



IN CHEHALIS COUNTY

HAPPENINGS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTY.

Items of Interest From all Sections of Chehalis County, Gathered by Aberdeen Herald Correspondents and Gleaned From Our County Exchanges.

HOQUIAM

Albert Jones of Milwaukee, Wis., is visiting his brother, Robert Jones for a week.

C. J. Harrison and Arthur Popin of Chehalis are visiting in Hoquiam for a few days.

A number of ladies of the local Degree of Honor attended the lodge in Aberdeen Friday evening.

J. L. Bezzo and wife, who have been spending several days in the city, have returned to their home near Montesano.

H. C. Heermans of the Hoquiam Water company, states that all consumers caught wasting water to prevent pipes from freezing, will be denied service.

Peter Autzen of Portland, Ore., arrived in the city Saturday evening to spend a few days. He says it took the train ten hours to make the trip from Portland to Hoquiam.

Kenneth McIntosh, apprentice machinist at the National Lumber & Box company, has lost the sight of one of his eyes by being hit by a piece of steel.

Chub Philbrick, of Elma, is spending a week in this city visiting relatives. He is employed by the Elma Lumber company and is enjoying a month's vacation.

In the presence of a number of relatives, Miss Eileen Royce and Edward James Hoffman, were quietly married at the Presbyterian manse at 3 o'clock Saturday evening. The Rev. J. A. Laurie, jr., officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Royce of 709 Bluff avenue.

MONTESANO

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Akin leave the first of the week for Tacoma, their former home, where they will reside in future.

The Woman's club met at the home of Mrs. Abel last Monday afternoon. Each member responded at roll call with an account of some recent invention, after which Mrs. Moak read an able and entertaining essay on Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. This was followed by an interesting and exhaustive paper on the Reign of Terror—Triumvirate, read by Mrs. France.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Alley, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Schell, Mrs. Charlotte Rosier and Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ladley went to Hoquiam on the 28th of November, to assist in celebrating the seventh wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ladley. About thirty were present at the home of the latter and the occasion was a very enjoyable one.

At 4:25 Wednesday afternoon the railroad company succeeded in getting a train from the Harbor, the first since the Sunday previous from any direction. At 11:30 Wednesday night mail from the East arrived and there was a bunch of it.

Brick was laid Friday on Main street, between Pioneer and D. If the weather remains clear for the balance of the week the block will be finished.

Jesse Lamb has gone to Mcclips to take charge of the Empire Packing company's business at that place.

Jim Burgess, one of the November jurors, who lives over on the other side of the Wynoochee, doesn't let a little thing like the biggest flood ever known in this region, deter him from reporting for duty. He built a float and started for town Sunday, and the journey, which ordinarily takes about an hour, took two days. He arrived in time to learn that the jury had been discharged.

Earl H. Hall, of Sedro Wooley, has rented the second floor of the Matto Damarlo building on Pioneer street, for use as a gymnasium and is organizing an athletic association for Montesano. Mr. Hall has had considerable experience in this line and is confident of the success of the venture here.

ELMA

Robert Byles arrived Wednesday from Vancouver, B. C.

Mrs. Wiley of Shelton, was the guest of Mrs. A. P. LeRoy last week.

Miss Margaret Patrick has been ill the past week, threatened with pneumonia.

Ed. Taylor, of Kamilche, a former resident of Elma is visiting his brother in this city.

About thirty young people pleasantly surprised Miss Vera Scott at her home on Young and Third streets Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoffelt have moved from the Cloquallum Shingle company mill to their home on West Anderson street in this city.

H. B. Dollar and wife, of Seattle, have come to Elma to make their home. Mr. Dollar will take a position in the office of the Vance Lumber company.

The Elma Band, which has been re-organized and commenced practice, will give a promenade concert and ball New Year's eve at the old Opera house ball room.

Antone Kuelper has resigned his position as teamster for the firm of Strubel & Glancey, and has purchased an interest in the Rayville mill recently bought by C. F. Peterson.

OAKVILLE

J. F. Johnson and wife returned from Montesano Thursday, having been detained there on account of recent floods.

A Matron's Silver Medal Contest will be held in L. O. O. F. hall on Saturday, December 11, under auspices of W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Amelia Tabert of Doty, came down Thursday to visit with the family of her brother, Jos. Mauer-mann, returning on Sunday.

The masquerade ball given by the Rebekkah's Saturday night was exceptionally well attended considering inclemency of the weather.

Mrs. Miller, recently from South Carolina, has bought the interests of U. Taylor on the Paul place near town, paying in the neighborhood of \$1,200 for stock, crops, etc. and will farm the place next year.

HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

There is no let up in the preparations for the high school production of the Merchant of Venice, and all the participants are rehearsing daily under the able directorship of Prof. W. L. Greenleaf. While the date for the production of the play has not been definitely decided, it will probably be put on the boards about January 1.

The Herald tells it all.

IT FLASHED FOR THROCMORTON.

And Revealed the Secret of His Sweetheart's Murder.

By BUSHROD C. WASHINGTON.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the clerk of twelve solemn faced men in the jury box. "We have," responded the foreman, handing a folded paper to the clerk, who read aloud the indorsement on the back. "We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, as charged in the indictment."

"William Throcmorton," said Judge Smithson, with judicial sternness, "after a fair trial, defended by able counsel, you stand convicted of the cruel and deliberate murder of Olive Graham."

"It has been shown that the young woman had promised to become your wife. Her parents, confiding in your honorable intentions, had recognized you as her accepted lover, and the door of their home was open to you."

"While the motive in your crime is not apparent, the facts which fasten it upon you are linked into a chain of circumstances strong and incontrovertible."

"You stood with Olive Graham on the porch of her home; an instant later her cry for mercy was heard by her parents above the storm then raging. Hastening to her assistance, they found her murdered body on the slope of the hill a rod from the door."

"You were taken soon after, as it were, red handed, the bloody knife with which the deed was done having been found upon your person."

"You have pleaded 'not guilty,' but have not disproved a single fact the state alleged against you."

"The penalty of your crime as by statute fixed is death. Have you anything to say why the sentence should not be pronounced?"

"Throcmorton was a pick of physical manhood, well knit, erect, with a character as straight as his form. He held a medal from 'the management' and was the wearer of a watch, the gift of grateful passengers when he was taken from the wreck of his engine, 'Throc,' as they called him, was more than liked. He was loved by the grimy roadmen."

When the last word fell from Judge Smithson the character of the man and the sordid facts of the case stood in solemn contrast. In such a contest equanimity must lose.

The eyes of Throcmorton shone straight into the eyes of the judge. There was nothing of the bravado in his manner, neither tremor nor sign of weakening.

"If it please your honor," responded the prisoner, rising as he spoke, "it will shock you and all present when I say I mourn for Olive Graham and am innocent. But what is it worth to say it in the face of the evidence? Had I sat with the jury I must have come to their verdict. I am ready, your honor, for the sentence."

Moved by some sudden impulse, the judge turned to the sheriff and said in a faltering voice: "Remove the prisoner and return him for sentence to the bar of this court. The day and hour the court will later indicate."

Old Graham was a pensioned track inspector, who loved the thunder of trains and scream of whistles.

He had built his house thirty feet from the roadbed. Just back of it and extending down to the track was an abrupt twenty foot cliff of shale, the perpendicular face of which was smooth. It was in front of it that they found the body of Olive.

No. 49, just run out of the round-house, had backed up and coupled to the St. Louis express. It was Tom Doyle's pet engine.

Doyle was looking from the cab window for the signal to start. As an engineer he was a good second to Throcmorton. He was Throc's next friend and was to have been best man at his wedding.

He believed Throcmorton was innocent because he couldn't believe otherwise. But there were the facts, and when he thought of them there was a lump in his throat.

Ted Elzie, Doyle's fireman, had just raked the grate when a squad of the boys came by.

"What's the news?" asked Ted.

"Throc's guilty an' got to swing," came back from the crowd.

"Fifty juries couldn't make me believe Throc killed Ollie Graham," said Doyle, emphasizing with his fist on the window sill.

The day had been sweltering, clouds had gathered, and the night was black. It was down grade, and Tom Doyle, with hand on throttle valve and eye on the rails, was ready to slack at the curve.

The storm had burst, and just as the engine struck the curve a flash of lightning and the focus of the headlight met full on the face of the cliff. The sight Tom Doyle saw made him reel and grip the lever.

"A letter for Mr. Absalom Conway," called out Goggin, the worthy proprietor of a gambling den in one of the big cities, putting emphasis on "Mr. Absalom." "That's you, Ab, I reckon," he added, tossing him the letter.

Mr. Conway eyed the letter full a minute and, looking nervously over his shoulder, tore the envelope.

Friend Ab—"They say my nerves is broke an' I mus' run half time or throw up. I'll divvy my runs with you, an' if my nerves

don't mend yours is the job fer good. Right away you must come. An' it's yours I am, TOM DOYLE.

In the cab of No. 49 sat Absalom Conway to divide the run with Doyle. Ted Elzie was fireman. There was distant thunder; big drops began to patter and the wind raised. A storm was on.

"Jump into the cab, Ted, just 'fore we strike the curve," said Doyle below his breath as he put foot on the engine step.

Forked fire tore the sky, shattered telegraph poles and played in blue flames around the engine wheels as they sped onward.

A flash of tremendous voltage, and the cliff glowed white within the headlight's circle.

Conway's hand dropped from the lever, and he stood dazed and trembling.

"Me and Ted saw it, Ab," said Doyle. "In mercy's name, what made you do it?"

Before he could catch himself Conway exclaimed, "She jilted me, an' I swore she'd never marry Throcmorton."

"And how did Throc come by the bloody knife?" asked Doyle.

"I dropped it into his coat pocket as I dashed by him halfway back to town," replied Conway, who, becoming dogged, quit answering.

The radius of a circle drawn in chalk on the smooth face of the rock marked the place where the headlight focused as the engine struck the curve.

A frame supporting apparatus had been set opposite by Professor White of the state university. It was connected by wires with the town power house.

Judge Smithson, members of the bar and representatives of the press were present. Old Graham and his wife stood by, Throcmorton supporting them, and Tom Doyle, with Ted, was much in evidence.

At a signal from Professor White an intense light from the apparatus was thrown upon the spot.

There was a suppressed exclamation as a picture appeared within the circle.

It was more than life size and became plainer as the light intensified.

There upon the face of the rock stood the grim counterpart of Absalom Conway. His right arm encircled Olive Graham's wrist, his left hand clutching the identical knife in half descended stroke.

"Lightning photography," said the professor, "is classed as a freak among natural phenomena. The picture can only be seen under light approaching in brightness the flash that fixed it."

Queer Hotel Employees. In the lobby of the Shirley several men were talking about queer people seen around hotels.

"Down in Kentucky," said a traveling man, "there was a negro hotel porter with only one arm, but he could carry the heaviest trunks just the same. He'd use his one hand and his teeth in lifting the trunks."

"I once stopped at a hotel in Texas," said a doctor who lives at the Shirley, "where they had a deaf and dumb man who was employed as an entertainer. Each night he'd play the piano and sing while the guests ate supper. The funny part of it was he'd always be on the key, although he couldn't hear a note."

The manager of the Shirley spoke up at this point. "Speaking of queer hotel employees," he said, "I guess I once knew the queerest on earth. He was employed at a hotel in a small Michigan town. The man had lost a leg in the war and had a wooden stump. It was on account of this wooden leg that he was employed at the hotel."

"What had the wooden leg do to his working at the hotel?" somebody asked.

The manager cleared his throat and replied, "Why, you see, they used him to mash the potatoes and—"

They stopped him right there.—Denver Post.

Who Writes References? "How in the world do other folk live?"

"What other folk?" asked her friend. "Why, the other folk who write the references. Take that last cook I had. She gave me the best written reference I ever saw and also the telephone number of the woman who gave it to her and for whom she had worked for more than a year. I called up the woman, and she was enthusiastic. 'Why, I'd take her back again in a minute if she'd come,' was her ultimatum, and before she reached that she praised the cook up to the skies. She said she was a splendid pastry maker, soups were her specialty, her desserts were always delicious. The best dessert I ever got out of that girl was a plain cornstarch. Her soups were like dishwater, and everything between was equally bad. And now look at the waitress I have! Her reference was a marvel. She was refined, the writer stated, and quiet and neat. She knew just what to do without being told. I never saw anybody so careless and indifferent as that girl. She never knows a thing that I haven't told her at least a dozen times. I have to keep my eye on what she does all the time. Am I such a frightful crank, or what is it? How in the world do other folk live?"—New York Press.

Almost Got It. Broncho Bill—I see they had quite a fracas over in Judge West's office over the election for sheriff. Did Lariat Larry finally get the office?

Piute Pete—Well, most of it. He got the ink well in the head, two chairs around the body and a paper-weight in the neck.—Chicago News.

The Final Ending of THE BOSTON Removal Sale A Tidal Wave of Bargains SPECIALS for Friday and Saturday

Furnishings table with items like Fleece Underwear, Natural Wool Underwear, Extra Heavy All Wool Sox, Tan or Black Cotton Sox, White Handkerchiefs, etc.

Hosiery table with items like Children's 12 1/2c Hose, Children's 15c Hose, Children's 20c Hose, etc.

Bedding table with items like Cotton Fleece Blankets, Extra Large 12x4 Blankets, All Wool Blankets, etc.

FURS table with items like One-fourth to One-half the price saved if you buy here, \$1.00 UNDERWEAR, etc.

Extra Specials table with items like Feather Pillows, Black Sateen Petticoats, Men's 50c All Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, etc.

You Can Do Better at The Boston Agents For American Lady Corsets Butterick Patterns.

SUMMONS IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE State of Washington, in and for Chehalis County. Sofia Cuchra, Plaintiff, vs. Vincent Cuchra, Defendant. TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN