

## BREAD ON THE WATERS

By A. M. Davies Ogden

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As the footman turned to come down the steps after leaving the cards he had held Miss Mallory leaned back in the victoria with a sigh of relief. It had been a long, tiresome afternoon, but she had used her last card now, and, these people being fortunately "out," she would go home and forget her thoughts, for somehow Roland Humason had been much in her mind lately. Strange that after three years of absence the recollection of his clear dark eyes and clean cut features should linger thus vividly. And again Miss Mallory sighed.

Why had he gone so suddenly and sent no word? Looking up to give the order for home, the girl suddenly became aware of a woman standing but a few feet away with gaze hungrily fixed upon herself. As their eyes met the woman came slowly forward.

"Will you lend me \$5?" she asked abruptly. The voice was sweet and well modulated, as Miss Mallory noted through her surprise. Nor did the woman's appearance suggest that of a beggar. The girl hesitated. She had always been cautioned not to give in the street. "Indiscriminate giving is the ruin of many," was her father's dictum. Yet in this case there was a curious, half wild look in the woman's eyes, as though she were enduring some strain almost beyond her strength, and Miss Mallory felt her sympathies quicken. Roland Humason would give his money. He never refused to help a woman even while he laughed at himself for a credulous simpleton. Swayed by an uncomprehended impulse, the girl pulled out a crisp five dollar bill.

"Take it," she said gently. Into the tired face opposite leaped a light of wonder, almost fear; then the tense lines relaxed.

"Thank you," was the simple response, but Miss Mallory could feel all that was compressed into the words. "I will send it back. You shall see. But you must give me your name."

More to humor her than from any expectation of receiving the money, Miss Mallory glanced into her cardcase. It was as she thought. Her own cards were all gone. Hastily pulling out one of her father's cards, she scribbled her name and address on the back and held it toward the woman.

"Here," she said kindly. Then, with a nod to the expectant footman, who



"WILL YOU LEND ME \$5?" SHE ASKED ABRUPTLY.

stood watching with severe disapproval, they were gone, while the woman, the slow tears welling into her tired eyes, turned steadily in the direction of the nearest ferry.

All through dinner and into the next day the woman's face haunted Miss Mallory with a strange persistency. She could not feel that she had done wrong. If ever person looked in need of help that woman had done so. The girl was conscious only of a regret for not having questioned her, tried to find out something about her that real assistance might be rendered. But there had been an air about the stranger, suppliant though she was, which forbade intrusion upon her personality.

Lying near the window in the gathering dusk, Miss Mallory let her fancy wander whither it would, wondering a little at the odd tangle in her thoughts which seemed somehow to link this woman to Roland Humason, and then, looking up, she saw him coming across the room to her. For a moment she stared, incredulous, but his warm hand clasp was very real.

"The butler told me that I should find you here," he exclaimed in a glad voice. "Oh, how good it is to see you again!" The girl, recovering, drew her hands away.

"How do you do?" she said, with shy civility. The man's expression

changed.

"Pardon me," he returned more formally. "The excitement of being here must have gone to my head." Miss Mallory's lip curled.

"There can hardly be much excitement in doing what you could have done any day in the last three years," she declared a bit disdainfully. Humason's color deepened.

"No," he said simply, "you are wrong. I have not been in New York. Three years ago my father died," he added.

meeting the surprised question in her eyes. "It changed all my life. I found myself with my mother and a widowed sister to care for, left with barely a pittance. It was necessary I should try at least to carry on the old business at home. I came to bid you good-by, and you were out. And what could I have said? You, beautiful, courted, the only child of an indulgent father; I merely one of the many who surrounded you. How could I dream that you would ever spare me even a thought? So I went away, resolved to forget. And then—"

"Yes," queried the girl as he paused, "and then?" Her eyes were hidden, but there was a note in the soft voice that aroused his courage.

"I found out that I could not forget," said the man. "Yet what claim had I? And then, yesterday—oh, how can I thank you properly?" he broke off earnestly. "Yesterday—the woman you helped—she was my sister"—speaking with steady tone. "Not long ago her child died, and, half mad from the loss, she came to the city, resolved to destroy herself here, where we would not know of it. But when she reached New York the commonplace, everyday aspect of things seemed to calm her mood, and her resolution faltered. Yet she had expended what money she had, not even the price of a ticket home being left. Determining to put fate to the test, she wandered about, seeking a familiar face—my sister alone in this great city, where she knew no one—resolved, should her plea for help be refused, to put an end to her life. And then she saw you."

For a moment the man was silent as a shudder seized him at the thought of what might have happened.

"Oh, if she had not met you—if— But I dare not think of it. I—I have a photograph of you. I bribed your maid for it," he confessed shamefacedly. "From having seen it so often my sister felt vaguely that here at last was a friend, although, of course, unwitting why. And so she dared to ask," Miss Mallory

Independent and reliable—The Oregonian.

ry, who was sobbing unrestrainedly, lifted her face.

"Oh, the dear woman!" she exclaimed brokenly. "How glad I am! How glad I am! And is she safe?"

"Quite safe," was the thankful answer. "The shock, your kindness, something, must have strengthened and braced her. She returned last night. And you can fancy what it meant to us. But when she showed me the blessed card which told me who it was that had saved her it seemed to me as if I also had been sent a message. Was I wrong, dear?" and the man's voice was wonderfully tender. The girl, puzzled, shook her head.

"I don't understand," she said faintly. Humason laid a visiting card in her hand.

"Look!" he said. It was the card upon which she had scribbled her address. "Turn it over," as the girl seemed bewildered. A low cry broke from the red lips.

"Oh," she stammered, while the color flooded up to her pretty curly hair. "I—I was in a hurry. I thought that it was one of father's. I"—Her confusion increased pitifully. But the man's strong clasp had again caught the fluttering little hands.

"I thought that if you had cared enough to carry a man's card in your cardcase for three years that you must have cared a little for the man himself," he said eagerly. "Was I wrong, sweetheart? Are you going to send me away again?"

The girl, her eyes fixed on the betraying bit of pasteboard whereon in fine script ran the words, "Mr. Roland Humason," drooped her head.

"No," she answered shyly. "Please—please stay."

### Too Much For the Cook.

He was a new waiter in a downtown restaurant, and after he had waited on a man who was seated at one of the tables the other noon he went behind the cold lunch counter to eat his own dinner. Presently he dropped down from his stool and whistled up the tube to the cook on the second floor. "Where's that pie I ordered?" he asked. "Hurry it up." The cook's reply could not be heard. He was evidently a suspicious cook, and he provoked the new waiter. The volley the latter fired into the tin funnel sounded like a bunch of firecrackers going off in a barrel. "Heavens!" he spluttered. "Did you think I wanted it for myself? I haven't been here long, but I've seen your pies. I haven't been disappointed in love, and I haven't got any domestic

troubles. When I'm desperate, I'll take something easier to swallow than one of your pies. There's a customer here waiting for it. He's no friend of mine or I'd switch him off on to crackers and cheese. You'll know me better if I don't get discharged." The pie came down with a rattle, and the new waiter resumed his meal.—Providence Journal.

### AN ODD EPITAPH.

George Ritter Likened Himself to a Wornout Watch.

"Franklin's epitaph, where he compared himself to an old book, is known to all of us," said an antiquary. "Here is a copy of a less famous epitaph, the epitaph of a watchmaker, George Ritter, who compared himself to a watch that had run down."

The man took out his notebook. "George Ritter," he said, "lived in New Hampshire in the town of Newport. He died in 1822."

Then he read: "Here lies, in horizontal position, the outside case of George Ritter, whose abiding place in that line was an honor to his profession. Integrity was his mainspring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress. He never went wrong except when set a-going by people who did not know his key. Even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of dispensing of his time so well that his hours glided by in one continual round of pleasure and delight till an unlucky misadventure put an end to his existence. He departed this life Sept. 11, 1822. His case rests and molders and decays beneath the sod, but his good works will never die."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### A Fortune Hunter.

Miranda—Yes, mamma, Mr. Fargoln knows that my face is all the fortune I possess. Bertie (the terrible)—Yes, mamma, and when I sneaked into the room he was trying his level best to get at her fortune. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

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### Doctors Said He Would Not Live.

Peter Frey, of Woodruff, Pa., writes: "After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Waynesburg, and still getting worse, the doctors advised me if I had any business to attend to I had better attend to it at once, as I could not possibly live another month, as there was no cure for me. **Foley's Kidney Cure** was recommended to me by a friend, and I immediately sent my son to the store for it and after taking three bottles I began to get better and continued to improve until I was entirely well."

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### CHURCH USHERS.

Those in Fashionable New York Must Be Tall Men.

"In the selection of church ushers luck all runs with the tall men," said a young man who was politely turned down by the board of trustees of a fashionable church. "New York is a city of tall men when it comes to show-off jobs. There are many distinct advantages to an ambitious man in serving as usher in a popular church. I have been 'sub' in my congregation for two years in hope of getting a permanent appointment. I have remained in town during the fine spring and autumn Sundays while other fellows went 'outing.' I have been content to take a back seat on important church occasions. Now I am through."

"One of our ushers resigned last month, and it seemed as though my chance had come at last. My name went in. A fellow who has been in the church less than four months got the job. He does not dress any more carefully than I do, and I have more friends in the congregation than he has. But it devolves upon four ushers to march down the aisle after the collection and place the plates at the foot of the pulpit. This is quite an imposing part of the service. The ushers step as steadily as West Point cadets. Nowhere can a well fitting coat be shown off to better advantage. The ushers in our church are six footers. I measure less than five feet. It was suggested that I would look incongruous jogging down the aisle with the others. That's all."—New York Press.

### THE HUMAN NOSE.

Facts and Comments About This Most Characteristic Feature.

A nose which in any way suggests our ape-like ancestors, whether snub, flattened or abnormally small, is deemed ugly. Generally speaking, the long nose belongs to the people of Europe, whereas the negroes and Mongolians have short noses. With the Eskimo the nose is said to be in many cases so flat that a ruler might be placed so as to rest upon both cheeks without touching it. In the man the muscles of the nose have little flexibility except about the nostrils, which visibly dilate and contract under the influence of passion.

Mantegazza has remarked that among civilized people the nose is nearly always deflected toward the right, which he attributes to the custom of wiping the nose with the right hand. Leonardo da Vinci discovered that there were over ten different varieties of nose seen in profile and eleven when looked at in front. Charles Blanc considered the nose the most characteristic feature of the face and recommended ladies to regulate the style of their dress with reference to its shape, and Lavater went so far as to assert that a beautiful nose was worth more than a kingdom; that it is never associated with an ugly face.—International Quarterly.

### A Thoughtful Act.

The fiction of the friend who is coming to occupy the seat in the railway train that one has really secured as an extra seat for oneself sometimes works and sometimes doesn't. A passenger, hurrying along the platform just before the train started, flung himself upon a seat that was already occupied with a Glandstone bag. "That seat is taken," said a morose old gentleman. "My friend has kept it with his bag." "All right," said the wily passenger affably. "I'll occupy it till he comes." Of course the friend never came, and just as the train was moving out of the station the wily passenger seized the bag and threw it out of the window. "What are doing, sir?" shouted the old gentleman furiously. "Anything the matter?" inquired the other. "You don't want your poor friend to lose his bag, do you?"—London Chronicle.

### What Is an Idea?

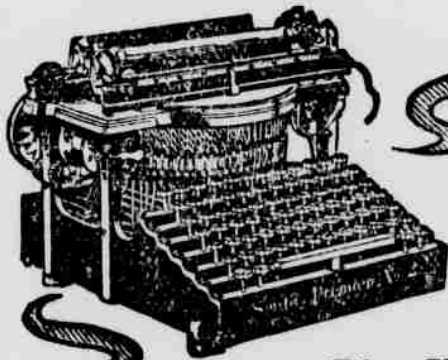
"What is an idea?" It is a natural pitfall for modern generations. Even Bulwer Lytton allowed one of his Roman characters to say, "It stands fixed for the ninth day of August," although he must have known that "ides" is a plural without a singular. Why the Romans called the 15th of March, May, July, October and the 13th of every other month the ides they do not seem to have known for certain themselves. Some thought it meant the halfway day of the month, from an Etruscan word meaning "to divide," but modern philology, digging into Sanskrit, has suggested that it means the bright time of the month, full moon.—London Notes and Queries.

### Accuracy of Marksmanship.

Ability to shoot straight is to some extent a natural gift, and it is useless trying to make a captain of a gun of a man who does not possess this faculty. He may be a good enough man in other ways, but unless he has "a straight eye" he will never become much of a marksman. The admiralty recognizes this and has ceased trying to make crack shots of men whose talents do not lie in that direction.—Pall Mall Gazette.

### Subsequent.

Old Party—Were you named after your father? Little Fletcher—Sure! He's lots older than I am.—Chicago News.



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