

Letters of the Courting Period

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Why it is that a pair of lovers will change their opinion of each other so often, dropping from an infinite height to an infinite depth and rising from a profaned depth to a heavenly height, is one of the many mysteries of love. Ovid wrote of the art of love. He had better have written of the chaos of love. Here are some letters written by one of my grandfathers and one of my grandmothers when they were courting. The first is from grandpa. Just listen to it:

Dearest, Sweetest Matilda—I have but just come to my room from hearing you say that you would be mine, but I cannot refrain from writing you how happy you have made me. I have met many girls, but you are the only angel among them. I am awestruck when I think of my having secured such a prize. I only fear that when you find out how unworthy I am you will cast me off.

My grandfather was in such a flutter that ten minutes after he had left my grandmother to continue on paper the twaddle he had lavished on her in speech he was in his room writing the above effusion. It would seem that these young lovers never can break the steady flow of love that pours from their hearts, and if they succeed in doing so they must needs repair the break in some other form as quickly as they can get an opportunity.

And what possessed the man possessed the woman. Scarcely had grandfather left his mate than she rushed to her escritoire and, sitting down, took pen and paper and continued her own heart outpouring in the following note:

Dearest—I know that I am foolish, but I cannot—though you have not been gone ten minutes—refrain from telling you how infinitely happy you have made me by the honor you have done me. To be loved by such a man is simply ecstasy. How honorable you have been in refraining from telling me you loved me before speaking to papa!

Of course I can't give what must have taken hours to write. Besides, what would be the use? It is all on the same high C key. If he was writing to an angel she was writing to a god. Let us see how the mercury dropped after the first spat:

Dear Miss Marshall—I must say I was surprised at your action this evening. I supposed you were above treating even a coachman, to say nothing of a gentleman, as you treated me. Do you consider what you did ladylike? I confess that if my father had a kitchen maid who would act toward me as you have done I should insist on her discharge.

Note the rapid fall from angel to kitchen maid. And the old duffer—I forgot; my grandfather was then young—considered himself a gentleman. A gentleman to compare his best girl to a kitchen maid! But, his act is nothing to compare with hers. It takes a woman to express her opinion of a man when she's mad:

Mr. Winchell—I thought you were a gentleman. That illusion is gone forever. You will always hereafter be classed with those young men who, having been brought up in the backwoods, have not learned how to treat a lady. Since I don't consider you worthy to enter my house I beg that you will never again do so. Should you persecute me with your attentions hereafter I shall inform my brother in the evening after dinner. I will let Watch loose. His teeth are very sharp.

Noting the date of this letter, I find that a reconciliation was expected the day it was written. At any rate, here are two letters, the first from grandpa, bearing the same date as the last:

—Thank heaven it's all explained! I at half past 8 to take the noblest in the world in my arms and give a million kisses!

—The dog that was to have been let loose seems to have lost his terror. This is her reply:

—Oh, my darling, now immeasurably happy I am that this horrid nightmare is over! And to think that it should have been about as trifling a matter as your scrutinizing the buttons on my shoes! Do come earlier than half past 8. We shall be through dinner by half past 7, and how can I wait a whole hour for you?

—For a fortnight after this the waters were untroubled; then came a flash of lightning out of a clear sky. Its violence marks it for the lady's:

—I return with this, by our negro Sam, your ring. Considering who she is to me, he is more than a worthy messenger. I would express a hope that you would be happy with another girl if I did not feel sure you would lead any woman a horrible life. Return my letters at once by bearer.

His reply:
I will return your letters when you have returned mine. Respectfully yours, etc.

This doesn't sound so bad as comparing his angel to a housemaid, but it is really worse. He intimates that he can't trust her to return his letters, and she having recovered her own and that she is liable to use them to his detriment. There's no further record about this return of letters. Quite a gap ensues, during which they were doubtless so much together that they had no use for pens. The next correspondence is but a few days before their marriage. This is from grandpa:

My Angel—I can hardly realize that on Thursday next I shall call you wife. What a lovely, holy situation—no separation till the death of one of us! The word death in this connection frightens me. What can I ever do without you? But away with gloom when heaven is so near!

Here is grandma writing:
Light of My Life—Isn't it lovely to think that after next Thursday we shall be together continuously? My wedding dress fits beautifully. I tried it on today and was charmed with it. I am sure you will be charmed with it too. Everything is ready. The time passes slowly.

A letter written six months later is very different. Indeed, only the most commonplace topics are mentioned.

Wonderful Rainier Park.

This is the heart of the playground, worshipped by the red men in the days of old, and here in the evidence of scores of mineral springs bubbling from the ground one feels more keenly the puissance of God. To the left from the road, looking as if it were but a block away, rises Mount Tacoma, its sides showing the purplish hues of ice, great snow fields and jagged rocks. Yet it is five miles from the springs to Nisqually glacier, over a road as smooth as pavement and broken at almost every length of the car by vistas of surpassing beauty. Now it is a forest of silver, high tree trunks dotting the sides of a peak stripped of their branches and bark and whitened by the elements. Now it is a glimpse of Nisqually river, which takes its origin from the glacier of that name, as it tumbles along over its rocky bed, and now it is a forested peak rising toothlike out of the jaw of this mighty range of which Mount Tacoma, "the mountain that was God," in the picturesque language of the Indians, is a part—Ralph P. Mulvane in National Geographic.

Sunset and 12 o'clock.
The habit of counting 12 o'clock at sunset is very ancient. The Turks, Greeks and most other people in the Levant have almost always counted 12 o'clock from sunset, and to this day the common people cannot understand that their clocks have to be changed every day and not ours. The Turks have officially adopted meridian time, but only since the Young Turks came into power—that is, since 1908. The change was even then not made immediately. It encountered a great deal of opposition on religious grounds. Because the Mohammedan hours of prayer are regulated by the sun. And the common people still stick to the old system. Only in Constantinople and Smyrna are there many Turks who keep the official meridian time, and the great majority of people throughout the Turkish dominions still count 12 o'clock, as their ancestors have from time immemorial, at sunset.—New York Times.

The Famous "Green Man of Brighton."
In October, 1906, an individual was to be observed at Brighton, England, who walked out every day dressed in green from head to foot—green shoes, green gloves, green handkerchief and other articles to match. This eccentric person lived alone, knew nobody, and in his house the curtains, the wall paper, the furniture, even the plates and dishes and the smallest toilet articles, offered an uninterrupted sequence of green. Having started on his career, there was obviously no reason to stop, and with full consistency he carried his scruples so far as to eat nothing but fruit and vegetables of the same green color. The consequences were extremely disastrous. One fine day the green man jumped from his window into the street, rushed forward and performed a second somersault from the top of the nearest cliff.

Some Trees.
In the angle between the Kings and Kern canyons lies a woodland empire beside which the Harz and Black forest of Germany would appear almost diminutive. Within the borders of the Sequoia National park and the General Grant National park near by there are no fewer than 1,196,000 sequoia trees, and of these 12,000 are more than ten feet in diameter. In the Sequoia National park stands the largest tree in the world—not the tallest, but the largest—the General Sherman tree, with a diameter of 36.5 feet and a height of 275.9 feet. Its massive trunk and branches contain about 1,000,000 feet of lumber, board measure. This is equal to the amount of lumber that is cut from forty acres of average Minnesota timberland.—Argonaut.

Self Convicted.
"Say, pa," cried small Bobby, "what is gossiping, anyway?"
"Gossiping, my son," replied the old man, "if we get right down to the plain, unvarnished facts, is lying. But why do you ask?"
"Because," answered the young investigator, "ma says you do a lot of gossiping every time your business keeps you late at the office."—Exchange.

Too Much Practice.
"Does your minister pay for the what he preaches?" the newcomer questioned.
"He does," the citizen answered, with a sigh, "and I'd be perfectly willing to have him stop. He lives next door to me and begins at 7 o'clock Sunday morning to practice what he is going to preach."—New York Times.

Divided It.
Scene—Police court during dispute over eight day clock.
Magistrate—I award the clock to the plaintiff.
Defendant—Then what do I get?
Magistrate—"I'll give you the eight days."—London Stray Stories.

Sharks and Death.
There is an old yet still operative superstition among seafaring men that when a shark persistently follows a vessel it is a sign that some person on board is going to die, the alleged sea son being that the great fish can scent death.

Fashionable.
While—Paw, what is a fashionable resort? Paw—A place where you can obtain the best comfort and the most style for the least money, my son. Cinequid Enquirer.

Oh, how better a thing it is to see into happiness through another man's eyes!—"As You Like It," II, 7.

A Bottle and a Message

By F. A. MITCHEL

I'm a fisherman myself, and before I was a fisherman I was a seafarin' man. So I can truly say that I'm a waterman all over. But now I'm livin' in clover.

There be stories of bottles with messages in 'em dropped from ships goin' down, that the messages bein' written for a joke. This has made pussions think that all messages found in bottles are jokes. But this isn't so, as I can prove, for I picked up one of them bottles myself, and the pussions that the message was written to are livin' and can vouch for my story. But the message I'm thinkin' of was a different kind from the jokes.

One day when I was pullin' in my net with a catch o' mackerel I saw a bottle bobbin' up and down. It floated near me, and I had only to put out an oar to take it in. The cork wa'n't sealed, but it was driven in so tight that I had to cut it out. There was a paper inside and a message on it, written with a lead pencil. This is the way it read:

On Steamer Ellen Hathaway.
Ship goin' down in a gale. I kidnaped Stephen Cartright. He's livin' with Mathew Drake, No. — Bennett Street, Baltimore, Maryland. SAM SHARKEY.

It didn't seem to me that if a feller was goin' to make a joke he'd write that sort of a one. So the next day I takes the message to Boston and hands it in at a police station. They called it a fake or something like that, but said they'd see that it got to the party what it wa' written to.

Not hearin' nothin' from it for some time, I forgot all about it. I jist kept on fishin'. One day a young feller come down on to the dock where I was mendin' my net and looked at me and asked if I was Jack Bunker. I said that was my name.

He stood lookin' at me kind o' queer for awhile; then he said:
"Mr. Bunker, if you had a wish granted what would the wish be?"
"My friend," I said, "I'm nothin' but a fisherman. I ain't got no time to be thinkin' about whether or not I'd like the sky for a blue bandanna."

The feller was a studin' me all the while, and when I'd said that he says:
"Mr. Bunker, is that your boat tied up alongside the pier?"

"I reckon it is," I says.
"How would you like a new one?"
"How would I like a new one? What d'ye take me fer—a lunatic? Of course I'd like a new boat in place o' that old trap. I'm thinkin' that the next time I git caught out in a gale she'll let me down into the brine."

"Is there anything else you'd like, Mr. Bunker?"

I looked up at him, wonderin' ef he was loony.

"Young feller," I says, "I reckon if I'm goin' to get these nets mended I'll have to shut you off all to once. I'd like a new house on the bluff over there, all furnished, with a garden. I'd like a thousand dollars a year to keep it up. I'd like the cellar stocked with good grog. Now I've told you all this perhaps you'll let me alone for awhile."

He turned away without sayin' nothin' more, and I thought he was mad. I was sorry, but I didn't see why he should take up my time askin' fool questions, so I thought no more about it.

Less'n a month after that somebody begun to build a house on the bluff. When it was finished it was the prettiest little shack I ever seen. And one day when I come down to the dock I found a single sticker about thirty feet long, bran' new and rigged out about a cable's length. And the queerest thing about it was that on her stern was painted the same name as my old tub. I asked who was her owner, but nobody seemed to know anything about her.

That afternoon I come in early from fishin', not havin' no luck, and as I rounded up to the pier who should I see standin' on it but the lunatic that was askin' me how many things I'd like to have if I could get 'em. When I'd thrown the painter around a post the feller said to me:

"Mr. Bunker, when I was here some time ago I think you said you'd like a house."

"Yes, and a garden. Are you goin' to begin that racket ag'in?"

"Do you see that house up on the bluff?"

"In course I do. My eyes are as good as when I was at sea and could take in a bird on the horizon."

"That house is yours. The cellar is well stocked with grog, and there is plenty of room for a garden."

"My friend," said I, "I'd better do you a favor. From what madhouse did you escape?"

"You also said," he went on, not noticein' my remark, "that you'd like a boat. There she is out there"—pointed to the new boat, still ridin' at anchor—"and in a deposit company's vaults in Boston are some 5 per cent bonds that will give you a thousand dollars a year income."

"See here, stranger," I was beginnin' when he stopped me.

"I'm Stephen Cartright. Your findin' the bottle with the Sharkey message in it has resulted in my being restored to my parents, who are very rich. Go up to your new house on the bluff and you'll find them there waiting to thank you for being instrumental in givin' them back their son."

Well, now, mebbe I'm not havin' a jolly old age!

Fixing the Carpet Sweeper.

The revolving brush of the ordinary carpet sweeper is driven by the friction of the wheels on which the sweeper runs against driving wheels on either end of the brush axle. To insure good friction the peripheries of all of these wheels are covered with tightly fitting rubber rings. In time these rings wear out, or the rubber becomes hardened and loses its grip. An efficient method of repairing a sweeper having imperfect or worn rubber rings is to cover the wheels with common electricians' tape, such as is employed for covering joints in wire. The tape should first be wound around the periphery of the wheel until a covering nearly equal to the thickness of the original ring is attained. This should then be secured in place by passing the tape around the ring and between the spokes of the wheels. The gripping power of the tape is fully equal to that of the original rubber rings, and the sweeper will be good for service until other parts wear out.

Arsenic Absorbed by Hair.
New light has been thrown on the legal side of arsenic poisoning, says the Scientific American. It has been found that arsenic compounds are absorbed by the hair of living persons, though not absorbed after death. In the hair of man arsenic has been known to reach a concentration of one to five parts in 100,000. The deposit takes place in the hair after it has been absorbed by the abdominal organs, liver and kidneys in particular.

Therefore in cases of acute, quick poisoning a chemical analysis of the hair would show no arsenic, while it would be found in the liver and kidneys. On the other hand, if slow arsenic poisoning were suspected analysis would show arsenic in the hair, but not in the liver and kidneys, and it could safely be assumed that the poisoning was not recent. The legal value of such evidence is apparent.

The African Marriage System.
You cannot fancy how deeply complicated the African marriage system is or how many ramifications there may be to a "woman's palaver." One day Mr. Heminger was sitting in a hut talking with two members of his congregation, wives of one husband. He was talking to them about their stus, which were of an obvious character. The younger woman had been accused of stealing food. Then he turned to the elder, Wawa, she of the ten children, five of them dead and five of them cruel.
"Wawa," he said, "why cannot you live at peace with this wife of your husband? Why are you always quarrelling? They are notorious scampers." "Well," said Wawa, "she was bought with one of my children, and I cannot forget it."—Jean Kenyon Mackenzie in Atlantic.

Selfishness.
It is curious how little selfishness is understood. It is generally assumed to be an intense regard for oneself, when in reality it is a supreme disregard.

Unselfishness, on the other hand, is a higher regard for oneself. Selfishness is only a form of destruction. It is produced by soul avarice. What we put into ourselves draws no interest. It is constantly deteriorating in value. Selfishness is an ingrowing shortsightedness. Selfishness is also a form of sincerity. Selfish people deceive nobody. They wear their selfishness on their sleeves. Their sincerity about it is something so apparent as almost to cause a sense of admiration for its genuineness.—Life.

Hot Cross Bun in History.
The hot cross bun has both antiquity and tradition in its favor. Its history traces back not only to the time of George and Astarte, but also to the Jewish passover cakes and the cross marked wafer or eucharistic bread adopted by the early Christians and mentioned in St. Chrysostom's Homily. The substitution of the cross mark for the horn mark on the surface of the bun by the Greeks is supposed to have been done for the purpose of dividing more easily the bun into four equal parts. Similar cross marked buns were found in the ruins of Herculaneum.

A Success After All.
"What became of the Yardie girl who was ambitious for a stage career?"
"She turned out much better than her friends expected."
"You don't mean to tell me she's starring now?"
"No, indeed. She's the mother of six children and has a husband who doesn't run around at night."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Busy.
"Loafley tells me he hasn't been so busy for years."
"Nonsense! That job he has is a cinch. He never has to work hard there."
"That's just it. He's been fired, and he's chasing around after another job now."—Exchange.

The Method.
Willis—What kind of a school is your son attending? Gills—Very fashionable, one of those institutions where you develop the mind without using it.—Life.

Early Precept.
Kind Lady—How'd you learn to pick pockets? Pickpocket—By watchin' my mother fishin' for change in th' old man's trousers!—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

Every brave man is a man of his word.—Cornell.

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How Easter is Re-learned.

The Christian festival of Easter corresponds to the Pascha or Passover of the Jewish faith. Easter day (from which the rest of religious movable feasts are recorded) is invariably the first Sunday succeeding the fourteenth day of the calendar moon which (fourteenth day) falls on or next after March 21. If the fourteenth day should be Sunday, Easter day would be the Sunday following.

Air and Hunger.
Experiments have shown that the air of an unventilated, occupied room contains substances which in some way and without producing conscious discomfort and detectable physiological symptoms diminishes the appetite for food.—Exchange.

PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

Typhoid Fever.
A noted English sanitarian has said that every time one dies from typhoid fever some one should be hanged. Aside from this view and in the light of modern medical science, typhoid deaths are now admittedly the result of sanitary blunders or of criminal carelessness. The existence of typhoid fever bears the stigma of disgrace for two reasons—first, because we know more about its prevention and its filthy source than most any other disease and, second, because its presence betrays filth, either as to our food and drink or as to our personal habits.

Ignorance is no longer a cloak under which to hide the disgrace of typhoid fever. Keep your home and surroundings absolutely clean, keep yourself and your clothing absolutely clean, keep your food absolutely clean, and you will have no typhoid fever.

Money to Loan—I Have Made Arrangements for loaning eastern money, will make very low rate of interest on highly improved farms. Homer H. Smith, room 5, 77 Cornack Bldg., Sale of, Oregon, Phone 96. 11.

FARM FOR SALE—25 acres, improved, house, barn, bottom land. See or write W. E. Counselman, Rt. 1, Aumaville, Oregon. 3-8x

FOR SALE—20 head of stock sheep. Apply to Floyd Shelton, Seio, Oregon, Phone 101. 3-1-8-15

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FOR SALE—2 fresh cows. B. W. Munkers. Phone 245. 3-15-22

FOR SALE—A No. 12 D. Loyal separator good as new. Apply at Mail Office.

Pr. J. Davis mother who has been waiting him for several days returned to her home in Independence Tuesday.