

His Correspondent.

(Original.)
In the olden times, when things were not all ready made by millions, Joseph Sanger stepped into a store where a variety of things were kept on sale. There were embroidered articles for women, fancy articles for household use and laundry articles for men. The latter consisted of dressing gowns, smoking jackets, slippers and such other paraphernalia.

"I'm a bachelor," said the young man—a lone, lorn bachelor. I am obliged to spend a great deal of time in my room, and I may as well be comfortable. What have you in the line of wearing apparel for such use?"

The shopkeeper squared himself and surveyed his customer with calculation in his eyes. "Yes; I think they will fit you," he said at last. "The very thing—a smoking jacket, cap and slippers, brand new, beautifully embroidered. I got them in only yesterday, but I will sell the lot very cheap." He produced the articles. The young man tried them on, and they fitted him fairly well.

"You say they are new?" he asked. "They look shop worn."

"Such things are made by fine ladies in indigent circumstances, who usually spend a great deal of time on them. I dare say they were a year or more in making. That accounts for their appearance."

Sanger bought the things for a song, took them home and the same evening put them on. As he saw himself in a mirror he thought they were very becoming and a great bargain. Lighting a cigar, he sat down in his easy chair, feeling very comfortable. But notwithstanding that he was in fine apparel he was miserable. Who can be happy with nothing but wails to talk to? Thrusting his hands into the pockets of the jacket, he ran one of them against a bit of paper. Withdrawing it, he read:

The maker of this jacket would like to correspond with the purchaser with a view to matrimony.

"Well, now, I like that!" mused Sanger. "That woman has a long head. She knew there were even chances the things would fall into the hands of a bachelor, that the bachelor would wear them in a room all alone and want a wife. My dear, I'll go you."

He wrote a note and mailed it. It came back with postman's notes scribbled all over it: "Try here. Try there. Try everywhere." Sanger, disappointed, threw it on his dressing case. But the next evening on returning from business it was missing. The maid told him that the postman had asked for it, having found a party to whom it might belong. A few days later a note written on fine paper and bearing a crest was laid on a table in his room. He opened it and read:

Since placing the note in the article you describe property has come to me. Nevertheless I shall be delighted to find a man who has in him the elements of a good husband.

There was no mention of the writer's age. When Sanger replied, which he did at once, he said that his age was twenty-six. Before going any further in the matter he would like to know the lady's age. There was no reply to this, and, fearing that she might be sensitive about her age, he wrote again, giving the old quotation "with loving hearts age makes no difference."

Then came an epistle stating that the age of the lady who had placed the paper in the smoking jacket was forty-two. Sanger was much disappointed and forthwith committed the note to the wastebasket. He was not in need of marrying a fortune and did not propose on any account to marry a woman sixteen years his senior.

Meanwhile a lady acquaintance told him that she wished to introduce him to a young friend of hers. Sanger consented and met an attractive girl of eighteen, with whom he proceeded straightway to fall in love. His passion being reciprocated, an engagement ensued. When he was feeling the happiest a note came from his correspondent stating that she had looked up his record, was satisfied with it and was ready to make his acquaintance. Sanger paid no attention to the note. Presently he received another, stating that if he thought he could trifle in that way with unprotected women he was mistaken. The courts would do her justice.

Sanger was troubled. It appeared that he had been drawn into a trap by a woman for blackmail. She had his letters, though there was no offer of marriage in them, so he might as well write one or two more, trying to fix the matter up. The replies he got puzzled him. They seemed to have been written rather by a young girl than a middle aged woman. Indeed, there was something very unsophisticated in them. He finally determined to meet her and find out just what kind of an enemy he was fencing with.

He made an appointment to meet at a certain spot in the park. As he was about to keep it along came a letter from his fiancée asking him to come to her at that very hour. This was unfortunate, but he resolved to ignore the request. He went to the park.

As he approached the rendezvous whom should he see but his fiancée herself. He halted, but, having been deceived by her, he approached. She stood laughing at him. When she had driven him to the verge of anger she explained.

Twenty years ago her mother wrote the note he had found in his dressing gown. His reply had fallen into her hands, and she had been his correspondent. She had secured the introduction and had since been amusing herself by continuing the correspondence. ROSALIE WHITING.

The Ghost Spy.

(Original.)
"General, we bring you a spy. While at work on the breach the enemy made yesterday we discovered this man or boy, whichever he may be, at times working with us, at times looking about him at the approaches, the moat, the walls, as if searching for a weak point. He did not remove his armor, as we did, for freedom to work and kept his visor closed. Suspecting him, we seized him."

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the general. "Take him to the parapet and hang him in view of the prince who sent him."

A gibbet was erected, a ladder placed in position and the prisoner taken on to the parapet for hanging. He begged that he might offer his last adoration to his God in his own way, and when permission was given him, facing to the west, where the sun was sinking, he bowed low three times.

"He's worse than a heathen," cried the captain of the execution party. "He worships fire. Send him to hell, where he belongs."

The youth was forced to climb the ladder, the noose was put about his neck, and the ladder was kicked away. There were a few jerks and all was quiet.

The night was dark. The sentry who guarded that part of the parapet where the spy hung was obliged to pass and repress the gruesome object on his beat. At first he would not look at it. Then in passing he turned his eyes toward it, as though compelled by a dread fascination. There was nothing of the body to be seen within the armor except a lock of hair that hung below the helmet.

"It doth amaze me," muttered the sentry, "how long these cavaliers wear their locks. Mayhap it serves for a rope whereby Satan lowers them into the burning lake."

Encouraged by the thought, he gave the corpse a poke with his pike. As it swung back toward him he thought he heard a low moan. Daring to the end of his beat, he hid behind a stone projection and could not induce himself to again walk past the body. While he stood shivering in his corner a wind sprang up, swaying the dread object and occasionally knocking the steel armor against the gibbet. To shut out the sound he put his fingers in his ears.

When he heard the relief coming he took up his pike and resumed his beat. There was the ghostly thing still swaying in the wind. The sentry was relieved, and his successor, a braver man, marched to and fro on his beat without fear. Once when passing it occurred to him to strike it with his pike. What was his surprise to hear it emit a hollow sound. He struck it again, with the same result. Then he put a hand under one foot and lifted it without any more exertion than would be required to lift an empty suit of armor.

"Captain of the guard," he cried, "the devil has flown away with the spy's body!"

The captain came, examined the armor and stood aghast. Then he reported the fact to the general. The general came, saw and was conquered. They were superstitious in those days, and he believed that the spy was supernatural being who had come to find out how best the stronghold could be taken. The ghost had seen that but a handful of men defended it. Besides, it had seen a circuitous path that led to the rear, over which a force might come and fire into the works from a greater height. The general went trembling back to his quarters.

The next morning he saw the forces of the enemy drawn up prepared to climb the heights and a detachment moving toward the path leading to his rear. He ordered a white flag displayed on the battlements.

Later a party carrying a litter came up the declivity. In the litter was a girl, pale and languid. A young knight who accompanied her stated that she had been sent to receive the surrender. The general gave it, saying: "I can fight men, but not spirits. Yesterday a mysterious stranger was observed spying on our works. He had neither the face of man nor woman, but a creature betwixt the two. We hanged him on the parapet that the prince might be deterred from sending others. In the night that which seemed to be a body vanished."

A smile came upon the girl's wan face. "General," she said, "I was this supernatural creature. I volunteered to come and get the information required for your defeat. Before the execution I bowed thrice to the west, which, by a code agreed upon, told the prince your weakness and the best route of procedure. When I was hanged my hair was loose under my helmet and protected me from the noose, which, too, caught in a projection of my armor. I remained unconscious till"—She looked at her companion. He said:

"Seeing the body of my affianced bride hanging on the parapet, I resolved to secure it or die. A party brought ladders, by which I crossed the moat and by another climbed the battlement. As I was about to cut the body down I heard a moan. I loosened the noose, took the burden to the other side of the moat and sent a man back with the armor to hang it up, thinking to conceal the theft till we could take counsel. Our brave girl was brought back to consciousness, and the prince gave her the right to receive your surrender."

The girl who had achieved this great work and nerved herself to complete it as soon as the story was told finished. It is one thing to do the work of a spy, another to be hanged.

NELLIE EDNA CURTIS.

An Artist's Search.

(Original.)
Mark Hammond, American artist in Paris, was lounging one morning after breakfast in his studio before beginning his day's work. He had received a newspaper from home and, as usual with him on the receipt of home papers, he read every word, including advertisements. Suddenly he started. His eye had lighted on the following advertisement:

If Marceline Blanche Cutter will communicate with Griffin, Hastings & Ham, Temple Court, New York city, she will hear something to her advantage.

Now, there was an especial reason why Mr. Hammond should be moved by this advertisement. Some months before he had needed a table for his studio and had purchased one of an artistic pattern in a second-hand furniture shop. There was a drawing on it, but no key. For awhile the purchaser was content to let the dealer remain closed; but, finally needing it, he fitted a key and opened it. It contained a few old papers so crumpled in mice that he could make nothing of them. There was an envelope—its letter in it—partly destroyed. An address was on it, or the remains of one, as follows:

Marceline B. 43 Rue de C. P.

Hammond threw the contents of the drawer into a wastebasket, but the same evening, needing a bookmark, he took out the envelope for the purpose and used it till he had flushed the book, leaving the envelope in the last place marked. The name Marceline is an unusual one, and Hammond had had it before him for a matter of ten days. He dropped the paper he had been reading and reached for the book. There was the envelope with the incomplete name and address. What was left of the address was plain except the first, a sole remaining letter giving the name of the street. It was printed here as a C, but there was that on its lower end to suggest that it might be something else.

Hammond was interested. Nevertheless it was the hour when, fresh after a night's sleep, he did his best work, and he took up his palette and brushes. In ten minutes he threw them down, took his hat and went out to find a city directory. There were dozens of in Paris whose names begin with C, and dozens that began with every other letter that might begin with C and a tall to H, Q or a G, for instance. Hammond muttered something about the fool killer taking him and went back to his work. This time he succeeded in remaining at his easel till his breakfast (much eaten in America), after which he began a hunt that took up all his leisure time for weeks.

Having made a list of all the streets in Paris whose names begin with C, Q and G, he gave several hours a day to hunting for Marceline Cutter. He judged that she was a lady and confined himself to the best streets till he had exhausted them, then with but little hope began on the poorer ones, lighting at last on 43 Rue du Geindre, a dingy street near the Church of St. Sulpice. A girl of twenty responded to his knock. She was shabbily dressed, but comely.

"I am looking for Marceline Cutter," said Hammond.

"My mother is Marceline Cutter, and I am Mabel Cutter."

Hammond knew his search was ended. Mother and daughter had lived where he found them for years. The daughter worked in a bookbindery near by. It was an old story of a marriage for love, including a runaway, and without forgiveness. Marceline Seymour married Edgar Cutter, an Englishman. There were no means in either family, but Cutter secured a position in an American banking house in Paris, died and left his widow and daughter penniless. Mrs. Cutter was at a loss to know why she was required for. It could not be for an inheritance, for she knew of no relative who had means to bequeath her. The advertisement emanating from America indicated that she was sought for by the Seymours rather than the Cutters.

Hammond left the two to send their address to New York and settled down again to his work. A month passed, when there was a rap on his studio door, and two ladies entered. Beneath their altered dress he recognized the Cutters. Then they gave him the sequel to his search. Edgar Cutter had a brother Hugh, who had worked his way from England to Colorado. There he prospected, mined, struck a bonanza and became very rich. He hunted for his brother, but could gain no trace of him except that he had married Marceline Seymour. Dying childless, Hugh Cutter left his property to his brother and his brother's wife and children, if any, on condition that they were found within a year after his own demise. If not the property was to go to his cousin, a resident of the place in England where the family had long lived. The year would have expired within six weeks after the date on which Hammond began his search.

Mrs. Cutter begged Hammond to name some way by which she might recompense him for his trouble and reward him for saving her and her daughter a splendid inheritance. Hammond, though but a poor artist struggling to paint pictures worthy to be hung in the Salon, declined to accept any compensation. He, however, decided to return to America with the Cutters and on arrival there was persuaded to go with them to Colorado and to some extent to secure their inheritance. He finally accepted a considerable reward in the person of Mabel Cutter, whom he married.

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F. A. BENNETT, Agent. Los Angeles, Cal., April 17, 1908.
Portland, Oregon.

Reo captured world record non-stop-engine run, 4992 miles made in twelve days, two hours, thirty-five minutes; averaged seventeen miles to gallon of gasoline, and over seventeen miles per hour fifteen gallons of water used in engine cooler.
LEON T. SHETTLE.

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United States Bonds	12,500 00	Surplus and undivided profits	67,569 92
Bank premises	12,500 00	Circulation	12,500 00
Due from banks (sub) to ck	84,184 39	Individual Deposits	261,550 68
Cash on hand	99,270 70	Dividends paid	3,170 00
Redemption fund	625 00		
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