

QUEEN MARY ANN

By Mabel Follin Smith
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MARY ANN was ironing vigorously when I entered. "Miss Clare," she said, "which name do you like best for a girl, Irene or Maud?" "I really don't know," I said. "They are both pretty."

"I like fine names," said Mary Ann. "They don't cost no mo' than common ones. All my chillen has splendid names—the best I could find. An' I was thinkin' if I had another baby what would I name it. If it's a boy, I'll name him Romney. I like Romney; it sounds fine. But if it's a girl I haven't decided between Maud an' Irene."

"Yes, your children have fine names, Mary Ann. Where did you find them?" "Found 'em all in novels, Miss Clare. When I was a girl down there on the

"You see, in my 'magination I can be jes' as rich an' fine an' white—why, I can be jes' as white as white folks, Miss Clare, an' pretty an' young."

"An' then all the good times I have in my 'magination! I don't have the trouble that goes with really havin' things. I build great, big, splendid houses, palaces an' castles, an' then I jes' let 'em go an' don't bother about repairin' 'em or payin' taxes. When I wants another house, I jes' build it out of my mind. That's a good deal easier an' cheaper than takin' care of the old ones."

And Mary Ann laughed as she moistened her finger and tried the heat of the iron.

"None of my horses ever has the colic or goes lame," she continued, "an' nobody has any finer ones. You jes' ought to see me sailin' in my 'magination through Fifth avenue behind my princin' steeds, while people stop to look at me an' say, 'I wonder who that gorgeous an' lovely creature is.'"

"An' then the travelin'! While I'm washin' an' ironin' here in this ole laundry I jes' soar off to Saratoga an' Newport an' England an' Paris an' Asia an' Afrikay. Well, no, I don't go much to Afrikay. It ain't stylish enough for me. But I go to the north pole hot days jes' to cool off. I don't find no difficulty in reachin' the pole. I've climbed that pole many a time in my 'magination."

And Mary Ann again laughed merrily over the pleasant pictures which she had drawn.

"Did I ever tell you about the fun we had las' Christmas, Miss Clare? I didn't? Well, I must tell you about that."

"You see, we was kind of po' last Christmas. Your folks had done gone to the city, an' I hadn't no extra work, an' the chillen all needed winter clothes, an' we had only 45 cents left for Christmas, an' Peter he said that we couldn't aff'd no Christmas tree, but I said: 'Go 'way, Peter. I'm goin' to have a Christmas tree.' So I went out in the village the night before Christmas an' found a po' little runty tree that nobody wouldn't buy, an' I got it for 3 cents, an' I fixed it up with a lot of little baubles that your mommer had given me, an' we had a real nice Christmas tree."

"An' then I said: 'Now, chillen, we ain't got very much for Christmas—that is, not much actually—an' so we must draw on our minds for what we need. Now, just foller my lead, an' we'll have the greatest Christmas that ever any family ever had with only 45 cents.'"

"I'd bought some stick candy an' a little cheap present for each one, an' then I brought out a package of old letters my sister had writ to me from home in Virginia."

"Now, chillen, I said, 'I want you to understand that all through this Christmas I'm a queen, an' poppy he's a king, an' you're all princes an' princesses, an' that we're to have everything to eat an' drink an' wear an' look at that the raised can think of.'"

"They all sent up a whoop an' seemed mighty tickled, an' Roland, he says: 'Memmer, you're to be Queen Mary Ann, an' poppy he's to be King Peter—so,' says he, 'poppy's to be Peter the Great. I've just been readin' about Peter the Great at school.'"

"Then I takes up the bundle of letters, an' I says, 'We must first read the congratulations of the season from our friends.' The first letter I read was from Queen Victoria—that was before the queen died, you know—to Queen Mary Ann, callin' me her dear cousin an' honored friend an' tellin' me that she had sent me a diamond necklace worth \$700,000 as a testimonial of her undylin' love an' affection."

"An' then the Prince of Wales wrote to King Peter the Great, sendin' him valuable presents, includin' some elephants an' tigers. An' then all the royal allies from all over Europe sent Christmas gifts an' lovin' messages to Prince

beast. I ordered up all the royal porters an' waiters an' butlers to set the royal table, an' the royal buglers to bugle, an' the royal servin' men to serve all the temptin' dishes an' drinks to tickle all our royal an' noble appetites. An' we eat an' we drank an' feasted on all of the finest things we could think about, an' none of us was sick from overeatin' afterward. That's one of the good 'plats about feastin' in your 'magination, Miss Clare. There ain't no injurious consequences afterward to your indigestion."

"Oh, we had a great time! We spoke to each other nice an' polite. 'Will our royal mommer, the noble Queen Mary Ann, deign to do this or to look at that?'"



"THEN WE HAD THE CHRISTMAS FEAST." Will his imperious highness King Peter the Great grant this favor? an' so on.

"Whatever we wanted we just had in our minds. I never had so much fun before, an' the chillen all said that if we'd had \$5 to spend it wouldn't have been better."

A SLEEP FANTASY.

The Confusion and Absurdities That Came to Us in Dream.

If you would know what stuff dreams are made of, read the following description of a sleep fantasy from F. Marion Crawford's novel, "Ocella." Sometimes in meandering through a maze of absurdities in which we feel as madmen must, believing ourselves to be others than ourselves.

Conceiving the laws of nature to be reversed for our advantage or our ruin, seeing right as wrong and wrong as right in the pathetic innocence of the idiot or the senseless rage of the maniac, convinced beyond all argument that the absolutely impossible is happening before our eyes, yet never in the least astonished by any wonders, though subject to terrors we never feel when we are awake. Has no one even understood that confused dreaming must be exactly like the mental state of the insane? Inanimate things turn into living creatures, the chair we sit on becomes a horse, the armchair is turned into a wild beast, and we ride a-hunting through endless drawing rooms, which are full of trees and undergrowth, till the trees are suddenly turned into people, who dance and laugh at us because we have come to the ball in attire so exceedingly scanty that we wonder how the servants could have let us in.

The Nun's Headress.

Very few persons, says a French paper, know the origin of the headress which so many nuns wear and which hides so much of their faces. It was formerly the custom for convents to send nuns to the various cities and towns for the purpose of collecting alms, and, as a rule, two nuns, one old and the other young, went to each place. They wore small caps and were popularly known as "Swallows of Lent."

On a certain Ash Wednesday two of them succeeded in obtaining admission to the king's palace in Paris, and, though the monarch and his courtiers were at dinner, they did not hesitate to solicit alms from them. One of the nuns was very pretty, and the young nobles who were feasting cast such bold glances at her that she blushed with shame, whereupon the king rose from the table and, taking his napkin, folded it in two and placed it on her head in such a manner that it concealed her blushes. Ever since that day, it is said, this kind of headress has been worn by nuns.

A Shallow Subterfuge.

"Why is that congressman so opposed to beautifying the city of Washington?"

"Well, he's constantly posing as a servant of the people, and he's afraid his constituents will get an idea that the servants' quarters are too luxurious."—Washington Star.

Patient.

"Well, Jones is certainly a patient man, with a temper hard to ruffle."

"Patient is no name for him. Why, that man has been known to go out with his wife to select wall paper and go through the ordeal without losing his temper."—Baltimore Herald.

Man, like everything else that lives, changes with the air that sustains him.

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TOWLING—Good values in crash,	4c	5c	8½c	
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NOTE—Make no mistake. This is indeed the "Bargain Store" of Oregon City, located on Main Street, half block south of the Court House.

The Fine Draft Stallion BOB

Will make the season of 1903 at my stable near Currsville, and close to Eagle Creek, in Clackamas county at \$6.00 to insure a mare in foal. Description and Pedigree: Bob is a fine draft stallion, chestnut, good build, fine form and action and a sure foal getter. He is by Imported Cubidon, who weighed 2,100 pounds. He is twelve years old and in the very prime of life. He has made the season in this county for many years, and has as fine a lot of colts and draft horses as can be seen in this part of the world. If you want to raise the best draft and farm horses to be found breed your mares to Bob.

Mores is due when mare is known to be in foal or parted with.

J. W. DOWTY, Currsville, Ore.

Wanted.

We would like to ask, through the columns of your paper, if there is any person who has used Green's August Flower for the cure of indigestion, Dyspepsia and Liver Troubles, that has not been cured—and we also mean their results, such as sour stomach, fermentation of food, habitual constiveness, nervous dyspepsia, headaches, dependent feelings, sleeplessness—in fact, any trouble connected with the stomach or liver? This medicine has been sold for many years in all civilized countries, and we wish to correspond with you and send you one of our books free of cost. If you never tried August Flower, try a 25 cent bottle first. We have never known of its failing. If so, something more serious is the matter with you. The 25 cent size has just been introduced this year. Regular size 75 cents. At all drugists.

G. G. GREEN, Woodbury, N. J.

Cures When Doctors Fail.

Mrs. Frank Chasson, Patterson, La., writes June 28, 1901: "I had malaria fever in very bad form, was under treatment by doctors, but as soon as I stopped taking their medicine the fever would return. I used a sample bottle of Herber's found it helped me. Then bought two bottles, which completely cured me. I feel grateful to you for furnishing such a splendid medicine. I can honestly recommend it to those suffering from malaria, as it will surely cure them." Her case, 500 bottles at Chasman & Co.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the Hon. Thomas F. Ryan, County Judge of Clackamas county, Oregon, executrix of the will and estate of An drew P. Anderson deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same with vouchers at the office of my attorneys, G. B. and D. P. Easton, in Oregon City, Oregon, within six months from this date.

Dated this 15th day 1901.

HANNA E. ANDERSON, Executrix aforesaid.

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"WE HAD A REAL NICE CHRISTMAS TREE." old plantation in Virginia, my misss—Miss Clayton—she had all the novels I guess that ever was printed, an' I read all of 'em that had purty paper covers printed in red an' blue an' yaller. Hasn't you noticed that a novel ain't real good unless it has a heap of color on the cover? Them plain covered novels deals too much with po' folks. Laws, I don't have no occasion to read about po' folks. I sees enough of them. What's the name of this here English novel writer the white folks talk so much about?"

"George Elliot?" I ventured.

"No, not him. It's somethin' like Dickson or Dickerson."

"Dickens?" I said.

"Yes, that's the name. Now, I tried to read one of Mr. Dickens' novels, an' he started off with a po' boy livin' with a blacksmith. That was enough for me. I don't want to read about paupers an' blacksmiths. Why, I can see a blacksmith right down the street here in this village, an' the po'house back of Tarrytown is jes' filled with paupers."

"I wants to read about rich folks an' lords an' ladies an' princes, livin' in style; about how the Prince Mortimer rides up to the castle on his gayly companioned horse an' carries off the Lady Geraldine, an' how the ole lord follers 'em with a hundred men in armor, an' how Prince Mortimer gets away an' has the laugh on his father-in-law; about the grand balls an' masquerades; about people who uses fine words an' men that's always bowin' an' scrapin' befo' the ladies an' fightin' over 'em an' worshipin' 'em; about fine ladies in fine clothes, with nothin' to bother 'em but a whole lot of men makin' love to 'em."

"Yes, I learned a heap from them novels. From 'em I named my oldest boy Roland, an' the next Rupert, an' the last one Aubrey. An' then I named the girls Claudia an' Lucille an' Rosalind an' Geraldine. Them names do sound grand, don't they?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss Clare, I do like things fine an' grand. I ain't got no patience with common things. If I was white an' rich, I'd put on mo' style than 'most any white woman in New York, I reckon. I wouldn't be afraid to wear diamonds in the daytime, an' lots of 'em, an' feathers an' lace an' furs. An' I'd carry my head high an' throw out my chest an' try to look distinguished, I tell you."

And Mary Ann did draw her tall figure to its full height, as they say in the novels, as she walked from the stove to the ironing table with sparkling eyes and a distinguished air, laughing merrily and thereby showing a mouth full of fine teeth.

I had known that Mary Ann, a mulatto with a nice figure and comely features, was good looking, but I didn't realize her possibilities in the way of style before.



"SHE HAD SENT ME A DIAMOND NECKLACE WORTH \$700,000."

Roland an' Prince Rupert an' Princes Aubrey an' the Princesses Claudia an' Lucille an' Rosalind an' Geraldine.

"Then after awhile we got down to the presents an' letters from our humble subjects at home in America that sent their love to the lovely an' noble Queen Mary Ann, to the brave an' august King Peter the Great an' to all the noble, imperial an' royal princes an' princesses."

"An' then we had the Christmas