

"Are you alone, Millie?"

"Yes. Oh, Teddie!"

"Hush, Millie; can't we go up to your room or somewhere? No one must see me or know I am here. I have something to tell you."

"What can it be? But come on."

Trembling with the sense of impending danger that was forcing itself upon her, she slipped her arm through her brother's and led him up stairs. They came down again soon after midnight, carrying two well-filled valises. In the morning Aunt Priscilla found a trembly, little note on Mildred's untouched pillow, which read—

Dearest Auntie—I am going away for Ted's sake; but don't tell, please. Just say that I have gone away. If I never see you again always remember that I love you dearly. Take Lucy in my place.
YOUR LOVING MILLIE.

"Drat that scapegrace brother of her's," cried Aunt Priscilla warmly.

In the mail that morning Arthur Aiken received the following—

Dearest Arthur—Farewell forever, though it breaks my heart to say it.
YOUR OWN MILLIE.

He and Aunt Priscilla compared notes and drew their own inference, when a few weeks later it was discovered that the young cashier, Edward Mitchell, of a neighboring city, had been guilty of heavy forgery, his guilt being sufficiently proved by his sudden disappearance.

"She would die for that boy," said Aunt Priscilla.

With her own lips, in the dirty, little parlor of The Pass tavern, Mildred Mitchell—no longer a lovely girl, but a grief-faded, toil-worn woman—told the sequel of the above to Arthur Aiken, a handsome, noble man of wealth, still unmarried—told of the silly, little girl that Ted had clandestinely married, and who had to be taken along in their perilous flight; of the long years of privation and toil in their almost unknown home; of Ted's childlike clinging to her all this time; of his wife's weakness; of the five little ones whom, each in turn, she had learned to love and then had been compelled to rob for their tiny graves; of Ted's tragic death and pitiable burial; of Jess's inconstancy to his memory, and now of this new trial.

To it all, told as it was, in such an humble, unconscious way, Arthur Aiken listened with tear-dimmed eyes.

"And, after all, my life is a failure, now that dear Ted needs me no more," she said pathetically.

"Why, Mildred Mitchell!" he cried, admiringly, "don't you know that you are a heroine?"

A messenger from The Pass rode Dick home the following day, while the stage, connecting with an

eastern bound train, was bearing Arthur Aiken and the "Heroine of the Rockies"—his bride—in the opposite direction.
VELMA CALDWELL MELVILLE.

The alacrity with which the citizens of Baker City seized the opportunity presented for the establishment of reduction works, shows to what extent they are interested in the welfare of their town and section. True, the beginning they have made does not tally in magnitude with similar enterprises in older and wealthier cities; but the Rubicon of decision has been crossed, the die of certainty has been cast, and the first shriek of the whistle from these works on the banks of Powder river will be as a herald proclaiming unto the world grand results yet to follow. Instances have been quoted wherein it is said the architect builded better than he knew. In securing the establishment of this plant—we speak of it as an assured fact—every foot of real estate in Baker City is enhanced in value, the solidity and permanency of our city, as a business center is intensified and strengthened, better roads to our mining camps will grow out of it, hundreds of now idle men will soon find employment, either in extracting the precious ores from their granite fastnesses or in transporting them to our nearest shipping point on the railroad. The establishment of these works will give us prestige abroad, it will attract immigration, bring capital to our aid and in many other ways help us as a people who are striving to help ourselves and the section in which our lot is cast.—*Democrat*.

The government still owns from 50,000,000 to 70,000,000 acres of timber land, notwithstanding the denuding processes that annually lessen the acreage. To cheap sales have been added the thieving instincts of powerful corporations until it seems as if posterity is to be ruthlessly robbed of its heritage of trees. A Chicago corporation has stripped large areas in the Sierra Nevadas, while this coast has been by no means exempt from big and little thieves who go unpunished for their robberies of wood. Laws designed to assist the settler by giving him access to necessary fuel and lumber on the government's domain, are used as cloaks to cover a wholesale onslaught upon the forests. In no sense are the forests of the arid belts more valuable than as regulators of the rainfall. No artificial means can take their place in influencing the water supply, and they should be jealously protected from the vandal hand of the speculator in pine. It is hoped that the memorial sent to congress by the American Forestry Association, asking that government timber land be withdrawn from sale, pending an examination of the forests on the public domain, will lead to wholesome legislation. The forests have been too long neglected.—*Oregon Statesman*.