

A Fair Revenge

By JOHN A. ST. CLAIR.

THE tender shades of an August eve were stealing over the classic haunts of Macaulawa. On the hotel veranda sat two lovers. No sweet murmur of lovers' confidences made the air melodious or mingled with the ripple of the waves. That they were lovers appeared rather from the proprietary air with which the young woman regarded her companion and the tones of reproach in which she addressed him. There they sat, oblivious of all around, regardless of many a quizzing glance and significant toss of the head in their direction. The summer brigade from Chicago was keenly alive to the relations of the pair and mortified beyond measure that nothing of what was taking place could be overheard.

"My!" said Grace Medlicott, "I never could think what Percy Ten Brook saw in that green-eyed, red-headed Dorothy Smith. She's older than he is, too!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Tiny Mason. "She's certainly no Venus, that Dorothy; but what of him? His face will glow by his fortune, and he has nothing but the few dollars he gets in Lawyer Wheeler's office. His father has to support him. I wouldn't have him if every hair of his head were hung with diamonds."

"You didn't always think so," asserted Grace. "Last winter you and he were great friends. It's a case of the fox and the grapes with you."

"It's a case of green-eyed jealousy with you," retorted Tiny, and the pair of friends sauntered down to the lake in search of the eternal male.

Meanwhile the lovers moodily regarded each other. Their quarrel had been frequent of late and had reached a crisis.

"I think it is too bad, Percy, the way you treat me," said Dorothy, her amber hair gleaming like gold in the twilight. Her sweet American face with its youthfulness of a spirited ancestry beaming with intelligence, yet overlaid with the consciousness of injustice. A fair picture she made, with her fine athletic figure and look of honesty and hatred of all things mean.

"You deliberately elicited me last night at Mrs. Brown's dance. What is the meaning of this? You know you are engaged to me, yet you danced with me—hot eyes and flirted outrageously with that Medlicott girl. Now you resent my speaking about it. Do you think I have no spirit? Do you imagine I am going to sit down timidly under insult? Never! Percy, you know I love you. Through good report and ill report I have stood by you. I know you are extravagant. I tell you so, though I have denied the stories when others have repeated them. Though I have indignantly repudiated the idea when others said it, I am persuaded that it is too true that you have been, as they say, 'up against every game that's going.'"

"I believe," she went on, passionately, "that you are in debt; that your only hope is this Philippine appointment that has been offered you. Yet, in spite of all, I am willing to marry you if you will only swear solemnly to reform. I will go with you at once to Zamboanga. What do I care for isolation and want of society. I care for love. The love you once promised me. The strong, deep, undying affection such kindred souls should have for each other. I believe in virtue, in honor, in honesty in man and woman, and I am ready to devote myself to you and to our household, come what will. You can't say I am unreasonable. I only ask that you love me in return. My father will object at first, but when he sees that my happiness is involved he will give way. Oh, Percy, we could be so happy!"

The young man's somewhat stolid countenance lighted up for an instant at the enthusiasm of his fair companion. His better nature stirred faintly beneath its coverings of selfishness for a moment. But immediately self-interest asserted its sway and ruffled the incipient pleadings of honor and honesty. "Why, Dorothy," he said, coldly, "you surely have known me long enough to have learned that I never adopt a resolution without having carefully examined all reasons for and against it."

"Did you," broke in Dorothy, impulsively, "exercise this caution before you told me you loved me?"

Percy flushed angrily. "I believe," he went on, "in the old Persian proverb, 'Undertake nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.'"

"An excellent motto, truly," said Dorothy, coldly. "Since when, may I ask, did you adopt this most wise philosophy. It seems a pity it should have come to you so late. Do you think you have well considered the end you so evidently contemplate?" Feminine instinct had already warned her of the treachery the unworthy youth meditated.

"Oh, yes," he continued, "I know what I am doing. I have considered it all. I did avoid you last night. I want to bring this thing to an end," he added, brutally.

"Don't trouble yourself, Percy Ten Brook," replied the now indignant girl.

"It is ended."

"Well, Dorothy," said Percy, somewhat nettled, for his self-love was hurt, "you did seem awfully in love with me. But I don't blame you for this misunderstanding. You should be glad that we have both discovered our true feelings in time, before we had become hopelessly bound to each other. It is best for you that I should leave you, best that we should part. I will return you your letters and presents, and you can throw my schoolboy effusions in the fire."

"Very well, Percy," returned his discarded fiancée. "I'll throw them in the fire. That will be the first time they will have had any warmth in them."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Percy, unweildly. "You are positively brilliant." He did not like the fact that Dorothy gave him his freedom so readily. It somewhat depreciated the high value he set on himself. "Believe me," he said, pompously, "I shall always entertain the highest opinion of you. But you know yourself that your father is not able to give you a dowry, and that the position in the Philippines is worth only \$1,000 a year. How could two people live on that? I wish my tastes and you with yours."

"I don't choose to discuss the matter with you, now that I have released you," said Dorothy; "but be pleased not to refer to my tastes. It is true I was born in luxury and accustomed to have every taste gratified, but I have never let that fact stand in my way since we lost our wealth. The fact that I was willing to marry you was sufficient proof of that. However, that is nothing. Good-by, Percy. Keep up your spirits. This incident will soon be forgotten. You have quite dispelled any foolish ideas I may have had. Still, we can be friends. Call occasionally, and people will think there has never been anything between us." Had Percy known anything of what was going on in Dorothy's mind he would have as soon entered a lion's den as have called at the Smith mansion again.

Dorothy returned to town, resumed in earnest the training of her voice, which at first she had taken up as a pastime, and made such good use of her tuition that her naturally flexible soprano voice of wide range acquired brilliancy and came so perfectly under control that a bright future opened before her. At the same time fortune, as if tired of frowning on the Smiths, gave such a turn to Dorothy's father's business that the gloomy aspect in his affairs that had first frightened away the selfish Percy vanished, and one fine morning the merchant by a successful deal was able to pull out of speculation into his legitimate business with a large fortune.

Percy began to think he had made a mistake, and took to frequenting the Smith residence with regularity; but Dorothy treated him with absolute frankness. "I am wedded to my art now," she said, "even if you had not effectually cured me of all the folly. Next month I go to Germany to study; but, my dear Percy, before I go I wish to prove my friendship for you. Mrs. Vansittart is living at the Lexington. She has two daughters. One is an angel of beauty, but poor as a church mouse; the other has been left \$5,000,000 by her uncle, the copper king. It is an awful pity, though, that she is ugly, dull, and some say an epileptic. Go down there. You know Mrs. Vansittart. You met her at our house last winter. Call, make yourself agreeable. Make love to the ogress. Five million dollars will rid the most bitter pill. I hear she is full of romance and would be charmed if some one would slope with her."

A hint was enough. Avarice dulled Percy's apprehension of everything, and he lost no time in ingratiating himself with Mrs. Vansittart.

"Old chap, it's all right," he said to his friend Billy, the trainer, a few weeks after his conversation with Dorothy. "It's all right, old boy. I'll pay you that \$1,000 next week. I have her the heiress hypnotized. Maud's her lovely name. Ye gods! but she's ugly! Maybe I haven't played on her poor little sentimental heart. 'Come into the garden, Maud,' and all that sort of thing. We might as well be married with her mother's consent, but I've persuaded her that the old lady is dead against us, and we will elope to-morrow. Next day we will be on the road to San Francisco, and I'll send you a check from that city, just before we sail for the Philippines. She would have me go out there, though I wished to take an appointment at home. We'll soon be back, though, and won't I make the epileptic's dollars fly! There's a lot of fun in \$5,000,000. I'll have her declared insane after a year or so, and then we'll see about the horses. You'll be in it, old chap. Ta-ta—auf wiedersehen—as my old flame, Dorothy Smith, would say."

The elopement took place next night on time. The unfortunate epileptic, with ecstatic countenance, and the fatuous Percy reached San Francisco, where they had an explanation and a scene. Leaving his wife on the Pacific coast, he returned to Chicago to borrow funds, for the deluded couple were desperate and penniless.

Arrived in Chicago, the truth of the whole affair came out. Everybody was wondering at the elopement, but the wonder gave way to merriment when the explanation was given. Percy was walking moodily along Lake Shore drive the day after his arrival, when he met the radiant Dorothy, beautiful

as Venus, emerging from the foam of the Adriatic.

"How d'ye do, Percy?" she said archly. "You always were changeable, you know; but who would have thought you would have surprised your friend this way? You used to say you would never marry unless your name had money. What on earth made you go and fall in love with Maud Vansittart? It is very beautiful to know of such disinterested affection. She's not only plain, but poor. I thought I told you that her lovely sister Maud had been left \$5,000,000. What? I told you, did I not? Surely, I did not make a mistake. There is no telling how much one can be deceived in a man. We all thought you a money hunter, but it is charming to know that pure affection still exists on this world of earth. I suppose you are anticipating a life of perfect loveliness—love in a cottage—Philippine ore, too! How charming! Good-by, Percy. I sail for Hamburg Saturday. Remember me to Maud. Good-by!"

Percy stood gazing after her, thinking unutterable things.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Will Push Advertising.

Rinaldo M. Hall, the new advertising man for the O. R. & N. Co., Tuesday took up his work in the general passenger office of the company. His wife accompanied him to Oregon and they will make their home here. Mr. Hall's first work will be to organize his branch and get well acquainted with his field. Then he will put Oregon and Washington before the world in all sorts of attractive forms. He does not believe that an occasional heavy pamphlet, however good it may be as literature, is the most effective way to advertise the advantages of a country like Oregon. One of the things he has in mind to do is put in the hands of all tourists who visit Oregon some simple, attractive, true statement about the state, generally suited to a phase of the subject pertinent to the occasion. All his matter will be prepared with a view to giving information to homeseekers, rather than as a mere entertainment to those who wish to be amused. Mr. Hall will spend some time in getting acquainted with the country, and, with General Passenger Agent Craig, in laying plans to make the advertising department most effective.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Wakefield & Starr is this day dissolved by mutual consent, C. W. Starr retiring—E. Z. Wakefield collecting all bills and paying all indebtedness of the late firm.

E. Z. WAKEFIELD,
C. W. STARR.

Shingles For Sale.

I have for sale at my shingle mill on McKay creek 100,000 shingles and will manufacture over 400,000 more during the season. All from the choicest timber. Price, at the mill \$2.25, delivered in Prineville \$2.50.

J. W. KITTKR.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.

\$25—80 acres of deeded unimproved land, covered by ditch that furnishes ample water for irrigation purposes. Can raise tomatoes and all kinds of tender vegetables on the place. Three sides are fenced with barbed wire fence. Covered with chestnuts, sagebrush and scattering junipers. Finest orange in county adjoining where owner can turn out his cattle and but little feeding necessary during winter. Address Journal Real Estate Agency, Prineville, Oregon.

FOR SALE—A two story dwelling with barn and outhouses in the city of Prineville. This property is well situated and is covered by irrigation. It covers one-fourth of a block and is one of the best residence locations in the town. Price reasonable.

FOR SALE—One of the best located farms in the famous clover belt in the Squaw creek country, consisting of 160 acres. 40 acres in clover. A good barn 40x100 and all under fence. Log house and other ordinary improvements. Good garden raised every year and a variety of small fruits. 120 acres of fine saw timber that will eventually be worth more than the price now asked for the entire farm. All under private irrigating ditch that goes with the property.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Michel & Risser known as the Bee Hive is this day dissolved by mutual consent. O. M. Risser retiring. I. Michel collecting all bills and paying all indebtedness of the late firm.

O. M. RISSER,
I. MICHEL.

Hamilton Stables

and Redby Feed Barn.

Stock boarded by day, week or month. Fine saddle horses and livery turnouts. Rates reasonable. Good accommodations.

Remember us when in Prineville, and we guarantee that your patronage will be appreciated and deserved.

BOOTH & CORNETT, Proprietors.

ED N. WHITE,

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IMPORTED....

COUNTRY ORDERS

FIRST DOOR SOUTH

SOLICITED.

POINDEXTER HOTEL.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

Prineville-Shaniko Stage Line.

DAILY BETWEEN PRINEVILLE AND SHANIKO.

SCHEDULE.

Leave Shaniko, 6 p. m. Arrive Prineville, 6 a. m.

Leave Prineville 1 p. m. Arrive Shaniko, 1 a. m.

First class accommodations for the traveling public.

SENGER AND FREIGHT RATES REASONABLE.

Adamson & Winnek Co., Agents.

G. M. Cornett, Manager.

BALLSTON

BAY STALLION OWNED BY

J. L. WINDOM, will make the season of 1902 at Culver, Oregon. Bred by G. Springer, of Culver, Oregon.

FEDORE—Sire: The registered Clydesdale, Ballston, bred by Ladd & Reed, Portland. Dam: Registered Cleveland bay mare, Conning's Maid, bred by Ladd & Reed, Portland.

BALLSTON is 17 hands high and weighs in thin working order 1620 pounds. He is a dark blood bay, four years old in June.

TERMS—\$10 for insurance; reduction for three or more mares.

Cary House Bar.

Henderson & Pollard, Proprietors.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS

MAIN STREET.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON

Cornett & Elkins.

We have received a large supply of

New Buckeye Mowers and Reapers.

Steel King and Hollingsworth hay rakes.

Jackson Forks, Blocks and Carriers.

Which we will sell at reasonable rates. Give us a

call before purchasing elsewhere.

Send for catalogue.