

Mme. Petroff

By BARBARA PHIPPS

It was midwinter in what was then St. Petersburg, now Petrograd. A party of ladies and gentlemen were skating on the Neva. A lady was standing somewhat apart from the others looking at the skaters. Noticing two gentlemen go by her in company, she turned to a lady standing near and asked who they were. She was informed that one of them was a grand duke, the other Count Demidoff. At the mention of the latter name the inquirer started. Her informant noticed it and asked the cause, whereupon the other said something which interested the hearer greatly.

"I am Mme. Garotsky," the latter said. "I know the count very well. If you will permit I will arrange a meeting between you and him."

The next day Count Demidoff received an invitation to dinner with Mme. Garotsky to meet a friend of hers from one of the provinces. He accepted the invitation, and the moment he laid eyes on a guest to whom he was introduced as Mme. Petroff he was struck with her beauty. Not only that; he was delighted with her intelligence. After the dinner Mme. Garotsky pleaded an indisposition and, retiring to her room, left her two guests together.

The count passed a delightful evening. Before taking his departure he had confessed that he was a married man, but was not living with his wife. Indeed, he had been married by proxy and had never seen his wife. He belonged to a very old family, his title dating back many centuries, and would have had the entrée to the court circle had he the means to associate with persons who spent money like water. He had advertised for some rich commoner who would marry him and turn over to him a portion of her estate in lieu of being permitted to assume his rank. It was to be a mere commercial transaction, the two separating as soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed. His advertisement met the eye of a young widow who had inherited a large fortune from her husband, a very rich manufacturer much older than herself, who had died soon after their marriage. She offered a large slice of her estate for the privilege of being a countess, and, since neither expressed a wish to see the other and the widow lived in a remote province, they were married by proxy.

Mme. Petroff listened to this story, and the count fancied that he saw a sigh, which he attributed to the fact that he was a married man. Indeed, he had been captivated by the lady and was saddened at the thought that a marriage between him and her was impossible. However, when they parted he took her address in the city and the very next day called upon her.

Mme. Petroff remained in Petrograd some time and gave the count every encouragement to be with her. They drove together, skated together, and Demidoff secured invitations for her. One day he told her that he loved her and would be only too glad to marry her were it not for the insurmountable objection that kept them apart.

Notwithstanding the fact of that objection, when Mme. Petroff returned to her home she invited Count Demidoff to visit her there. He scarcely understood this, for she had given him evidence of being a good woman, and if she could be anything more than a friend to him it could only be a wife, and to be his wife was impossible. He was both to go, feeling that since he could not possess her he was only sinking deeper in misery. He had sounded her on the matter of a possible return of the fortune he had received from his wife and a divorce. But she had declared that on no account would she marry a divorced man.

When the count entered the place wherein Mme. Petroff lived he was astonished at its magnificence. On entering the house he found every luxury. His hostess introduced him to her mother, who lived with her, thus making his visit perfectly proper.

Count Demidoff's stay in the home of Mme. Petroff was like a visit to fairyland. Every day the hostess contrived new methods of passing the time. One thing surprised the count—there were no other guests except himself. Moreover, all the servants seemed to be acting as if they had been trained to a part. When they said "Yes, madame," sometimes they said "Yes, Mme. Petroff," and at all times they appeared to be saying what the simple creatures were not used to saying. One evening a lucky who was sent to summon the count for dinner said:

"The countess awaits your excellency."
"The countess!" exclaimed Demidoff.
"I mean Mme. Petroff," said the poor fellow, covered with confusion.
"There is something concealed here," said the count half aloud to himself and went down to his mistress.

"Countess," he said, "may I take you in to dinner?"
"What?" exclaimed the hostess. "You have got my secret?"
"I have," replied the count, making a gigantic bluff.
"And you know that I am your wife, the Countess Demidoff?"

It was the count's turn to be astonished.
"You my wife—you, the provincial with whom I exchanged my title for a portion of your fortune?"
"Then you did not know?"
"But I know now." And, springing forward, he caught her in his arms.

GIVE YOUR BEST.

Postponement of a righteous act is never right. The sooner we sow the seeds of love the sooner we begin to reap the bountiful harvest of happiness and joy. The sooner we give to the world the best we have the sooner the best will begin to come back to us; if not in visible material things, then in what is much to be desired—spiritual and mental delights.—Selected.

The Medal of Honor.

A military decoration more difficult to earn, or at least far more sparingly awarded than the emblem of the Legion of Honor, the Victoria cross or the Iron cross, is the medal of honor, which is the proud possession of a few American soldiers. The highest decorations that European governments bestow for exceptional valor may all be won in the ordinary course of duty, but the wearer of our medal of honor must have distinguished himself conspicuously "for gallantry and intrepidity above his comrades—service that involved extreme jeopardy of life or the performance of extraordinarily hazardous duty."—Exchange.

His Income.

"How much is he making?"
"Between a motorcycle and a car."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Very Brief.

A record of brevity in a holiday correspondence was established by a Frenchman in the eighteenth century. Voltaire and Piton, the epigrammatist, exchanged challenges to write the shortest possible letter. So when Voltaire was starting on a journey he wrote to Piton, "Eurus," which is the complete Latin for "I am going to the country." Piton's answer was just "T"—complete Latin for "go."

In business correspondence the record is divided between Victor Hugo, who, anxious to know how his "Les Misérables" was going, wrote to the publisher, "T" and the publisher, who triumphantly replied "T."

Wearing Your Rubbers.

How to elude your wife when she insists that you positively must wear your rubbers when you go out:

First.—Tell her you positively will not do it. This will produce in her an attitude of resignation, and she will almost forgive you for not wearing them for giving her a chance to act the role of a martyr.

Second.—Say that you never wore rubbers before you were married. She will then tell you that you were always sick, too, and will work herself into a jovial glow by thinking what good care she is taking of you.

Third.—Wear the rubbers to keep peace in the family.—Judge.

Wool in Early Virginia.

Great encouragement was given in Virginia in early days to the raising and manufacture of wool. The assembly estimated that five children not over thirteen years of age could by their work readily spin and weave enough to keep thirty persons clothed. Six pounds of tobacco were paid to any one bringing to the county courthouse where he resided a yard of homespun woolen cloth made wholly in his family; twelve pounds of tobacco were offered as a reward for a dozen pairs of woolen hose knitted at home. Slaves were taught to spin, and wool wheels and wool cards are found in the eighteenth century on every inventory of planters' household furnishings.

Mythology of Dragons.

The mythology of dragons is immensely mixed. The one thing certain seems to be that of the many writers who describe them not one ever saw them. Many of the descriptions come nearer to a winged crocodile than anything else, and the conjecture that the dragon idea was developed from some tradition of an extinct saurian seems probable. In the gypsy lore of southeastern Europe the "drakos" becomes the ogre of the nursery. He takes a human wife, hunts, is an expert in horseflesh and lives, of course, in a palace. Andrew Lang pointed out that the modern Greek story of "the last Drakos" is the same as that told in Scotland of "the last Piet."

Smothered in Roses.

The Sybarites slept on beds stuffed with rose leaves; the tyrant Dionysius had his couch filled with them; Verus would travel with a garland on his head and around his neck, and over his litter he had a thin net, with rose leaves intertwined; Antiochus luxuriated upon a bed of blooms even in winter days and nights, and when Cleopatra entertained Antony she had roses covering the floor to the depth of an ell.

We are told that Hellogabalus supplied so many at one of his banquets that several of his guests were suffocated in the endeavor to extricate themselves from the abundance—victims of a surfeit of sweet odors.

When Babies Were Taxed.

There was once a tax on babies in England, but it was only in force for a short time. The tax was put on in 1685 and abolished in 1706. The higher up in society a man was the more he had to pay for the privilege of being a happy father; a duke, for instance, had to pay £30, a marquis £25, and so on. Nowadays the reverse principle is in force, and the state allows so much rebate on income tax to those who have children and 30 shillings to mothers who are insured.

A DOUBLE MISTAKE

By ELINOR MARSH

"Ah, Mr. Edmonds! Happy to see you. But I confess that I am surprised."

"At what, may I ask?"

"Mother wrote me that you were very young looking for your age, but I did not expect to see a man who cannot have reached middle age."

"And I have been told that you, too, do not look your age."

"I? Why, how old do you think me?"

"A man has no right to think at all about a lady's age. I was given to understand that you do not look forty."

"Forty!"

"That's what I was told. To me you don't look over twenty. But perhaps there are two of you about twenty each."

"You speak in riddles."

"Did you never hear of the man who said that a woman of forty should be like a bank bill that may be changed for two twenties? Ha, ha!"

Mr. Edmonds was the only one of the two who laughed at his own joke. Miss Fielding looked at him, wondering if he were not a trifle daft. Her mother, who was a widow, had written her that she was engaged to be married to a Mr. Edmonds, who would call upon her; that he was of suitable age for the mother and she hoped Gwen would be pleased with him. Was her mother to marry a man who appeared to be fifteen or twenty years younger than herself, who cracked jokes about changing the woman he was to marry for two girls? What did it all mean?

As for Edmonds, his father had written him of his engagement and had asked him to call on his fiancée, who would be at home after a certain date. He supposed he was calling on his future stepmother, and Gwen suggested she was receiving her future stepfather.

"I must confess, Mr. Edmonds," said Gwen coldly, "that you are quite a different man from the one I expected to see."

"And I confess," was the smiling reply, "that I am very agreeably disappointed in you."

Gwen looked at him with a blank stare. "What kind of a person did you expect to meet?" she asked.

"A woman twice your age."

"And I expected to find in you a man from fifty to sixty."

"My father in that case would be from eighty to a hundred."

"I am not considering your father. I am speaking of a man of suitable age."

"But would you consider a man three-quarters of a century old a suitable girl for a girl?"

"Girl! Do you consider my mother a girl?"

It was now Mr. Edmonds' turn to be astonished. "I was given to understand that both your parents were dead," he said.

"My father is dead, but I assure you that if you are to talk as nonsensically to my mother as you have been talking to me you'll find her very much alive. I assure you she will not brook a proposal to change her for two young girls."

"All I have to say," rejoined Mr. Edmonds, with a puzzled look on his face, "is that, while I know nothing whatever of the prospective mother-in-law, the bride to be is very charming."

"What mother-in-law?"

"My father's. I fear that if she is disposed to be cranky there will be trouble in the family. My father is a well disposed man and I am sure will be able to get on with his bride, but as for a mother-in-law, if she is like the most of them it will be a monkey and a parrot business between them."

Miss Fielding stood looking at Mr. Edmonds with amazement and growing anger for a few moments, then went out of the room, saying as she went that her mother must have gone stark, staring mad. Reaching the front door she went out, shutting it behind her not over carefully.

"I wonder what the governor means," said Mr. Edmonds to himself, "by trying himself up to a young thing like that and evidently with a fine temper. And won't she make it hot for me!"

He waited until Gwen had had time to get some distance from the house, then went into the hall, took his hat, crumpled it down on his head, and went his way.

The next day Mrs. Fielding returned, learned that Mr. Edmonds had called and asked Gwen if she was pleased with him.

"Pleased with him?" said Gwen. "Mamma, have you gone mad to engage yourself to a young fellow who says he would like to change you for two girls, each twenty years old?"

"Gwen! What do you mean?"

"Why, mother; he's young enough to be your son."

"He is sixty-two."

Mother and daughter looked at each other without speaking.

"Are you sure that it was Mr. Edmonds who called?" asked the mother.

Gwen went to a dresser, took a card from it and handed it to her mother.

"Why, this is Harry's card."

"Harry?"

"Yes, stupid! Didn't you see the junior on it? Harry is Mr. Edmonds' only son. He is worth \$250,000 in his own right and would make a good catch for you."

"Catch!" cried Gwen in dismay. "I expect he considers that he has caught a tartar."

RED POLLS FOR SALE

I have a number of Red Poll calves bulls and heifers for sale, also a registered 5-year old Red Poll bull. See or phone Vincent Pietrok, Stayton, Ore.
5-25x

Dr. H. A. Beauchamp, Mrs. G. F. Korinek and Miss Marian Alexander motored to Portland Sunday, where the Dr. went to get Mrs. Beauchamp and little daughter who have been visiting relatives at that place.

Rev. Frank Ware of St. Johns, Wash., arrived Monday for a visit with his mother, Mrs. John Thomas and is assisting in the revival meetings being held here.

I. B. Carter and wife of the Waldo Hills were in Stayton Tuesday morning on their way to the John Thomas home east of Stayton where they spent the day visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thomas of Salem accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Sadie Smallman and Frank Bannoy of Portland visited at the A. C. Thomas home here Sunday.

Clear Sparkling Soda.

Delicious fruity syrups and rich Ice Cream make Beauchamp's Soda the talk of the town. Let's have one.

Discouragement.

"All the world's a stage."
"Yes, and most of us do nothing but push scenery."—Indianapolis News.

Rembrandt's Memory.

It is said that Rembrandt knew the Bible, word for word, from beginning to end.

Which Was It?

"I wish I were dead!" "Heavens! what I wish I were dead?"—Cleveland Leader.

Misunderstood.

"Throw up your hands!"
"What's this, some new system of physical culture?"—New York Press.

Reprisal.

"So Scroggs bluffed you, eh? Then what did you do?"
"Scroggs."—Browning's Magazine.

Loanly.

"My wife spends every cent I earn." "So you have to live on what you can borrow, eh?"—Boston Record.

Apple Pie.

The flavor of apple pie may be agreeably changed by a thin layer of quince jelly beneath the crust.

A High One.

"He—What's that you've got on? She—A hat, of course. He—I thought it was a spite fence.—Columbia Jester

Mere Sips, Most of Us.

All the world's a stage, but only a few performers get the spot light.—Boston Transcript.

A Powerful Press.

The Philadelphia mint uses a press that can exert a force of 1,100 tons to the square inch to stamp medals.

Starting a Row.

"I say, ma," queried little Jimmy, looking up from his picture book, "am I descended from monkeys?"
"Not on my side of the house, Jimmy," replied Mrs. Growler, with much emphasis.—Stray Stories.

Serious Business.

"Wasn't that butler a serious looking man?" asked the sweet young thing after the dinner.

"He certainly was," replied the man, "but perhaps he's married."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Dear Friend.

"I have declined marriage proposals from five men," said the fair widow.

"Have you?" her friend asked. "I didn't suppose your husband had been as heavily insured as that."—Chicago Herald.

Unselfishness.

"You know, a penny saved is a penny earned."

"That's the selfish view," replied the spendthrift. "When you let go of the penny somebody else gets the chance to earn it."—Washington Star.

Obligated to Leave Early.

"Daughter, your new beau doesn't remain very late. The last one used to hang around until the milkman called."

"Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fated.

Mrs. Outlate—What became of the cuckoo clock? Outlate—The cat ate it.—New York Sun.

A Short Visit.

"Pardon my intrusion," said the caller. "I see you are busy."

"Take a good look at me," answered the man at the desk. "I'm so busy I haven't a minute to spare."

"I only want ten seconds of your time."

"You've had 'em. Good day."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Loans Soon to Weaken It.

A. (to man he has touched)—Thanks, old chap. But what is this little pamphlet you handed me? B.—Oh, I always hand one of those out with a loan. It tells how to strengthen the memory.—Boston Transcript.

Flaming Swords.

"Flaming swords" were swords with a wavy or flamboyant edge, generally used for state purposes. The dukes of Burgundy carried swords of this sort, and they were worn in England till the reign of William III.

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CARSON IS THE MAN TO ENFORCE THE DRY LAW

He voted and worked for Prohibition last fall. He is a prominent and active church member.

He believes that when the people voted so overwhelmingly for Prohibition that they meant business—that they meant to do away absolutely with the manufacture and sale of intoxicants within the state, with such qualifications as the people themselves endorsed when they approved the act.

If he is elected district attorney he will vigorously and impartially prosecute all offenders against the laws—and especially against the Prohibition law.

He will be known as a terror to bootleggers and blind piggers.

He cares nothing for the approval of the minority—the commendation of his own conscience and the "well done, good and faithful servant" of the great dry majority of Marion county mean everything to him.

If nominated and elected he promises to deal justly, fairly and firmly with all classes; to devote his attention strictly to the duties of the office and not to use the power of his position to enforce the collection of private account from honest but impoverished debtors.

The Salem Statesman of May 14th contained the following: "Carson believes that laws are passed to be enforced, therefore those who do not want the dry law enforced should not vote for Carson."

"Of course, if elected, he expects to use some judgment in prosecuting. There are many family rows that find their way to the district attorney's office, and the county prosecutor should be able to distinguish between personal squabbles and matters that are properly matters of public concern."

"Carson is qualified; he is the only candidate who has had a full three years law college course besides the kind of practical experience that has matured him in his deliberations."

"He is old enough to be safe and young enough to be active, and is asking the support of the voters of Marion county on the grounds that he is competent and believes that vigor alone is not sufficient."

OLD ENOUGH TO BE SAFE; YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE ACTIVE

Carson's Number on the Ballot is 63

Put a cross in front of No. 63 and make Marion County dry in Fact as well as in Name.

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PAID ADV

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Rock Point

Mrs. L. M. White and daughter of Salem spent the week-end at the J. T. Hunt home.

Miss Lucile Wolf of Salem is visiting at the T. J. Hill home this week.

E. C. Downing took a load of fat hogs to Salem Thursday.

Miss Helen Hunt spent the week-end with her parents.

The Parent-Teachers' meeting Friday night was well attended.

Mesdames J. T. and C. J. Hunt visited at the Henry Miller home Thursday.

Alvin Burns is helping Amos Branch with his seeding.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Burns spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Amos Branch near Silvertown.

L. O. Reynolds and wife of Corvallis are visiting at the A. Frank home.

Foreman Downing has crew at work improving the road by Alfred Peterson's.

SPEED CONTEST

The Students of the Stayton High School will have a public Speed Contest in the typewriting department Friday, May 26. Full program next week.

West Stayton

A. H. Wolf was a Stayton visitor Monday.

J. Cornder and son moved to Woodburn this week.

Arthur Forrette and family visited with relatives at Sublimity Thursday.

Mr. Lewis, wife and daughter Venita spent Sunday with relatives at Lyons.

School closed Friday May 12th, a short program had been prepared, and a basket dinner, which was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. Tim Sweet called on Mrs. Loose Friday afternoon.

E. Forrette and son Clarence made a business trip to Albany the first of the week.

Mrs. Trammel and children were trading with Stayton merchants Wednesday.

Mrs. John Walker of Eastern Oregon visited her sister, Mr. R. VanNuy's last week.

The Box Social given at the hall last Friday evening was well attended.

JUDGMENT.

Wit is brushwood; judgment is timber. The first makes the brightest flames, but the other gives the most lasting heat.

Her Means.

"He married her for a woman of means."
"And isn't she?"
"Oh, yes; but the meanest part of it is that she evidently means to keep her means to herself."—Exchange.