary.

General Wood denies that the Boston army and navy maneuvers caused sickness and says much valuable knowledge was gained.

All the officials of Marshalltown, Iowa, have been indicted by the federal grand jury for imprisoning government secret service agents.

During the absence of the American representatives, Japan has forced China into a treaty whereby the open door in Manchuria is closed to all but the Japanese, and serious disagreement may follow.

CHINA BEGINS BOYCOTT.

Insulting Aggression of Japan Is Given as Reason.

Tokio, Oct. 12.—Copies of circulars issued in North China by a body of Chinese calling itself the Popular Association of the Three Eastern Provinces have been received in Japan after having been spread broadcast among Chinese of the lower classes. The circulars contain inflammatory statements against the Japanese. They bear upon what is called the "weakness of poor China" and the "insulting aggression of Japan."

Assertions are made that Japan has devastated the arable lands of North China and has enslaved laborers along the line of the Antung-Mukden railroad, that Japanese officials have beaten the men, insulted the women and terrorized the people.

The circulars point out that the weakness of China in a military sense makes it impossible for her to resist this treatment, except by a boycott, and call upon the people of China generally to refuse all dealings with the Japanese.

All students and persons who value freedom are called upon to propagate the doctrine and join in adopting the program of the association. Failing in this, they are threatened with violence and even death.

The document concludes with the request that Chinese vehicles, vessels and railroads refuse to carry Japanese goods. An endless chain is sought on the request that patriotic citizens into whose hands the circulars may fall shall have them reprinted and scattered broadcast, until Japan is completely shut out from all commercial communication with China.

These circulars have created something of a sensation in Japan. Effort is being made to prevent the spreading of their contents among Japanese of the ignorant class because the danger of arousing feeling at this time is recognized.

Meanwhile there is reason to believe that Japan has called, or will immediately call the attention of the Chinese authorities to the boycott propaganda, demanding that the circulars be outlawed as illegal documents, and that the Popular Association of the Three Eastern Provinces be brought under discipline.

The exact method by which China is able to control her people in this way is not known, but it is believed here that the government of China can suppress promptly any boycott movement.

All merchants of standing in China have official rank and can be disciplined.

ROTTEN WITH GRAFT.

New Chief of Police Exposes Terrible Condition in Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 12.—Appalling conditions brought to light during the trial of Inspector McGann of vice conditions on the West Side, the immediate formation of Jewish crusaders to drive their people out of the pandering business, the organization of reformers, state, national and international, to check, if possible, the infamous "white slave" traffic, all expose the shameful fact that two men who have grown enormously rich in criminal business still hold important municipal positions here and continue to have a prominent voice in making the city laws.

The drastic order issued last night by Chief of Police Stewart to all members of the department to stamp out vice, exposes frightful conditions in the first ward, the very heart of the city, where two politicians who hold office in the city council are collecting an annual more than \$117,000, every penny of which is spotted with blood and crime. These two men and their army of "specialists" have the great red light district on the South Side absolutely under control.

From the dives, the shady hotels, the saloons and the gamblers of the South Side territory, extending to and including the Twenty-second street "red light" levee, two powerful business men of the district are pocketing a golden stream of graft.

For years the gigantic system of corruption has obtained. It puts the West Side ring of tribute collectors that was run by Steve's Attorney Wayman, through the conviction of Police Inspector McGann, to shame. An army of lieutenants has been marshaled together to see to it that no blood-stained penny even escapes the coffers of the master-soldiers of the night. They are constantly on guard. No breaks of faith ever sever the masters from the victims. There are never any knife-in-the-back tactics that result in scandals.

Cholera Threatens Seoul.

Seoul, Oct. 12.—Cholera threatens to become a serious epidemic here. The authorities are taking every precaution, but Seoul is not a sanitary city, and the disease has spread rapidly. The palace of the emperor has been invaded and the home of the resident general has not been immune. The schools are closed regularly for fumigation. For a year the sanitary authorities appointed by the Japanese resident-general have been cleaning up the city, but only those who have gone into the alleys and byways of Seoul can know of the uncleanness here.

Fifty Thousand Disciples Attend.

Pittsburg, Oct. 12.—What is asserted to be the largest religious celebration and convention ever held in this country will begin here tomorrow, when the international centennial celebration and convention of the Disciples of Christ (Christian denomination) convene. It is estimated that fully 50,000 delegates and visitors from all parts of the world will be in attendance.

HURRICANE ON GULF

Fierce Storm Does Great Damage in Florida and Cuba.

LOSS MAY REACH TO \$2,000,000

Hundreds of Homes Wrecked—Local Troops in Charge and Martial Declared at Key West.

Key West, Fla., Oct. 12.—As a result of the hurricane which struck the southern coast of Florida today, Key West tonight is a mass of wreckage, and the damage to property is estimated at \$2,000,000.

Martial law was proclaimed, and the Key West guards took charge of the city.

The United States government has been asked to dispatch troops here without delay.

Chaos reigned on every hand, and few people remained in their homes. Hundreds of houses were totally wrecked, and others damaged.

While the hurricane is the worst that Key West has ever experienced, the local weather observer said tonight that the indications are that the entire east coast of Florida would suffer.

One hundred vessels were in the harbor, but five remained at anchor, the others having either gone to sea or been washed upon the beach. Streets along the waterfront are a mass of wreckage.

Brick, as well as frame buildings throughout the city suffered from the hurricane, and many close escapes from death have been reported.

Several factories were partly destroyed, including the Havana-American, Martinez, Nichols, Roy Lopez, Manuel Lopez, Fleitas Torres, Cortes and Wolf cigar factories. The top of the First National bank was blown off and the postoffice is damaged.

It is known that many have suffered serious injury, and unconfirmed reports say that several lives have been lost.

The storm reached its height at 1 o'clock today, when the wind had an estimated velocity of 100 miles an hour. This was a hard, steady blow from S. A. M. to 3 P. M., when the gale began to die down, and by 4 o'clock the center of the hurricane had passed this point.

As soon as the wind had subsided plundering began. The city police force was unable to cope with the situation, and the mayor decided to take stringent measures to suppress looting, his proclamation of martial law resulting.

Almost every nationality is represented among the city's population of 20,000, one-half of whom are employed in cigar manufacture, fisheries and salvage companies.

CUBAN FRUIT CROP SUFFERS.

Damage in Vicinity of Havana Estimated at \$1,000,000.

Havana, Oct. 12.—The most serious tornado since the big blow of October 17, 1906, struck Cuba early today, devastating the western portion of the island. In Havana many minor buildings were blown down or unroofed, five persons were killed and about 25 were injured.

The greatest damage done was in the harbor, where forty or fifty lighters, many launches and small tugs were either sunk or blown ashore.

At Nasa Blanca great anxiety was felt throughout the day for the safety of the Ward liner Morro Castle, from New York, and of the Plant line steamer Miami, from Key West.

Both of these steamers, however, arrived safely at 5:30 this afternoon.

The total damage in Havana and vicinity is estimated at \$1,000,000.

Communication with the interior has been interrupted, except with parts of Havana and Pinar del Rio provinces, in which orange and other fruit crops suffered severely.

There were heavy floods at Vuelta Abajo, the tobacco region, but the tobacco crop has not been seriously affected beyond the washing out of the seed beds, which at this season of the year may be renewed.

Japan Announces Jokes.

Schenectady, N. Y., Oct. 12.—At a dinner given by the General Electric company tonight, the honorary commercial commissioners of Japan, who had passed the day inspecting the largest electrical manufacturing plant in the world, were entertained by the Jost & Sons club with a minstrel show. The endmen, who were Japanese blackened and disguised, twisted several American jokes into Oriental setting and sprung them in their native tongue. Blank surprise on the faces of the guests