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FOR SALE—A good chicken

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FOR SALE—Barred Rock hatch-

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apiece. E. E. Baker, Coos Junction.

FOR SALE—4 ft. slab wood, \$1.50

a cord at mill at Coos Junction,

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slabs. O. C. Wetzel.

SMELT—41 lb. box 6 c. b. b.

Kelso. Main run Col. river smelt.

Strictly fresh. R. L. Fisher, Kel-

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USED MOTOR TRUCKS—From

light delivery to five-ton sizes,

all makes. C. E. Spaulding, 401 S.

Main. Phone 221 BX.

FOR SALE CHEAP—For less than

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as new. John H. Kelly, 501 N.

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PIPE, PIPE, PIPE—See us for

pipe, pipe fittings and plumbing

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O. O. P. Bldg.

WANTED—Man with car for Sun-

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FOR SALE—150 sheep, lambing,

about 10 lambs now. If you want

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FOR SALE OR TRADE—12 acres

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What have you? Owen R. Helm,

Rt. 1, Box 56-A, Marshfield, Ore.

SEE THIS—A very fine eliminator

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\$22.50. Auto Electric Station,

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Fancy dried peaches, 10 lb. lots

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Cobb, P. O. Box 412, Red Bluff,

Calif.

Orchid

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ashforth Ashe, sitting on deck with her fiancé, the rich and famous Hollis Hart, receives a wireless from Monty Haglab, her boy friend from Boston.

Ashforth has just gotten herself engaged to Hollis, who is, without doubt, the most eligible bachelor in America. Before they met at Domelica (a little island in the West Indies) Ashforth had worked for Mr. Hart in his Boston office. Taking dictation, and pounding a typewriter. A rather humble, but exceedingly beautiful young stenographer.

She was crushing severely the index, following several lines, when, quite by accident, she met Mr. Hart again. From that moment, Ashforth made the most of her opportunities.

Hollis made love, and thrilled her to death. But it took a regular hurricane to make him actually propose. For a whole day, and half a night, they were alone in a little house on the mountain, while the storm raged and howled.

They are on their way home now, and planning to be married in Boston. Sometimes, Ashforth thinks of Sadie Morton, a friend of her childhood, who tried to blackmail Mr. Hart, and did, actually, succeed in separating him from \$11,000. She thinks, too, of Maizie, her dear, commonplace mother. And of Monty Haglab, who used to be her sweetheart.

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FOR SALE—Barred Rock hatchling eggs, O. A. C. strain, 6c apiece. E. E. Baker, Coos Junction.

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she reasoned. "That would be awfully mean."

Hollis agreed that the matter called for some explanation. "But it costs so much!" she moaned. "If I'm nice and tactful, and save poor Monty's feelings, it will cost about \$50."

"Well, a friend's feelings ought to be worth that much," smiled Hollis.

Ashforth flushed. "Oh, Hollis, you don't understand."

He put his hand quickly in his pocket. "Please," he said, "let me pay for Monty's wireless. That's the least I can do. Go in the writing-room, dear, and get a message ready. Tell him whatever you choose, and don't you dare to save any money on it."

Ashforth looked perplexed. "I don't like to tell him about you," she admitted, "for that I'm engaged. Because I think, mother, ought to know first. Besides, it would seem rather wretched, announcing it like that."

"It might be a mistake," agreed Hollis. "Even confidential men make a way of becoming property. I shouldn't mention my name, if I were you. We don't want to be met down the harbor by a lot of reporters and photographers."

Ashforth looked startled. "I keep forgetting," she declared, "what a famous man you are. Why, I suppose it's going to be like Gene Tunney's engagement! You know they say, Hollis, you're the most eligible bachelor in America. Hollis!"

She clutched his arm in terror. "They won't chase me around like Polly Lander, will they?"

"I'm afraid," he admitted, "that there will be a little excitement. It's absurd, of course—the news value that the press places on the private affairs of individuals. But I don't know what we can do about it."

"You're lots more famous than Gene Tunney!" she teased. "Oh, no!" he protested. "Mr. Tunney was a world champion, and a unique one, at that. An erudite boxer. And a handsome Hercules, besides. A self-made man, marrying a society heiress, and crashing the gates of the elite."

"But you're a millionaire," she smiled. "And I'm a poor little stenographer."

"Well," he admitted ruefully, "the tabloids will have their fun with us, I suppose. You'll be Beauty, and I'll be the Beast. I've no doubt they'll smear us over their front pages."

"Oh, no," she protested. "It won't be like that. I'll be the cold-blooded scheming stenographer who traded her millionaire love, and did her stuff under a tropical moon. I'll be Cinderella, turned vamp."

"Just as you wish," Hollis acquiesced.

"But I can't just tell him 'No'!"

He laughed at her misgivings.

"Then we won't tell anyone," he proposed. "Send your Monty a kind, white lie. And we won't tell anybody until after we're married."

"You don't mind?" she asked. "You don't care, if we keep it a secret?"

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I think it's a very good idea. He was thinking of his aunts, and the tremendous concern they would surely feel."

Ashforth breathed a sigh of relief. "I'll be discreet," she promised, "as can be."

Then she went into the writing room, and scribbled a wireless to Monty. It cost \$10.00, and it never occurred to either of them that Monty would wonder where Ashforth had acquired that much money. She signed it "Love, Ashforth," and felt a little guilty as she read the message over.

"But I'll explain everything by and by," she reasoned. "And the most important thing now is to keep Monty out of the way. There will be time enough later for explanations. I simply can't afford to take a chance of letting people know about things. Heavens, I'd be mobbed like that Washington girl who married the man from India! It's just dreadful, the way the newspapers chase people!"

Hollis apparently shared her dread of publicity. When they reached New York, they went to different hotels. Ashforth took a train for Boston. And Hollis flew over by air mail.

"I'll go to see you immediately," he promised.

But Ashforth thought she had better prepare Maizie for the initial meeting.

"No," she instructed him. "Let me telephone you at the club, and make an appointment. I'll see you the very minute I can. But I can't tell who may be at the flat, or whether or not we'd have a moment's privacy. Besides, I want to break this news to mother."

"Will she be upset?" he asked. "Not when she knows how happy I am," she leaned, and kissed him swiftly in the taxi that was bearing them uptown. "Are you happy, Maizie?"

Her eyes were gleaming like stars, and her skin was pale, and soft as the petals of the pure white orchids she wore. He thought he had never before seen a woman so beautiful and so altogether desirable.

"I'll never be quite happy," he whispered, "until you've married me. I shan't dare be sure of you until then, Orchid."

They drove for an hour through Central Park, and he held her in his arms, and kissed her as though he could never let her go. They lunched at the Ritz. And, afterward, Ashforth took an afternoon train for Boston. Hollis would leave later by plane.

Ashforth had telephoned her mother from New York, and Maizie was at the South Station to meet her. Ashforth saw her first, waiting outside the gates. The hapless woman in sight. She was wearing her best clothes—the purple velvet

ensemble. A little shabby now, and pulling at the seams. Her face was flushed, and wreathed in a broad smile.

Ashforth, trailing a porter and wearing orchids, came down the platform like Queen Marie of Rumania, with her head high and a sort of regal way about her. Maizie's heart beat thrillingly. Foully tears flowed down her powdered cheeks. And, because she could not stop them, Ashforth came toward her through a sort of mist, like a vision of loveliness.

Public exhibitions of affection are very vulgar—Ashforth always said so. But Maizie couldn't help it. She threw her arms about her daughter, and cried with joy and pride, kissing her loudly. And Ashforth did not mind. She cried a little herself, surprisingly. And folded her shabby mother in her slim, cool arms.

Then she told the porter to call a taxi. When they reached the street, she gave him a dollar (Hollis had slipped any number of bills in her bag), and settling herself in the cab, kissed her mother all over again.

There was something about Ashforth that made Maizie believe in the goodness of God. To be sure, God had taken Joe away. And had sent poverty, and any number of other things, besides. But—above all—God had given a beautiful daughter to Maizie. And for that special blessing she thanked Him each night on her knees. That was getting stiff and a bit rheumatic.

"Oh, Lamb!" she cried. "It's grand, having you home again!"

"Did you miss me, mother?"

"It was like having the light go out of my life."

Maizie threw a plump arm about Ashforth's shoulder, and drew her close in a convulsive hug. "Mother never knew how much she loved her baby," she declared solemnly.

"How did the work go, mother?"

"Lovely, dear. Just lovely. But my lady got feeling better last week, and so she let me go. I was just as glad I got the flat all fixed up nice and clean, and did some cooking. Brownies, Ashforth! And an apple pie. And we're going to have chocolate pudding with whipped cream for dessert."

"Mmm! You're so good to me, Maizie!" Ashforth pressed gratefully against her mother. "And now, darling, I'm going to begin doing the nicest things for you."

Maizie smiled beautifully.

"You're always doing nice things for me, honey. Did you have a beautiful time, baby lamb?"

"Oh, beautiful, mother! I don't know how to begin telling you. You'll be surprised!"

"Speaking of surprises—" Maizie tumbled in her velvet bag. "I had a wire just as I was leaving from Monty. What do you think that boy's doing? You'd never guess. He's flying to Boston, to see you, Ashforth! In a flying machine, from New York! I never was so flabbergasted! You could just about knocked me over with a feather when the Western Union boy came up to the flat. I was in the hall, and—"

"Mother!" Ashforth clutched

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the yellow envelope. "Not tonight? Let me see!"

She read it helplessly. "ARRIVING BY PLANE MUST SEE ASHTORETH IMMEDIATELY MONTY ENGLISH."

Maizie was peering over her shoulder.

"I guess he means tonight all right, Maizie," she said. "Ain't you glad? I should think you'd be real glad to see Monty—a nice boy like him, Ashforth."

"Well, I'm not!"

Ashforth drew away petulantly. "I sent him a wireless from the boat, telling him not to meet me. I should think he'd know enough to leave me alone, after that."

"But, Ashforth—honey—why you got to be so mean to Monty?"

"Oh, mother! You don't understand!"

Ashforth twisted her fingers nervously. She wondered about airplane service. Hollis had said something about trying to get over on the air mail. She wondered if there would be room for two passengers. If, perhaps, he and Monty were flying together. What a hateful coincidence that would be!

"I thought you'd be so pleased," Maizie was saying. "I've got another little surprise—and I was sort of counting on Monty's coming to take the curse off this other surprise. I'm afraid you won't be much pleased, Ashforth, but I didn't know what I could do, it wasn't as if—"

"For goodness sake, mother, what is it?"

A