

Disinherited

By HELOISE BRAYTON

When Tom Pickering was first married it didn't seem to him that he would ever care to spend an evening anywhere except with his dear wife in their cozy little home, and for the first fortnight he went nowhere in the evening unless he took her with him.

During the second month some of his premarital cronies were having a little poker party and telephoned him to join them. He did so.

That was Pickering's first relapse, but not his last. Indeed, he had a great many of them—so many that he found it difficult to find excuses for them. Mrs. Pickering was a dear little woman and a very sensible one. She argued that if she found fault with her husband for leaving her alone nights while he enjoyed the pleasures of bachelorhood there would arise a series of alterations which would render his home unpleasant to him and he would stay away altogether.

Nor was this the worst of it. A man hobnobbing with men must spend money. He can't avoid it. It's a game of billiards, a cigar, an evening at the theater. This all makes a considerable total. The consequence was that when his wife felt like enjoying an evening where she might listen to music, of which she was very fond, the husband's expenditures had so reduced the exchequer that there were no funds for the purpose.

This wasn't right. Pickering knew it wasn't right, but found himself unable to break away from his associations. He said the only way to do that was to leave the place where they lived and go to some other. But when his wife asked him how he was going to get a position in some other place he had no answer. He looked sober, and that ended the conversation.

So Mrs. Pickering fell into the habit of enduring without complaint. One night when Pickering had gone out there came a ring at the telephone. Mrs. Pickering answered the call and learned that her husband's aunt was very ill and Tom was to come around immediately. The aunt, a maiden lady of sixty and in chronic bad health, was very fond of her nephew, and it was expected that she would make him her heir. Mrs. Pickering held a lengthy conversation with her informant, the old lady's housekeeper, with a view to taking steps to find the missing man. But it led to nothing, and Mrs. Pickering concluded to go to the sick woman herself.

She found the invalid suffering great pain. A physician was present, and the house was in a hubbub. The old lady was sure she was going to die and had sent for her lawyer to add a codicil to her will covering some small bequests she wished to make. Seeing her niece, she called her to her bed and told her to go to the telephone and not cease her calls till she had located Tom. He was the only relative she had in the world and she must have him with her when dying.

Since Tom Pickering was attending a show frequented only by men—no one knew where—his wife was unable to reach him. She gave it up and announced the fact to his aunt. The old lady meanwhile had got a temporary relief and was in fine condition to be angry with the man she wanted and couldn't get. She began a fire of questions at his wife as to his habits which the poor woman tried in vain to parry. The old lady was very sharp and drew out the fact, in spite of Mrs. Pickering's efforts to conceal it, that Tom was away most of the fine nights, spending it with his men cronies.

"And what do you do?" asked the sick woman.

"Oh, I am a great home body. I don't mind staying alone."
"H'm!" The old lady thought a few moments, then asked that the attorney be sent to her. When he came she directed him to draw a will for her to sign leaving all her property to Mary Ellen Pickering. The young wife was present and heard the order. She was much relieved, thinking that the old lady was about to disinherit her husband and leave her property elsewhere. Ellen made no comment, sitting silent until the will was drawn, signed and witnessed. Then she put her arms about the testator and assured her that she would live to make a dozen wills.

At midnight Mrs. Pickering went home, intending to return early in the morning. Tom came in about 2 o'clock and was about to go to his aunt when a telephone message came stating that the invalid had passed away. Mrs. Pickering gave her husband an account of what had passed excepting that he had been disinherited in her favor.

The day after the funeral the will was opened in presence of those interested and Tom Pickering, who was not named in the instrument. When he heard his wife's name read out as inheriting what he had expected he was astonished. Then, recovering his equanimity, he said:

"Well, it's all in the family. You can transfer it to me, you know."
Pickering had endured from having the family ruled by her husband, and the transfer was never made. Indeed, she controlled the income of her inheritance herself. However, Tom had received a lesson and turned over a new leaf. He is now a middle aged man and does not care to spend money for trifles. But he would prefer that his aunt's estate should be in his possession.

JULIET'S BALCONY.

It Looks Just as It Did When Romeo Wooded the Sweet Veronese.

This was the home of the Capulets, from whom descended Juliet, for whom so many kind hearts have wept and of whom the poets have sung.

You read the words on a tablet by the side of a tall and slender gray house in a quiet street of Verona. A few steps farther on the busy life of the old city is centered in the market place and in the one or two streets that lead from it. You stand in front of the lightly built dwelling, and you look at the slim balcony of wood from which bent forward the form of the radiant girl whose undying love story has echoed down the ages. It is an autumn day, and within the rail of the narrow framework some one has placed red flowers in tall green pots. A curtain at the little window moves in the breeze, and you expect at any moment to see the dainty form of Juliet appear and to hear a rippling laugh fall from her lips.

A woman steps from the room beyond, through the open window and stands to listen. She has a child in her arms, and he claps his hands, laughing and crowing, no doubt just as the beloved Veronese did centuries ago. The mother hushes him, for she is intently listening to the market cries. In the midst of that everyday life walks the immortal Juliet—London Telegraph.

POWER OF THE SUN.

If Man Could Only Utilize It In a Perfect Heat Engine.

The heat of the sun that would be received on one square acre of the earth's surface at right angles to the rays of the sun, if the sky was clear and all other conditions favorable, would, if man could utilize all in a perfect heat engine, exert the power of 12,000 horses. But this figure is not of mathematical accuracy owing to the discrepancy of results among different researchers in many parts of the world, on plains at sea level, higher, and on tops of the highest mountains to which scientific instruments could be carried.

And this great force has been at work during millions of years in forming the world for the abode of coming man. Winds, tides, rains, chemical activity, coal, wood, oil—these and more are all due to this vast power of the sun.

A "horsepower" show much longer will this word be used, when kilowatt is so much better? Is a force that can lift a weight of 33,000 pounds through a height of one foot in one minute. Thus the solar power reaching the deck of a ship going steamer, if all made available by the genius of man, could run the engines at a reasonable and comparatively safe rate.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Satellites of Saturn.

Photometric studies of six of the principal satellites of Saturn, made by Guthnick of the royal observatory of Berlin, indicate a confirmation of the previous conclusions of other observers that several, and perhaps all, of these satellites behave like our own moon in keeping always the same side toward the planet around which they revolve. In regard to the satellite named Tethys, an interesting hypothesis is offered to account for its very marked changes of luminosity. The theory is that Tethys possesses the form of a long ellipsoid, the two principal axes of which are to one another in the ratio of five to two. A similar suggestion has been made concerning the shape of the asteroid Eros, which likewise exhibits great variations of light, according to its position in its orbit around the sun.—Harper's.

Keep the Armpits Down.

It is strange that not one person in a thousand knows how to help a man on with his coat or a lady with her jacket. They all make the mistake of holding the garment too high, especially the last sleeve. They lift it so that a man nearly dislocates his arm reaching for it. The more futile he grabs and claws and lurches for it the higher they hold it until the wretched victim would have to get on a pair of stilts to find the armpit. The proper way? Why, hold the coat so that the armpits are as low down as the man's waist, taking care to keep the skirt of the garment off the floor, of course. If there is any struggle to find the last armpit, drop it still lower. Never raise it. Drop it until his hand slips into it naturally.

Emily Bronte.

G. K. Chesterton has added his meed of praise to Emily Bronte, the woman writer, who of all others has perhaps won most unstinted praise from men. A splendid creature Chesterton calls the author of "Wuthering Heights," and the book itself he finds likewise splendid. "But there is nothing human about it. It might have been written by an eagle."

A Perfect Defense.

"Sam, dear," asked Mrs. Prouty, who had been away from home the greater part of July and August, "what is the matter with the garden?"

"I don't know," answered Sam humbly. "I haven't done anything to it."—Youth's Companion.

Spunky Retort.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, why did you sleep last night when I was talking to you? Henry—My dear, I did not feign sleep, though I fain would have slept.—Judge.

ASYLUM HAS BEEN ACCEPTED

REPRESENTING STATE, OLCOTT ACCEPTS BUILDING.

Contractors Are Praised—Minor Works Remain Undone.

With warm compliments for the thoroughness and quality of their work on the Eastern Oregon Branch hospital, Ben W. Olcott, secretary of state, acting as representative of the state board today formally accepted the work from the contractors and the big institution is now the property of the state, says the Paulton East Oregonian of Monday.

Though the buildings have been accepted by the state there is still some little work to be done on certain of the buildings. The hardware for the doors in the wards has been delayed at the factory and therefore is not yet installed. However, under the terms of the contract the state retains a substantial sum for 30 days so that state will be assured of the prompt completion of all the work.

Discussing the work and the contractors this afternoon Secretary Olcott said:

"I want to express my own appreciation and I know I also speak the sentiments of the board, of the work done by Olson & Johnson. They have done mighty fine work for the state. They have done the best possible work and they have done it cheerfully and that is more than I can say of some other contractors who have done work for the state. We specially appreciate the work of the contractors here because of the understanding they have not made any money off the job."

While viewing the construction work today Secretary Olcott and State Architect Knighton who accompanied him on the trip, have also been going over the ground plans and the question of additional buildings such as the piggery and dairy buildings. They express themselves as extremely well pleased with the progress made at the institution.

"If there are any people who think we have not a good institution here let them go to Salem and see the arrangement of the main institution," says Olcott.

While here today the secretary of state also made it very plain that Superintendent McNary has the united support of the state board in his policy of selecting the branch hospital staff with a view solely to efficiency. The superintendent is instructed to pay no heed to recommendations of a

political nature and to get a staff of trained officials and attendants to care for the institution.

On his trip to Pendleton this time Secretary Olcott was accompanied by his bride to whom he was married at Salem Christmas day. Mrs. Olcott was formerly Miss Lena Hutton, a sister of Mrs. Oswald West and the marriage occurred at the home of the governor and Mrs. West. Both Mr. and Mrs. Olcott are well known to local Salemites who have been pleased to greet them as man and wife.

Governor West did not make the trip to Pendleton owing to the fact he is just now busy with preparation of his biennial message to the legislature. Sate Treasurer Kay was also unable to attend and therefore Mr. Olcott had the duty of representing the entire board.

Spokane Hen Industrious.

Spokane, Wash., Jan. 7.—That the humble hen has strongly marked charitable instincts is being demonstrated in Spokane this week where 2000 hens that came for show remained to lay.

The product of their efforts is being given to the needy people of Spokane, some of whom are enjoying for the first time in many years an egg that a hen would be proud to claim as its output.

It is the joint donation of poultry raisers and hens from all parts of the Pacific northwest, assembled at the annual show of the Inland Empire Poultry and Pet Stock association. The fact that the show came during Christmas week led the exhibitors to agree to donate all eggs laid by their show birds to a goodfellowship fund being raised by the Associated Charities.

Each night the eggs were collected at the big building housing the show and on the following day were delivered to poor families.

In addition, exhibitors from nearby ranches brought in many wagonloads of apples, potatoes, carrots and all kinds of garden truck for distribution among the poor.

Spokane had been particularly fortunate this year in its efforts to take Christmas cheer to unfortunates, as work has been plentiful on account of a large amount of building and railroad construction projects, totaling more than \$20,000,000. Charitable efforts have been unified to a considerable degree, and a ready response has been given by the people generally.

A large store room was filled with gifts of clothing, food and toys as a result of the Goodfellowship fund, and cash donations were numerous. All the poor children of the city, including those at the orphan homes, were invited to a large Christmas tree celebration.



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