

A FORCED MARRIAGE

Bred Complications That Were Long In Being Worked Out

By THERESA C. HOLT

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Nothing was known about Ralph Hayden, a young man who bought a small ranch in New Mexico, except that he was an Englishman. He was tall and well formed, with light hair and complexion and blue eyes. This, with a winning smile that uncovered white, regular teeth, made him in appearance very attractive. He had brought £2,000 with him from England, with which he purchased and stocked his ranch.

He had no sooner got settled than the neighboring ranchers called on him and invited him to their homes, but he accepted none of their invitations. This excited a good deal of talk among the women at the different ranch houses, all of whom were curious to know why the handsome Britisher would have nothing to do with them. The general verdict was that he considered himself too good for them. Nevertheless Hayden was half fellow well met with all the men and soon became popular alike with ranchers and cowboys.

One day Hayden set out to go to a neighboring ranch. He was walking across a field when a bull espied him and bore down on him from the rear. Hayden, unconscious of his danger, continued on leisurely. Suddenly he saw a horsewoman leap a fence and rush upon him, swinging a lasso as she rode. Not understanding the movement, he stood still, regarding her with wondering eyes. Coming near him, she threw her lasso, but not at him. Turning, he saw that she had thrown the loop around the horns of a bull. Drawing his revolver, he quickly killed the beast.

The next thing he did was to raise his hat in a courtly manner to the woman who had saved his life and offer his thanks. She was a girl about twenty years old. A coil of hair was falling under her sombrero, having been loosened by the jump she had made over the fence. Her costume was a jacket cut Mexican fashion and divided skirts of the same material.

"Had it not been for you," said Hayden, "I would probably now be either dead or dying. The bull would have taken me in the back and broken it. I shall esteem it a favor if you will name the way in which I may best show my gratitude."

"You are Mr. Hayden, I believe?"

"I am."

"Do you know what a woman loves best?"

"I do not."

"To get ahead of other women."

"Well?"

"Come and see me."

"You have a charming frankness. I shall certainly call upon you. You must be that Miss MacDonald of whom I have heard so much."

"I am Kate MacDonald. I bid you good morning."

Kate MacDonald was a feminine free lance. She could ride, shoot, hurl a lasso as well as any man in the neighborhood and had a way of looking out of a pair of honest eyes that invited confidence. She was tender hearted in the extreme. She called a spade a spade and had a sovereign contempt for people who said one thing and meant another.

Ralph Hayden called upon her at her father's ranch the same evening. When he arose to go she said to him: "Tomorrow afternoon I shall expect you to ride with me. We will go past the principal ranches hereabout in order that the women may see us together. After that I shall resign all claims upon your attention."

"And I shall not be allowed to visit you again?"

"As often as you like, but not from any obligation to do so."

A month later one evening Ralph Hayden, after pacing the floor for an hour, swayed by conflicting emotions, went to Kate MacDonald's home, told her that he loved her so deeply that he could ruin himself for her and begged her to marry him.

"What do you mean by ruining yourself for me?" she asked.

"I am pledged to marry a girl in England."

Kate started. This was indeed a blow. Her sense of honor revolted at his deserting another for her.

"Does she love you very much?" she asked.

"I don't know. I suppose she loves me, though the marriage is to be under certain contingencies."

"What are they? No, don't tell me. Go away. I need time to think this over."

He obeyed the order. For several days there was no communication between them. Then he wrote her, recalling all he had said, closing with the words: "I was demented. There is but one path for me to follow, and only a fool and a knave would follow any other."

No answer came to this. One evening about a week later Kate MacDonald, attended by half a dozen cowboy friends and a parson, rode up to Ralph Hayden's ranch house. All dismounted and entered. One of the cowboys acted as spokesman:

"Anything Kate MacDonald wants goes. She's made up her mind to mar-

ry you. If you decline you run a gauntlet and other such torture as Indians use. Here's a man to do the job." He pointed to the parson.

"I'm not afraid of your torture," said Hayden, "but I'm ready to go through the ceremony."

Not a word was spoken by the contracting couple except to make the replies required by the marriage service. When it was over Kate MacDonald led the way out, and all mounted their horses and rode away.

The next day Hayden disappeared.

From this time forward Kate MacDonald, or Kate Hayden, was a changed woman. She no longer galloped over the country taking fences and ditches by the way. She never attended any of the social gatherings held among the neighboring ranchers. The only feature eminent before her marriage she retained was her tender sympathy for those who were in trouble.

The Hayden ranch remained in care of a keeper, who offered it for sale. Nothing was heard of its owner. A year passed. By that time Kate Hayden had come to see her act in its true light and wrote a letter to her husband, telling him that if he wished to be free from her she could easily obtain a divorce on the ground of desertion. Not knowing where to send her letter, she asked the keeper of the Hayden ranch for her husband's address. He told her that he had been instructed to give it to no one, but he offered to forward the missive, and she accepted the offer.

Sufficient time elapsed for a letter to come from almost any part of the globe, but none was received. Months passed, and still no word. The young wife, wife in name only, became a broken down woman. It was not the equivocal position in which she stood before the world, but the fact that she loved the man she had treated in a manner which every day seemed to her more unmercifully and barbarously. This, added to that dreadful silence which was killing her. She was not sure even that he lived. Her parents, neighbors, endeavored in every way to draw her from her despondency. Her friends the cowboys gathered in groups to discuss the man whom they considered to blame for her condition and even debated the question of sending one of their number to find him wherever he might be and give him the chance of returning to his wife or swallowing a dose of lead.

But no such method of restoring her happiness, of course, ever reached the young wife's ears. She gradually said all those about her began to shake their heads and predict that she won't at last fall a victim to her unfortunate affair. The Hayden ranch was finally sold. The intelligence was kept from her as long as possible, fearing that this breaking the last link that bound her to her husband would have an increased effect upon her. But when the new owner took possession of the property it was impossible that she should be kept in ignorance any longer. A was feared, it destroyed her last hope.

One morning when the daily stage arrived at the relay house Ralph Hayden hurriedly alighted, ordered a horse and, mounting, galloped away. Had an hour later he was seen to ride into the MacDonald ranch house. The news spread over the neighborhood. The ranchers and the ranchers' families discussed the arrival and wondered what the next move would be. The cowboys convened in special meeting and it was solemnly agreed that if the Britisher went away without his departure being satisfactory to his wife they would waylay him and force him to fight each one of them successively till all were killed or he hit the dust. Some of them fingered their revolver nervously in anticipation.

It was not long, however, before very startling news was given out at the ranch house. Hayden had returned for the bride he had been forced to marry; he was not only Ralph Hayden but Sir Ralph Hayden and heir to one of the fairest estates in England. Then all the women exclaimed at once: "Goodness gracious! Kate Mac! Lady Hayden!"

The afternoon this news was circulated the cowboys agreed that they would go in a body to the MacDonald ranch house, learn of its truth, and if it were so give three cheers for Sir Ralph and Lady Hayden. Learning of their intention, many of the neighbors repaired there to see the fun lining up before the house, the boy began to call for their favorite. Presently she appeared, leaning on the arm of her husband, pale and thin but with that same old smile on her lips which had made them her slaves. A yell arose and cries of: "Tell us about it!" She pointed to her husband, who said:

"Boys, it was all a mistake. I had several, and our Kate made one. I had complications in England interwoven with me and my wife's happiness; but thank God, they are past, and we are all happy."

This brief speech was received by three cheers from the cowboys, assisted by the neighbors present. Then the assembly were invited into the house, and the bottle was passed.

After a few weeks' sojourn the couple left for England, leaving the following explanation:

An English girl with a large estate had agreed to marry Ralph Hayden, a younger son of Sir George Hayden. If within a given time he should, through the death of an invalid brother, inherit the title. After his American marriage Ralph Hayden had returned to England and found the girl he had been engaged to marry conditionally had fallen in love with another man, whom she was about to wed.

The returned ranchman smarted a long while under the marriage into which he had been forced. Meanwhile his brother lingered in bad health and finally died. Then the new incumbent called for American to bring back his wife.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

Fred Kohler, Golden Rule Police Chief.



Fred Kohler, chief of police of Cleveland until recently suspended under charges, got the title "best chief of police in America" from Theodore Roosevelt, who saw and admired the officer while visiting Cleveland. He also bears the sobriquet "Golden Rule," and that came about in another way. He conceived the idea that if trifling offenders against public order were warned rather than arrested and lodged in the station house the result would be beneficial. The order was promulgated, and its results are said to verify Chief Kohler's idea. The first three months of the year 1907, the last year of the old system, the police had made 7,126 arrests. In a similar period of time this year they had dwindled to 1,283, a great reduction.

"Golden Rule" Kohler is about forty-two and was a core worker in his youth before he got on the police force. He was appointed a patrolman in 1880 and walked post six years. Then he was made sergeant and shortly after lieutenant. Finally he became chief of detectives and under the regime of Tom Johnson was made chief of the force. During his term of office Kohler has managed to make a large number of personal enemies. It is said that there are many good citizens who are convinced that Kohler's method of managing the department is not good; that the "Golden Rule" system is productive of evil.

Breckenridge's Ambition.

John F. Breckenridge, the blacksmith who announces himself a candidate for United States senator from Missouri, in his early days followed "the trail" as a cowboy. He has a horseshoeing establishment at the stockyards in South St. Joseph, Mo. As a farrier in Jerseyville, Ill., six years ago he made a strong race for congress as a Socialist and Labor candidate. Mr. Breckenridge says he will make a strong campaign for United States senator, visiting every county in the state.

Mrs. Morse Wins Sympathy.

Mrs. Charles W. Morse, wife of the convicted New York banker who is serving a fifteen year sentence at Atlanta for violation of the banking laws, has won many friends by her courageous battle to have her husband pardoned by the president. Since Morse was sent to prison last January his wife has been indefatigable in her efforts to secure his freedom. As soon as her husband was behind the bars she began her campaign. A



MRS. CHARLES W. MORSE.

petition to the president was drawn up, and that, has been circulated in nearly every city and hamlet.

Recently Mrs. Morse visited the national capital and added several hundred names to the petition. Among the signers was the president's son, and more than 100 congressmen appended their names.

Mrs. Morse is now about forty years of age, of dignified manner, well formed and of good carriage. Her hair of iron gray, combed back from a high, straight forehead, frames a face kindly, yet strong. The Morses have two sons, who are pursuing their studies at Yale.

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