

REEDY'S REEDY'S

CENTRAL OREGON GARAGE

We are now prepared to do tire vulcanizing by steam.

Let us talk over the tire problem with you.

Let us start you right for the coming season with a new set of tires.

We have a stock of two of the best lines—Goodyear and United States.

CENTRAL OREGON GARAGE

REEDY'S REEDY'S

Vincent's LIVERY, FEED and TRANSFER

REDMOND, - OREGON
Phone No. 1702

W. J. Buckley

THE MAN WHO DOES ALL KINDS OF

Light and Heavy Hauling

Phone 502. Redmond, Ore.

Milk

Milk and cream delivered to any part of the city. 15 quarts of milk for \$1.00.

Leave orders at Hobbs' store or Redmond Pharmacy.

C. S. KENYON

W. B. DAGGETT Attorney at Law

U. S. COMMISSIONER

OFFICE ONE DOOR NORTH BANK OF COMMERCE REDMOND, - - - OREGON

Denton G. Burdick

Successor to G. A. McFarlane and Burdick & Murphy

LAWYER

Practice in all courts and U. S. Land Office

REDMOND, - OREGON

WHEN IN PRINEVILLE —CALL AT—

The Brosius Bar

FINEST BRANDS OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

LAGER BEER ON DRAUGHT

F. E. BROSIUS, Proprietor.



Copyright, 1912 by George Barr McCutcheon. Copyright, 1912 by Doss, Mead & Company

Yes, there wasn't a nose there that couldn't be counted with perfect serenity. It was a notable occasion.

Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, had made out the list. She did not consult her daughter-in-law in the matter. It is true that Sara forestalled her in a way by sending word, through Leslie, that she would be pleased if Mrs. Wrاندall would issue invitations to as many of Challis' friends as she deemed advisable. As for herself, she had no wish in the matter; she would be satisfied with whatever arrangements the family cared to make.

It is not to be supposed, from the foregoing, that Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, was not stricken to the heart by the lamentable death of her idol.



He Did Not Mean to Be Unfeeling.

He was her idol. He was her first-born, he was her love-born. He came to her in the days when she loved her husband without much thought of respecting him. She was beginning to regard him as something more than a lover when Leslie came, so it was different. When their daughter Vivian was born, she was plainly annoyed but wholly respectful. Mr. Wrاندall was no longer the lover; he was her lord and master. The head of the house of Wrاندall was a person to be looked up to, to be respected and admired by her, for he was a very great man, but he was dear to her only because he was the father of Challis, the first-born.

In the order of her nature, Challis therefore was her most dearly beloved, Vivian the least desired and last in her affections as well as in sequence. Strangely enough, the three of them perfected a curiously significant record of conjugal endowments. Challis had always been the wild, wayward, unrestrained one, and by far the most lovable; Leslie, almost as good looking but with scarcely a noticeable trace of charm that made his brother attractive; Vivian, handsome, selfish and as cheerless as the wind that blows across the icebergs in the north. Challis had been born with a widely enveloping heart and an elastic conscience; Leslie with a brain and a soul and not much of a heart, as things go; Vivian with a soul alone, which belonged to God, after all, and not to her. Of course she had a heart, but it was only for the purpose of pumping blood to remote extremities, and had nothing whatever to do with anything so unutterably extraneous as love, charity or self-sacrifice.

As for Mr. Redmond Wrاندall he was a very proper and dignified gentleman, and old for his years.

It may be seen, or rather surmised, that if the house of Wrاندall had not been so admirably centered under its own vine and fig tree, it might have become divided against itself without much of an effort.

Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall was the vine and fig tree.

And now they had brought her dearly beloved son home to her, murdered and—disgraced. If it had been either of the others, she could have said: "God's will be done." Instead, she cried out that God had turned against her.

Leslie had had the bad taste—or perhaps it was misfortune—to blurt out an agonized "I told you so" at a time when the family was sitting numb and hushed under the blight of the first horrid blow. He did not mean to be unfeeling. It was the truth bursting from his unhappy lips.

"I knew Chal would come to this—I knew it," he had said. His arm was about the quivering shoulders of his mother as he said it.

She looked up, a sob breaking in her throat. For a long time she looked into the face of her second son.

"How can you—how dare you say such a thing as that?" she cried, aghast.

He colored, and drew her closer to him.

"I—I didn't mean it," he faltered. "You have always taken sides against him," began his mother.

"Please, mother," he cried miserably.

"You say this to me now," she went on. "You who are left to take his place in my affection—why, Leslie, I—I—"

Vivian interposed. "Les is upset, mamma darling. You know he loved Challis as deeply as any of us loved him."

Afterwards the girl said to Leslie when they were quite alone: "She will never forgive you for that, Les. It was a beastly thing to say."

He bit his lip, which trembled. "She's never cared for me as she cared for Chal. I'm sorry if I've made it worse."

"See here, Leslie, was Chal so—so—"

"Yes. I meant what I said a while ago. It was sure to happen to him one time or another. Sara's had a lot to put up with."

"Sara! If she had been the right sort of a wife, this never would have happened."

"After all is said and done, Vivie, Sara's in a position to rub it in on us if she's of a mind to do so. She won't do it, of course, but—I wonder if she isn't gloating, just the same."

"Haven't we treated her as one of us?" demanded she, dabbing her handkerchief in her eyes. "Since the wedding, I mean. Haven't we been kind to her?"

"Oh, I think she understands us perfectly," said her brother.

"I wonder what she will do now?" mused Vivian, in that speech casting her sister-in-law out of her narrow little world as one would throw aside a burnt-out match.

"She will profit by experience," said he, with some pleasure in a superior wisdom.

In Mrs. Wrاندall's sitting room at the top of the broad stairway sat the family—that is to say, the immediate family—a solemn-faced footman in front of the door that stood fully ajar so that the occupants might hear the words of the minister as they ascended, sonorous and precise, from the hall below.

A minister was he who knew the buttered side of his bread. His discourse was to be a beautiful one. He stood at the front of the stairs and faced the assembled listeners in the hall, the drawing room and the entrance, but his infinitely touching words went up one flight and lodged.

Sara Wrاندall sat a little to the left of and behind Mrs. Redmond Wrاندall, about whom were grouped the three remaining Wrاندalls, father, son and daughter, closely drawn together. Well to the fore were Wrاندall uncles and cousins and aunts, and one or two carefully chosen blood relations to the mistress of the house, whose hand had long been set against kinsmen of less exalted promise.

Beside Sara Wrاندall, on the small, pink divan, sat a stranger in this somber company; a young woman in black, whose pale face was uncovered, and whose lashes were lifted so rarely that one could not know of the deep, real pain that lay behind them, in her Irish blue eyes.

She had arrived at the house an hour or two before the time set for the ceremony, in company with the widow. True to her resolution, the widow of Challis Wrاندall had remained away from the home of his people until the last hour. She had been consulted, to be sure, in regard to the final arrangements, but the meetings had taken place in her own apartment, many blocks distant from the house in lower Fifth avenue. The afternoon before she had received Redmond Wrاندall and Leslie, his son. She had not sent for them. They came perfunctorily and not through any sense of obligation. These two at least knew that sympathy was not what she wanted, but peace. Twice during the two trying days, Leslie had come to see her. Vivian telephoned.

On the occasion of his first visit, Leslie had met the guest in the house. The second time he called, he made it a point to ask Sara all about her.

It was he who gently closed the door after the two women when, on the morning of the funeral, they entered the dark, flower-laden room in which stood the casket containing the body of his brother. He left them alone together in that room for half an hour or more, and it was he who went forward to meet them when they came forth. Sara leaned on his arm as she ascended the stairs to the room where the others were waiting. The ashen-faced girl followed, her eyes lowered, her gloved hands clenched.

Mrs. Wrاندall, the elder, kissed Sara and drew her down beside her on the couch. To her own surprise, as well as that of the others, Sara broke down and wept bitterly. After all, she was sorry for Challis' mother. It was the human instinct, she could not hold out against it. And the older woman put away the ancient grudge she held against this mortal enemy and dissolved into tears of real compassion.

A little later she whispered brokenly in Sara's ear: "My dear, my dear, this has brought us together. I hope you will learn to love me."

Sara caught her breath, but uttered no word. She looked into her mother-in-law's eyes, and smiled through her tears. The Wrاندalls, looking on in amazement, saw the smile reflected in the face of the older woman. Then it was that Vivian crossed quickly and put her arms about the shoulders of her sister-in-law. The white flag on both sides.

Hetty Castleton stood alone and wavering, just inside the door. No stranger situation could be imagined than the one in which this unfortunate girl found herself at the present moment. She was virtually in the hands of those who would destroy her; she was in the house of those who most deeply were affected by her act on that fatal night. Among them all she stood, facing them, listening to the moans and sobs, and yet her limbs did not give way beneath her.

Some one gently touched her arm. It was Leslie. She shrank back, a fearful look in her eyes. In the semi-darkness he failed to note the expression.

"Won't you sit here?" he asked, indicating the little pink divan against the wall. "Forgive me for letting you stand so long."

She looked about her, the wild light still in her eyes. She was like a rat in a trap.

Her lips parted, but the word of thanks did not come forth. A strange, inarticulate sound, almost a gasp, came instead. Pallid as a ghost, she dropped limply to the divan, and dug her fingers into the satin seat. As if fascinated, she stared over the black heads of the three women immediately in front of her at the full-length portrait hanging where the light from the hall fell upon it: the portrait of a dashing youth in riding togs.

A moment later Sara Wrاندall came over and sat beside her. The girl shivered as with a mighty chill when the warm hand of her friend fell upon hers and enveloped it in a firm clasp.

"His mother kissed me," whispered Sara. "Did you see?"

The girl could not reply. She could only stare at the open door. A small, hatchet-faced man had come up from below and was nodding his head to Leslie Wrاندall—a man with short side whiskers, and a sepulchral look in his eyes. Then, having received a sign from Leslie, he tiptoed away. Almost instantly the voices of people singing softly came from some distant remote part of the house.

And then, a little later, the perfectly modulated voice of a man in prayer.

Back of her, Wrاندalls; beside her, Wrاندalls; beneath her, friends of the Wrاندalls; outside, the rabble, those who would join with these black, raven-like specters in tearing her to pieces if they but knew!

The droning voice came up from below, each well-chosen word distinct and clear: tribute beautiful to the irreproachable character of the deceased. Leslie watched the face of the girl, curiously fascinated by the set, emotionless features, and yet without a conscious interest in her. He was dully sensible to the fact that she was beautiful, uncommonly beautiful. It did not occur to him to feel that she was out of place among them, that she belonged down stairs. Somehow she was a part of the surroundings, like the specter at the feast.

If he could have witnessed all that transpired while Sara was in the room below with her guest—her companion, as he had come to regard her without having in fact been told as much—he would have been lost in a maze of the most overwhelming emotions.

To go back: The door had barely closed behind the two women when Hetty's trembling knees gave way beneath her. With a low moan of horror, she slipped to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

Sara knelt beside her. "Come," she said gently, but firmly; "I must exact this much of you. If we are to go on together, as we have planned, you must stand beside me at his bier. Together we must look upon him for the last time. You must see him as I saw him up there in the country. I had my cruel blow that night. It is your turn now. I will not blame you for what you did. But if you expect me to go on believing that you did a brave thing that night, you must convince me that you are not a coward now. It is the only test I shall put you to. Come; I know it is hard. I know it is terrible, but it is the true test of your ability to go through with it to the end. I shall know then that you have the courage to face anything that may come up."

She waited a long time, her hand on the girl's shoulder. At last Hetty arose.

"You are right," she said hoarsely. "I should not be afraid."

Later on they sat over against the wall beyond the casket, into which they had peered with widely varying emotions. Sara had said: "You know that I loved him."

The girl put her hands to her eyes and bowed her head.

"Oh, how can you be so merciful to me?"

"Because he was not," said Sara, white-lipped. Hetty glanced at the

Illustration of Hetty's trembling knees.

Hetty's Trembling Knees Gave Way Beneath Her.

half-averted face with queer, indescribable expression in her eyes.

If Leslie Wrاندall could have looked Continued on Page 3

THE OLDEST BANK IN REDMOND

SOLICITS YOUR BUSINESS

Liberal Treatment. Conservative Management.

Read Our Statements.

Interest Paid on Deposits.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

State Bank of Redmond
REDMOND, OREGON

The Spokesman reaches farmers in the Paulina, Suplee, Post, Heid, Grizzly, Barns, Roberts, Lamonts, Prineville, Laidlaw, Sisters, Fife, Deschutes, Alfalfa, Powell Butte, Cline Falls and other districts in the county—in fact, covers the whole county. If merchants and others want to reach the farmers in these districts they can do so by advertising in The Spokesman.

Hides and Pelts

Highest market price paid in CASH for the above

REDMOND MARKET

J. B. ROE, Proprietor.

Wood and Iron Work

If there is anything you want in the above line call on me. I have a plant capable of doing all kinds of work in wood and iron, and will save you money on all orders placed with me. I can make any furniture you may want.

G. W. DAVIES

The Old Pioneer Blacksmith of Redmond

If you want to SELL your property List it with "That Man McCaffery" He doesn't ask an exclusive right; he can sell it anyway

Bowling, Pool and Billiards

...At the...

PASTIME

If you want to enjoy an hour or two of healthful recreation, you should come to The Pastime, where you will find everything is first-class in the above line. Two bowling alleys that are perfectly true, and pool and billiard tables in right condition for playing on.

CIGARS, TOBACCO, SOFT DRINKS AND CONFECTIONERY

C. R. BRISTOW, Proprietor