

# THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XXVI

The blue autumn night had almost the consistency of a cloud when Gordon leaped the wall and set his face toward the iron-works. Or, rather, it was like the depths of a translucent sea in which the distant electric lights of Mountain View avenue shone as blurs of phosphorescent life on one hand, and the great dark back of Lebanon loomed as the massive, unyielding foundation of a shadowy island on the other. Farther on, the recurring flare from the tall vent of the blast-furnace lighted the haze depths weirdly, turning the mysterious sea bottom into fathomless abysses of dull-red incandescence for the few seconds of its duration—a slow lightning flash submerged and half extinguished.

Gordon was pushing the country clock's church when one of the torch-like flares reddened on the night, and the glow picked out the gilt cross at the top of the sham Norman tower. He flung up a hand involuntarily, as if to put the emblem, and for that which it stood, out of his life. At the same instant a whiff of the acrid smoke from the distant furnace fires tingled in his nostrils, and he quickened his pace. The hour for which all other hours had been waiting had struck. Love had called, and religion had made its silent protest; but the smell in his nostrils was the smoky breath of Mammon, the breath which has maddened a world; he strode on doggedly, thinking only of his triumph and how he should presently compass it.

The two great poplar-trees, sentineling what had once been the gate of the old Gordon homestead, had been spared through all the industrial changes. When he would have opened the wicket to pass on to the house offices, an armed man stepped from behind one of the trees, his sunburnt drawn up to strike. Before the blow could fall, the furnace flare blazed aloft like a mighty torch, and the man ground his weapon.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gordon; I am I took you for somebody else," he stammered; and Tom scanned his face sharply by the light of the burning gases.

"Whom?" for instance, he queried.

"Why—e-yeh—I reckon it don't make any difference—my tellin' you; you'd ought to have it in for him, too. I was layin' for that 'bout-dog' at what was on his hind legs and calls himself Vint Farley."

"Who are you?" Tom demanded.

"Kincaid's my name, and I'm 'sposed to be one of the strike guards, here; but wise, that's what I tried out for a little spell ago. I couldn't think of nary a better way of gettin' at 'em."

Gordon interrupted brusquely. "Tell me what you mean. Here at this hour, the debt is bigger than mine, you shall have the first chance."

The gas-flash came again. There was black wrath in the man's eyes.

"You can take it up for yourself, Tom-Jeff Gordon. Late yest'ry-evenin', when me and Nan Bryderson drove to town for your Uncle Silas to marry us, she told me I'd been mistreatin' her. She said she'd been Vint Farley was the daddy o' her children. He's done might 'n' everthin' short o' killin' her to make her swear 'em on to you; and I allowed I'd jest put 'em on you. The long-earns man, he ain't 'n' face so't no yuther woman'd ever look at it."

Gordon staggered and leaned against the fence palings, the red rage of murder boiling in his veins. Here at last was the key to all the mysteries; the source of all the cruel gossip; the foundation of the wall of separation that had been built up between his love and Ardus. He could trust himself to speak he asked a question.

"Who knows this, besides yourself?"

"Your Uncle Silas, for one; he allowed he wouldn't marry us less'n she told him I might 'n' have killed her. He's suspicious, too. He let on like it was Farley that told him on you, years ago, when you was a boy."

"He did? Then Farley was one of the three men who saw us up yonder at the barrel-spring?"

"Yes; and I was another one of 'em. I was right hot at you that mornin'; I shure was."

"Well, who else knows about it?"

"Brother Bill Layne, and Aunt M'randy, and Japhe Pettigrass. They all went in town to stan' up with me and Nan."

Then Tom remembered the figure coming swiftly across the lawn and the call of the voice he loved. Had Japheth told her, and was she hastening to make such reparation as she could? No matter, it was too late now. The fierce hatred of the wounded savage was astray in his heart and it would not be denied or silenced.

"Give me that gun, and you shall have your first chance; he consoled. "I make but one condition: if you kill him, I'll kill you."

"I was only allowin' to spill his face some, and a rock'll do for that. You can have whom you want; I got throo—and it'll be enough to kill, I reckon."

At the moment of weapon-passing there came sounds audible above the sob and sigh of the blowing-engines—a clatter of horse's hoofs and the grinding of carriage wheels on the pike. Gordon signed quickly to Kincaid and drew back carefully behind the bole of the opposite poplar.

It was the Warwick Lodge surrey, and it stopped at the gate. Two men got out and went up the path, and an instant later, Kincaid followed stealthily.

Gordon waited for the next gas-flare, and by the light of it he threw the breech-lock of the repeating rifle to make sure the cartridge was in place. Then he, too, passed through the wicket and went to stand in the shade of the slab-floored porch, redolent of memories. He had forgotten the lesser vengeance in the thirst for the greater—that he had come to find the two men who stood on the threshold. The younger of the two was speaking.

"It's quieter than usual to-night. That was a good move—getting Ludlow and the two Heigerons jailed. I was in hopes we could smother old Cas with the others. He pretends to be

under him, and faints as a woman might—when the thing was done.

## CHAPTER XXVII

Mr. Vanocourt Henniker was no greatly surprised when Tom Gordon asked for a private interview on the morning following the final closing down of all the industries at Gordonia.

Without being in Gordon's confidence, or in that of American Aequeduct, the banker had been shrewdly putting two and two together and applying the result as a healing plaster to the stock he had taken as security for the final loan to Colonel Dabbury.

"I reckon, perhaps, you might wish to buy this stock, Mr. Gordon," he said, when Tom had stated his business. "Of course, it can be arranged, with Mr. Farley's consent to our anticipating the maturity of his notes. But"—with a genial smile and a glance over his eyeglasses—"I'm not sure that we care to part with it. Perhaps some of us would like to hold it and bid it in."

"I reckon you don't want it, Mr. Henniker. You'll understand that it isn't worth the paper it is printed on when I tell you that I have sold my pipe-patents to American Aequeduct."

"Then the stock you carry the patents? You've kept this mighty quiet, among you?"

"Haven't we!" said Tom, facetiously. "I know just how you feel—like a man who's been looking over the edge of the bottomless pit—without knowing it. You'll let me have the stock for the face of the loan, won't you?"

But the president was already pressing the button of the electric bell that summoned the cashier. There was no time like the present when the fate of a considerable bank asset hung on the notion of a smiling young man whose mind might change in the twinkling of an eye.

With the Farley stock in his pocket Tom took a room at the Marlboro and spent the remainder of that day, and all the days of the fortnight following, wrestling mightily with the lawyers in winding up the tangled skein of Chlawassee affairs. Propped in his bed at Warwick Lodge, the bed he had not left since the night of violence, Dabbury Farley signed everything that was offered to him, and the obstacles to a settlement were vanquished, one by one.

When it was all over, Tom began to draw checks on the small fortune realized from the sale of the patents. One was to Major Dabney, redeeming his two hundred shares of Chlawassee Limited at par. Another was to the order of Mrs. Dabney, redeeming the Farley shares at a valuation based on the prosperous period before the crash of '93. With this check in his pocket he went home—for the first time in two weeks.

(To be continued.)

# CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

## Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

### General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel corporation, has resigned.

The Supreme court upheld the bank guarantee laws of Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma.

A juvenile court official of Portland says picture shows and skating rinks are all right for young folks.

Seventeen persons were killed in a fire and panic at a religious New Year celebration near Mexico City.

Western railroads have cut freight rates in response to orders of the Interstate Commerce commission.

The government has lost its famous libel suit against the New York World in connection with the Panama canal.

Speaker Cannon has been willed a fortune of \$2,500,000 by the widow of a client whom he befriended while practicing law.

A blackmailing was caught in Seattle just as he reached for a decoy package, which had been placed where he had designated in a letter to his intended victim.

The battleship Oregon, now being overhauled at the Bremerton navy yards, will soon be turned out a better vessel than when she participated in the Spanish war.

A pitched battle was waged for several hours between London police and soldiers on one side, and a band of anarchists who were barricaded in a house. The house was finally set on fire and the anarchists perished in the flames.

A Portland detective brought in a prisoner, handcuffed to himself as a precaution, and found he had no key to unlock the handcuffs, and was obliged to tow his prisoner about town until he found a brother officer who had the right key.

Masons of San Francisco will build a million dollar temple.

The street car system of Everett, Wash., is tied up by strikers.

Central Montana points report a temperature of 38 below zero.

John W. Gates has given \$250,000 to a Methodist business college at Port Arthur, Tex.

A German balloon carrying four men is missing and is believed to have been lost in the Baltic sea.

An Alaska capitalist charges Pinchot and Roosevelt with blocking the development of Alaska.

At St. Paul a million-dollar fire raged in the midst of a blizzard and one man was frozen to death.

Rockefeller has given the Japanese of Vermont \$100,000 on condition that \$400,000 more be raised elsewhere, which has been done.

A Pennsylvania locomotive engineer had his skull fractured by striking a water pipe as he leaned out of the cab, but he ran his train 400 feet and brought it to a stop at the regular place before he fell unconscious.

Two masked robbers held up a Southern Pacific passenger train nine miles west of Odgen, killed a colored porter, injured two passengers, and got away with all the money and valuables of over a hundred passengers.

Killing of Hoxsey put a pall on the aviation meet at Los Angeles.

Reports say that the gold camp at Iditarod, Alaska, is worked out.

Pinchot advises Taft to cancel the Cunningham coal claims in Alaska.

Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, declares military men are but parasites.

Ivy Baldwin, an aviator at Santa Barbara, fell 20 feet, but escaped serious injury.

The provisional government of Portugal is said to be tottering and its fall is expected at any time.

It is estimated that the gross earnings of the railroads of the United States for the past year were \$2,835,374,531.

Berlin tailors are angry because the kaiser has his clothes made in London, and all the German nobility follow his example.

An earthquake rocked the palace of the sultan of Turkey, and badly frightened the inhabitants near by, but no one was killed.

The report of the California fish and game warden recommends that no crabs be taken in California waters for two years.

England is surprised that the king created no new peers for New Years, which is contrary to custom.

A severe blizzard swept the Middle West and Eastern states, the thermometer at some points falling 46 degrees in eight hours.

A movement is on foot to have a permanent tariff commission appointed.

The Pennsylvania railroad has declared a dividend of 4 per cent, making 7 per cent this year.

A stray bullet, thought to have been fired by New Year celebrators, instantly killed an 18-year-old boy standing on the street in Salt Lake City.

President Lowell, of Harvard, denounces college yells and ragtime music at students' dinners.

A portrait of Julia Ward Howe has been refused a place beside other noted Americans in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

A German inventor will attempt to cross the Atlantic in a dirigible balloon, attached to a lifeboat, which it will drag after it.

## WINTER HITS SOUTH.

Record Broken in Texas—Chicago Strikers Suffering.

Chicago—All doubts that winter of the old fashioned variety has settled down upon the country were dispelled Wednesday when dispatches from all points West and South told of temperatures near or below zero. In some instances cold is accompanied by fine snow frozen to the consistency and sharpness of glass, and which is drifting daily, driven by high winds.

In Chicago a new mark of four degrees above was reached, which means intensely cold weather because of the proximity of Lake Michigan, and the moisture, which penetrates the very marrow of one's bones.

Visitors from the extreme Northwest, British Columbia and the Upper Michigan peninsula, where 20 to 50 below zero is not uncommon, suffer intensely from the damp cold in Chicago.

All the city, county and private charitable institutions are crowded to the limit. The garment workers' strike has thrown 45,000 destitute persons upon the bounty of the city and county, and this additional load, with the already large number of helpless inhabitants, is taxing the resources of charitable bodies.

These thousands of dependent persons for their clothing and nourishment to take advantage of any other work that is offered them, so they constitute a constant drag upon the charitable institutions, and will continue so all winter. Work in comfortable factories at top wages is open to all the striking garment workers, but they prefer to remain dependent upon charity rather than surrender their principles. The majority of them are not citizens of the country and have a very remote idea of what the row is all about, taking the word of inflammatory orators for it.

A feature of the present siege of cold weather is its penetration of the more or less sunny South. Dispatches from San Antonio, Tex., say all records have been broken there, and over Southern Texas, where early crops of garden truck have been destroyed. Similar conditions are reported in New Orleans and vicinity. Texas reports two deaths from freezing and the destruction of thousands of dollars' worth of livestock.

Snow fell in Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky and northern parts of Mississippi and Alabama.

# INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

\$8,000,000 FRUIT CROP.

Oregon Raised Vast Quantity Apples, Pears, Peaches and Other Fruits.

Oregon's fruit crop for 1910 had a value of close to \$8,000,000, or almost double the amount of three years ago.

Growth of the fruit industry of the state, while wonderful up to this time, gives promise of still further increase during the next five years.

The acreage now planted—but not bearing—will within the space of a few years give the state a crop that will bring more than \$20,000,000 to the growers and shippers.

The greatest strides have been made in the production of apples and pears. These are the standard fruits, and naturally more growers go into those lines than in others. For instance, while the total fruit crop of Oregon was valued at close to \$8,000,000 the past season, the value of the apple crop alone was almost half of this, and with pears the aggregate was more than half of the state's total production of all other fruits.

Oregon has an apple crop this season that is worth \$3,500,000, as compared with \$1,423,800 for 1907. The total production of apples in the state this season was 3,500,000 boxes, and the average price received was a dollar a box. The apple crop of 1907 was a fraction over 1,000,000 boxes.

The great growth of the pear industry can readily be understood when the figures are given, which show that the state's total crop three years ago amounted to 247,750 boxes, of a value of \$286,600, while this season the growth reached a grand total of 1,000,000 boxes of a value of \$1.25. Even this great showing is scarcely representative of the enormous strides made by the pear industry within recent years, for since 1897 the planting has been the greatest in the history of the state, and these trees will not be bearing fruit for some years.

Peaches grow to perfection in Oregon. There are several districts wherein climatic conditions are almost ideal and the quality of the fruit is such that the product brings a premium of some extent over all other offerings. In the territory tributary to The Dalles the greatest growth of the peach industry of the state has been shown during recent years.

## HARRIMAN ROAD IS LOSER.

Fruit Shipper Gets \$2,000; Supreme Court Gives Decision.

Salem—The judgment of the lower court of Umatilla county for damages in the sum of \$2,258.25 to F. V. Martin, a fruit shipper, against the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, was affirmed in an opinion written by Justice Slater, of the Supreme court. The action was brought by Martin to recover damages amounting to \$6,316.50 and \$1,000 attorney's fees for the railroad's failure to furnish a number of refrigerator cars to ship apples from Milton, Or., to the East. Martin's right to recover damages was based solely upon section 26 of the Oregon railroad commission's laws, which provides that all transportation companies are compelled to furnish suitable shipping facilities for perishable goods. The Supreme court holds the railroad law covers the case correctly and the state's right to exercise police power over the railroads cannot be questioned, in spite of the argument presented by defendant's counsel, to the effect that the interstate shipping laws of this state conflict with the Interstate Commerce commission's regulations.

Fear Too Many Railroads.

Lebanon—A petition was filed with the city recorder of the city of Lebanon a few days ago on a franchise recently granted to the Albany Interurban Railway company, asking that it be submitted to a vote of the people at the next general election, which will be held in December, 1911. This will tie up the franchise of the proposed new road for a year. One of the main objections to the franchise on Second street is that it brings the two railroads too close together.

Oil at Depth of 700 Feet.

Bandon—With the shaft down less than 700 feet, enough oil mixed with gas has been struck in a test well driven at Bear Creek, seven miles east of Bandon, to make almost certain the existence of a paying oil field. The Miocene company of this city, which is sinking the oil shaft, is confident of success and has bought more than 5,000 acres of land believed to contain oil. Should the first well prove the bonanza expected, a dozen more will be sunk as soon as the first is in working order.

Black Sand Mining Profitable.

Bandon—Cous and Curry county black sand mining is being exploited and successfully conducted under royalties paid to the Phelps Mineral Extraction company of 2201 South Main street, Los Angeles. Charles A. Phelps, promoter and head of this concern, has been in Bandon two days making arrangements for installing his fourth in Oregon at Whiskey Run, eight miles north up the beach from this city.

Dock for Newport.

Newport—The Port of Newport commission has been granted a lease on 430 feet along the waterfront for docking purposes. The lease will run for 40 years at a yearly rental of \$100. Work must begin on the building of a dock within five years. The commission has not yet signed the lease.

## PROSPECT PLANT ON SOON.

Rogue River Electric Company Starts Work in Spring.

Medford—The Rogue River Electric company with headquarters at Medford, will start work on its new plant at Prospect early in the spring. H. C. Stoddard, secretary and consulting engineer, is in the East at present consulting with Colonel Frank Ray, the head of the company, concerning the purchase of machinery for the new dam and power plant on the Upper Rogue river. The plant at Prospect will be one of the finest and largest of its kind in the West. Hydraulic engineers estimate that over 75,000 horse-power can be taken from the waters of the Rogue river at Prospect. The voltage carried in the wires from this point to the cities in the valley will be 60,000 volts, whereas the present voltage is 20,000.

The plant at Gold Ray, ten miles from Medford, has been found inadequate to supply the needs of the cities and industries in the valley. The Rogue River Electric company lights all the cities and towns in the valley, which include Grants' Pass, Medford and Ashland.

## COWS AND POULTRY PAY.

Farmer Nets \$605.50 in Year From 173 Hens; Butter Yields Big.

Oregon City—R. L. Badger, who lives on the Beaver Creek road, has illustrated what can be done with cows and poultry in the Westem valley. He has 50 acres, with 23 acres in cult. He has 50 cows, and with 173 hens he has netted \$605.50, after paying for the feed of the poultry and allowing a cost of \$1 a hen. Mr. Badger has four cows, from which he clears \$60 a month, obtaining 36 pounds of butter a week, an average of nine pounds from each cow. His hens are a cross between Brown Leghorns and Buff Orpingtons, but he proposes later to have straight breeds. He has a heifer 7 months old for which he has refused \$150.

Albany's Total Rainfall 37 Inches

Albany—Albany's total rainfall for 1910 was 37.66 inches. This is a little lighter than the usual precipitation but the rain came at opportune times both for the development of crops and so as not to interfere with harvesting. The record of the rainfall by months follows: January, 6.54 inches; February, 6.82 inches; March, 1.83 inches; April, 1.89 inches; May, 1.75 inches; June, 1.16 inches; July, no rainfall; August, .08 inch; September, 1.2 inches; October, 2.64 inches; November, 10.04 inches; December, 3.89 inches.

Linn County Hunting Licenses Many.

Albany—More than 500 more hunting licenses were issued in Linn county in 1910 than in any former year since the law requiring permits to hunt went into effect. The number issued here each year is as follows: 1905, 1,457; 1906, 1,369; 1907, 1,479; 1908, 1,508; 1909, 1,637; 1910, 2,152. The number of fishing licenses issued in this county in the year just closed was 1,385. A total of 89 was issued in 1909, the first year the law was in effect.

Cheese Production is 4,500,000.

Oregon's fame as a cheese state is nation wide. The production during 1910 reached a total of 4,500,000 pounds, of which the Tillamook country alone produced about 3,500,000. Coos Bay is another thriving section where cheese is manufactured, and the industry is growing there at a rapid rate. Oregon cheese is in demand all along the Pacific slope, and brings a premium wherever offered.

## Rebels Capture Truxillo.

New Orleans—A dispatch from Puerto Barrios under date of January 2 announces the capture of Truxillo, Honduras, by the revolutionary gunboat Hornet. The garrison in Rustan surrendered without firing a shot. The dispatch says: "After the Hornet left New Orleans she picked up 100 men, 1,000 rifles, two machine guns and a large quantity of ammunition. The Hornet arrived in Laguna La Gracia December 28, proceeded to the island of Bonaca, established a base and then captured the bay islands."

Gallagher Not Crazy.

Jersey City—Allan McLane Hamilton, a member of the board of aldermen commissioned to examine James J. Gallagher, who shot Myrao Gaylor as the line Kaiser Wilhelm Heret Grosse was about to sail for Europe last fall, declared his belief that Gallagher was perfectly sane and should stand trial. "Gallagher is the picture of health," said Hamilton. "He is as rational as anyone, although he tries hard all the time to appear crazy."

Roosevelt to Visit Coast.

Washington—It is announced that Colonel Roosevelt will visit Oregon during the coming spring and make one speech in the state, probably in Portland. Thirteen other states, among them Washington, California, Nevada, Idaho and Montana will be visited in Colonel Roosevelt's speech-making tour, which is expected to advance progressive Republicanism before the country, as he views it.

## BRANDED WITHOUT A PAIN

In April the coats of cattle become dull and dead, and will rub off easily, disclosing the close new coat underneath. In "Farming It," Judge Henry A. Shute describes how he discovered this fact. One morning, in rubbing down his Jersey cow, he found that with his fingers he could pull the old coat off in tufts, and that she apparently enjoyed having it pulled.

"I was doing, I wrote my initials, H. A. S., on her back by pulling out the dead hair. Seeing how easily I could do this, I drew, or rather pulled, on her side near the curve of the belly, a grotesque figure of a small boy, then a circular brand on her shoulder, and three X's on her flank. Then I quietly led her to the hitching post at the side of the house and awaited developments.

In a moment my wife came to the door with wide-open eyes. "For gracious sake, what have you been doing to that cow?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "That's the way range cattle are branded. This cow had a good many owners, and evidently she was once branded."

"It's no such thing," she retorted hotly. "You did it yourself. That explains why she bellows so this winter."

She had belloyed a good deal when I took away her calf, but I did not say so, for I always like to get a rise out of my wife.

"I think it is just horrid in you, and about the cruelest thing I ever heard of, and you have just spoiled her looks."

Now out of the corner of my eye I could see old Cyrus, the neighborhood nuisance, peering over the fence and listening to the conversation. After giving him time to satisfy himself thoroughly, I led the cow back to the barn, followed by my wife, and there illustrated the matter by drawing on the off side of the animal a serpent and a circular brand, while the delighted animal stood with eyes half-closed in ecstasy.

Much relieved and amused, my wife went back to the house, laughing over the ridiculously decorated animal.

But the calf did not end there. Old Cyrus brought a charge for "Cruelty to animals," cutting, branding and otherwise torturing a certain Jersey cow," and I was arrested and brought to trial.

At the close of the trial I assured the court that the cow was then and there in transitu, and that I should call her as my first witness, and asked the court to adjourn to the square.

I stripped off the blanket, and there in plain sight were the various marks on the cow's hide. At my request the court and the attorney ran their hands over her and found no scars.

"Now to show your honor how these marks were made—"

"It is unnecessary," said the court. "I have owned cows myself, and perhaps I can illustrate as well as you; and stepping forward, with rapid hands he fashioned upon her side the word "Stung," at which there was a roar of delight from the crowd.

"Respondent discharged," he continued, "and court is adjourned."

Had Time to Spare.

Passenger—I say, conductor, does your bus ever go faster than this? Conductor—If yer ain't satisfied you can git aht and walk.

Passenger (with a sweet smile)—Oh, I'm not in with a terrible hurry as that, you know.—Exchange.

Thirty-eight in every thousand Englishmen who marry are over 50 years of age.