

COLUMBIA REGISTER

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HOULTON.....OREGON

NEWS OF THE WEEK

In a Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

A Resume of the Less Important but Not Less Interesting Events of the Past Week.

Japan will not have to make a new loan.

More cholera has made its appearance in Poland.

Texas troop have been ordered out to prevent the lynching of a negro.

The Virginia City, Nevada, mines are to be pumped out and worked again.

The tuberculosis congress, representing all nations, is in session in Paris.

John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers, says he does not fear a strike.

Switzerland has accepted the invitation for a second peace conference at The Hague.

Witte has been offered the Chancellorship of Russia. The title of count has also been conferred on him by the czar.

Over 50,000 electrical workers are now on strike in Berlin and other trades involving more men are expected to join.

Further delay has occurred in the naming of a Federal judge for Oregon and the president says he may not appoint one until in December.

A mutual bank has been opened in Chicago. The depositors are to receive a share of the profits and the people are eagerly seizing the opportunity to make additional money on their savings.

The Milwaukee grand jury has indicted more grafters.

The battleship Mississippi has been successfully launched.

The emperor of Austro-Hungary is seeking conciliation of the two factions.

William Randolph Hearst is to run for mayor in New York on a municipal ownership platform.

Turks have massacred many Macedonian Christians under the eyes of European gendarmes.

Unless Williamson and Hermann resign Oregon will have no representatives in the next congress.

The steamship Alameda has piled upon the rocks in the bay while on the way to sea from San Francisco.

Owing to the many evidences of graft among life insurance companies, Germany may shut out American companies.

It has been found that the boilers in the cruiser Marblehead are in as bad condition as those of the Bennington, and must be overhauled before the ship can go to sea.

An O. R. & N. freight train running in two sections was wrecked as it was coming into the Portland yards. The first section had stopped to take a switch and the second section was unable to stop. No one was hurt. Two engines were badly damaged and eight cars smashed into kindling wood.

The Baldwin Locomotive works is building 140 engines for the Harriman lines.

Leading Hungarians say Germany is the cause of the present trouble in their country.

Peace has been restored at Baku, Russia, and workmen are returning to their occupations.

A white woman of Missouri has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years for marrying and living with a negro.

George Maxwell, a wealthy Canadian, will sue the United States because he was denied admission to this country.

At the Democratic state convention of Maryland a platform was adopted declaring in favor of disfranchising negroes.

Guam, the smallest island possession of the United States, now has a Supreme court and a system of wireless telegraphy.

The deadlock between Hungary and Austria may result in a revolution.

General Stoessel, who commanded the Russian forces at Port Arthur, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis, which affects his entire left side.

United States Attorney Heney says he will push the remainder of the Oregon land fraud cases and dispose of them as rapidly as possible, as he has other work commanding his attention.

New Orleans is steadily recovering from the disastrous epidemic of yellow fever.

GUILTY AS CHARGED.

Verdict in the Williamson, Gesner and Biggs Land Case.

Portland, Sept. 28.—"Guilty as charged in the indictment." After three trials, extending over three months, John Newton Williamson, Representative in congress from Oregon; Dr. Van Gesner, his partner, and Marion R. Biggs, their friend and the United States commissioner for the general land office at Prineville, have been declared to be guilty of the crime of conspiracy to suborn perjury, and have been thrown upon the leniency of the court, by reason of their previous good character.

The long and tiresome third trial of the case has passed into history, but unlike the first and second, it has been productive of a decisive result. Once more the cause of the government and the indefatigable energy of United States District Attorney Heney have been triumphant, and conviction has come from the hands of a jury selected and sworn to try the guilt or innocence of the defendants upon the law and the evidence.

But it was not a question easily decided or quick of settlement, for the jury wrestled with the decision from 5:20 in the afternoon until 11 at night, and it was eight minutes later before the sealed envelope containing the fate of the three men was handed to Judge Hunt for his perusal. For many ballots the jury stood 11 for conviction and 1 for acquittal.

As soon as the verdict had been read Judge Hunt arose and thanked the jury for their patient attention and uncompromising service throughout the trial. He then dismissed them.

Turning then to the defendants and their attorney, Judge Hunt asked if there were any motions to be made, and Mr. Bennett, shaking off the spell which seemed to wrap him round, asked to be allowed on behalf of all the defendants to file notice of a motion for a new trial. Judge Hunt stated that he would like to have the motion filed as soon as possible, as he desired to leave the city within two weeks, but he allowed ten days in which to complete the written transcript of the motion and place it before the court.

The court announced that pending the filing of the motion the defendants would be allowed to go on the same bonds under which they are now resting. Then the court adjourned, and without speaking the defendants filed silently from the room and into the night. They had no statements to make, they said. It was not their time to talk.

FIRE SCORCHES COLON.

Two Blocks Are Cleared and Government Records Destroyed.

Colon, Sept. 29.—By sheer good luck the city of Colon was saved from complete destruction by fire last night. The fire broke out in a building next to the residence of the Spanish consul, and soon destroyed the Phoenix hotel, an American-owned building, and two other hotels, several liquor saloons and several tenement buildings. Rowe's building, containing the postoffice, the offices of the municipality, of Governor Melendez, the port inspectors, the judiciary and other offices, together with the treasury building, were also burned.

A fire brigade from Panama bringing engines and equipment arrived at 1 o'clock, but by that time the fire was under control.

Nearly all the records and documents of the government were destroyed. The burned region comprises two blocks. The American residential quarter was not touched.

The sanitary authorities are erecting tents in the fire zone to shelter the homeless.

During the fire many harrowing scenes were witnessed. Among these was the removal of the body of a 15-year old child. The child had died a few minutes before the fire started.

Demand Reforms of Judiciary.

Moscow, Sept. 29.—The congress of the Zemstvos and municipalities at its session yesterday, in addition to the program already celebrated, adopted a separate resolution on the subject of judicature. It declares itself in favor of the complete separation of the department of Justice from the other branches of the administration, the re-institution of the system providing for the election of judges, the trial of every case before a jury, the abolition of the capital penalty and punishment by administrative process.

Cannot Suppress Boycott.

Seattle, Wash., Sept. 29.—Chinese merchants in Seattle state that they have mail advices from Canton which declare the viceroy of that province has acknowledged his inability to put down the boycott. The viceroy insists that the merchants and people will buy as they see fit. He adds, though, that the sentiment is being resisted, and that some gains have been made by the government's efforts to suppress the boycott.

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Very well," said David. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Without talking of those coupons for the present, what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."

"I suppose," said Daniel, trying to preserve a calm exterior, but trembling down to the tips of his fingers—"I suppose, David, that the man who has the box has communicated with you because he thinks you are my enemy?"

"You may suppose so, uncle, if you like."

"Papers stolen from me—papers the unlawful possession of which would insure him a long imprisonment?"

"Just as you like, uncle. Only—don't you see?—at the first mention of the word 'imprisonment' all these papers would be dropped into the fire."

"Show me—prove to me—that you know something about the box."

"I am going to prove it to you," David left the door and came back to the table, standing over his uncle. "What will you give me, I ask you gain, for only one paper out of the box, just to prove that the other papers exist?"

"What paper is it?"

"You shall see; one of the papers that are worth nothing. I have actually got it in this packet, and you shall have it if you give me ten pounds for it; not a penny less—ten pounds. If you refuse, and I have to take it back, ten pounds worth of the coupons shall be torn up and burned. To-morrow I shall come back and make the same proposal, and the next day the same, and every day that you refuse you shall have ten pounds' worth of those coupons burned. When they are all gone you will be sorry."

"Oh! I don't know what this man means!" the old man cried in distress. "Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"Well, I don't mind doing that. If you tear it up I shall want the ten pounds just the same. It doesn't matter to me if you tear up all the papers. Now—he unfolded the brown paper packet—"what do you think of this?—The last will and testament of Daniel Leigh!"

He placed it in his uncle's hands.

"This is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a valuable document. Why, man, I've made another will since."

"I don't care how many wills you have made. I don't care whether it is valuable to you or not. To me it is ten pounds. Tear it up or burn it, just as you like. But ten pounds."

"You are a demon, David. You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a demon."

"Who made me, then? You. Come, don't let us talk any more. There is your paper. Give me my ten pounds and I will go. To-morrow or next day, just as I please, I shall come back."

Daniel Leigh's hands trembled and he hesitated. But he did not doubt his nephew's words. He knew that the box had been somehow recovered, and that the papers were within David's reach, if not in his power.

He opened his desk and took out of it one of those little round boxes which are made for bottles of marking ink. A sovereign just fits into those boxes. He kept one in his desk filled with sovereigns. Mary went over to Moreton once a month to get the money for him. He held this box tightly in his left hand, and began very slowly to count out ten pounds.

"Here, David," he said, with a heavy sigh; "here is the money. If you had read this will you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well, so far I forgive you. But don't tempt me too much, or you may find my real last will and testament a very different thing. You are my nephew, David—my only nephew—and I've got a good deal to leave."

"As for my inheritance, uncle, I am going to take it out of you bit by bit—a little to-day and a little to-morrow. I shall enjoy it better that way. I think that's all. Oh, no! You may be thinking to charge me with unlawful possession of your property. If you do, the whole of the papers will go into the fire. Remember that! And now, uncle, I think I've done a good morning's work. Take care not to talk about this little matter to any one, or it will be the worse for you—mind, not to Mary or to George or to anybody. If you breathe a word, all the papers go into the fire."

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mary came in about one o'clock to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears. Daniel's papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head unto his pillows, as Ahab turned his unto the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "whatever is the matter?"

"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over! I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this."

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a cup of tea?"

"No, I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"

"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I never really lost them till they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of a—of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more, don't tell any one what I have said. I must have told some one, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think. Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. He made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it, and you cry over it as if it was a new thing. Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday."

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a judgment."

"All what, uncle?"

"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis; he says it is a judgment for my taking his life. Do you think that it is a judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without stepping in to secure it. If I hadn't lent him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. If it is a judgment, Mary—" He paused for a word of comfort.

"Well, uncle," she said, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm, and I bought it! I can't believe that. Why don't other people get judgments, then?"

"Patience, uncle. Think—whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangling before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a woman understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech, and in his ways, but he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"

"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied, hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"

"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world. There is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no; because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"

"No—no; I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"

"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch the villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcote, as you drove David out of Berry."

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"

"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George, and let him advise you."

"George, advise me! Mary, my dear, when I begin to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you. There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it, if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. Now."

his voice sunk to a whisper. "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of a man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheedle the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another judgment."

He groaned, a good deal shaken and agitated. Then he dropped asleep. But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgeted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me! Oh! villain, I know you now! I will remember—I will remember—I will remember! Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise. His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats.

"What do you want?" he cried, sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating."

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan, if you call that idle prating."

"Tell it, then, and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime, I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain—that would please me."

Then I began, with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money. Go on, go on—I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials D. L. on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you, too, are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of his conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

I produced it and gave it to him.

"Yes, it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands."

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamill Down, hidden beside the Gray Wether Stone."

"Very likely." He tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Gray Wether Stone, where I found it by accident, and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket and laid them on the table in a little pile. His long lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan; I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcote, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please—as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned."

(To be continued.)

Only One.

The Bachelor—Say what you please, but I don't believe there was ever a man that could size a woman up.

The Benedict—My brother can.

The Bachelor—Ha! How do you know?

The Benedict—Because he is a ladies' tailor.