

HIS WARD

He Was Very Much Surprised When He Saw Her

By Ella B. Barker

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Mr. Willard Lane, bachelor, returned to his home after business, sat down in the library and took up a newspaper. He turned over the sheets three or four times, vainly endeavoring to become interested in something, and finally fell to reading the advertisements. Then he threw down the paper and leaning back in his chair with a bored expression, mused:

"This house is comfortable, but it isn't home. I have a mind to give it up and take bachelor apartments. I can buy anything I want, but I can't buy a helpmate. I'd give one-half of all I'm worth if I could go back ten or fifteen years and meet again the girl I used to associate with. I'd propose to every one of them successively till I got one for a wife. There's Molly B., married and four children; Matilda B., gone, I don't know where; Edith Jenks is still unmarried, but she was always sour as vinegar, and she hasn't improved with age. As for me, I'm altogether too old to get a wife from among young women, and I'm sure none but a faithful one could ever get on with me, and she would have a hard time of it. I'll sell this tomb!"

"A letter for you, sir."

Mrs. Parker, the housekeeper, handed him a missive that the postman



HE DREW HER TO HIM.

had just left at the door. He opened and read it:

Willard Lane, Esq.:

Dear Sir—We have to announce to you that by the will of the late Hamilton Bingham, which has this day been admitted to probate, you are appointed executor of his estate and guardian of his daughter, Marie Southworth Bingham. Your ward has no relatives, and it is incumbent upon you to provide a home for her. Very respectfully, your obedient servants, KINGOLEY & KINGOLEY, Attorneys.

"Well, well! Poor Bingham's gone! And left his child to me! Why didn't these musty attorneys say something about her age? Will she need a nurse, or is she old enough to go to school by herself? Let me see, I have had no knowledge of Bingham for a dozen years. I can't figure out how old the child is. But, any way, it will live up this tomb to have any living thing in it. I mustn't sell it. I'll need it for her home. By Jove, that's what I'll do! I'll make a home for her right here!"

Going out to a telegraph office, he sent the following message to the attorneys: "Send Marie Bingham here."

During the evening Mr. Lane received a reply that his ward would be with him at 5 o'clock the next evening, and it was suggested that he meet her at the station. Calling for Mrs. Parker, he gave her minute instructions as to the preparations she desired made.

"Put in order," he said, "the two rooms adjoining on the west, second story—the one for a nurse, the other for a child. In the garret is a crib that has been there for years. Get it down, and I'll order a new mattress."

"How old is the child, sir?" asked the housekeeper.

"How old? I don't know. The stupid attorneys didn't say anything about her age, but I figure it out that she can't be over, say, ten years old. If she is I've been getting old mighty fast. I hope she's between six and twelve. We'll assume that she's seven, not too old for dolls, sets of dishes and all that. At any rate, I'll provide those when I go downtown tomorrow. Poor little thing! I wish her to feel at home. She's just lost her father."

"I'll see that everything is done, sir."

So Lane the next day sent home all that was required, including such toys as would please a child seven years old. There were three dolls and a play-house big enough for the little girl to get into—that is, if she wasn't large for her age. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon the two rooms were in prime order and looked both comfortable and cozy.

At 5 o'clock Mr. Lane was at the station and watched the people pour from the train when it came in, looking for a woman with a little girl, but there was none such—at least none that did not go away at once. Lane was disappointed. He had made up his mind to have his little companion by him at the table for dinner. He was turning away when a girl about seven or eight accosted him:

"I beg pardon, sir. Have you seen an

elderly gentleman who appeared to be waiting for some one?"

"No, I have not."

"He was to have met me here, but I don't see him."

"I was to have met a little girl myself. She hasn't come, or if she has I've missed her."

"I don't know what I'm going to do."

"I have a carriage outside and will be happy to drive you wherever you wish to go."

"Thank you ever so much. I'm to go to my guardian, Mr. Willard Lane, No. 1211."

"What?"

"Mr. Lane."

"I thought you said he is an elderly gentleman."

"Why, I suppose he is. He and my father—"

"Are you Marie Bingham?"

"Yes."

Lane looked at her for a moment as if dazed, then said:

"I'm the elderly gentleman you're looking for, and you're the child I'm looking for. I'm your guardian. Come right along."

Seizing a bag she carried, he led her out of the station, put her into a carriage and drove her home. The housekeeper received them at the front door and looked surprised at seeing instead of a child a tall, willowy girl who might have passed for twenty.

"Just wait here a few moments," said Lane to his ward. "I wish to be sure your room is all right. Mrs. Parker, we'll go and see."

The two hurried upstairs. "We must get this out first," he said, taking hold of one end of the playhouse.

"She'd never get in it in the world," remarked Mrs. Parker dryly.

"Run it up into the garret."

"The crib was next removed, after which the dolls, sets of dishes and other toys. Then Lane went down and told Miss Marie Bingham that her rooms were ready for her.

Mrs. Parker had been in the Lane family long enough to have taken care of Willard Lane when he was a kid. She was the only woman upon whom he could rely for advice, and as soon as she came downstairs he said to her:

"What am I to do? Will it be proper for me to keep her here?"

"In the first place, Mr. Willard, I understand she has no other home. Some people will think it right for you to give her a home here with me for chaperon, while some will talk. But if we're going to listen to what people say or we'll be hearing something disagreeable all the while. If she's happy here I see no reason why she shouldn't stay."

"That settles it, she remains."

Marie Bingham was of an age to be treated either as a woman or one just emerging from childhood, especially by her father's old friend. The tomb, as he had called his house, seemed to have thrown off its sepulchral atmosphere from the day she came into it. For some time after her arrival she felt deeply the loss of her father. But youth is quick to throw off sorrows, and even during this period she was cheerful. Beyond this was the presence of a young girl, it seemed that the very atmosphere had been changed. The servants were better contented and easier to manage. Mrs. Parker's heart, that had been supposed to have congealed with age, came out to the motherless girl, and she was happy in having some one to care for. As for Lane, it seemed to him that he walked lighter, breathed freer—indeed, that the whole world had taken on a brighter hue.

Three years passed, years that Lane afterward referred to as the happiest of his life. From the first he was interested in having the direction of a young girl's education, the same as if she were his own daughter. Her income was a slender one, entirely inadequate to give her special advantages. He supplied the deficiency, keeping her in ignorance of the fact.

"I must find some young fellows for her," he said to Mrs. Parker. "She needs to associate with young men of her own age."

Mrs. Parker looked up at the ceiling and said nothing.

So Lane hunted up some of the younger members of his club and took them to call upon his ward. She appeared to enjoy their society, but it was not to be expected that she would fulfill the purpose for which he had brought them—that is, that she should marry one of them. Her twenty-first birthday was near at hand, when by the terms of her father's will her inheritance was to be turned over to her, and though her guardian had trotted up a number of attractive young men, she had shown none of them any preference.

The day she was twenty-one Lane handed in to the chancery court an account of his stewardship. His ward surprised him by asking for a copy of it. He gave it to her, and she perused it carefully.

"I can't make this out," she said to her guardian. "What has been the average income from the estate since father's death?"

"About \$700."

"How much have you charged me for board?"

"There hasn't been any income for board. It has all been needed for schooling."

"And how much has been drawn for schooling?"

"Nothing has been drawn for schooling. It was all needed for board."

She looked up from the paper. There was a revelation for him in that look. She put out her hand and rested it on his. He drew her to him and kissed her.

The next morning Lane said to Mrs. Parker, "I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?"

"Marie is going to turn down all the boys to marry the old man."

"Tut! That's no surprise."

THE RANGER'S FAREWELL.

[The Texas legislature is about to abolish the Texas rangers.—News Note.]

Hang up the saddle and white sombrero. Turn out the old cayuse. The glory is gone—it's all "dinero"—Hang it all, what's the use?

Civilization's got us faded. Crowd us here and there. Nary an outlaw's nest to be raided—Tenderfeet everywhere.

Uster be that a man was humpin' the old frontier. Had men kept a-a-jumpin' a-singin' near.

Out in the chaparral all hours. Killin' or bein' killed—Never no funeral music nor flowers—Then life with joy was filled.

Now there are ranch houses in the open. Fences strung mile on mile; Nary a bit of the old time grin—Telephones all the style.

Never no more in the smoke we'll mingle. Turn out the old cayuse; Hang up the pistol and spurs that jingle—Durn it all, what's the use?—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

A. V. Wickland \$ 4.50  
Walter Foster 2.40  
Wm. Haberlach .75  
John W. Bennett 7.00

E. E. Cox \$ 32.00  
Herb Stamper 12.00  
Will Burghardt 12.00  
W. S. Craft 18.00  
C. Christian 11.00

R. L. King 15.00  
Rich Stamper 2.00  
Thomas Brown 2.00  
Stanton & Taylor 7.43

Norman Linn \$ 7.00  
R. H. Curran 7.00  
Albert Kitching 2.50  
D. Matson 2.50  
H. Gibbons 2.50  
Roy Linn 2.50  
J. Gibbons 3.50  
P. Kitzmiller 16.85

O. Richey \$ 7.50  
B. Johnston 12.00  
Wm. Wheeler 2.00  
C. M. Lake 8.00  
A. B. Elliott & Co. 1.00

A. J. Anderson \$ 7.00  
W. Weingart 1.00  
H. J. Mullholland 5.00  
Harry Duncan 5.00  
C. Vanderhoof 4.00  
J. Burns 12.00  
J. R. Johnson 4.00  
C. Cannon 4.00  
L. F. Keeton 4.00  
E. Christeson 4.00  
J. Rhoades 4.00  
J. Mulderick 2.00  
L. Anderson 2.00  
Sam Ancoff 5.50

W. Tenney 4.00  
J. West 2.50  
Ben Bliss 3.50  
Neno Jeff 2.00  
Geo. Scharke 4.00  
P. Gray 6.00  
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J. D. Abbott 6.00  
H. Prat 2.00  
S. Oldhan 4.00  
N. Orbey 2.00  
W. Sutherland 2.00  
Geo. Smith 3.00  
D. Orbay 1.00  
W. E. Fry 5.53  
J. Myland 22.00  
J. McMenemy 19.00  
T. J. Bennett 6.00  
J. McCarty 16.00  
Chas. Carlson 21.00  
E. Heckell 18.00  
W. Mahoney 21.00  
A. Bunce 17.00  
Elmer Phelps 1.00  
Frank Culross 6.50  
Bill Culross 2.00  
P. M. Bosch 5.50

John E. Smith \$ 15.00  
C. Peckover 10.00  
E. Rivers 10.00  
E. Glass 8.00  
E. Bolla 10.00  
W. W. Smith 6.00  
J. Munger 6.00  
C. Pearce 6.50  
J. W. Murphy 10.00  
Wilson & Cooke 3.45  
Security Vault & Metal Works 60.70  
Grant Mumpower 14.65  
Carl Mumpower 24.00  
J. E. Mumpower 19.00  
Chas. Hattman 26.00  
W. E. Mumpower 17.50  
L. H. Mumpower 5.00  
Frank Goodson 13.00  
Ray Steward 10.00  
J. C. Holcomb 4.00  
O. C. Crader 11.00  
Alford Gerlor 11.00  
J. J. Hatton 14.00

Wm. Kirchem \$ 2.00  
B. Swales 2.00  
D. Swales 2.00  
F. W. Riehoff 4.00

Wilson & Cooke \$ 2.75  
Andrew Lenthold 3.00  
John Nelson 10.00  
J. T. Fullam 8.75

Wilson & Cooke \$ 6.90  
Everhart & Hall 1.25  
C. W. Friedrich 3.65  
B. F. Linn 2.60  
S. F. Gibbs 25.00  
C. C. Gibbs 8.00  
Aug. Splinter 16.00  
A. Renels 11.00  
F. Linn 16.00  
E. Packard 12.00  
G. A. Pagenkopf 13.00  
H. McCormack 18.00  
L. Derick 15.00

After a competition among sixty-two architects, many of them of international distinction, plans have been chosen for the great ready made town on the outskirts of London which is to be created on the Ruslip estate of King's college, Cambridge. The place is eighteen minutes by fast trains from the west end. The estates of the college extend to some 1,300 acres in the two Middlesex parishes of Northwood and Ruslip. An "aerated suburb" is what the papers call it.

The Ruslip town planning experiment will be the most extensive undertaking of the kind in the world. There are to be more than 7,000 houses, divided according to rental as follows:

\$20 or more rent..... 21  
Not exceeding \$50 rent..... 624  
Not exceeding \$30 rent..... 1,541  
Not exceeding \$150 rent..... 1,566

Total..... 3,752

About 837 acres will be devoted to building plots, 255 acres to parks and other open spaces and 184 acres to roads. Nowhere on the estate are there to be more than ten houses on an acre. This is the rule usually followed in suburban development in America. In some places in Ruslip there will be only two or three dwellings per acre.

The central avenue of the garden town is to have a fifty foot grass strip along its center, flanked on either side by a thirty-two foot roadway. A church will face each end of the avenue. There are to be, of course, a theater, a club, a municipal building, schools, an arcade, a concert hall, a library, a monument, a golf course, a hospital, an abattoir, baths, a laundry, a garage, possibly an aviation garage and every other up to date suburban facility.

The Ruslip manor garden suburb is the first great scheme under the new act of parliament. The London county council is carrying forward several large suburban housing developments.

SEARCHLIGHT GUARDS HENS.

Banker Installs Electric Plant to Stop Chicken Thieves.

James M. Donald, a New York banker who has a country home at Ewing, N. J., has just finished equipping his place with a 3,000 candle power searchlight and a 2,000 candle power arc light for protection against chicken thieves who have been despoiling his henneries. He has also given each of his farm hands a rifle, with orders to shoot if chicken thieves put in an appearance.

The wires for the electric lights are in concrete under ground so that they cannot be tampered with. The arrangements are such that the opening of a door or window in the henneries will throw on the lights.

AROUND WORLD IN 37 DAYS.

Development of a Japanese Port Makes Fast Trip Possible.

Development of the Japanese port of Tsunra has made it possible to go around the world in thirty-seven days. Leaving Seattle or Vancouver by steamer, a traveler may land in Yokohama—twelve days—By taking a train to Tsunra and steamer to the Transiberian railroad terminus and continuing by the fastest train to London he may cover the distance from Yokohama in sixteen days. By the fastest steamers and trains he may travel from London to Seattle in a little more than nine days.

Americans Build Jamaica Hotel. A new hotel at Port Antonio, Jamaica, will represent \$175,000 of American capital when completed.

COURT NOTES

Inane.

Dr. H. S. Moutt \$ 8.00  
Election.

John S. Rieble \$ 2.70  
J. W. Smith 3.90  
Printing.

Oregon City Enterprise \$375.30  
Oregon City Courier \$4.00  
Wild Animal Bounty.

Wm. Anderson 12.00  
Wm. King 2.00  
Aug. Olson 2.30  
H. P. Bittner 2.00  
I. Callahan 10.00  
L. Himler 2.00

District No. 1.  
A. C. Davis \$ 15.35  
J. Hartwig 25.00  
C. Counsell 30.00  
Jno. Stuckey 20.00  
Van Putte 3.75  
L. J. Bennett 3.75  
C. E. Battin 12.50  
W. H. Counsell 18.75

District No. 2.  
A. V. Wickland \$ 4.50  
Walter Foster 2.40  
Wm. Haberlach .75  
John W. Bennett 7.00

District No. 3.  
E. E. Cox \$ 32.00  
Herb Stamper 12.00  
Will Burghardt 12.00  
W. S. Craft 18.00  
C. Christian 11.00

R. L. King 15.00  
Rich Stamper 2.00  
Thomas Brown 2.00  
Stanton & Taylor 7.43

District No. 4.  
Norman Linn \$ 7.00  
R. H. Curran 7.00  
Albert Kitching 2.50  
D. Matson 2.50  
H. Gibbons 2.50  
Roy Linn 2.50  
J. Gibbons 3.50  
P. Kitzmiller 16.85

District No. 5.  
O. Richey \$ 7.50  
B. Johnston 12.00  
Wm. Wheeler 2.00  
C. M. Lake 8.00  
A. B. Elliott & Co. 1.00

District No. 7.  
A. J. Anderson \$ 7.00  
W. Weingart 1.00  
H. J. Mullholland 5.00  
Harry Duncan 5.00  
C. Vanderhoof 4.00  
J. Burns 12.00  
J. R. Johnson 4.00  
C. Cannon 4.00  
L. F. Keeton 4.00  
E. Christeson 4.00  
J. Rhoades 4.00  
J. Mulderick 2.00  
L. Anderson 2.00  
Sam Ancoff 5.50

W. Tenney 4.00  
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Neno Jeff 2.00  
Geo. Scharke 4.00  
P. Gray 6.00  
G. Evenhoff 3.00  
F. E. McGugin 12.50  
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H. Barney 6.75  
M. Walker 6.00  
J. D. Abbott 6.00  
H. Prat 2.00  
S. Oldhan 4.00  
N. Orbey 2.00  
W. Sutherland 2.00  
Geo. Smith 3.00  
D. Orbay 1.00  
W. E. Fry 5.53  
J. Myland 22.00  
J. McMenemy 19.00  
T. J. Bennett 6.00  
J. McCarty 16.00  
Chas. Carlson 21.00  
E. Heckell 18.00  
W. Mahoney 21.00  
A. Bunce 17.00  
Elmer Phelps 1.00  
Frank Culross 6.50  
Bill Culross 2.00  
P. M. Bosch 5.50

District No. 11.  
John E. Smith \$ 15.00  
C. Peckover 10.00  
E. Rivers 10.00  
E. Glass 8.00  
E. Bolla 10.00  
W. W. Smith 6.00  
J. Munger 6.00  
C. Pearce 6.50  
J. W. Murphy 10.00  
Wilson & Cooke 3.45  
Security Vault & Metal Works 60.70  
Grant Mumpower 14.65  
Carl Mumpower 24.00  
J. E. Mumpower 19.00  
Chas. Hattman 26.00  
W. E. Mumpower 17.50  
L. H. Mumpower 5.00  
Frank Goodson 13.00  
Ray Steward 10.00  
J. C. Holcomb 4.00  
O. C. Crader 11.00  
Alford Gerlor 11.00  
J. J. Hatton 14.00

District No. 12.  
Wm. Kirchem \$ 2.00  
B. Swales 2.00  
D. Swales 2.00  
F. W. Riehoff 4.00

Wilson & Cooke \$ 2.75  
Andrew Lenthold 3.00  
John Nelson 10.00  
J. T. Fullam 8.75

Wilson & Cooke \$ 6.90  
Everhart & Hall 1.25  
C. W. Friedrich 3.65  
B. F. Linn 2.60  
S. F. Gibbs 25.00  
C. C. Gibbs 8.00  
Aug. Splinter 16.00  
A. Renels 11.00  
F. Linn 16.00  
E. Packard 12.00  
G. A. Pagenkopf 13.00  
H. McCormack 18.00  
L. Derick 15.00

District No. 13.  
Wilson & Cooke \$ 2.75  
Andrew Lenthold 3.00  
John Nelson 10.00  
J. T. Fullam 8.75

Wilson & Cooke \$ 6.90  
Everhart & Hall 1.25  
C. W. Friedrich 3.65  
B. F. Linn 2.60  
S. F. Gibbs 25.00  
C. C. Gibbs 8.00  
Aug. Splinter 16.00  
A. Renels 11.00  
F. Linn 16.00  
E. Packard 12.00  
G. A. Pagenkopf 13.00  
H. McCormack 18.00  
L. Derick 15.00

District No. 14.  
Wilson & Cooke \$ 6.90  
Everhart & Hall 1.25  
C. W. Friedrich 3.65  
B. F. Linn 2.60  
S. F. Gibbs 25.00  
C. C. Gibbs 8.00  
Aug. Splinter 16.00  
A. Renels 11.00  
F. Linn 16.00  
E. Packard 12.00  
G. A. Pagenkopf 13.00  
H. McCormack 18.00  
L. Derick 15.00

Odd Fellows Change Meeting Night. The I. O. O. F. lodge, of Gladstone, met at the Gladstone hall on Wednesday evening, when there was a large attendance of members present. The first reading of the by-laws of the order took place, it was decided to change the meeting night from Wednesday to Monday. The meetings will be held each week.

Table of names and amounts for various districts, including District No. 1 through District No. 24.

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