IN LITTLE SPRINGS CANYON

By Addison Howard Gibson.

As the pony picked its way up the wild, rock bordered canyon Ivy Norris took in great breaths of the ozone of the Arizona foothills.

"This is living!" she cried, throwing out her arms. "The folks back home would not know me. These three months spent in this wonderful climate have made me strong and young again. And this weather! Back in New Hampshire they are having snow, while out here it is golden sunshine all day long. My heart is full of the day—Thanksgiving! When I write back home that I spent my Thanksgiving out in the foothills all alone the folks won't believe me. They'll simply say I'm learning western ways fast—to manufacture some big ones to boom the country."

The last of August Ivy Norris, pale, thin and thirty, had arrived from the east to teach the Lone Mesa school. The cowboys on Mr. Tower's ranch, where she boarded and lodged, treated the coming of the cultivated little woman as a great joke. Her short skirts the boots and the handsome little revolver and cartridge belt furnished them material for comment for weeks. Even Wardie Hughes, the foreman, was amused at her first attempts to mount and ride Pilot, the gentlest pony on the ranch, but he equally enjoyed the pluck with which she persisted in learning to ride and the use of the little revolver that looked so comically dangerous in her small white hand.

On this Thanksgiving morning the handsome foreman had reined in his cow pony behind a thicket of mesquite trees and was watching faithful old Pilot carefully bear his fair rider up the trail of Little Springs canyon. All at once he became aware of the fact that a few months had wrought a great transformation in the schoolteacher of Lone Mesa. The thin form had rounded out into graceful curves, the pale face had become plump and rosy, and her awkwardness in the saddle had given place to an easy manner that could no longer be ascribed to a novice.

"She's like a girl of twenty," he soliloquized. "By Jove, she's the neatest edition of her species that ever struck these foothills. I wonder if she knows where she is going. She's a good ten miles from the ranch house now and still going on. Well, she's a pretty interesting stray, and I'm going to see that she doesn't get entirely lost."

HE WATCHED IVY NORRIS COME ON UP THE RUGGED TRAIL.

With this thought Wardie Hughes entered another trail, then cautiously made a detour, coming back to the canyon just above Little Springs. Still concealed back of some manzanita bushes, he watched Ivy Norris come on up the rugged trail. She was singing a stanza of an old school song that he remembered, and the notes floated up to him on the warm November air sweet and clear as an angel's song. Suddenly she ceased, and she glanced quickly up the slope. Then, catching up her revolver, she sent a shot whizzing off into the chaparral. A tawny form dropped out of sight down the ravine.

"Ah," exclaimed the foreman admiringly, "she made Mr. Coyote hit the dirt as well as a soldier could have done it."

Guiding the pony to the springs, Ivy dismounted. While Pilot drank in long, satisfying quaffs from one of the little springs the young woman looked about her, noting the steep granite walls that surrounded her, the deep azure of the sky and the golden glow of the sunshine enveloping everything like a loving mother keeping a winter's chill at bay. Then she saw Wardie Hughes approaching from an opposite direction.

"May I join you, Miss Norris?" he asked.

"Certainly, Mr. Hughes," she answered. "It is noon, isn't it?" giving an odd little squint at the sun as if she were already enough of a plainswoman to estimate the time by its elevation.

"It is about 12:30," said Hughes, with the old timer's accuracy.

"Then it is time for my lunch, and I'm as hungry as that wretched coyote I shot at. It is Thanksgiving day, Mr. Hughes. I have beef sandwiches, olives, cheese, crackers and some fig wafers in my saddlebags. With New England hospitality I ask you to help me eat them."

"While it is not the custom of us cattlemen to take a lunch at noon," he returned, looking into the bright eyes of the little woman before him, "I am glad to break the custom on this occasion by accepting your invitation."

Under a live oak they spread the paper napkins which Ivy had brought and arranged the lunch upon them. Hughes soon caught the happy spirit of his companion, and, throwing his mask of conscious restraint aside, he talked and laughed with her with the pleasure of a boy.

"The spring must furnish us tea," she said, handing Hughes her pretty silver folding cup. He quickly filled it from the spring near by. Then he passed the cup to her. "I did not think of having company," she said apologetically, touching the rim daintily with her pretty lips. "I wish I had another."

"I'm glad you haven't," protested Hughes heartily. "I like this one best," taking the cup from her hands and drinking.

For a minute Ivy made no reply. Then she looked at the man sitting opposite her as if in doubt of his meaning. The next instant she smiled frankly and said:

"Well, I think I do too."

The half serious simplicity of her speech amused Hughes, and, throwing back his head, he laughed in real enjoyment.

"I'm sure we'll get on all right," he said, still laughing.

Hughes declared there never was such a lunch. The greatest Thanksgiving feast in the land was nothing compared with this. The cold, pure water which they sipped in such good comradeship from the one cup he was sure outrivaled the nectar of all the gods.

All too soon it was finished, and they sat back under the live oak silent, but happy. Suddenly Ivy realized it was midafternoon and she had twelve miles to ride back to the ranch. Tomorrow there would be school and the old routine of duties. Today held sunshine, laughter, joy; the next would be filled with the daily grind and hard tasks. Watching her from under the wide rim of his hat, Wardie Hughes saw the weary expression begin to settle over Ivy Norris' face, and he understood.

Left an orphan after finishing school, his loneliness had driven him west. Here temperate habits and sterling principles had won him success. Now a woman, loving the freedom of his hills as he loved it, had entered his life. Suddenly he beheld a vision—a vision of liberty for both. Immediately he felt an intuition that the loneliness of both was at an end. The new life of sunshine, the sunshine of a wonderful love, was glowing for them. He yearned to tell her, to lift the shadows from the patient face, but the moment of realization was too blissful for speech.

"Come," he said at last, springing up to meet the new life and claim it for them. Gently he took her hand and lifted her to her feet. Then, looking into her beautiful eyes, he said eagerly, "Little woman, I want you to let me make every day of your life a Thanksgiving like today."

A soft flush stole into her face, but she did not leave the strong arms which held her.

Proper Treatment For Burns.

In case of burns death may be due, first, to asphyxia; second, to shock, and, third, to septicaemia.

The medical man seldom gets to the case in time to treat the first condition, the second is essentially a general condition, while the whole success in preventing the third depends upon the immediate local treatment. It is therefore the last condition which must be considered here. Among the public it is a generally accepted idea that the thing to do in the case of a burn is to dust flour over it or to cover it with oil, and, indeed, even in some comparatively late text books on surgery a mixture known as "Carron oil" is advocated.

The use of such applications cannot be too strongly deprecated, and, indeed, if the lay mind could be taught that the best thing to put on a burn before the doctor is called is a hot compress, which should contain some boracic acid if there is any in the house, it is probable that the majority of deaths due to septicaemia after burns would be prevented.

For the whole aim and object of the local treatment is to prevent sepsis. Flour and olive oil may be soothing and may allay the pain, but there is no antiseptic property in them; rather they are excellent culture media for bacteria.—London Hospital.

Why He Remembered.

The Lawyer (cross examining)—Now, what did you say your first name was?

The Witness (cautiously) — Waal, I was baptized John Henry.

The Lawyer—You were, were you? How do you know you were?

The Witness — Waal, I was there, you know.

The Lawyer—Huh! How do you know you were?

The Witness—Why, I couldn't have been baptized otherwise. And, besides, I think I can remember it quite well.

The Lawyer—Ho, you do, do you?

The Witness—Waal—er—yes.

The Lawyer (deeply sarcastic)—Kindly explain to the court and jury, my friend with the phenomenal memory, how an infant in arms came to remember that ceremony so well, will you?

The Witness—Waal—e's—you see, I wasn't baptized until I was eighteen years old.

AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.

By Temple Bailey.

Luttrell, coming down the steps of the elevated station, saw ahead of him a girl with cherries in her hat.

The cherries and the dark blue ribbon were really about all that he could see of her, for he looked down on the top of her head, but as she turned the corner going down he caught a glimpse of wavy brown hair and of a trim white collar that came up to meet it.

When he reached the door of exit he found the girl with the cherries there. Seen thus at close range she proved to be about as high as Luttrell's heart. Her gown was of dark blue like the ribbons of her hat, and she carried a book in her hand.

She was gazing anxiously into the street. It was raining hard, and the street lamps, lighted early, cast glistening reflections across the wet pavement.

The girl with the cherries had no umbrella. As Luttrell passed her she unfolded an infinitesimal square of

"IT'S MY BIG BROTHER," SAID THE LITTLE CLEAR VOICE.

handkerchief and laid it carefully over the big front bow of her hat. It left the cherries out in the rain, but with a quick glance around she sped up the sidewalk.

Luttrell, taking long steps, reached her without effort.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

She looked up, startled. In the gloom she could not see his face, but there was no hint of disrespect in his voice, and her hat was new.

"Oh, if you will"— she said in a prim little way, and for a few minutes they walked on in silence.

"We might talk," Luttrell suggested, "about the weather. It's a good conventional subject and won't commit you to anything in the way of acquaintance."

The girl laughed at that. "I am not quite sure how to treat the situation. You see, it's a little unusual to let a man you don't know walk home with you."

"Suppose we act as if we had known each other all our lives and say the things we would say under those circumstances."

"Under those circumstances," said the little clear voice in the dark, "I should say, 'Goodness, what an awful night!'"

"And I should say," was Luttrell's grave response, "'Little friend, why are you out so late alone?'"

"Oh," came flutteringly, "I went to the library, and when I came out it was almost dark and, to cap the climax, it rained."

"And your hat would have been ruined if fate had not kept me downtown late too. And it's such a pretty hat," he added reflectively.

"Oh!" said the clear little voice again, and then there was another silence.

Far up the street under a corner lamp they could just discern a big man plodding along, weighted down by two umbrellas.

"It's my big brother," said the little clear voice, and then timidly: "Would you mind—going on alone? You see, he might not understand my letting you—but my hat is new—and"—

"I understand perfectly," Luttrell told her. "But big brothers are sometimes dense. I have a little sister myself, and I like to look after her pretty closely, and that's why I looked after you."

He had gone into the darkness before she could thank him. But from the shadows he watched her fly along the intervening space and come up to her big brother. And he heard her say in that clear little voice: "It was so good of you to come after me, Bob." And then they went along together through the driving storm, and Luttrell was left alone.

After that on his way home from office he found himself looking for the girl with the cherry hat. But girls came and girls went, but never the right one, and so the months passed and the winter came, and there were no cherries on any of the hats, and Luttrell gave up his quest in despair.

But always he held in his heart the memory of the clear little voice that had talked to him so confidingly in the darkness of the rainy autumn night.

One night he dropped into a fashionable downtown restaurant for dinner, and at the next table were a big man and a girl in a drooping hat of pale blue. Her gown was of the same color, and around her neck she wore a collar of pearls.

She was a vision of exquisiteness, and there was about her a haunting quality that made Luttrell look at her more than once. Where had he seen her?

And even as he questioned the vision said in a clear little voice: "Bob, I do believe it is raining. If we go out, we will have to have a cab."

It was the girl with the cherry hat. No other had such a voice, and there was the wavy brown hair. And in the brilliant light he beheld clearly for the first time the gray eyes and the delicate pink and white of the oval face. Why, the little girl was a beauty!

"You shall have two cabs if you wish," he heard the big man say genially. "We wouldn't want to christen that stunning gown with rain."

At the sound of that big, booming voice Luttrell stared, and then he bridged the distance between the two tables and dropped his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"Bob Raymond," he said, "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in the voice. But you've grown some, Bobbie, since I used to pitch you off of the campus fence."

Raymond wrung his hand, beaming. "Sis," he said to the vision in blue, "it's Mark Luttrell. You've heard me tell about our college pranks. Mark, this is my kid sister."

She smiled up at Luttrell from under the brim of the broad hat. "Bob forgets that I am grown up," she said, and Luttrell saw that as yet she had not recognized him as the man of the umbrella episode.

"I remember your picture stood on Bob's chiffonier," he told her. "You wore your hair in pigtails, but you were awfully pretty, and I fell in love with you."

"Oh!" she said, blushing beautifully.

"Sit down and have dinner with us," Raymond insisted. "Felicia and I have the evening before us. It's raining, so we might as well stay here for awhile."

He turned to give an order to the waiter, and Luttrell leaned toward Felicia.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then she whispered nervously: "Oh, you are the man! Oh, what did you think of me?"

"I wished that I might hold an umbrella over you for the rest of my life," he said fervently.

Her dimples came out in full force. "I am afraid you would get awfully tired," she said, but her eyes drooped before his glance.

"Come up and see us," Bob said that night as they parted.

"On one condition," said Luttrell as he held the fur lined wrap for the vision in blue, "that you let me fall in love with your sister."

"Felicia?" Raymond scoffed. "She's nothing but a kid."

"I am old enough to know my own mind, Bob," said Felicia with spirit.

"And what is your mind?" Luttrell asked as they went down the hall together.

Her eyelashes swept her cheeks and hid her eyes. "I don't know," she said demurely. "Perhaps—perhaps you had better come—and find out."

Why the Will Cost More.

Five years ago a certain man made a will. Last week he made another one. The same lawyer drew up both documents. For writing the second will the lawyer charged twice as much as for writing the first one.

"Why this difference?" asked the client. "Have you attained such prominence in the legal profession in the last five years that you are justified in doubling your fees?"

"Not at all," said the lawyer. "There was twice as much work on this will as on your old one. You see, at that time you were a married man and your will was short, for with the exception of a few minor bequests everything was left to your wife. Changes in your domestic relations have made another will necessary. You are now a bachelor or a bachelor's equivalent, a childless widower. It is much harder to write a will for a man of that type than for a married man. The man with a family usually gives away everything he possesses in three or four clauses, but the bachelor divides his property among so many relatives, friends and dependents and consumes so much time in doing it that the lawyer is justified in charging him double the usual fee."—New York Press.

The Waiter Explains.

He was one of the very few commercial travelers who cannot adapt themselves to their surroundings, and as a chronic hotel grumbler he is known from east to west. The waiter was possessed of an optimism unusual for one weighted with the responsibilities of his position and served the soup, fish and roast with equanimity and poise. At the dessert the traveling man waxed irritable and sarcastic.

"Look here," he said. "This pudding is on the bill of fare as 'ice cream pudding,' and there isn't any ice nor is there any cream in it."

The waiter in a tone of great patience replied:

"That's all right, sir. There's nothing in names. If we serve you with Washington pie it's no sign there's a picture of the capitol on every piece, and when we bring you college fritters there isn't a term's tuition in advance thrown in. Any cheese with your pie, sir?"

THE COURTS

Herman T. Dow has filed a suit in the Circuit Court against Lotta Dow for a decree of divorce. They were married in Portland, November 24, 1907, and Dow says his wife married him in order to get possession of his property, and the second day after their marriage caused him to convey to a confederate of hers real estate in Portland worth $1000. Immediately after this transfer she began to talk of a separation and left him 16 days later.

Suit for divorce has been instituted in the Circuit Court by Ida M. Howell against William R. Howell, to whom she was married in Portland, February 11, 1896. Mrs. Howell alleges that her husband deserted her December 1, 1903.

The Douglas Ridge Mutual Telephone Company has been granted a franchise by the County Court to construct a telephone line along the county road from Eagle Creek to Palfrey's place on the Paankey and Foster road, and also on the Hoffmeister road to Hoffmeister's place and on the Drake road to the Sellwood Lumber Company's mill.

Estylle A. Holmes has filed a suit for divorce against Edgar S. Holmes, charging him with cruel and inhuman treatment. They were wedded at Los Angeles, Cal., January 27, 1902, and her maiden name was Zeyss.

Mrs. Hattie E. Legg has filed a suit for divorce agaainst William Frang Legg. They were married in Portland, May 12, 1889, and have two daughters, Bessie, aged 15 years, and Gladys L. aged 12 years. Mrs. Legg charges him with kicking her on the shins until they were black and blue. He is said to have cut the telephone wires leading to her residence in order to cause her inconvenience, and struck and kicked her because she took some hot water that he wanted to use for a bath. Mrs. Legg says that during extreme cold weather her husband grabbed her right hand and placed it on a red-hot stove, which resulted in severe burns.

District Attorney Hedges returned indictments against Ben Bermosher, Peter Holberg, H. K. Tackelson and James Jesse, of Canby, on a charge of selling liquor to minors. They all entered a plea of not guilty and the trial of Bermosher and Holberg was set for February 3, and of the other two men on the following day. The four men are saloonkeepers and barkeepers of Canby and their arrest and indictment grew out of the death of Charlie Kinzel.

In the suit of O. L. Purveyor vs. the Milwaukie Country Club to recover money lost while gambling at the resort, Judge McBride overruled the demurrer of the defendants and gavet hem until April 1 to file a reply.

Judge McBride Monday convened a special term of the Clackamas County Circuit Court and handed down nine decrees of divorce in the following cases Cynthia Addington vs. William H. Addington, Herman T. Dow vs. Lotta Dow, Riley Billings vs. Effie Billings, Pearl Ritter vs. Nicholas Ritter, Josie Smith vs. Floyd Smith, Zelma A. Borgman vs. John Borgman, Margaret Foster vs. E. W. Foster, Jennie L. Bowers vs. A. M. Bowers, Lena Schinnaman vs. John Schinnaman.

Drs. Carll and Hewitt made an examination Saturday of C. F. Vonderahe, for whom the appointment of a guardian is asked by his children, and they conveyed to the court the information that the old man was senile, but not insane. Judge Dimick has asked the attorneys for the petitioner to submit authorities for the appointment of a guardian for a man who is not insane, and the case has been continued.

Additional divorce decrees by Judge McBride are Charles A. Rinehart vs. Addie Goff Rinehart, Mary Curtis vs. Owen B. Curtis, Minnie Stephenson vs. William P. Stephenson, Hattie E. Legg vs. W. Frank Legg, Hilda Hart vs. James Hart, Margaret Mathenson vs. William D. Mathenson, Nancy S. Corley vs. John Corley, Julia E. Livingstone vs. Harry Livingstone, Hattie Keeper vs. John P. Keeper, Charles William May vs. Sarah M. May, J. G. Mealin vs. Adda L. Mealin, Maribel Reister vs. Edward Reister, Mary M. Dickenson vs. John Dickenson, Walter Taylor vs. Mabel K. Taylor, Chester Hines vs. Annie Hines, Dominica Barbaro vs. Bartholomew Barbaro, Minnie Miller vs. John F. Miller, William Lawrence vs. Lilliam Lawrence, Minnie Harris vs. Abe O. Harris, Louise Hodges vs. Henry O. Hodges, Catherine Moore vs. Joseph H. Moore.

Governor Chamberlain was in attendance at the Circuit Court Wednesday afternoon to argue a demurrer in the suit of the Mount Hood Railway & Power Company against Charles Adam Andre and others.

The followin gorders were made Monday:

Mount Hood Railway Co. vs. C. A. Andre et al.; demurrer overruled as to defendants M. F. Donahae and Alma P. Donahae, who are allowed until January 27 to file an answer.

D. C. Yoder and Levi Yoder vs. Fannie Yoder et al.; Gordon E. Hayes appointed guardian ad litem to represent the minor defendants.

A. D. Gribble vs. S. M. Long and J. W. Falconer. Settled and dismissed.

Walter Taylor vs. Mabel K. Taylor. Referred.

Mount Hood Railway and Power Co. vs. City of Portland. Demurrer overruled and defendant given until January 25 to file an answer.

Julia Boldin vs. William Boldin. Default.

Gottlieb Kunzi vs. Eastern Investment Co. Judgment.

O. L. Purveyor vs. Milwaukie Country Club. Demurrer overruled and defendant given until April 1 to answer.

Orders were handed down Tuesday morning as follows:

Maud M. Forsyth vs. Reuben J. Forsyth. Default.

Jennie A. Johns vs. Robert Johns. Default.

Mabel S. Patton vs. Roy F. Patton. Name of plaintiff ordered changed to Harris. Decree of divorce granted last term.

Barnes Machinery Co. vs. Oregon City Mill & Lumber Co. Demurrer overruled.

Beaverton & Willsburg Railroad Co. vs. J. O. Story et al. Settled and dismissed.

Harold Wolverton, a 7-year-old boy, whose parents live in Seattle, and, it is said, declined to take care of the child, and upon their departure for the Sound city left him behind, and since then he has been staying at Bolton, with his grandfather, D. L. Wolverton, and his aunt, Mrs. Foshner, now want the boy. The lad's father was brought down from Seattle Monday, and then there is trouble over who shall have the custody of the boy. D. L. Wolverton stated some months ago that his son was not the proper person to take care of the lad, and he tried to secure the legal custody of the boy by adoption. This plan was not carried out, however. The battle for the possession of the boy was settled by the court giving him to his aunt, Mrs. Foshner.

Gus Kuhn has filed a suit for divorce against Gertrude Kuhn, to whom he was married June 3, 1897, in Alameda, Cal. He charged her with desertion.

The estate of the late James Foster was admitted to probate Tuesday in the County Court. The value of the property of the estate is $900, and there are six heirs. Foster died in Portland, October 28, 1907.