

# Two Life Lines

They Diverged, but Finally Met

By T. EDWARDS ARMSTRONG

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I have often thought that if we could see the thread of a human life laid down on paper—a sort of diagram such as is used in meteorology—we would realize how much fate has to do with one's career. Place down on this map the lives of two persons starting from exactly the same point, and what a difference will occur when circumstances throw the one downward and the other upward.

Until I was seven years old life was pleasant to me. Then came a succession of disasters. My father died a bankrupt, and within a month my mother followed him to the grave. My sister Lucy, three years my senior, and I were sent to an orphan asylum. One day a lady came to the asylum looking for a girl to adopt. She chose Lucy, who went away with her. It was a dreadful blow to me to be separated from my sister, but children of that age are twigs easily bent to cling to anything that offers. So I soon learned to rely on others, but I never forgot Lucy.

When I grew old enough to do anything for myself I was discharged from the asylum. It seems cruel to turn a boy of thirteen out upon the world, but it is more cruel to refuse admission for want of room and funds to one of a still more tender age. I was given a little money and told to shift for myself. I bought some newspapers and sold them on the street. I lived as such boys live; but, having come from more refined stock than they, the life was more distasteful to me. A gentleman whom I used to wait for on a corner in the morning to sell him a paper asked me one day how I would like to go into his house as a boy of all work. I told him I would do anything to get off the street. So he took me home with him and gave me some good clothes. I became a sort of assistant in the kitchen, answered bell calls at the door and did errands.



WILL JONES

"SHE THREW HER ARMS ABOUT ME." I was fifteen and quite tall when I went into Mr. Spingler's service. Before very long he made me a butler of me. My drift thus made me a servant. Had the Spingler family been unkind to me, possibly I might have gone out again for a fresh start while I was still young. But they were very kind to me, and this kept me in my position till I was eighteen years old. Helen Spingler, a lovely girl several years younger than I, became interested in me, I having made certain references to her concerning pleasures I remembered having enjoyed before my parents died. I returned her sympathy for me by loving her. Soon after making the discovery of this love I told her father that he must get another butler. He wondered why I wished to leave, but I would not tell him. Of course I never spoke a word of love to Helen.

Within two years I occupied several places. Then I secured one as butler in the family of a very rich young couple who had just been married. I was engaged by the wife, who took especial care to instruct me in the duties pertaining to a situation in the home of enormously rich people. She was very gentle with me and if I made any mistakes refrained from scolding me. Indeed, Mrs. Trevor was so kind and my wages were so satisfactory to me that I hoped I would remain in her service for the rest of my natural life. Her husband was also an excellent man and never gave me an order without saying "please," and I never served him that he didn't say "thank you."

One day the postman left a letter which had been addressed to some one who did not live in the house. I would have given it back to him had he not hurried away. My attention was arrested by the name on the envelope. It was "Miss Lucie Deering."

Now, my name is George Deering, and my sister's name, I remembered, was Lucy. I took the letter on a salver to my mistress and observed her as she looked at it. To my surprise, she opened and read it.

"What's the matter with you, George?" she asked, looking up at me. I had dropped the salver and caught at the back of a chair. "Nothing, ma'am," I replied, "only a little dizziness."

But, recovering my equanimity, spoke of the letter she had opened. "It's lucky I brought it to you. I intended to give it back to the postman."

"I'm glad you didn't. It is from one who does not know that I have been married. Lucie Deering was my maiden name. I wouldn't have missed getting the letter for a good deal. It is a reply from one I wrote some time ago with reference to a brother I have been separated from for many years."

"And does it give you any information about him?" I asked under my breath.

"Nothing that will enable me to find him," she replied, with a sigh and in a tone indicating that she did not care to be questioned further.

Great heavens, I was my sister's butler!

My position had suddenly become a horror to me. From the moment I discovered that I was wearing the livery of my lost Lucy I was in terror lest she would discover my identity. I determined to leave her service at once.

The same afternoon, going into the room where I had handed her her letters, I saw them lying on a table. Curious to know what had been written about me, I took up the one I was interested in and read it. What was my surprise to read:

Dear Miss Deering—I have just returned from a long sojourn abroad and found your letter. I can only tell you that George Deering left our service two years ago, since when we have heard nothing of him. I regret that I cannot serve you in the matter. I am very truly yours,

HELEN SPINGLER.

What fatality is this that has made me my sister's servant and caused her to inquire as to my antecedents from the girl I love and who, like Lucy, is separated from me by a great gulf?

George was the only part of my name Lucy knew. The truth is, being a servant and knowing that I had been born a gentleman, I was sensitive even about my name and always contrived as far as possible to let my Christian name suffice. At any rate, Lucy had not thus far had any occasion to know it. Quite often servants are known to a family by their first name alone. I knew our relationship, while Lucy did not. I was impelled by something, I knew not what, to talk with her about this brother of hers. I said to her:

"I suppose, ma'am, from the letter you got that your brother's name is Deering. I know or did know a fellow of that name, but he couldn't have been your brother, for he came out of an orphan asylum."

"Then he is my brother?" she exclaimed excitedly. "Can you tell me where I can find him?"

"I wouldn't like to do that, ma'am, for I'm sorry to say he is not of your kind."

"I don't expect he is. I'm told the poor boy was turned out at thirteen to earn his own living, while I was adopted by a lady and have married a rich man."

"The one I met sold papers for awhile and then became a servant the same as I."

"I learned that and wrote to one of the persons whose butler, I also learned, he was. Tell me at once if you know where he is."

It was a hard struggle with me. For a few moments I was thinking what excuse I could make to get away from her, but she was so intent on the matter that at last, yielding to a desire to be reunited to her, I said:

"Lucy, I am George."

Though I wore her livery, she threw her arms about me, woman-like, before proving my identity, but it was not long before I had told her enough about our lives and our misfortunes as children to convince her that I was no impostor. When we came to the matter of my future Lucy said to me:

"I have been thinking since I learned something of you what to do with you in case I found you. You are, of course, uneducated. You must have a private tutor at once and prepare for college. You will enter when most men are graduated, but we can't help that."

"But the funds? Surely you wouldn't use your husband's funds for me?"

"He would gladly give them. He knows my antecedents and knows that I have a brother who was not so fortunate as I. But I don't need to call on him. The lady who adopted me when she died left me a good property. But now go at once and get some other clothes."

When my brother-in-law came home that evening and I was introduced to him, dressed like a gentleman, in my true relationship he grasped me warmly by the hand and threw his arms about his wife, giving her a congratulatory kiss. Instead of waiting on them at dinner, I dined with them.

My sister carried out her plans for me, and I am now at thirty entering upon the practice of my profession. I am engaged to be married, and my fiancée is one I have often served. Her name is Helen Spingler.

Helen and I often speak of that day when I, a walf of the street, was brought to her home by her father. She tells me that she had no sooner looked at me than she knew that I had been born in a far different station. And I remember the pity I saw in her eyes, the kindly way in which she gave me her orders, making them rather requests than commands from a mistress, and when I served her she made it appear that she was under an obligation. Is it a wonder that I grew to love her? We are supremely happy.

If my sister's and my life lines were drawn on the map I spoke of at the beginning of my story hers would go up and mine would go down until my rescue by her, when mine would take a sudden shoot upward, meeting and remaining thenceforth parallel with hers.

## GOWN FOR EASTER.

Two Toned Materials Popular This Season.



Apparel for Easterlike now is uppermost in the feminine eye. The accompanying picture shows one of the newest fancies in Easter gowns. Two toned materials are popular for this season. This frock consists of a combination skirt, the upper part being made of pale biscuit color serge and the lower part of dark brown. The skirt is made empire, and the jacket is one of the new Eton designs. The entire suit is made very attractive by the use of silk braid. The big hat worn with the costume is of tan chip with white pompon. The combination of gown and hat makes a stunning Easter outfit.

## Hat For Next Summer.

The milliners are busy designing hats for the summer season of 1911. Among the many designs is the turban of straw shown in the picture.



STRAW TURBAN.

Trailing roses and vines give a truly summery effect. It will be observed that the shape is not materially different from some of the headgear worn last season.

## Housewife Suggestions.

If your irons become rough and sticky, wash in warm soapy water, dry and rub with emery paper.

A slice or two of lime or a slice of orange added to apple sauce, instead of lemon, gives a delicious flavor. A lime may be used instead of lemon to give zest to wine jelly.

When laundry soap is bought in large quantities, as is usually done, the bars should be unwrapped and placed on the top shelf of the kitchen closet to become thoroughly dry and ripened before they are used.

When sweeping a heavy rug or carpet it is a good plan to spread a newspaper on the floor and sprinkle it very lightly with water. Keep the newspaper a trifle ahead of the broom so that the dust is brushed on to it.

Don't throw away lemon peel. What you cannot use immediately for flavorings you can turn into essence of lemon quite as good as any you can buy. To make it fill a bottle with rectified spirits and when using lemons cut off the yellow part of the rind and place it in the spirits. Orange essence may be made in the same way.

## What It Says.

When money talks the only thing it says to most of us is "goodby."

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## WHO STOLE THE JEWELS?

By DAVID WALTER CHURCH

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I was taking dinner with my friend Horace Jones and his wife the other day. Jones has accumulated a snug sum hunting up rascals. In other words, he is a detective. When we were drinking our coffee and smoking I asked him to give me the most important case in which he had ever been employed.

"You mean the most important to my employer or to me?"

"Well, let it be the most important case to you."

"All right. I'll give you the Williams case."

I saw his wife look up at him, evidently with an intent to stop him, but he told the story all the same.

"Mrs. Williams came to the office one day—she was a widow—and stated that something was occurring in her house she wished investigated. She possessed a number of valuable family jewels, which she kept in a safe bedded in the wall on the second story of her dwelling. She alone knew the combination, and yet the jewels were gradually disappearing. She had a governess for her children, a Miss Elizabeth Ward, whom she suspected. I having been detailed on the case, she was giving these facts to me. At this point I interrupted her."

"I thought you said, Mrs. Williams, that you alone knew the combination. How can Miss Ward open the safe without it?"

"Possibly in this way: She has a brother who is a skilled mechanic in the service of a safe and lock company. He visits her frequently, and I suspect that either he has instructed her in lock picking or she conceals him in the house and he watches his opportunity to pick it himself unobserved."

"It struck me that to discover the truth all she had to do was to watch and she would catch either Miss Ward or her brother stealing the jewels. But if she preferred to pay a detective for doing it I was quite willing. I was introduced into the house as a nephew of Mrs. Williams, from a distant land, and, of course, to Miss Ward."

"I found the governess a very attractive young lady. Had I not felt very sure she was an adventuress I should have fallen in love with her. Indeed, I'm not sure but—Don't like to hear it, eh, dear? That's quite natural. I'll switch off from that part of the story, though I'm sure you have no reason to be jealous. Well, I took up my residence for a few days or a few weeks, as the case might require, and was assigned a bedroom directly opposite the safe in which the jewels were kept."

"It didn't take me long to find out that Miss Ward was as smart as a steel trap, and I made up my mind that to catch her—or her brother, which was the same thing—I would have to be awake every night in the week. But she seemed worried. With the true detective instinct, I saw through that. I inferred that her brother was dominating her, compelling her to keep on with the thefts, while she feared this scheme would at last be detected and one or both would spend a term in the state prison. At any rate, she was worried."

"I remained awake all night for several nights in succession, and as I had no excuse to remain in bed all day I gave up the plan of catching the thief in the act and determined to try and worm myself into the confidence of Miss Ward and see if I couldn't get the secret from her. I found her quite willing to be courted and—"

"Horace" interposed Mrs. Jones. "Pardon, my dear. Then to me: 'My wife can't bear to hear me speak of my premarital affairs.'"

"Of course she can't," I chimed in with Mrs. Jones. "How would you like your wife to talk about her own premarital affairs?"

"Um! That's different. But to go on with my story, I didn't get much from the governess, and while I was making up to her Mrs. Williams reported that she had lost another jewel. Meeting Miss Ward after this theft, I found her in a very bad humor. Why I could not understand, for neither she nor any one else had been caught stealing. She astonished me by coming out bluntly:

"Mr. Detective, if you wish to find out who is stealing the jewels change your room."

"You could have knocked me down with a feather. I knew I had met my match and answered never a word. I went to Mrs. Williams and told her I would take a room farther from the safe. She gave me one at the end of the hall where I could see without being seen, the light, which was kept burning low all night, being directly over the safe."

"Time passed, during which I was getting impatient at doing nothing, though I was not dissatisfied at being kept in the house with Miss Ward. One night I heard a light tap at my door. Putting on a dressing gown, I opened it. Miss Ward was standing in a dark corner and pointed toward the safe. There stood Mrs. Williams fumbling with the lock.

"She's asleep," whispered Miss Ward.

"Mrs. Williams opened the safe, took out something, closed the door and went away. The mystery was solved. As a sleepwalker she was transferring her jewels from the safe to a tin box in her bedroom closet."

"What became of Miss Ward?" I asked.

Jones looked at his wife and both smiled.

## CLIPS HIS TOES FOR SPEED

Arkansas Ball Player Thinks Their Length Hinders His Success as Base Runner.

Probably laboring under the theory that Mordecai Brown, star pitcher of the Chicago National baseball team, gained his efficiency when a finger was snipped off by a thrashing machine, Edward Griffith, who recently signed for the Fort Smith team in the Western association, has had his toes cut off to increase his swiftness of foot.

Smith formerly was a City league player of prominence in Little Rock, Ark., but found the abnormal length of his toes militated against attaining any kind of speed as a base runner, and ultimately retarded his efforts to attract managers in the larger baseball circles.

## PAULL TRAINING HARD.

Big Things Expected of Pennsylvania's Great Runner This Season.

Pennsylvania men are expecting great things of Wiltou Paull in the half and mile runs this season. Last year Paull was a disappointment, due to the fact that he failed to get into good condition. This year without the



WILTOUN PAULL, PENN'S GRACK RUNNER.

burden of the captaincy to bother him Trainer Mike Murphy expects him to duplicate his records of 1909.

Paull has been practicing for the past few weeks and has displayed some of his old time form. In 1909, when he won the intercollegiate mile, Paull was considered to be one of the greatest runners Pennsylvania ever produced. As this is Paull's last year at the university he will strain every point to make a cleanup in all the events in which he is entered.

## INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACES

Series For Fisher Cup Will Take Place on Lake Ontario Sept. 2.

The only international sailing races on this side of the Atlantic this year will be those which will be contested between boats from the Royal Canadian and Rochester Yacht clubs for the Fisher cup, now held by the former. The first race will be sailed on Sept. 2, the second Sept. 4 and then continue each day until the series is ended.

The Rochester (N. Y.) club has named the Seneca, which was the winner of the Canada cup two years ago, as challenger. It is likely that the Crusader will be the boat to represent the Canadians.

The races are to be sailed on Lake Ontario, and the courses will alternate between triangular and windward. The triangular course will be ten and one-half miles, sailed twice over, and the windward and leeward course four and one-half miles to each leg, eighteen miles in all.

## LANNIGAN'S NOVEL SCHEME.

Has Virginia Athletes Dash Under Rope to Make Them Run Low.

Something entirely new has been sprung by "Pop" Lannigan, the versatile trainer of the University of Virginia athletes. In order to teach the men of his track squad to run low he makes them dash underneath a rope. While the scheme is novel and original, it will no doubt be of great benefit to the sprint candidates.

Starting out with not the brightest prospects in the world this year, "Pop" has developed a track team that will hold its own with anything in the south.

## Ted Coy to Be Coal Baron.

Ted Coy, the former Yale athlete, football champion and head coach, will go into the coal business in Chattanooga. Till recently he had planned to go into the lumber business in Cloquet, Minn., with his brother, Sherman Coy, the former Yale football end.

## Boston to Bermuda Yacht Race.

The annual Boston to Bermuda yacht race will take place June 2.

## Samson Hears Case.

J. D. Brasher vs. W. G. Bohn was the style of a case tried in Justice Samson's court Tuesday. It was a case in which plaintiff sought to collect for services. The evidence was taken but the argument was postponed until the last of the week. W. M. Stone was attorney for plaintiff and C. Schuebel for defense.

Remember that in operating a good dairy farm you are going to leave the land to your children in at least as good condition as when you started.

Choice office rooms in Gambrian block; steam heat. See J. J. Tobin.

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