

KLAMATH FLOOD REPLICAN.

VOL. VIII.

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ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By
MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
And Farmer, trembling and cringing like a hunted spaniel, went quickly out. He returned to his writing table, and commenced a letter to Winifred Eyre. He had served her now; would she be good disposed to look leniently on his offense, and let her love conquer her womanly pride. "I will let me make the trial before I go," he said to himself, and then he took up his pen and wrote thus:

"I enclose you a note, Miss Eyre, from the man Farmer. You will see by that that he engages to discontinue his acquaintance of you, and to leave you for the future free and unmolested. And now, before I leave England on my long voyage, I pray of you to hear the appeal of my heart to yours. Winifred, I love you with all my soul, with the truest, deepest strength of which passion is capable, and I come to you to decide my future, and my happiness, my misery, are in your hands. It is for you to seal my perfect bliss by consenting to become my cherished wife, or to punish a fault born of love, and to condemn me to a lifelong sorrow, by driving me away from the sunshine of your presence. Do not decide hastily. I shall not leave this for a week, and if your answer is what I scarcely dare to hope it will be, I shall not leave at all. If you cannot find it in your gentle, womanly heart to forgive me, I shall go out into the world and seek to forget the only woman in the world I ever really loved."

When Winifred broke the seal, and read Errol's letter, her first emotion was one of intense relief. Then, reading the story of Errol's love, for a moment her heart recoiled to him, and a sad, fond recollection of the handsome hero of her past worship made the tears start into her eyes. Then her quick pride came to the rescue—she tore the letter to atoms and threw them from her. "I will never forgive him—never," she cried, passionately; and then she thought that that letter would have been to her if it had come a few days sooner.

It waited but one day to the completion of the week, when Arthur Le Marchant rushed into Errol's room.

"My dear Errol," he exclaimed, "what is this I hear about your leaving the Court? It surely is not true!"

"My dear fellow," said Errol gently, "I cannot tell whether I am going or not. You shall know to-morrow. I am writing for my verdict, and if it is adverse to me I shall go away, and try to forget my trouble."

Two days after Errol said to Le Marchant: "It's all over, and I'm going. Don't ask me any questions, old fellow—I'm hard hit."

Before Mr. Hastings left the Court he made his friend promise to write to him in the shooting season during his absence; and on the last day of August he was standing on the deck of his beautiful yacht *Onion* looking down into the blue waters of the Mediterranean. His thoughts were full of tenderness to the woman who had scorned him.

"She is right," he said, "but I think, if he had known how I loved her, she would have found it in her heart to forgive me."

A fortnight later Lady Grace Farquhar, by dint of subtle diplomacy, managed to secure what she had for some time past set her heart upon, and that was to practically adopt Winifred Eyre as her protégée, if not as a daughter. She was very anxious that Winifred should have an opportunity of being introduced to society in the shooting season during his stay at Sir Clifford's estate. Endon Vale seemed to afford Lady Grace the opportunity.

Among those who would be present for the shooting, her nephew, Lord Harold Erskine, who was quite taken with Flora Champlain and whom she knew that young lady, in default of becoming Mrs. Hastings, would only too gladly accept.

With this trump card in her hand, Lady Grace accepted a dinner invitation at Harst Manor, the home of the Champlions, and while there delicately, yet plainly insinuated to Sir Howard and to Mrs. Champlain that unless Mrs. Champlain and Flora would drive with her to Mr. Eyre's farm and second her invitation to Winifred to come to Endon Vale there would be no invitation for Miss Champlain. Moreover, Flora would have to bind herself to attend her cousin with at least ordinary court during their stay in the same house.

Sir Howard acceded readily enough to this arrangement as long as he was not obliged to speak to his granddaughter, whom he had never spoken to or even seen in his life or in any way to recognize her father. It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Champlain and Flora to swallow, but they thought that if Flora did not go to Endon Vale, Sir Harold Erskine might possibly fall in love and if Winifred, obliged them to give a grudging consent.

The young girl was gathering roses in the garden as the carriage from the Manor drove up the road. She turned away to the house. She could not bear the contemptuous looks the Champlions cast on her as they went by. But then she heard the carriage stop, and she looking back in surprise. The footman was letting down the steps, and Mrs. Champlain was descending. What could it mean? The blood rushed to her face, and for a moment she hesitated. Then she went forward.

"You did not expect visitors so early, my dear?" said Lady Grace, kissing her. "Mrs. Champlain has come to call upon you."

Mrs. Champlain came forward and shook hands with her, and uttered a few polite commonplace, which Winifred, freed at her ease. She had a great deal too much tact to allude to the past—indeed, she behaved precisely as though she had never seen her, and Winifred saw and heard of each other for the first time.

Winifred soon recovered her composure, and invited them to enter the house.

Mrs. Champlain was struck by the taste and elegance displayed in the miniature drawing room, and while Winifred was talking to Lady Grace, she examined her keenly. She was forced to confess to herself that this girl who had been so long ignored, and so much disdained, was both elegant and pretty, and that her style was unexceptionable. The conviction did not please her at all. As they were talking leave Lady Grace said:

"Then remember, my dear, that next Thursday week, at three o'clock, I shall send the carriage for you."

"Pray do not think of such a thing, Lady Grace," interposed Mrs. Champlain; "you have invited Flora the previous day, and her delay her visit for one day, and my carriage shall take them both."

Lady Grace assented, and Winifred made her acknowledgments very gracefully. Then her guests departed, and she was left alone, wondering very much at what had befallen her.

"A fortnight ago," she thought, "and what has happened yesterday and to-day would have been the realization of one of my fondest hopes; and now—now I seem to care nothing for it. To have been recognized by the Champlions, to have been invited to stay with a great lady, to be introduced into society, would have been a glimpse of paradise; and now that I am wretched, and heart-broken, and miserable, all these honors are thrust upon me, and I do not value them one whit. I shall like to be with that dear, kind Lady Grace, but to the rest I seem perfectly indifferent. Are we never to be happy in this world, but to go on longing, keenly after something we think happiness, and when we at last attain it, to find we have lost the desire for it, and that it gives us no pleasure?"

CHAPTER VIII.
All Lady Grace Farquhar's guests had arrived, save one. That one was Winifred Eyre. On the morning of the day on which she and her cousin were to have appeared at Endon Vale, a letter came to Lady Grace, saying that Madame de Montolieu was seriously ill with an attack of bronchitis, and that until she was sufficiently recovered Winifred could not leave her.

Miss Champlain, of course, arrived all the same, and, if the truth must be told, she was very well satisfied with what had occurred. The idea of driving over to Endon Vale with her cousin had been most distasteful to her; and now that she was relieved from that unpleasant necessity she was radiant, and, as her brother, who accompanied her, remarked, in a most unusually good temper.

The greater part of Lady Grace Farquhar's guests were strangers to her. Those she knew were Lord Harold Erskine, Miss Alton, the Honorable Evelyn Van and his sister. As the reader will pass some time in the company of the visitors at Endon Vale, it may not be superfluous to enter into a few particulars concerning them. Lord Harold Erskine has already been mentioned; so we will begin with Mr. Francis Clayton, who from his consanguinity to the host claims priority of mention.

Francis Clayton was a man who would have completely baffled the researches of those estimable people who persistently find good in everyone. There was not an amiable trait in his character nor a kind action of his on record; and yet he passed muster in society, because he possessed a certain degree of manner, and because his income was a very large one. He was not a man to charm women, and yet there was many a one who would have been content to ignore his evil qualities and take him for the sake of his rent roll.

Francis Clayton was 37, and it was his boast that he had never made any woman an offer of marriage.

Miss Alton had been at Endon Vale some days, and was a great favorite with everyone in the house. Her aunt, Lady Marion, was in Ireland, and as she was not particularly attached to her prim old grandfather and grandmother, whom her aunt visited annually, she had been very glad to accept Lady Grace's invitation to spend a month with her. Marion, or, as she was called, Aunt, had christened her was the prettiest, sprightliest little coquet in the world. Her mother and Lady Marion were twin sisters, and the former having formed an attachment for a handsome young captain in the army whom her father would not hear of running off with, and subsequently accompanied him to India with his regiment, where she died. Two years after, her handsome young husband caught a fever, which carried him off in less than a week, and then their two children were sent to England. The elder, a boy, died on the passage home, and the little girl was received with open arms by her aunt as a precious charge from her dearly beloved sister.

Lady Marion was by this time married to a baronet of considerable wealth, but she had no children; and when Sir Marquade Alton died, ten years after their marriage, the title went to a younger brother. He was, however, able to leave her a handsome income for her life, and Lady Marion Alton lived in very good style. She was devoted to her niece, who she insisted should take her name; and to prevent any inconvenience from their both having the same Christian name Lady Marion rechristened her pretty little niece Fee, and a very appropriate name it was.

At the time we write Fee Alton was 18, and just through her first season. She was small, but perfectly symmetrical; it was only envy that prompted people to say sometimes she was nothing but an animated wax doll. Everyone admired and liked her, and she liked everyone in return. She was the life and soul of a party, with her quick wit and keen sense of the ridiculous, and if she was a little malicious sometimes it was impossible to be angry with her, she was always so eager to atone for it.

As opposites frequently attract each other, she was at the present time engaged in a desperate flirtation with Col. Frers d'Aguilar, a tall, dark, melancholy looking man (albeit decidedly handsome), who was very much in love with her. He had been all through the Indian war, and on his return to England, looking very thin and worn, he was made quite a hero of by all the women, and looked his part extremely well.

I suppose that if two men from the opposite poles had been brought together under one roof, they could not have differed more essentially than Col. d'Aguilar and Mr. Clayton. One was generous in heart and mind, chivalrous to women, irresolute, diffident in himself, and with the courage of a lion; the other—well, we already know what Francis Clayton was. And yet these two men had something in common—a sentiment which in one was a tender, chivalrous affection in the other a base, selfish passion. This sentiment was love of Fee Alton. For the first, absolutely the first time in his life, Mr. Clayton was, as he confessed to himself, in love—confoundedly in love with a pretty, little, malicious, teasing, impertinent fairy, and could not help himself.

Lady Grace's guests included Mr. Frals, a connection of her husband's, who had recently come into a very good living, but had strong sporting tendencies; Captain Culloden, of the Guards, a very plain, quiet individual, with a good income and considerably less brains; and the Monorable John Fielden, a universal and most accommodating genius, who was always happy to repay hospitality by making himself agreeable, and amusing the company.

These were the people whom Miss Champlain found assembled at Endon Vale, and I think her first sensation on being introduced to them was a slight chagrin at finding no great people among them.

Winifred had arrived at Endon Vale, and was sitting in her room, dressed for dinner, until Lady Grace should come in, as she had promised, and take her downstairs into the drawing room.

Mrs. Champlain had been prevented paying a visit to Lady Grace, as she had intended; but she, nevertheless, fulfilled her promise of sending Winifred in her carriage.

When the latter arrived she found her kind hostess alone, and all guests being away on an excursion to the neighboring woods. They had spent a pleasant afternoon together, and just as the wheels of the returning carriages were heard, Lady Grace sent her young friend away to dress, promising to call for her on her way to the drawing room. This she did, and when they entered the drawing room there was no one in it but Lord Harold Erskine, who came up immediately to be introduced.

"Harold," said his aunt, "I leave Miss Eyre to your charge until dinner time, so do your best to amuse her."

Lord Harold forthwith devoted himself to being agreeable to his new acquaintance, and succeeded perfectly. She felt quite at her ease, and chatted gaily to him. Presently the door at the further end of the room opened and a magnificent young lady, attired in sweeping lace and silk, entered. The crimson color flushed into Winifred's cheeks as she recognized her haughty cousin. They had never met since it had been agreed the farmer's daughter was to be noticed.

"What will she do?" wondered Winifred. "Will she speak to me, or will she wait until Lady Grace introduces us?"

(To be continued.)

FATAL FLOOD

Eastern Oregon Cloud-burst Kills Many.

NO WARNING GIVEN

HEPPNER RECEIVES THE FULL FORCE OF THE DELUGE.

Ione and Lexington Suffer Less—Death List Will Reach Fully 300—Safety Lay Only in Flight—Dead Are Buried in Hastily Constructed Coffins—Absence of Gouhls Notable.

Ione, Or., June 16.—A cloud which burst on the hills a mile south of Heppner at about 5:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon let loose a hungry flood of water, which swept down the hillside in a wall 30 feet high and 200 yards wide. Reaching the bottom of the canyon, the liquid avalanche reared its mighty front over the doomed town, and carried to destruction nearly every building and human being that lay in its path, leaving a waste of desolation to mark its trail. The destroying torrent raced down the narrow gorge of Willow Creek, inundating as it reached them the settlements of Lexington, Ione and Douglas, but lessening in fury and in volume as the thirsty alkali soil of the valley drank up the water like a sponge. Behind it lay nearly 300 dead, drowned like rats in a trap. The suddenness of the catastrophe gave the victims no warning, overwhelming them for the main part as they sat within their homes.

Immediately after the fatal flood had wiped the major portion of Heppner out of existence, swift couriers on horseback sped to warn the residents of the valley toward the Columbia of the coming peril. Leslie Matlow, son of an ex-servant of Morrow County, rode a wild ride for 18 miles ahead of the raging waters. His horse dropped dead, but he secured another, and again another, covering the 65 miles to Arlington in seven hours. To this Palce Revere of Oregon is undoubtedly due the escape of the residents of the Willow Creek country below Heppner lost so little stock and property.

The Palace Hotel was the first building to stem the tide, and all the guests were saved; but houses below the Palace were thrown out into the street, and the greatest loss occurred at the Heppner Hotel. This house, which was run under the management of Jones & Asbaugh, was carried away. It is supposed that there were about 50 guests in this hotel, all of whom they were unable to save. The proprietors themselves were saved, but their families are among the dead. The entire residence portion of Heppner was destroyed, but the business houses, being on higher ground, and being generally built of brick and stone, were not so badly damaged.

The schoolhouse was forced to demolish these pyramids of timber in order to extricate the corpses which were tangled in the brush. Undoubtedly many of the drowned bodies were carried by the rushing waters down the valley. It is reported that the bodies of the drowned were scattered in the water for miles below Heppner, but there were no fatalities in Lexington. No systematic effort has been made to find the dead, who are undoubtedly strewn along the canyon. Every available man from a radius of 65 miles has been pressed into service at Heppner. Gangs of men are at work clearing away the piles of debris, rocks and timber, which lie piled in Heppner's streets, and taking out the corpses which are thus concealed.

About 100 persons have been buried in Heppner's graveyard today. Owing to the entire absence of proper facilities for caring for the dead, the victims of the flood were, for the most part, interred in common crates. The ghouls who are usually found, like human vultures, rifling the pockets of the dead in such graveyards as Heppner, in this case, fortunately absent, and the vigilance committees and patrols which were so necessary at Johnston and Galveston floods, seem to be unnecessary in Oregon.

A relief train sent from The Dalles reached Ione last night and will proceed to Heppner as soon as possible. A wrecking train, with gangs of men to repair both the tracks and telegraph wires left last night. It is expected that communication with Lexington, 17 miles from Heppner, will be restored early this morning.

Court street, at Heppner, on the bank of the stream, is swept clean as a gravel bar from end to end. Not even the foundations of a long line of beautiful residences are left.

Every business house, except the hotel, Fair store and Odd Fellow's building, along the side of the street on which the bank stands are rocks. A large building is jammed into the drug store and several other structures are in the middle of the same street. Residences are turned over or torn to pieces. Mud, slime and misery are everywhere.

The water was 15 feet high in Heppner's streets and rose over the new courthouse wall. It came down Palm Fork, chiefly, but was a torrent on all hillsides. Enormous piles of rock and gravel have been washed down the canyon five miles up on Butter creek.

The flood came almost instantly and lasted one hour. The people thought it was only a repetition of the cloud-

GLOOM IS HEAVY

HEPPNER SLOWLY RECOVERING FROM EFFECTS OF FLOOD.

City Officials Work Industrious and Will Enforce Martial Law—Great Needs are Money, Supplies and Disinfectants—Relief Money Coming in From All Parts of the Northwest.

Heppner, Or., June 19.—Heppner needs money, provisions and disinfectants above all else. Money is wanted to pay men who are cleaning up the town, provisions are required to feed them, and disinfectants are essential to good sanitary conditions.

The warm sun is already raising offensive odors on the scene of the disaster. In two or three days more identification of dead bodies will grow rapidly more difficult. In that time the victims of the flood will be picked from the wreckage in the town. It is believed that many bodies were borne far down Willow Creek. Their recovery will not be so easy as in the town, and a large number may never be found. There are high piles of drift at various places down the creek in which bodies undoubtedly are collected. Thieves have been pilfering the dead and the wreckage, and the authorities will take stringent precautions against the ghoulish practices tomorrow. They are under orders to shoot down any thief, but they fear to do so for fear of killing an innocent person in among the many strangers.

"We're going to enforce martial law," declared Sheriff Shutt tonight. Every able bodied man must go to work or get out of town. The sheriff has sworn in over 20 deputies, and with the aid of several marshals, maintains good order. The presence of many strangers in town makes law-abiding citizens apprehensive. The town is in breathless haste to destroy the unsanitary elements that are springing up.

"We've got men enough," says Mayor Gilliam, "and we don't need any more. What we need above all things are money and food to keep them at work. We have many cases of abject destitution, in which large families have lost a father or a mother and all their worldly possessions. We must clean up our city, but it is a stupendous job. This endeavor is owing to the living and the dead. We esteem highly the material evidence of sympathy from other towns."

Relief money has been received from La Grande, Hood River, Shaniko, Portland, Athena, and the Elks amounting to \$1247. J. N. Teal arrived from Portland today as an agent of relief. With him came 109 men, who will be paid \$2.50 per day. About half that number of men will arrive from Pendleton tomorrow. The Portland men have a camp back of the town when they have erected O. N. G. tents and messing tables.

MERGER PLANS OF BANKS.

New York Institution Is to Increase Its Capital to \$25,000,000.

New York, June 19.—Details of the deal by which it is proposed to merge the Western National Bank into the Nation Bank of Commerce were made public today. Under the consolidation the capital stock of the Bank of Commerce will be increased from \$10,000,000 to \$25,000,000 by the issuance of 150,000 additional shares, 125,000 of which will be used to acquire the Western National after that bank has increased its capital to \$12,500,000.

Following the acquisition of the Western National a dividend of at least 50 per cent will be paid to holders of Bank of Commerce stock. Twenty-five thousand shares of the new stock will be offered to Bank of Commerce shareholders to the extent of 75 per cent of their holdings on the date named at \$140 per share.

The directors of the consolidated bank will be increased so as to embrace the directors of both institutions. It is understood that Valentine P. Snyder, president of the Western National Bank, will be selected for the presidency of the consolidated bank.

Navy Wants to Know Its Rights.

Washington, June 19.—Secretary Moody held a conference at the Department of Justice today with Attorney-General Knox as to the right of the government to proceed with work on its war vessels regardless of the interference of courts, and even at the expense of calling in federal troops to insure the continuance of the work. The case in point is that of the cruiser *Galveston* at the shipyards of the Trigg Company at Richmond, Va., which contract the government declared forfeited because of the insolvency of the company.

Philippine Act Under Consideration.

Washington, June 18.—Secretary Root has decided that nothing further shall be done regarding the proposed opium act of the Philippine Commission until it shall have had the most careful attention in Washington. The commission has been informed by cable and the opium bill, which passed its second reading, will remain in its present condition until the Secretary of War reaches a conclusion. The bill prohibits the sale and use of opium by all persons except Chinese.

Crowded Bridge Falls.

Eau Claire, Wis., June 18.—A long section of the Madison street bridge approach went down under the weight of a crowd of people tonight. Six persons were seriously injured, and 25 or 30 others were less seriously injured. The accident occurred during an illumination of the street carnival booths along the main streets of the city.

Switzerland Votes Money for Guns.

Berne, Switzerland, June 19.—The National Council today, by 97 to 2 votes, granted a credit of \$4,340,000 to arm the 72 batteries of four guns each of the Swiss Field Artillery with the new Krupp 7.5 centimeter pneumatic recoiling guns, and to provide 800 rounds of ammunition for each gun.

Route to Crow's Nest Pass.

Butte, Mont., June 17.—Official word has been received in this city to the effect that the cut-off from Columbia Falls or Kallispel, on the Great Northern, to Jocko, on the Northern Pacific, is to be built at once. Work will be commenced within 60 days. The new line will open up the richest country in the state of Montana and furnish a direct route from the Butte and Anaconda mines and smelters.

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