

THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL, SALEM, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1916.

T WAS pretty weather in northern Alabama. The Tennessee river was in tide, owing to long

roins in central Tennessee, and the water was pouring over the banks into the swamps along the south side. But the sun was warm, the ducks were shooting northward, and coons and possums were basking on the tops of hollow aycamore limbs,

Coming down the river were people "going West." Some were in shanty toats, some in skiffs and a few were. tog rafts on which had been built tittle lean-to camps. They were farmers out of Clinch, French Broad, Little Tennessee, Hiwasse and other streams, bound for Texas by way of she Ohio, Mississippi and Atchafadaya.

They had heard from friends who went before that down in Texas one could get two-hale cotton land for the price of hog wallows on the Hanks of the Cumberlands. So they had sold out their holdings, built litthe craft of some sort, and were most of them destined to become happy, abanty-boaters on the lower Missis-

Among the rest were Gene Dundon and his wife. This was their honeymoon as well as their home-seeking. They had alipped away from Tazewell county after a secret marriage before a kindly old parson, Hathaway Blake. Old Hathaway loved the young people. He liked to see the stalwart young mountaineer "steal his girl," In spite of opposition, and "run her"

& He knew Gene Dundon and Hattle Brown, Why shouldn't he? Hattle was a pretty girl, who sang at reviwals, and Gene could shoot the head off a squirrel at sixty yards. What Hathaway did not know was the exfatence of Lottle Kemple, up Neuman's Ridge way, where Dundon had been a frequent visitor.

She had sent word down to Dundon that he must come to see her, and the next night but one Dundon "staried west" with Hattle Brown. Dundon did not quite understand Lorde. He thought she would for-get. Even if she did not, she gould

Summer Tours

SALEM to

SAN FRANCISCO

Oregon Electric North Bank Road S. S. Northern Pacific

Tuesday-Thursday-

Saturday

Low Fares for Round EAST Trips to all cities of the EAST Direct via the Most Scenic

Routes of America, or yin California.

Catsop Beach for

Vacations

W. RITCHIE, Agent, Salem, Oregon

BRITISH BLACKLIST

not know what had become of him, until he was well on his way to Texas.

It was a week after he had started. when Lottle Kemple rode down to Clinch and heard the truth from the parson's own lips. She wept for an hour, while the white-haired old man patted her head, tried to comfort her, and assured her that he would be her best friend. She dried her eyes at last, smiled faintly, and, after a bits to eat, asked the parson's wife for a "snack" to last her on her way. into the coming night. "I shore must be goin'!" she cried, "I shore must. Hit's a long road, an' time's sho't-yassuh!"

She galloped up the trall till she was out of sight of the parson's Then she reined her pony, into the woods, up the ridge back to the hill path. Turning her face southward, she started down the river. -All night she rode, but not at a gallop, because it was a long race, and she must save her horse. She knew the way-she had read the stars many a night by Dundon's side from

house.

some point of rock above the valleys, She laughed mirthlessly as she rode. She had been happy once. It was a wild country, and the bridle path lay through a mountain She could look down nearly 1000 feet upon narrow, level bottoms, where she detected an occasional reddish glow, the reflection of fire or smoke above a stick-and-mud chimney. Once, stopping to rest her horse, she heard a rabbit running away in the brush. 4.00.200 Dawn found her with tired eyes staring at the path ahead. A few miles farther on, and she turned down 'from the tidge road and arrived at

Campbell's store house, Campbell's cheek." wife was a first cousin. "I'm travelin'," Lottie laughed glee-

fully. "I'm on the long road. Sho. I be'n goin' all night-ytheuh!" 'Shoo!" Mrs. Campbell exclaimed.

"Some man stole yo', Lottle?" "Nosauh! I'm goin' to steal a man -huh!" Lottle answered. Mrs. Campbell laughed at that, and Lottle remained with her over the

next night. Then she rode on down the valley, where there was a se cousin, beyond whose home she had neither friends nor relatives. - Three days later she role through Knoxville at noon, sunbonneted, rosycheeked, with her rifle across her lap. She had heard of Dundon on the riverside just above the Holson-French Broad fork. He had gone by the week before in a little red shanty boat, and the girl with him

had been all smiles. Dundon was good to her. . any of Finally she rode away on her pony 19 Lottle was In a strange country, now, and the people she met along the road stared at her. She did not smile now; her Kemple lips were set and a little drooping.

When night came she stopped at some riverside farmhouse. She was going, she told the people, to see relatives, to visit her brother, to find her sister-any excuse served her. Her only concern was to remember in the morning the story she had told the night before.

Once she let slip the truth. It was at the Stone Shoals. She had forded them, and on the far side she found a white man mending hoopnets. He was talkative, and when she asked if shanty boaters went down the river, he answered:

"Right smart, yassuh. Ho law! They was a mountain man drapped down three days ago. Hit war right windy, and that man got blowed out the channel-hit's on'y two foot deep, anyhow. 'An' hisn's bo't got stuck onto the buffalo bar, right yonder, Yassuh. An', say, he was jes' the tomfoolingest man! He and' his woman was all scairt up."

"A little red shapty boat-a woman with black hair?" "Yassuh! He had a scar onto his

"On'y three days!" Lottle cried. "I'll get that man! Yassuh!"

"Sho!" the fisherman exclaimed. "You goin' to kill that man?" But Lottle leaped into the saddle ngain and galloped away, while the

old fisherman rose stiffly to his feet and stared after her, his net-needlo in his hand.

At Loudon Gene Dundon and his wife heard bad news. Gene had left his address with his brother Jim, and

now, at the end of two weeks, Jim had sent a letter in order that Gene might know whether Hattie Brown's folks were following him or not. "Dear Gene-The folks is all well and paw kill anuther hawg las nite an we got the uper lot plowd las eving and I saw delp Brown after yo got away an he was mad but sad he wud kil yo when yo got back so t think he ant mad enuf to get yo by that time but lottle kempel is gon an her poney an she past Grale ford two das later an has her skurel gun an nobuddy nos is she alive or ded or war she is wel I reckin thar ain much to tei for it is lat candel lite an we air goin to plow the corn tomorer an maw plant the garding good by jim." When Gene read that Lottle had left home, he remembered many things about Lottie Kemple which he had

forgotten under the spell of Hattle Brown's pretty eyes and gentle voice. Lottle had said once that the man who tried to "get shet" of her would surely "dread it." and now he had done that. He wondered what he had to dread? After the letter's arrival, he began to hurry down the river. He started early in the morning, and floated till almost dark, but as he floated it seemed as though he was the chosen companion of misfortune. He had lost hours of good floating by going aground on Stone Shoals. Day after day he had been held back by dry gales out of the south. Storms held him, and when the drift was running his wife tormented his heart with the fear that some of the flotsam would crush the thin sides of his shanty boat.

While Dundon lost time, Lottle gained. She sold her pony at Walnut and bought a canoe-a long, light plank canoe-and she drove it down stream, hugging the banks when the winds blew and seeking the swiftest current when the day was calm. Her journeys down the Holston on rafts and in small boats, visiting her rela-

tives, had prepared her for the long craft. The man at the sweeps was race.

She stopped on shanty boats, and at Vulture island she heard that she was only a day behind the little red shanty boat. But now she had a chance to travel with an old farmer's family. It was threatening weather se -the spring crop rains seemed to be at hand-and for a week she floated The next time she heard of the little red shanty boat it was only three pat supper. After a time, Hattie days shead. Then, one murky morn I came and sat down at the same side ing, she abandoned her friends, took to her canoe again, and started on. As she paddled, the clouds broks away, the sun came out, and the girl knew that she had done well to follow in the canoe.

The river was full to the bank. Orioles were singing in the elms, and bluejays were screaming in flocks, At night the mocking birds were dreaming in the willows, -S- 1 42 14 28 Lottle paddled all day long, and when night came she did not go ashore. The river, she knew, was safe for the 100 miles to Mussel Shoals. Tired out at last, the vengeance seeker curled down on the straw in the bottom of the canoe and went to sleep. The sun awakened her. 12 It was a glorious spring day. Birds

song, the scent of countless blossoms filled the air, the pale green of newborn leaves colored the landscape, and the river itself was the color of liquid gold. In her heart the girl felt that the chase was nearing an end. She was weary and sad, and the thought pleased her. đ

She scanned the shores carefully, watching the inlets lest the little red shanty boat be tied up in one. At Decatur she studied the shanty-boat town till she had seen every boat in A few miles below she saw the big floating sawmill, and one of the deckhands warned her that the shoals were not far below.

Just before sundown she spied & shanty boat making toward the south bank in the bend below her. She ran her cance into the shadow of the trees and floated slowly toward the

Gene Dundon, and the woman by his side was the one who had been Hattle Brown. Catching a branch, Lottie toward the leaping waters. Kemple waited for the night to fall. - Ahead of her, a mile away, was the She dropped down to within 100 yards

She could hear the sound of volces; she heard Hattle begin to sing. The sound cut the deserted girl to the no more than a few miles a day, hop- heart. The shadow on the window, the rocks. ing for clear weather, and the curtain was that of Gene; she saw 3 The boat floated along steadily and that he was at the table, about to of the table with him. The sight of

the silhouette wounded the other woman cruelly, but she held her breath. The state The minutes dragged along. After a time the light was blown out and Lottie watched the stars to make sure that she did not think an age had passed when only minutes had gone by. Slowly, the roar of the great Mussel Shoals became more and more audible as the night grew older. It was only a little way to the canal wing dam, and below that was the water-tumbling over ledges of rocks, splitting on the points of islands, jumping up and down in the wild abandon of a mile wide river, torn by jagged stone and whipped into foam by sawyer snags.

W At last, when a pale star had passed through the breadth of a tree, Lottie let go her hold and floated down the slack water to the little cabin boat. She was in the shadow, and all was quiet within. The sucking of the water along the bank helped to conceal her movements.

The boat was tied to the bank by, two long ropes, one from each gunwale. They hung slack most of the time, but occasionally the current tugged at the silent craft, straightening out the lines. Lottle slipped the lines from their stakes, and when next the current tugged, the shanty, boat came away.

Lottie watched the craft clear the brush and saw it drawn steadily into the main current. Then she drove her cance into the wake and, sitting,

with her chin on her fists, and her elbows on her knees, she floated with the shanty boat, a few yards behind,

light marking the entrance to the of the boat, and then tied fast. not canal. Below that, a gray haze hung above the gloomy river, and out of the haze came the roar, heaving and rolling as the water pounded upon

quietly. There were no waves on the water, no wind in the air. The huge, dark masses of the bank seemed to be marching past the stars above the tree tops. On the water, a few gleams of light flickered and darted. The light at the entrance to the canal grew plainer as it became nearer.

10

 T_{ij}

1

27

1

-

2

The canoe and the shanty boat floated on down, turning from side to side as the eddles in the current caught them. The shanty boat came between the canoe and the light, and the girl saw a little halo of light along the roof of the boat, showing that there was a faint shadow cast by the light, it was so near. 4 · Ahead the gray mist became whiter, and to right and left, two banks of trees on islands marked the way to the wing dam. Down the center of the way led the shanty boat. Now the roar became furious and tumultuous. The light had been passed. The girl in the canoe made no motion and

uttered no sound. Suddenly a light flashed in the shanty boat-it flickered a moment, and then burned steadily. The front door opened and a beam of lightyellow lamp light-shot out into the night. It struck against the gray fogbank above the leaping water. Then the shadow of a human form was thrown against the gray mist. with the arms raised in astonishment. The next instant a far-l-)ard scream -a man's scream-out through that roar of the waters. Then the shanty boat pitched over, down and o t of sight. A moment later the canon dipped at the fall and the wirl, har eyes shut, but her position unchanged. followed her faithless sweatheart .



Chi-chester a Diamand II-Chi-chester a Diamand II-Pille in Ried and Gold mer

Fruit Market Agencies

sistants in the work of packing and will

Toledo, O.

tions in other Pacific coast ports. The President Appeals

<section-header><section-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Ted, Telegrams have been sent to Cali-formia's congressional delegation, to the state department, and to organiza-



Dr. Celia Adams is dead, Dr. Wilfrid Harris is in the city hospital, and Dr Eldridge Atwood held for attempted murder, is expected to be diverted into new channels today. Following the discovery of mercury as the instru-ment that-caused the death of Dr. Adams, medical Examiner McGrath and Detective Sergeant Rutherford made an examination of the dead woman's office. It is their findings that are \$32 Round Trip expected to be given the police today and which it is believed may make the case far more sensitional than it al-ready has proven. "Bhodless" surgery is expected to

Good for 30 Days. Ninety Day Ticket \$35.00 Meals and berth included on the "Bloodless surgery is expected to play an important part when the mys-tery is unraveled. Signs of extreme suffering and indications totat in the agoules that later cressed her death, the young woman attempted to sum-mon help over the relephone were found in Dr. Adam's office. Twin Palaces S. S. Northern Pacific and Grent Northernonly 26 hours at sea. Most de-lightful trip on the West Coast.

and S. S. Great Northern **Aged Indian Fighters**

March In San Francisco's **Preparedness** Parade

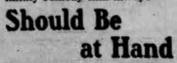
San Francisco, July 22.-Veterans of the Civil War. Spanish War Veterans, aged men who participated in the In-dian campaigns in the early days in California were the most prominent fig-tres in San Francisco's preparedness parade here today. It was estimated when the parade be-gan that between 15,000 and 20,000 men-vould have marched past the review-ing atand before the demonstration was finished.

All the fraternal organizations of the ity were represented, each marching an individual unit.

For Emergencies When you have a bilious at-tack, or when you feel illness. coming on-promptly move the bowels, start the liver working and put your entire digestive system in good shape with a dose or two of the time-tested

HAMC PIL

You will welcome the quick relief and often ward off a severe illness. Beecham's Pills are carefully compounded from vegetable products-mild, harmless, and not habit-forming. Buy a box now. You don't know when you may need Beecham's Pills. A reliable family remedy that always



Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.

reprisal and I believe this administra-tion will use every means or force with which we furnish it to rectify the situation." Mystery Increases In Boston Tragedy Roston, Jaly 21.—Police activity in the three connered mystery in which a conservative is dead De willfrid

 How's THIS?

 How's THIS?

 We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

 F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

 We, the undersigned, have known P.

 J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and beiling lieve him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made

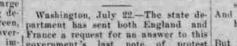
 "no exact or complete information has been obtainable of the amount and con-ditions of hortbealtural crops. Growers and distributors of the northwest have been compelled to rely upon guesses for this information and consequently have made muny mistakes. Other and larger agencies in other parts of the country have been able to get a good deal more by Eis firm. National Bank of Commerce, omplete and exact information than the

local men and they have enpitalized the mistakes of the northwest growers and handlers. It is hoped that we can now develop a system of collecting and re-porting the exact conditions, thus giv-ing us a tremendous advantage that we Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internal-

or the employment of more expert as-

ly, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testi-monials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for consti-ration. ing us a tremendous advantage that we have not before enjoyed. "The uniform harvesting system should supply large quantities of fruit of like kind and like degree of matur-ity. Too often in the past the fruit has dribbled in in small quantities, too small to attract the attention of large dealers, and it has been of varying de-grees of maturity. some over-green, some just ripe enough and some over-ripe. These conditions must be im-

pation. WORLD'S NOTE ANSWERED



dealers, and it has been of varying de groes of maturity, some overigees, inde accessible.
These conditions must be in the former of the pack in the prosent in the division of labor or the employment of more expert as
These pack put up by a number of grow, the pack we may the former of the community packs. By community pack we may the provent such of the community former of the former of the

STAND BY YOUR TOWN I like the man who likes his town and tells the people so. Who's never heard to run it down and loves to see it grow, The fellow who will advertise and take a little chance. I think the man is doubly wise who

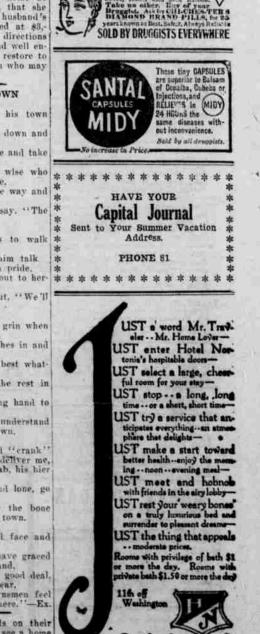
makes his town advance. He is the man who payes the way and causes things to hum: The fellow who will never say. "The

And says to people all about, "We'll build a city here."

I like the man who wears a grin when everything seems wrong, Rolls up his sleeves and pitches in and sings a merry song; The fellow who will do his best whatever may betide, And always tries to lead the rest in

making home his pride. The man who lends a helping hand to someone falling...down, I makes you plainly understand he's here to help the town.

Don't forget your Triends on their vacation-they will want to see a home paper. Phone \$1.



Portland