

GRESHAM OUTLOOK TWICE A WEEK

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REFORMING BALLOT TITLES.

Pomona grange began the campaign for a ballot reform that should be taken up by every organization in the state. State Master Spence announced here on Wednesday that the legislative committee of the Oregon State Grange would bring the matter before the legislature next month and if the grange's effort should fail the question will undoubtedly come up as an initiative measure. As such a law would be popular there is a probability that the legislature will heed the grange request, but there will be a hard contest before the desired law is passed.

The proposed law refers to popular ballot titles, by which a voter may know for what he is voting. The single tax measure is an example, yet many voters had a hard time to find it without its popular name. The state grange will also endeavor to have the name of the promoter of a measure attached to the title as it will appear, and there is sure to be a much harder fight on this proposition than on the other but the state grange is equal to the emergency.

Multnomah county Pomona has accomplished many good deeds, but if this one goes through it will have scored its crowning triumph. Its enemies may say that this is politics in the grange, but it is pretty good politics, although not partisan.

BURN YOUR RUBBISH.

The time of year for forest fires and much resultant damage therefrom is coming again next summer, but just now seems to be the opportunity time to prepare for such emergencies as may arise from that cause.

Mr. O. Andrews, a prominent farmer living near Gresham, has suggested that all rubbish and underbrush on the farm should be burned before dry weather comes, in order to minimize the danger. On nearly every farm there are heaps of brush, tangled vines, dead ferns and other refuse that is highly combustible. Especially along old fences, in the woods pasture and where logs and cordwood have been cut are to be found such collections of inflammable material which the owners should set fire to before the dry season comes again.

Every farmer should do this for the safety of his own property as well as for the safety of others. If this action were taken there would be less chance for the spread of disastrous conflagrations, such as have been known in past years in every neighborhood of the timbered sections of the state.

Mr. Andrews' suggestion is a good one and should be considered by everyone who has anything on his place that needs burning before its presence there becomes a menace to his property.

Today is the shortest day in the year, but the Outlook is just as good today as ever it was and with the lengthening days it will get better every issue. Watch us grow.

The Gift That Means Success

Follow this suggestion when you are choosing what you will give to your son or some young man in whom you are interested.

Deposit ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS in this bank on a CERTIFICATE OF DEPOSIT

tell the person in whom you are interested that it is his when he saves an equal amount. He'll strive to save and the lesson will mean much to him. For he'll get the interest, too, which at FOUR per cent will soon add considerable to the principal.



Swift Retribution

A Christmas Story By E. L. THORPE Founded on Facts of 50 years ago.

Oregon fifty years ago, was not what it now is. There were scarcely the conveniences for making a living open to all like there are at present. Many of the men who had no homes spent the winter in the mountains hunting and trapping, and it was nothing new for parties to go out for months at a stretch during the winters preceding and for many after the one in which my story begins.

Very little snow had fallen that winter in the Cascades, and the prospects for game were discouraging, but as the times were dull in the city the three young men whose fortunes are cast in my story and who were to make their living by hunting and trapping from harvest time until spring, determined to go out to the eastern part of the county and do the best they could until colder weather offered them a chance to hunt larger game in the very heart of the Cascade mountains. So much for a beginning. The three men were ordinary persons; good friends; good hunters; had been together two years before and were intending to make that winter a final one at the business.

John Osborne, Hiram Gray and Seth Moore were their names and their ages were anywhere between twenty and thirty. It was just a month before Christmas that they left East Portland with their traps and a couple of horses, walking and shooting the small game as they went. They passed out what now is known as the Base Line road, on through Powell Valley and camped for a few weeks on the banks of the Sandy.

There, as the weeks passed, they hunted and trapped and caught fish until two days before Christmas a snow storm further east in the mountains decided them to move into the Cascades for bear and elk. They broke camp on the morning of the twenty-third and crossed the Sandy at a fording place about two miles below Revenue's, and taking up the line of march were soon in the trackless forest.

Here we will leave them for awhile and go ahead to the Rocky passes lying beyond the summit where an immigrant family were straggling over boulders and logs to the promised land in the Willamette valley. The family consisted of four persons, the father, mother, son and daughter. The latter was about eighteen, the son a mere boy of twelve.

They had come a long, weary journey that year, over the plains and mountains for months; and now they expected to get to their journey's end in a few days.

They had camped for the day, the one before Christmas, in a high-walled canyon beyond or east of the summit, with old Hood frowning upon them in his bonnet of snow.

The father and son had gone out from the camp to get some wood and were busily cutting logs for a fire when a voice rang out long and loud: "Hello!"

"There is some one near," said the boy, and in a moment the three hunters appeared upon the scene, coming directly from the heart of the forest.

The surprise was mutual. "Who are you?" asked the old man. The three hunters told him. "Are you from the Willamette?" This question was asked anxiously for the coldness of the winter

WANT ADS.--The Outlook's Bargain Counter--WANT ADS

Advertisements for livestock, real estate, and miscellaneous items. Includes 'LIVESTOCK', 'MISCELLANEOUS', and 'REAL ESTATE AND RENTALS' sections.

was already being felt in the lonely mountains. "Two days more will take you to Portland," said Osborne. "Where are you from?" said the immigrant. "Ohio," answered the man. "Your name?" "Wharton."

"Well, this is a surprise party, sure enough," said the heretofore silent Gray. "We will go out to the road and camp, too." Although the hunters did not know they were so close to the traveled road they were not lost by any means, for they were acquainted with all the landmarks for miles around.

That night after the two parties had retired to rest, Hiram Gray broke the silence in his own camp by remarking: "I am going back to Portland tomorrow."

"The deuce!" said Moore, rising on his elbow. "Yes, I am going back with the Wharton family."

"What for?" asked Osborne. "Because I am getting tired of life in the woods and am going to make something of myself."

"And make somebody of Annie, too, I suppose?" said Osborn. "Yes, if she'll have me."

"Which she never will!" remarked Moore in a significant tone which neither of the two others understood, but remembered afterward.

The two went to sleep, apparently, but neither slept. They feigned sleep, each revolving in his mind the strange meeting there in the Cascades.

About two hours afterward the moon struggled to shed its radiance through the trees and Moore raised himself quietly from the ground and listened.

He was apparently satisfied that his companions were soundly sleeping, and they were as intently regarding his movements.

He got up and noiselessly made his way in the direction of the Wharton's camp. Gray arose to follow him and was surprised to hear Osborn speak: "What is that devil up to, anyway?"

"Blest if I know; but there is something strange going to happen and we must avert it if possible." "Where is he now?" "Over yonder by Wharton's tent."

Gray and Osborn followed silently and watched, as they stood far enough away not to be seen. Moore went straight to the tent and called Wharton, who came out, asking what was up.

"Do you see that crag yonder, the one with the large boulder lying ready to topple over into the hollow below?" "Yes."

"Well, under that boulder is a cache of the Indians which I discovered there last year. I have kept the matter from Gray and Osborn and if you want to go with me we'll examine it."

Arrived at the hollow beneath the boulder, Moore began digging away some loose sand and in a short while exposed a lot of trinkets and furs, besides considerable money. He exhibited the whole treasure, amounting to over ten thousand dollars, to Wharton and then said: "That is what I wanted you to see, and now I have an offer to make:"

"Proceed." "Give me your daughter and I will give you half of this treasure."

"I cannot." "Why?" "I am not the keeper of my daughter's happiness."

"But I will make her happy." "I cannot exchange." "If by doing so you will be wealthy and your daughter also?"

"Such wealth would do no good to either of us. Keep your treasure." Moore was livid with rage at the rejection of his proposal. He went close by the side of the old man and said hoarsely:

"Consent, or I will kill you." "Never, you dare not." He grabbed Wharton by the collar and raised his hand to smite him, when a pair of heavy hands seized him from behind and his wrath was stayed.

If he had been livid before he was wild now, and struggled to escape. He knew, as well as his captor, who held him, and tried to free himself. Gray, for it was he, only held him the firmer and aided in a moment by Osborn subdued his wildness.

"Let me go," raved Moore. "To kill the old man? Not quite." "I will be peaceable."

"And not try any more of your murderous feats?" "I will promise to behave and we will divide the plunder between us."

The others did not place much faith in his words, but knowing they could watch him they let him go. As it was very late they returned to camp and once more to bed, after the two rescuers had cautioned Wharton not to go out again with Moore or to let him get any advantage.

They all went to sleep and awoke the next morning as usual, but the others noticed that Moore was preoccupied and sullen.

He was evidently making up his mind to something desperate or absurd but as nothing was said about the adventure of the night before he grew more pleasant as the morning advanced.

It was Christmas, a glorious day, for the sun shone and the air was crisp.

Wharton had decided with his wife to remain in camp that day and invite the three hunters to a Christmas dinner with them.

The men agreed to stay and while the forenoon was passing away Moore took his gun and started out, saying he would be back in time for dinner with some game.

He had been gone about an hour when the other men concluded to investigate the cache under the boulder.

The three started out and had reached the low hollow below the rock when a rifle rang out and Wharton fell on his face.

The other two understood that Moore was there and that he had completed his design.

In a moment more he appeared in sight and shouted: "Go back and take your old man with you or I'll shoot again. This is my treasure and I will guard it."

The two hunters picked up the old man's body and bore it slowly down the hill to camp and laid it down among his wife, son and daughter, who broke forth in a wall of sorrow that was not feigned.

"I am ready to go," answered the old man. The two went out, Wharton first telling his wife he would return in a short time.

DRAIN TILE All Sizes, 3-, 4- and 6-inch Also Square Hollow Blocks for Cellars, foundations and all building puposes. Common Brick and Clinkers for Facing

COLUMBIA BRICK WORKS Yard at Hogan Station, P. O. Gresham

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had been to camp and taken away some cooked meats, besides ammunition, matches and other articles of his own. One horse was missing, also, and he had deserted, it was plain.

While revolving in their minds what to do about the matter the bright day of sunshine suddenly changed to one of shadow and gloom, as had the hearts of the little company surrounding the dead immigrant.

In an hour the sky became overcast and it was certain that a heavy storm was imminent.

The place where Moore was at work in the Cache could be seen by the others, although Moore, himself was invisible, or kept himself so.

In a few moments after the first shriek of the tempest had echoed through the woods the winds began their revels, and several forest giants were snapped off or were torn up by their roots.

Just above the boulder a large pine grew alone and a sudden gust of the hurricane bent it over until it was loosened and it fell with a terrible crash.

It struck the boulder as it fell, and starting that mighty rock from its long resting place sent it downward into the hollow below.

It fell where Moore was digging up his plunder and buried him from sight forever.

The watchers below of this tragedy fancied they heard along the din of the storm and the crashing of the trees the agonizing shriek of the buried man as he foresaw his certain doom, but they could not help him neither could they pity.

In an hour the storm had passed and the men started out to see what damage had been done to their own camp, and then they dug a grave for poor Wharton who was laid to rest on that Christmas day among the solitudes of the mountains.

His funeral was attended by sincere mourners who all shed tears as they laid him away forever. Gray and Osborn went up to the crag to look at the living grave of Moore, but all they could see was a huge stone resting in newly torn-up earth, surrounded by broken logs and fallen timber. The hollow had disappeared and with it the assassin Moore.

The horse that Moore had taken was found further away, unhurt, and led back to camp. The next day both camps joined as one and started for Portland where they arrived in three days. Hiram Gray and Annie Wharton were married with the opening of spring and are yet respected residents of the great Northwest, with children and grandchildren about them in their declining years. Gray and Osborn never went back to the mountains to hunt, but once they made a pilgrimage and returned with the remains of Annie's father which now rests beneath a marble slab in Lone Fir. His assassin, who met with such swift retribution, still lies buried beneath that large immovable stone in the Cascades, and no one cares to know his tomb.

NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that at the general election on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1912, the question of stock running at large was voted on in Hurlburt Precinct 171. The vote resulted for running at large 35. Against running at large 78. In accordance with Section 5575 of Lord's Oregon Laws I hereby give notice that it will be unlawful for stock to run at large under penalty of \$10.00 for the first offense and \$20.00 for each and every subsequent offense. The Law taking effect sixty days from the date of this notice. Dated November 20, 1912. F. S. FIELDS, County Clerk. Subscribe Now. Get the Best.