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Klamath Falls, Oregon

# The Merry Widow

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

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"Her husband will never forgive her," she murmured, half to herself. "He will never understand that it's just a silly, harmless, sentimental talk they're having."

Memories of the ways of jealous Marsavian husbands flashed into her mind. In that primitive fatherland wives had been beaten, yea, and murdered—for less. Something must be done, and done quickly.

"Don't worry," she consoled the terrified Nish. "Say nothing to any one else. I'll get Mme. Popoff out of the scrape if I can."

Before Nish could reply she had disappeared down a path leading to the rear door of the summer house.

Meantime Popoff, his curiosity mastering him, had left his seat. Stealing forward on tiptoe, he put his eye to the keyhole of the wicker door.

He had scarcely bent over this when Danilo, happening to pass by on his way to the gate, paused in amazement at sight of the Marsavian ambassador thus assuming the role of Paul Pry.

"Why, hello, old chap!" cried the prince. "What are you up to?"

"Hush!" warned Popoff in an excited whisper. "A lady went into the summer house a few minutes ago with a gentleman. I can't see them very clearly. There's too much fluff in the keyhole. But they're sitting opposite each other with only a little table between them. The lady's back is to me, but it somehow looks familiar. The man is talking as earnestly as if he were trying to borrow money. Now he's bending across and kissing her hand, and she doesn't seem to mind. It's—why, bless my soul, it's that fellow De Joldon! Well, well! Of all things! Now, if only the lady would turn her face so I could see her—"

"Come away, sir!" begged Danilo, the whole situation bursting upon his mind. He caught Popoff's sleeve, but the ambassador shook him off.

"Let me alone!" he whispered. "Can't you see what it all means? It means we've found the lady De Joldon's in love with, the very woman we've both been looking for! And now if she'll just turn her head a little I'll be able to see her face, and then—"

"Then you don't know who she is?" queried Danilo.

"No. But I'll—"

"Then take my advice and don't try to find out. Let well enough alone. Come away, old chap, and—"

"No, no! There; you pulled my head away just as she was turning around. I'd have seen her in another second. They're getting up. Maybe they'll go out by the other door, and then I sha'n't be able to know who—"

"Let me do the looking," suggested Danilo. "If either of us has to play the eavesdropper I'll—"

"No. It is my place," asserted Popoff. "But I'll bet you a hundred francs it's Mme. Nova Kovitch."

"It would be like stealing a drunken man's watch. I won't take the bet. Come away, sir, and let the matter drop where it is. For your own happiness—"

But Popoff was once more at the keyhole.

"They're standing up to go," he reported. "Now she's beginning to face this way. It's— Oh, good Lord!"

The poor old man staggered away from the door as though struck between the eyes. Reeling to a chair, he collapsed and buried his face in his hands.

"No, no! It can't be! It can't!" he moaned. "And yet I could hardly be mistaken. My wife! And—"

"Brace up, your excellency!" entreated Danilo in genuine distress. "Pull yourself together. There are people coming along the walk. Don't make a scene. Perhaps you were mistaken."

"No; I saw her!" growled Popoff. "My own wife and De Joldon! And he kissed her hand."

"Oh, I dare say she was more kissed against than kissing!" Danilo observed consolingly. "But be careful, sir. A whole lot of people are within ear-shot."

"Then let them know the worst!" cried Popoff in a voice that brought a number of guests hurrying to the spot. "I'll denounce her before them all! Come out of there," he bellowed, rushing forward. "both of you! Come out!"

He threw the summer house door wide open and sprang back, incredulous, aghast.

On the threshold stood De Joldon and—Sonia!

"What—what does this mean," gurgled the confused ambassador, "this—this change and—"

"You called to us to come out," returned Sonia calmly. "May I ask what you wanted of us?"

"Sonia!" gasped Danilo. And through the confusion of many excited voices she heard him and thrilled to the note of anguish in his half stifled cry.

"If—if it was you who were in there with M. de Joldon," stammered Popoff, "where is my wife?"

"Here I am, dear," answered Natalie, stepping out of the crowd, with which she had mingled after her hurried exit through the rear door of the summer house. "Here I am! What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" cried her husband. "I could have sworn I saw you sitting in that arbor with M. de Joldon."

"My dear!"

Natalie's exclamation was a triumph of shocked propriety.

"He was kissing your hand, I thought," went on the dazed ambassador.

This time Natalie moved away from him in offended dignity. But Popoff hastened to throw his arm about her and draw her back.

"I was wrong," he assured her—"a blunder of eyesight! I apologize! I'm sorry, I—"

"I begin to understand," put in Sonia, stepping forward in fear lest Natalie overdo her pose of virtuous indignation. "It seems that the Marsavian ambassador has done me the honor to listen at a keyhole in hopes of overhearing my conversation. Sooner than disappoint him, M. de Joldon, will you please repeat to him just what you said to me in there?"

De Joldon understood. If Natalie was to be saved, if Sonia was not to be talked about, heroic measures were necessary.

"I asked Mme. Sonia Sadova," said he, "to do me the honor to become my wife."

Danilo stood motionless, his lips set in a white line, amid the buzz of congratulations and laughter that followed De Joldon's announcement. Sonia noted his agony and said joyfully to herself:

"My prince, I think I've won! You'll have to speak, soon or late, now, and when you do—"

"And Marsavia loses the twenty millions!" Popoff muttered, recovering his self-possession, and somewhat belatedly remembering his country's needs.

"Prince," called Sonia mischievously, "I haven't heard your congratulations yet. You don't look as happy as you might at the news."

"Happy?" echoed Danilo, with a scornful, mirthless laugh. "Why shouldn't I be? Accept my congratulations, my paternal blessing and anything else you choose to levy on me for. My own motto is, 'Love when you may, propose seldom and marry—not at all!'"

Let me tell you a little fairy story: There were once a prince and a princess. They loved each other. But the prince was poor and dared not tell of his love for fear of being thought a fortune hunter. His silence made the princess angry. So she went and promised her hand to another man, and they all lived miserably unhappy ever after. And the moral of that stupid little story is that I'm sick of respectability, and I'm awake from my crazy dream of love, and I'm going back to Maxim's, and you can all go to—Marsavia!"

"He loves me! He loves me!" panted Sonia under her breath.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Petition for Liquor License

TO THE HONORABLE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR KLAMATH COUNTY.

We the undersigned, residents and legal voters of the precinct of Wood River, in the County of Klamath, State of Oregon, and actual residents therein for more than thirty days immediately preceding the date of signing and filing this petition, do hereby respectfully petition your honorable body to grant and issue to James H. Wheeler, a residence of said precinct, a license to sell spirituous, vinous, fermented or malt liquors in less quantities than one gallon, in the precinct aforesaid for a period of six months, from the 3rd day of July, 1908.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, that this petition will be presented to the County Court aforesaid at the court room in the city of Klamath Falls, Oregon, on the 1st day of July, A. D. 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. of said day or as soon thereafter as said petition can be heard.

Dated this 16th day of May, 1908.

James H. Wheeler.

**CHAPTER VI.**  
**At Maxim's**

MAXIM'S after midnight—the show restaurant whither sight-seeing Americans and other tourists flock and whose dizzy machine made merriment they solemnly believe to be a part and parcel of true Parisian life.

On the night of Sonia's garden party one group of men and women who entered the jolly restaurant were so different from the usual habitués of the place as to come in for not a few amused glances from their neighbors. They were Mme. Natalie Popoff, Mme. Nova Kovitch and Cascada and St. Brioché. The visit was Natalie's idea.

She had heard Danilo's wild speech of goodby to Sonia and his announcement that he was off to Maxim's. Hence the ambassador's wife, with a feeble yearning to atone in some way for the false position into which the widow had been thrust for her sake, had resolved to follow in the hope of securing a word in private with Danilo and settling matters right again.

Natalie had not confided her plan to her husband, and now as the party were ushered to a secluded table in an alcove she glanced at the riotous scene about her with a delighted nervousness. The delight vanished suddenly, however, and the nervousness waxed to a panic fear as a familiar voice smote upon her ear.

Popoff had just come in and was standing not ten feet away from the secluded table where his wife sat trembling.

"I want to see Prince Danilo at once," he said to the head waiter. "Has he arrived?"

"Not yet, sir," was the reply. "but he



At Maxim's.

will be here very soon. There is a supper party waiting for him over there," waving to a tableful of gayly appareled girls with tired eyes.

"Really?" exclaimed the ambassador.

"I'll just join them till he comes."

He toddled off to the distant table, where, to Natalie's jealous eye, he seemed to make himself at home with a phenomenal ease and quickness. He was scarce seated when Danilo strode in. The whole table rose to give the prince noisy greeting.

"Why, hello, your excellency!" cried Danilo. "This is queer company for a monument of respectability like yourself to wander into!"

"I came only to see you," protested the ambassador, drawing him aside. "I was bound I'd come here and wait till you appeared!"

"Oh, I see," cut in the prince, thoroughly enjoying his confusion. "Fools rush in where—"

"I didn't rush in," fumed the ambassador. "I crept here in a measly cab, and I sneaked into the place like a pickpocket for fear some one would recognize me. I sacrificed myself to my country. Suppose my wife should hear of it! I came to implore you, to cast myself on your mercy, to beg you once more to prevent the widow from—"

**Names**

C. E. Hoyt	J. M. Emery
Roy R. Wise	H. B. Loosley
N. J. Johnson	O. B. Bunch
David Ranley	Asa Drope
S. B. Gardner	Ralph H. Langston
J. E. Vose	L. W. Copeland
G. F. Vose	Ira Cole
F. X. Dompier	Wesley Cole
Paul Pirsons	D. C. Courtney
Frank Dompier	Wm. M. Skeen
J. H. Smart	H. J. Savridge
M. P. Morgan	D. E. Noah
W. M. Thomason	W. H. Norton
Louis Brannan	A. L. Melhase
L. C. Drake	J. A. Gibson
R. A. Moon	Clark
G. T. Gray	Wm. Denton
Walter Dixon	F. M. Denton
C. Gray	Leo Denton
M. H. Hess	L. C. Sismore
G. C. Hill	J. H. Hessig
G. S. Hoyt	F. J. Oden
W. J. Jamison	Jos. Hessig
R. M. Jamieson	Rube White
J. L. Vose	Frank Silvers
John Gray	D. Ryans

**Notice**

While the lime I have on hand lasts it will be sold on demand, after it is gone it will be necessary to have 30 days notice to permit of my burning another kiln. If you want lime this Summer get it now.

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The Lakeside Company, J. Frank Adams, Manager, Merrill Oregon.

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