

# L' EN PLANO.

When the large door closed behind her with a click of its strong lock...

Yet she was alone, and she was confident that she would have to remain alone for two long hours.

Her father had left Paris to go hunting. Her mother had gone out driving, taking with her the coachman and footman.

The darkness around her was increasing, for the day was rapidly dying. A long ray of light from a stained blue glass window illuminated the black frontispiece of the book which she had just opened.

The figure of a woman, a Spanish saint, was engraved there. She wore a Carmelite costume and the scenery around her seemed to be that of Africa.

"No, no, my Saint—don't tell me!" She threw herself in suppliant attitude before the Saint's blumed robe, and as she did so she touched the great volume which still stood on edge, and backward it fell with such a noise that the sound reverberated through the great room while at the same moment a cloud of dust covered the place where the Saint had been.

Just then the door was opened. Suddenly fourteen electric lights flashed forth, and Celia heard her father exclaim in a furious voice, which she had never heard from him before.

"Madame," she cried. "Then correcting herself, like a wise child and thinking that she ought to address every woman who was a member of a religious order as 'My sister,' she murmured politely:—

"My Saint!" "The apparition replied:— 'He is not afraid.' 'Oh, I am not afraid,' said Celia, though she was white with fear, 'but I must say I am somewhat intimidated. Pardon me, my Saint.'

She went, slowly and wisely, to the planning of the first volume of Schumann and decided to play the 'Retour du Theatre,' his earliest piece. No sooner did she strike the keys, however, than she jumped up from her seat, for the sound seemed to crash against the walls, and it made her so uneasy that she thought it would not be advisable to play any more.

She went next to the window and looked out at the large paved courtyard, the out houses and the high closed doors of the stable and carriage house, which, as a rule, are the only ornamental features in the rear of such great buildings.

What prevented her from exploring during her first hour of independence the first and most tempting of these treasures?—What prevented her? Her conscience? No, Celia had a good deal of conscience, but she never thought of it except in connection with faults or sins the gravity of which she fully understood.

At the head of the stairs stood the double door, half opened. Pushed by the trembling child, it turned majestically in the dim, mysterious light, and Celia entered on tiptoe.

This library was in the form of a cathedral, very high, very deep, very sombre and with windows like those in a church. A multitude of brown books (Celia thought, "There are more than ten million books here") covered the walls to the right and left, occupying all the space on both sides for a great distance.

Celia was very fond of books. How amusing it would be to read all these stories! For that matter, there was no reason why she should not now read a little. No one would know it, and, besides, reading did not hurt any one. Why, then, was she told not to come here?

To choose one book out of ten millions proved, however, an embarrassing task for her. Which one should she choose? The most beautiful. And the most beautiful was also the largest. Indeed, directly in front of her was a huge book, beautifully bound in black and gold.

"It may be a toy," she said to herself. And she leaned over to read the title. There it was, in large, gold letters:— HAGIOGRAPH HISPANOR.

The reader's knowledge of books and of Latin was still so defective that she was unable to complete the sentence so as to make it intelligible—namely, as follows:—"Hagiographorum hispanorum opera selecta."

She put her finger in her mouth and said, after much thought:—"A hagiograph hispanor! That must be some kind of mechanical game."

Having made up her mind on this point, she quickly decided what to do. Grasping with her two hands the immense volume which was almost as big as herself, she tried to draw it toward her, and made such an effort that she strained her back. Nevertheless she succeeded, and the volume, dragged from the place where it had rested so long, rocked, oscillated and finally fell with a crash on the floor, where it rested on its edge.

"Celia drew a long breath and felt proud of her strength and still more of her courage. She did not, however, venture to lift such a heavy load. Instead, she turned back the heavy outside cover, which moved on hinges like a door, and no sooner had she done so than she stepped back several paces."

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"Madame," she cried. "Then correcting herself, like a wise child and thinking that she ought to address every woman who was a member of a religious order as 'My sister,' she murmured politely:—

She sobbed for an hour, without being able to explain her trouble. She went, her head now while he pointed the shoulder of her father, who rocked her a little. Suddenly she took all that the Saint had said to her, speaking in a voice low, monotonous and despairing, such a voice as is heard from dying persons when they pronounce their last words.

"My child, my child, console yourself. You see, you that you were punished because you were disobedient. That is what always happens to little girls who go into libraries. They read a good many things about life which they need not know." He added, after a moment's hesitation:—

"And which are not true." Celia looked at him with grave eyes. "Not true? Did not the Saint tell me the truth?" "The Saint wanted to frighten you, my darling, so that you might become penitent, for life is the exact opposite of the picture which she drew for you. Life is beautiful, life is sweet, life is good. Happiness is everywhere."

And again he forced himself to smile. The child looked at him for a long time. Then she clasped him to her with all her strength, trembling meanwhile from head to foot.—Pierre Louys, in Herald.

"I could," she said in a low voice, "open the book of your life and show you how—from what direction—under what circumstances. But what good would it do? All human lives are cast in the same mould and, no matter how your life may turn out, it will still be Life."

"Your life now is one of illusion and hope" but your illusion will vanish and all your hopes will prove futile. Never will you succeed either in keeping what you desire or in possessing what you desire or in realizing those things of which you dream. You will search eagerly and senselessly for happiness; you will see it within the grasp of your hand, yet your hand will meet only empty space and then your knees will touch the ground and your head will be bowed on your knees and your distress will be so great that you will be sure death is near. Your hundred

dreams will bring you a hundred deaths, and your last day of life will not be the most gloomy of those which you are destined to live."

A stream of blood flowed from the suspended heart.

"Listen to me. You will love. A sentiment, new, strange, inexplicably luminous and tender will take possession of your credulous soul, and the more you love you will love the more it will justify your body and your soul with its triple throng of horror, despair and disgust. No matter how great your love may be, it will perish amidst tears and your sorrow will cause you more grief than you can possibly imagine."

Several times as she spoke the heart became swollen and the red blood never ceased to flow.

"Listen to me still. You will become a mother. Ah, then you will surely believe that you have found the way to a happy life! Your child, your child! How greatly you will love it! What a glorious future you will dream of for yourself and for the infant lying in your arms! Nevertheless, from the very day when God promises to give you a child your tears will flow unceasingly over your cheeks. You will suffer pain, you will have to labor constantly in order to keep the child alive, you will be terrified if it is sick, and your heart will be racked with incurable anguish if God, who has given it, also takes it away. Then you will know that misfortune rises like a tide to overwhelm human life, and that the sobs, which are its waves, grow greater every year."

The heart expanded until it resembled a setting sun. Its shape could scarcely be distinguished, since there was blood all around it.

"Finally," said the Saint, "count all those whom you now love, and know that not one of them will be near you when, an old woman and almost a stranger in a new world, you die, wretched and alone. You will see, one after another, your four grandparents, who are so good and so well beloved, disappear from the homes in which you embraced them. You will see your mother die, and perhaps in such agony that the memory of it will ever cause you to shudder. You will place your dead father in an oak coffin between two layers of sawdust so that no portion of the decaying body may escape through the chinks of the box, which will be nailed down over his forehead."

"Ah!" "Celia, frightened almost to death, was weeping and holding out her hands.

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## Pack Train Goes Through

### The Miners' Camp at Thunder Mountain Is Reached

#### WITH FRESH SUPPLIES FOR MEN

#### AN OLD TIME PROSPECTOR HAS COME OUT AND REPORTS CONDITIONS.

About One Thousand Men in the Camp and Many Coming in Daily From the Outside—The Trails Are Pretty Well Broken—Report from the Idaho Oil Fields.

LEWISTON, Ida., April 5.—A dispatch to the Tribune, from Elk City, states that the Shisler pack train reached Thunder Mountain by way of Big Creek. The stampede resulting in the recent discovery at Indian Creek is still in progress, and reports are that the discovery is richer than the Dewey mine. The scarcity of food in camp has resulted in many acts of thievery, and the organization of a vigilance committee is being discussed.

#### Flour Is High.

Spokane, Wash., April 5.—A Stiles, Idaho, special to the Spokesman-Review, says that Sam Irving, an old-time prospector, arrived from Thunder Mountain today. He says flour, sugar and salt are selling in camp for \$2 a pound, but fresh beef can be bought for 18 cents a pound and the supply is plentiful. From 800 to 1000 men are now in the camp and the new arrivals number from sixty to seventy daily, coming from all directions. Irving says the trails are now pretty well open for footmen.

#### The Oil Find.

Baker City, April 5.—Willis Dodge came in from the Idaho oil fields today. He confirms the report that oil has been struck in the Newell well. He said the well was flowing about fifty barrels a day, and has every indication that a larger flow would be encountered at a greater depth.

## THE PIONEER PHYSICIAN

Dr. P. A. Davis of Silverton, Passed Away Yesterday.

HAD PRACTICED HIS PROFESSION IN MARION COUNTY FOR HALF A CENTURY—LEAVES A FAMILY OF GROWN SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

Silverton, Or., April 7.—Dr. P. A. Davis, a pioneer physician of this city, died at his home here today, aged nearly 77 years, after an illness of several months.

Dr. P. A. Davis was born September 11, 1825, in Atwater, Ohio. He crossed the plains to Oregon in 1852, and located in Silverton, where he has since resided. He was probably the oldest physician in Oregon, having practiced medicine at Silverton for fifty years. Before coming to Silverton he practiced his profession for a number of years in Iowa. He received his medical education in Philadelphia, Pa., and held an honorary degree from Willamette Medical College.

Dr. Davis was married to Miss Sophia Wolf in 1849, and she died in 1863. In 1865 he married Miss Susan Moore. He leaves a wife and six children as follows: Dr. L. L. Davis, of Lamborn, Kansas; Dr. W. H. Davis, of Albany, Oregon; Dr. S. T. Davis, of Chicago, Illinois; Charles C. Davis, of Spokane, Washington; Mrs. Alvah Bryant, of Walla Walla, Washington, and Mrs. Dr. E. M. Brooks, of Silverton.

The funeral will be held Wednesday, April 9th, at 2 p. m. Interment will be in the Silverton cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. John Brophy, of Salem, spent Sunday with Mrs. Brophy's parents in Silverton. Miss Amy Riches is visiting friends in Salem.

A number of Silverton's citizens were in Salem Saturday last, attending the Democratic convention. The local lodge of Odd Fellows are preparing for a grand time next Wednesday evening, when they will entertain a number of the Grand Officers and put a number of candidates through the initiatory degree. Miss Stella Welch has accepted a position as clerk in B. R. Benton's general merchandise store and commenced work last week.

C. D. Hartman, of Scotts Mills, was in the city last Friday. Bert Dannels is very low with blood poison, and his recovery is doubtful. Mrs. Nellie Gustin, president of the Rebekah Assembly of Oregon, made an official visit to Tryphena Rebekah Lodge No. 33, I. O. O. F., in this city last Thursday evening. After the meeting an elegant lunch was served in the banquet room.

## A GOLDEN WEDDING

CELEBRATED AT THE NICOLS' HOME IN WEST SALEM LAST EVENING.

One of the most interesting social events of the season in West Salem, across the river from this city, occurred last evening, when the friends and neighbors in large numbers gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs.

George Nicols, an aged couple residing in that suburb, to celebrate the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Nicols. The evening was passed very pleasantly, an excellent musical and literary program being supplemented with brief addresses, and the aged but happy celebrants received the congratulations of their friends and neighbors, and the pleasures of the occasion were heightened by the serving of dainty refreshments, and when the guests, at a late hour departed, all wished the happy bridal couple many returns of the anniversary of their wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicols were married on April 7, 1852, in Illinois, and later moved to Nebraska when that state was a howling wilderness, locating near Lincoln. Here they resided until about five years ago, when they came to Oregon, locating in West Salem. The couple have three children, Mrs. Julia Walters, of West Salem, and Andrew Nicols, of Corvallis, both of whom were present at last night's function, and one son, Thomas Nicols, of Lincoln, Nebraska, who was unable to come out at this time.

The guests in attendance last night were: Rev. H. A. Ketchum, J. H. Wilson, S. H. White, C. W. Hughes, T. W. Wann, J. R. Bedford, C. C. Garfield, W. H. Squires, Sherman Elliott, Stephen M. Craig, I. W. Wann, U. S. Sewell, M. A. Wilson, David L. M. Matheny, Edwin Elliott, Earl Soules, Mrs. Agnes Duff, Mrs. D. J. Holmes, Mrs. S. D. Gibson, Mrs. W. H. Wild, Mrs. D. K. Brannan, Mrs. Esther Armstrong, Mrs. Alice Nicols, Mrs. Mary Hughes, Mrs. S. E. Wann, Mrs. Emma K. Bradford, Mrs. C. C. Garfield, Mrs. Minnie Stephens, Mrs. E. C. Matheny, Mrs. S. J. Elliott, Mrs. Mrs. R. A. Skinner, Mrs. M. A. Bentley, Mrs. Julia Walters, and the Misses Garnet Wilson, Maude Wilson, Grace Brannan, Jane Wilson, Pearl Brannan, Blanche Matheny, Ruthie White, Marguerite Wann, Elfa Wann, Nellie Wann.

## A TEXAS WONDER.

### HALL'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

One small bottle of Hall's Great Discovery cures all kidney and bladder troubles, removes gravel, cures diabetes, seminal emissions, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and will cure any case above mentioned. Dr. E. W. Hall, sole manufacturer, P. O. Box, 629, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by all druggists, and at Dr. S. C. STONE'S drug stores, Salem, Oregon.

### READ THIS.

Bandon, Ore., Dec. 8, 1901. Dr. E. W. Hall, St. Louis, Mo.—Dear Sir:—I have used your Texas Wonder for kidney and rheumatic trouble. Its effects are wonderful. It has no equal, and I can cheerfully recommend it. Yours truly,

HARVEY HOWE.

### How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Hobbs' Kidney Pills cure all kidney ailments free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

### A GRAVE CHARGE.

BUTTE, Mont., April 7.—A special to the Miner, from Kalispell says: Nettie Russell has been placed under arrest for the alleged murder of William Hawkes, a prominent young farmer. Hawkes' dead body was found in a hivery stable yesterday morning.

### A RUNAWAY CAR.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 7.—A runaway tram car plunged down a bluff this morning, at Taylor's mill, near Lake Washington, and injured seven occupants. The steam winch at the head of the hill failed to hold the car, which is used for hauling lumber.

### DO IT NOW.

Make inquiries regarding the best route to take on that trip you are contemplating this summer. The Canadian Pacific Railway can offer greater inducements to travelers than any other route. It is the popular tourist route. The scenic beauties are unsurpassed, the traveler passing through the heart of the Cascade and Rocky Mountain Ranges during the day time—two days and one night of the grandest scenery in the world—passing the famous summer resorts and Hot Springs, at Field, Lagran, Sicamous, Bonald, Glacier and Banff, and through the famous farming districts of Assinaboine, Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota. Making a trip via this route and the beautiful passenger steamers "Athabaska," "Assinaboine" and "Manitoba," across the Great Lakes, the tourist avoids the heat, dust and other objectionable features of summer travel. First class and Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining cars and Observation cars on every train. For rates and other information, call on or address E. R. Johnson, F. & P. A. Canadian Pacific Railway, No. 145 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

## The British in Louisiana

### State Department Makes Public the Correspondence.

#### WHICH HAS RECENTLY PASSED BETWEEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND THE STATE AUTHORITIES.

Regarding the English Military Camp on the Lower Mississippi River—The Attorney General Has Investigated the Complaint and Given an Opinion on the Subject.

WASHINGTON, April 5.—The State Department today made public the correspondence that has so far taken place between the United States Government and the Government of Louisiana, concerning the latter's statement touching the shipment of livestock and supplies for the British army in South Africa, from Chalmette, La. There are three principal letters, and a number of appendices. The principal letters are, one from the Governor of Louisiana, touching the condition at Chalmette, a reply from Secretary Hay, dated April 4, announcing that he had ordered an investigation, and a long opinion from the Attorney General on the legal points involved in the Chalmette shipments.

The Attorney General says that the principal question, and a delicate one, is whether there has been a departure from the neutrality of the part of our Government in this matter, and he thinks this Government should not take any action without mature consideration by the President and his advisers. He reviews the facts presented at some length, and in conclusion says: "In the case before us there is no statement of fact upon which to give an official opinion as to the law. The number of allegations and some testimony have been sent me, and they are sufficient to challenge attention. But the first thing to be done is to ascertain whether the allegations are true. I have endeavored, as well as I could in advance, to indicate the law to be applied to them, and shall only add that among the points are the systematic character of the transactions, their extensiveness, their purpose, their Governmental character, or absence of it, their objects and results, and principally, of course, their relations, if any, with the prosecution of military operations in South Africa."

## PERSONALS.

D. F. Hardman of Albany, was in the city yesterday. Hon. C. M. Idelman, of Portland, was in Salem yesterday. J. D. Sutherland went to Portland on a brief business trip yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Prescott went to Portland yesterday afternoon. Attorney A. King Wilson of Portland was a business visitor to Salem yesterday. H. J. Bigger went to Albany last night where he has a case in the Circuit Court. Hon. A. D. Stillman, of Pendleton, is looking after some business interests in this city. Attorney G. W. Baker and wife, of San Francisco, are visiting with friends in this city. Mrs. L. B. McCane and little daughter, Lolita, returned last night from a visit to Portland relatives. J. J. Windle, an insurance man and attorney, of Minneapolis, Minn., was a Salem business visitor yesterday. Miss Josie Munkers departed for her home in Ashland last night from a week's visit to relatives in this city. Miss Mary J. Reynolds returned last evening from Forest Grove where she attended the Epworth League convention. Mrs. H. C. Ramage, of Andy, Oregon, returned to her home yesterday afternoon from a visit to relatives in this city. Rev. D. A. Waters returned last evening from Oregon City, having conducted religious services in that city on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Chaitin returned to their home in Portland yesterday from an over-Sunday visit to Salem relatives. Rev. W. C. Kantner went to Albany last evening to participate in the protracted meetings now in progress in that city. Mrs. Fred Dose and Mrs. Emma Johnson returned to their homes in Woodburn yesterday from a visit to Mrs. H. L. Barkley in this city.

## FOR FISH LICENSES

MASTER WARDEN VAN DUSEN PAID FEES INTO THE STATE TREASURY.

Master Fish Warden H. G. Van Dusen yesterday made his monthly payment to the State Treasurer, of license fees collected during the month of March. The fees so received aggregated \$326.60, and were received on the following accounts: 17 individual fishing licenses, \$ 17 00 25 gill net licenses, 70 00 84 set net licenses, 84 00 2 seine licenses, 45 00 1 fish dealers license (1st class), 16 00 1 fish canners license (1st class) 100 00 Total, \$326 60

Trespass notices printed on cloth at the Statesman office.

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for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of  
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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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