

THE PAPER BALLOON

(Original.)

Two huntsmen out for birds were standing, with their guns lowered, gapping at the sky. One was an old man, the other a handsome young fellow, his son.

"It's a crow," said the elder. "No; it's an eagle." It was neither, but a little paper balloon, which came nearer and nearer, descending as it came, till it fell at the feet of the younger man. He picked it up and found that its shape was that of a heart. Tied to it was a note written in a feminine hand.

If the finder of this be a man, a gentleman under thirty years of age, let him consider it addressed to himself. My father does not wish me to marry and keeps me shut up in his country seat at L. You, good sir, may help me. G. R.

After reading the message the young man handed it smilingly to his father, who read it and returned it to his son without sharing in his amusement.

"Tear it up," he said. "The person who wrote it is doubtless very young and has been impelled to do so by having her natural instincts interfered with. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty a young girl should be handled very carefully. It is quite likely the father of this one has acted unwisely."

Young Henry Thorpe looked surprised at his father's serious tone and instead of tearing up the note put it in his pocket. The two went home for dinner, and the episode was not again mentioned between them. Nevertheless it had made a deep impression on the young man. He did not rest till he had visited L., where he learned that Gwendolen Rathbun, an only child, lived with her father, a widower, in the center of a large estate, surrounded by a high wall. It was reported that the father, who was very rich, desired to transmit the bulk of his estate through the male line by leaving it to his nephew and preferred that his daughter should never marry and have issue for fear of litigation over the inheritance.

Henry bribed a servant to take the note he had received through the balloon to the young lady, with one from himself which was very delicately and sympathetically drawn. To this he received a reply, and in time a meeting was appointed to take place by moonlight at a part of the wall farthest from the house and passing through a wood. The young man was to provide a ladder for himself, the young lady was to mount by means of a large box and they were to make each other's acquaintance at the top of the wall. The young man found the girl attractive, feminine, a true lady. His father was right. She had acted indiscreetly only because her natural instincts had been blocked at too tender an age for her to realize what she had done.

There were a number of meetings "over the garden wall," and two hearts became intertwined. But it was impossible that the affair should go further. The girl dared not inform her father of her action and its consequences, and the young man, knowing that she must be an heiress, though he would be wealthy himself, would not think of marriage except by the most honorable and open approaches. Both, being opposed to a clandestine marriage, finally gained sufficient strength to agree to a separation. Henry Thorpe went abroad.

It was about a year after his departure that he received a letter from his father telling him that he had arranged a match for him which, if he found it pleasing, would be of great advantage in uniting two important interests. He was to know nothing about the lady, not even her name, until they had met. Then, if they were mutually pleased with one another, each should have all the information they desired about the other. Henry, not caring whom he married so long as he was deprived of his love, consented and a few months later returned to America and informed his father that he was ready to meet the young lady in question. Before starting Mr. Thorpe said to his son:

"There is one point in this matter I have not mentioned. If you marry this girl, you must add another name to your own, the two to be connected with a hyphen." "And what is the name to be added?" "Rathbun." "What? Is the girl Gwendolen Rathbun?" "She is. How did you know?" "But this cousin to whom the estate is to go at Mr. Rathbun's death?" "He is dead. You and your wife will inherit the estate under the name Thorpe-Rathbun."

"How did you come to know these people?" "Do you remember the balloon with the note attached?" "Certainly." "Well, I felt a sympathy for the girl, sought out her father and found that we had investments in rival properties. You see the result."

"But Gwendolen—I mean Miss Rathbun?" "How did you know her name was Gwendolen Rathbun?" "Do you remember the paper balloon and the note?" "Of course. We have been speaking of them."

"Well, I, too, felt a sympathy with the young lady. I sought her, and—well, you are lovers." "You young rascal!" "When the two lovers met, Gwendolen, after the first joyful surprise, said, 'How could you consent to marry a stranger?'"

"For the same reason that you consented to do the same."

ARCHIBALD STEARNS.

A GIRL WHO KNEW MORE THAN SIX MEN

(Original.)

A stagecoach was standing before the express office in the town of R., in Arizona. Presently a bank messenger brought out an iron bound box and placed it under the driver's feet.

"You'll have to take it through without any one to help in case you're held up. There's no one here to go with you."

"All right. The company will have to take its chances this time. One man is no match for road agents."

Dan Sparling had learned that unless backed by a strong guard it is unwise to oppose desperate men. However, there had been no trouble on the line for a long while, and he expected to get the treasure through safely. He was disappointed. About 9 o'clock at night, on passing through a wood, driving at a brisk gait, as he usually did in dark places, a head appeared above the bushes beside the road, and a pair of arms waved for him to stop.

If any word was spoken, it was drowned by the rattle of the stage and the pounding of the horses' hoofs. Before Dan could rein in he had passed the figure and hoped he could get away, but a bullet whistled over his head, and believing that another, fired with a truer aim, would follow, he tried to rein in his horses, at the same time seizing the express box and throwing it into the wood. The horses had struck a down grade, and although Dan put on the brakes, he was unable to stop them until he reached the bottom. Then, not hearing anything of the road agent, he concluded to drive on.

An hour later, while he was feeling very downcast at the prospect of reporting the loss, blaming himself for his haste in throwing out the box, and the company for risking so much money without a guard, half a dozen men stepped into the road before him. Each one of his horses was taken by the bridle, a man held him covered with a rifle, while the remaining man went through the coach. There were no passengers, but this did not disappoint the road agents, who were after the express box. Not finding it under the driver's feet, the man searched the "boot" in the rear, then angrily asked Dan:

"Where is it?" "This is the second time I've been held up tonight. The box was taken a few miles below?" "You stop that lynx!" said the robber, "an tell me where the treasure is, or I'll pump some lead into you." This was merely a threat. The treasure was not there, and the men became convinced of Dan's story of the previous robbery. After taking minute directions as to the place where it had been dropped they permitted Dan to go on. A few miles' drive brought him to a village, where he telegraphed back news of the double robbery. A posse was gathered and started at once for the scene of the loss. Reaching the wood described by Dan, they found no one. Believing that the box had been picked up by one of the band, they divided into two sections for pursuit, each taking a road leading in different directions. One of the sections about 4 o'clock in the morning, seeing a flash of light in a thicket, went there and surrounded a party of six men and a girl. They were taken after a short skirmish, as their captors were three times their number. Unfortunately the express box was not found among them.

The next day Dan Sparling identified the men as the road agents, and they were brought into court for preliminary examination. The justice plied them with questions, hoping to gain some light as to the treasure box. The only part of their story that they agreed in was that they had not seen the box. The judge was about to send them back to jail when it occurred to him that he might get something out of the girl.

"You don't look like a girl to be caught in such company," he said. "I'm not," she replied shortly. "Well?" "Well?" she repeated. "What have you to say in the matter?"

"I haven't much to say, but what I have is of a good deal of importance." "Well, then, why haven't you said it?" "You didn't ask me?" "Say it now."

"I'm the daughter of John Bowling, the storekeeper six miles down the pike. I was out on the creek yesterday afternoon and went to sleep under some bushes. I was awakened by hearing some men talking and, opening my eyes, saw two of these men sitting on the bank. I wasn't long in learning that they were planning to rob last night's coach. I kept quiet until they had gone on. I knew I could head off the coach by walking two miles to the road. Taking pop's gun, I started, waited by the road and hailed the driver. He didn't stop, so I fired a shot over his head to catch his attention. Then he threw out a box. Later on I was leaving the place when these men rode up and took me. They had a lot of questions to ask about some one robbing the stage that had gone by and wanted to know if I'd seen any suspicious characters about. I told them they were the only suspicious."

"What became of the box?" asked the justice impatiently. "Oh, the box! I hid it in the woods. If you want me to show you where, say so, and next time don't think a girl don't know anything."

When Mary Bowling was married that autumn, the express company gave her a furnished house for a wedding gift. JOAN TREVOR.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mountain View.

Christmas exercises are the main topic at this time. We have had some cold weather here; the thermometer registered 26 deg. last week.

Mrs. Maggie Curran's father, Mr. Walker, of Southern Oregon, was visiting her last week. Another G. A. R. gone to that haven where no one ever returns. Grandpa Frost died Dec. 16, 1902, after a year of intense suffering. He was laid to rest in the Mt. View cemetery Wednesday, December 18th, Rev. Gormley, the Christian minister of Portland, assisted by Rev. Montgomery, officiating.

Ben. Beard, of Maple Lane, is working at the pulp mill and boarding with his sister, Mrs. McLarty. Mr. Cox, of Elwood, came into town Tuesday, and his buggy was all covered with snow. Miss Hattie Ringo is sewing in Mr. McLarty's tailor shop, on Main street. The M. E. church will have their Xmas exercises on Saturday evening of this week.

The Artisans initiated six candidates at a special meeting on Tuesday evening. The assembly now numbers over 250 members.

Mulino. Ida Dodge was visiting at the home of her parents Sunday. Eva Wallace is improving slowly. Louis Beckner was visiting friends and relatives here Sunday.

Viva and Ella Sagas were visiting their Grandmother, Mrs. Casedy last week. A Hougan is working for the Trullinger Bros. Mrs. Evans and daughter went to town last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. P. Sagar were at Liberal last Monday.

Frank Manning is at home on a visit through the holidays. Edwin Bowman has rheumatism in both arms. Mrs. Mary Daniels is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Manning at present.

An entertainment given by Miss Lillie Gans at Liberal Saturday evening and report a good time. Alex Casedy was a visitor at New Era last Sunday. Kitty Lyons was visiting Agnes Wallace last week. Everybody is preparing for a Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. The Sunday school is progressing finely.

Mrs. Daniels started for Utah on a visit last week. Her daughter, Katie will stay with Mrs. Gibson, her sister at Salem. Fred Wallace is ill with typhoid fever. Chas. Boynton made a business trip to Oregon City last week.

A number of the young folks from here attended the social and entertainment given by Lillie Gans.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Maple Lane. The much talked of Grange hall in Maple Lane is beginning to materialize. Part of the material is on the ground, and a crew of six men started work on the 23rd, but had to stop on account of the rain. They will begin operation again immediately after Christmas.

A. Mautz, of Maple Lane, is the chief architect, and as he is a man with lots of "push" the building is sure to be pushed to completion, but he needs a little help now and then, so turn out boys and give him a lift. On Saturday the 3rd of January, 1903, the officers of Maple Lane Grange will be installed by Deputy Master, L. H. Kirchem of Logan. A full attendance is requested. All patrons are cordially invited. A good dinner will be served, for which a charge of 15 cents will be made. The amount so collected will be used to purchase material for the new Grange hall which is now being built in Maple Lane. We would be pleased to see every Grange in Clackamas county represented at this meeting. Remember the date.

Wm. Beard, A Good Cough Remedy. (From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia) I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Weckner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Weckner. This remedy is sold by G. A. Harding.

Liberal.

A merry Xmas to all. Still it rains, and hard weather on stock of all kinds. There is a good demand for oats, and at good prices. Wheat seems to be a scarce article. Brother farmers must raise more wheat, or chickens will starve to death. Xmas dinners and trees seem to be the order of the day this week.

W. H. Husband had his knee fractured by Austens new planer Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Hannagan was visitors in Oregon City Sunday last. J. Rodes has his back fixed up, what is up, Johnny? A Xmas ride, I suppose. Mill feed is scarce and cannot be purchased only in small amounts at a time.

The new piling camp is booming and the boys will have work. Many thanks to the editor for stationery this week. May your new enterprise be successful is my hearty wish for the new year. You will see the republican wild cats all get together and eat on the same bone without quarreling. They are afraid of the Kentuckians, or least they have a scare already.

Well, Bunchy, the weather over here is wet, and Lengthy has a frog in his throat, and it is trying to croak, but he won't let it until warm weather comes. Glad you are at the helm again.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Asleep Amid Flames. Breaking into a blazing home, some firemen lately dragged the sleeping inmates from death. Fancied security, and death near. It's that way when you neglect coughs and colds. Don't do it. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption gives perfect protection against all throat, chest and lung troubles. Keep it near, and avoid suffering, deaths and doctor's bills. A teaspoonful stops a late cough, persistent use the most, stubborn. Harmless and nice tasting. It's guaranteed to satisfy by Geo. A. Harding, Druggist. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free.

Building in Maine. They do things oddly in the Pine Tree State sometimes. In the outskirts of the shipbuilding city of Bath I saw recently the front wall under the roof of a new house torn out and the bow of a twenty-four foot boat protruding. A long distance from the water the owner had passed the winter building the boat in his attic, knocked out the front of his house to remove it to the yard, and then transported it by skids to the Kennebec river, says the Boston Post. And on the same trip in the elongated township of Phippsburg my driver pointed out an isolated house, a modern structure built by its owner personally and entirely inclosing his smaller and more ancient house. The inner one he and his family occupied during the constructing of the new one and then demolished it and ejected "the remains" through the new windows.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails or curer E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

When you wake up with a bad taste in your mouth, go at once to G. A. Harding's drug store and get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. One or two doses will make you well. They also cure biliousness, sick headache and constipation.

Money to loan; 6 and 7 per cent, on real-estate security. C. H. Dye.

Wanted: 500 babies at Howell & Jones rug Store. See their ad.

Wanted immediately 25 wood chop pers. Apply to Crown Paper Co.

If you desire a good complexion use Wash Tea, a pure herb drink. It acts on the liver and makes the skin smooth and clear. Cures sick headaches; 25c and 50c. Money refunded if it does not satisfy you. Write to W. R. Hooker & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., for free sample, or Howell & Jones, druggists.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Nancy Jane Beattie, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, or the deceased are required to present them, with proper vouchers and duly verified, within six months from the publication of this notice, to the undersigned at his office in the Weindler building, Oregon City, Oregon.

JOSEPH E. HEDGES, Administrator of the estate of Nancy Jane Beattie, deceased. Hedges & Griffith, Attorneys.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon, executor of the last will of William R. Bagby, late of said County. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, are notified to file such claims with the proper vouchers and duly verified according to law, with my attorney, C. R. Boyd, Corvair st. & Main St., Oregon City, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice. Dated at Oregon City, Oregon, December 19th, 1902.

HARVEY W. BARRY, Executor as above said.

Not what is said of it, but what it does, has made the fame of the Elgin Watch and made 10,000,000 Elgins necessary to the world's work. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the greatest watch works. ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO. ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

Seventh Annual Tour of the Stanford University Mandolin and Glee Clubs. A Night of Fun, Frolic, Music and Merriment. New Music, Novelties, Specialties, College Stories, College Stunts, College Fun. Shively's Opera House SATURDAY, DEC. 27 Admission 50 Cents. Under Auspices of Clackamas Council, No. 2007, Royal Arcanum. Seats on Sale at Huntleys'.

Smith's Dandruff Pomade Choicest Meats AT R. Petzolds Meat Market Opposite Suspension Bridge Oregon City. X-mas tree ornaments at Charman & Co., cut-price drug store.

THE PLANET. Kelly & Raconich, Props. HIGH GRADE WHISKEYS A SPECIALTY GARDE BUILDING MAIN STREET J. W. COLE, Fine Whiskies and Cigars All goods bought in bond. Purity and quality guaranteed SOME FAMOUS OLD BRANDS James E. Pepper, Kentucky Burbon Old Sam Harris Kentucky Ecurtben Old Roxbury Rye Cor. Railroad Ave. and Main St.

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