

His Matrimonial Spurs

How After a Defeat by a Man He Won Them From a Woman

By F. A. MITCHEL

The shores of Lake Leman, commonly called elsewhere Lake Geneva, are thick with historical incidents. The city of Geneva was the home of Calvin, Rousseau, Voltaire, Mme. de Staël and other celebrities. At Chillon is the castle where Bonifard was so long a prisoner, as related in Byron's poem. At Vevey, on a hillside some distance back and above the town and partly hidden by the trees surrounding it, is the old castle of Blonay. There is a story—a true story—with which this castle is connected dating away back to the twelfth century. Those were the days of feudalism, and the Blonays, who built and owned the castle were feudal followers of the counts of Savoy. They seem to have been in favor with their sovereigns, for they filled various offices of trust under them. The Blonays came across the lake from Challais and built the castle in 1175.

One day a number of knights of Turin, the capital of Savoy, were wrangling over the question whether marriage made a man more efficient as a soldier or less so. The married knights claimed that a wedded soldier would not only be sensitive to his reputation for bravery on his own account, but also on account of his wife and children. The unmarried knights declared that they were more efficient because they had only themselves to live for, whereas having a lovely wife and little ones the dread of separation from them by death would sap their courage.

The dispute between the knights of Turin waxed hot, and, since the question could be settled only by being put to the test, challenges began to fly between the bachelors and the bachelors, and it looked as if many families would be made fatherless and many young men well fitted to become progenitors would bite the dust.

Perhaps it was that the reigning Count of Savoy, fearing to lose so



"ARISE, SIR KNIGHT," SHE SAID.

many of his best officers to no purpose interfered. Perhaps some widow or young girl who dreaded to lose their lovers objected. At any rate, the married and single knights met in conclave and decided to settle the matter by champion ship. A few on each side were appointed to arrange the terms and select the champion. Those agreed upon were these: A married man was to meet a single man in contest. If the married knight were defeated he should go to Mademoiselle de Savoy and all other marriageable women of her house, as well as another lady to be named by the victor, and on his behalf kneel cry mercy. The bachelor knight, if defeated, should humiliate himself to all the married ladies of the ducal house and especially the wife of his conqueror.

A gay scene marked the trial of this important question. Today contests between married and single men are unprofessional and usually burlesque. Not so this tournament. All knights were fighters, and he who was considered the best married knight was pitted against the best single knight. Simon de Blonay was to represent the married side, while Corsant de Bresse defended the cause of the bachelors.

There were ladies present headed by Mademoiselle de Savoy, the ancestress of one of the most beloved women of royal blood of the present day, the dowager Queen Margaret of Italy and others of the ducal house and the nobility. But whether they were unanimous or divided in their sympathies between the two sides has not been handed down through the centuries. Naturally the good wishes of the maidens would be with the bachelor, but as all women are in favor of marriage, or were at that time, they should all have prayed for the success of the married knight, for would not his victory prove that a married man is a better one than a single man and the result be conducive to matrimony?

Be this as it may, when all were seated in the inclosure where the fight was to take place, amid a waving of fans and bonnets and a flourish of trumpets, the two champions, armored and armed, rode out to the field. De Blonay heavier, filled out in waist and

chest, and De Bresse tall and slender, no superfluous fat mingled with his hard muscles. At the signal the two, poised their lances, made a dash at each other.

At this first onset neither was unhorsed, neither wounded. Again and again their lances came together, and at last in one of these encounters De Bresse's lance was shattered, and he was left defenseless. The married knight had won.

Corsant de Bresse rode up before the queen, dismounted, knelt and with hanging head cried for mercy. He repeated the ceremony to the other ladies to whom the terms of the tournament compelled him to subject himself and then rode away to Vevey to bend the knee to the wife of his conqueror.

Now, in those days there were no telephones or telegraphs in that land. Indeed, there were no regular mails. One afternoon Mme. de Blonay, who was ignorant of the tournament, was sitting on her castle terrace with her baby on her lap, looking out on the placid waters of Lake Leman. A mailed horseman ascended the hill and, dismounting below where the lady sat, came up on to the terrace and, bending the knee, said:

"Mme. de Blonay, I cry you mercy."
"You cry me mercy!" exclaimed the astonished woman. "You, an armed knight, cry mercy of me, not only with weapons, but incumbered with my baby?"

"Yes, madam. I am Corsant de Bresse. I have met your husband in battle, he the champion of the married knights of Turin, I representing the single knights. I have been conquered by him, and by the terms of the tournament I have come to cry mercy from his wife."

As soon as Mme. de Blonay understood the situation, recognizing the fact that her husband had won a victory for marriage, she conceived the idea of winning a second victory, not with lance or battleax, but with woman's own weapons.

"Arise, Sir Knight," she said. "I grant you mercy on one condition."

"Name it, good lady."

"That you be my guest at a feast which I shall give in your honor with the nobles living around about."

"Thanks, madame, that you accompany your mercy with a boon instead of a penance. I will be your guest most willingly."

Immediately Mme. de Blonay dispatched messengers to those to be invited to the feast, including her young and beautiful cousin, Yolande de Ville. When all were assembled Mme. de Blonay placed Yolande beside her, seating Corsant de Bresse where he could feast his eyes on her beauty. There was a clinking of glasses and many a word of good natured derision fired at the bachelor cause in the recent contest.

"Alas!" he said. "Would that I had a wife to defend me against this rallyer!"

He accompanied the words with a look of appeal at Yolande, who blushed and lowered her eyes.

Cries of "Deserter!" "Renegade!" and the like were hurled at him from the bachelors present, while "Come over!" "Welcome to our ranks!" and similar badinage came from the married persons.

After the guests were gone De Bresse declared to Mme. de Blonay that he had had enough of the unmarried side and, since he had become smitten with her niece, begged that she would intercede for him with Yolande.

"How, now, Sir Knight," said the lady. "Having been beaten at feats of arms by a married man, do you now beg the assistance of a married woman?"

"By my spurs, madame! I am more afraid of the girl than of either you or your husband."

"Well, then, you must either win your matrimonial spurs as you have already won those of knighthood or remain a craven."

With that she opened a door and ushered him into a room with Yolande. What took place there has not been handed down, except that after awhile De Bresse came out, strutting like a peacock, and informed his hostess that he had won this fight far more easily than her husband had vanquished him in the tournament.

After a brief courtship the young fiance rode back to Turin. He bore a scrap of paper from Mme. Blonay to her husband, on which she had written: "You have conquered with man's, I have gained a victory for the same cause with woman's weapons. You fenced with an insensible lance, I with a beautiful girl."

Corsant de Bresse, returning an affianced husband, excited a great deal of merriment in Turin. The married knights welcomed him among their number, and the single knights talked of another tournament in which the renegade should defend his newly chosen side against one of their number, who should punish him for his desertion. But the Count of Savoy forbade any further fighting, and there being demoralization among the bachelors both on account of their defeat and De Bresse's joining the enemy's ranks, many more deserted, and many maidens gained noble husbands.

And you who visit northern Italy take a little steamer plying around the lake and among other sights viewed from the boat look at Castle Blonay. You can fancy a good woman sitting on the terrace 700 years ago with a baby on her lap and a plumed knight riding up the slope to cry her mercy.

And, remembering how he rode again down that same slope an engaged man, having turned his back ingloriously on the side for which he had so recently fought, you will say to yourself, "Verily, a woman's wit is mightier than the sword."

The Practical Girl.
He—You are the prettiest girl I ever saw. She—That sounds all right, but I don't know how much the compliment is worth until you tell me how many pretty girls you have seen.—Somerville Journal.

THE SMALL LIFE.
The daisy is as perfect as the flower that blossoms only once in a decade. The small life need not be less beautiful than the great.—Rev. W. J. Dawson.

The Sunflower Man

By M. QUAD

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One day ten years ago in the month of April a stranger who gave his name as William Hobson appeared in the village of Grafton in a certain middle state and engaged quarters at the inn for several months in advance. This was something never heard of before and created quite a sensation. Then the report went around that Mr. Hobson intended to build and operate a large woolen mill there, and that was sensation No. 2. Then a county constable had his suspicion aroused that the stranger was a fugitive from justice, and that was sensation No. 3. The fourth was not far away.

Mr. Hobson was a man of middle age. He was quiet and kept to himself. With all the pumping they could do the villagers could find out very little about him. The most that could be extracted from him was that he had made an important medical discovery and would furnish particulars later on. On the 1st of May, after looking around a bit, Mr. Hobson leased ten acres of land of a farmer near the town, and the fourth sensation came when it was known he intended to raise sunflowers. No human being in that county had ever heard of any one growing more than a hundred head, and here were to be thousands and thousands of them! How did they fit into a medical discovery?

Men and teams were hired, the ground prepared, and sunflower seeds were brought in and planted. The enterprise was discussed in hundreds of homes and given liberal space in the county papers, but Mr. Hobson would not interview. His reply was "wait." When the stalks were knee high that field was good to see. It was a novelty that drew.

Just about that time almost every person in the county received a circular through the mails. It was about the new medical discovery, and the cat was out of the bag at last. Sunflower tea would speedily—

Cure indigestion.
Consumption in its first stages.
Cancers and tumors if not too far advanced.

Neuralgia and rheumatism.
Feverishness from biliousness.
Clear the system of malaria.
Strengthen the weak and make the strong stronger.

For six weeks the sunflower crusade went on. Mr. Hobson did not seem greatly interested. So far as could be ascertained, he was not the man putting out the advertising, nor did he ever say in so many words that sunflower tea would cure a complaint of any kind. It was not known till the sunflowers began to turn their yellow faces to the morning sun and hang their heads in modesty what he proposed to do with the crop. Then individuals began to come to speak for seed. It was so much seed for 50 cents and no smaller orders taken. Mr. Hobson had 400 orders booked and was still writing down names when a merchant of the town went to a money lender and said:

"See here, Carter, there's a chance to make \$1,000 right under our noses, and we are sitting around like bumps on a log!"

"What is it?"

"This part of the state has gone crazy about sunflower tea. That man Hobson is raking in the money as fast as he can reach out his arm. It's a quarter a head for sunflowers, but the mob is paying the price and glad to get 'em."

"But Hobson has got the only sunflowers for a hundred miles around."

"All the better for us if we buy him out and corner the stuff. Why not raise the price to 50 cents a head?"

"But is the tea any good?" persisted the cautious capitalist.

"Hobson has got more than 100 unsolicited testimonials. Deacon Good-boy says it cured him of kidney trouble after he had suffered for fifteen years. Let's buy Hobson out."

Only one thing on the face of this earth made Mr. Hobson willing to listen to an offer. He had trouble with his heart, and sunflower tea would not cure it.

During the next three days 100 people came day by day to buy and take sunflower heads. Some had driven a distance of twenty miles. The stalks covering three acres had been sold and carried away by this time, when a New York wholesale druggist appeared on the scene—that is, he said he was from the big city, and he certainly smelled of drugs. He wanted the balance of the crop at \$2,000.

Then Mr. Hobson did a mean thing. Had his heart been all right he would never have thought of doing such a thing. He sold those seven acres of sunflowers as they stood to the merchant and capitalist, for \$2,500 and was missing the next day. So was the New York wholesale druggist. In three or four days the news got around, and buyers became scarce.

What were seven acres of sunflowers good for to the buyers?

Well, they got about \$100 out of the enterprise and felt themselves lucky. Mr. Hobson was reckoned to have made almost \$2,000, and that wasn't bad for a summer's work. The getting stuck wasn't so bad as what followed. Every drinker of the sunflower tea denied that he had made a fool of himself, and the lie was passed around and heads punched, and to this day nothing will bring on a fight so quick as the mention of the swindle.

How the Jewels Were Carried Off

By EDNA G. WHITNEY

"There's a good deal of blundering in your business, isn't there?" I said to Leonard Kelp, a detective of high standing.

"Well, I reckon I've done my share of it," he replied. "The crooks study to beat us and we study to beat them. It's to be expected that we'll get the worst of it sometimes. It's like other things one has to learn, a matter of experience. When I began I got fooled lots o' times. The trouble with me was that I was too smart."

"Tell me about one of your curious cases."

"One I had only a few years ago had some points of interest in it. We got an anonymous letter stating that the butler and lady's maid at a swell house in a suburban town would run away on a certain night carrying a lot of plunder in jewels with them. We were cautioned, however, against giving away the information. All we were expected to do was to be on hand and take 'em in when they started out."

"Well, I concluded to go by the letter I received. It's best not to take a matter of that kind into your own hands lest you spoil it all. We went to the place an hour before the expected exit and waited till an hour after the time. I was getting pretty tired and was about to give it up, thinking the case was one of those bits of false information detective agents get so much of, when I saw a figure moving along the side of the house staggering under something, I couldn't tell what. Getting nearer, I saw him put a ladder up to one of the back windows, then throw a handful of gravel against the panes."

"I waited and in a few minutes saw something white winking in the window. The sack had been put up, but so carefully that I hadn't heard any noise. The next thing I could distinguish was something dark coming down the ladder, but it was so dark I couldn't see things continuously. I heard a slight sound, which I judged to be the ladder removed from under the window, then saw or heard nothing more till two figures passed within a few yards of where I was standing behind a tree. I followed in their wake, and when they got out in the road I could see that they were a man and a woman, the man carrying a suit case."

"They took the direction of the railway station, and when they reached the street leading down to it they diverged, and I knew just what they were going to do. There was only one train leading into the city at that hour of the night, and they had timed their exit to take it."

"They reached the station ten minutes before the schedule time for the train, and I went up on to the platform as though intending to take the train myself. I made up my mind as soon as I looked at them that I had a sick pair to deal with. They were well up first class. No one would ever have taken the butler for anything, but a gentleman, and the maid must have been prettier than her mistress. They were both in traveling rig, and, though they probably had on their master's and mistress's clothes, their costumes fitted perfectly."

"I thought it best to take them in before the train came along, so I walked up to them and said to the man, 'I'll trouble you for that suit case.' There was a scene, of course, but I had an assistant ready and called him. I took the suit case from the hands of the butler and demanded the key. He gave it to me at once, and, opening the case, there, sure enough, were the jewels mixed in with women's lingerie."

"See here," said the fellow, "this is a robbery at an unfrequented railway station at midnight. Now, I'll make you an offer. We are eloping, and I've got a hundred dollars in my pocket. Let us go with our property, and the money is yours."

"I laughed at him, telling him that I had been informed of the 'elopement' and was not to be fooled by his story. The lady's maid was about to go into hysterics when two girls and two fellows rushed out from a dark corner, one of the girls shouting: 'It's all right, Mr. Detective. I put up a joke on them. I wrote that letter, knowing they were going to elope, but I didn't know Kelp, you'd take it so hard.'

"She put her arms around the eloping girl and tried to quiet her, which was no easy job. The groom looked as though he would like to kill this joking friend who had brought her friends with her to see the fun."

"As soon as I saw that it was a genuine elopement, with a frolic of youngsters added, I took the matter in good part, pronounced it a capital joke and interceded with the bride and groom for the joker's forgiveness. She was the bride's sister, and it was all in the family. But there wasn't much time to make up, for the train whistled and in a few moments pulled up to the station. The sleepers got aboard, and the young scamps who had played the joke fired a volley of rice and old shoes at them as the train pulled out."

"That's the biggest sell on me I ever had in this detective business."

"It was a pretty serious joke to play, wasn't it?"

"Serious! Did you ever hear of a young madcap like that taking anything seriously? That girl wouldn't stop at anything. And it's all right too. They get into the serious business of life soon enough. They have to crowd the fun into a mighty few years."

A Surprise In Store.
Sweet Innocence—Papa says that you can't afford to marry. Gulleful Youth—Oh, how absurd! Why, it only costs a few dollars! Sweet Innocence—Is that so? How foolish papa is! I'll tell him.

Milwaukee and Northwestern Clackamas

MILWAUKEE.

Mr. and Mrs. Santamera have moved into the McCann house. Mr. Santamera is a Portland newspaper editor. A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Van Horn Sunday. That is the reason the lineman is wearing such a smile.

Many of the Grangers are planning to go to Eagle Creek next Wednesday to attend the quarterly meeting of Pomona Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. McCann have moved to Hillsboro, where Mr. McCann has accepted the position of roadmaster on the Hillsboro-Tillamook division of the S. P. R. R. and will have his office at Hillsboro.

The Women's Work Club held an all-day meeting Wednesday at the Grange hall. The ladies have everything ready for the "shadow" social Tuesday, April 9th.

John Holding, of Portland, and Miss Mabel E. Miller, of Milwaukee, were quietly married in Portland March 4th. The best wishes of friends are extended to the happy couple.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bleaker and family have moved into their new bungalow at Rose Cliff.

The Thelaterien Club, of Portland, was entertained at a luncheon given by Mrs. H. F. Short at the residence of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Houser, Thursday afternoon.

The following ladies were present: Mesdames Joy, Reiner, Gladwin, Smith, Lumsden, Day, Bell, Hudson, Murphy, Nelson and Short.

Thursday evening about twenty residents of Minthorn gave Mrs. Jessie James a birthday surprise party. She was presented with a very handsome and useful present. Games and music were the evening's entertainment but the big "eats" was the main feature, as was reported by those present.

A. J. Harmon has been on the sick list the past few days, but is able to be in the bakery again.

The Grange will give a dance in the Grange hall Wednesday at the Ladies Aid Circle, Women of Woodcraft, will give a dance in the city hall Saturday evening, April 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Thomas and children were Portland visitors Sunday.

The lathers, working on the new hotel at Milwaukee, struck for higher wages Monday. Only two worked Tuesday and five Wednesday.

L. L. Buckner, of Independence, formerly of Milwaukee, spent a few days here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mendle are the happy parents of a baby daughter, born Wednesday, March 27th.

The Grange Work Club will give an Easter dinner and shadow social Tuesday, April 9th, in the Grange hall.

Remember the dance Saturday evening, given by the Women of Woodcraft.

W. F. Lehman, one of our prominent citizens, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Representative. Mr. Lehman is an advocate of Statehood No. 1 and the direct primary law.

Last Friday Mr. and Mrs. George Hildebrand celebrated their first wedding anniversary. Those present were Mesdames Hall, Uno, Pieper, Murry, Will Murry, Chaney, and Glenn, of Sellwood; Mrs. J. Bennett, of Oak Grove; Mesdames Austed, Keller and McKorkle. Refreshments were served and those attending report a good time.

proceeds will go to fixing up the school grounds.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Evans have purchased 10 acres of land near Gobel and will move down there as soon as Mr. Evans gets a house built on the property.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dedrick have rented the Sampson house until they get their house built on the property they just purchased from Mr. Armstrong.

S. Osborn, with his wife and daughter, who are enroute to their home in Baker, Oregon, stopped off here after spending the winter in Ashland and visited the former's sister, Mrs. M. A. Warren, and family on Saturday.

Mrs. D. A. Reeves and two children, enroute to San Diego, Cal., spent the week's end with Mrs. Mand Ellis and Mrs. Spaulding.

Mrs. W. M. Rice and daughter, Mary, spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Mary Littlefield, of Portland.

Fred L. Cox, special police officer of Portland, and brother of Mrs. Roy Kendall, has built a tent house and moved his family out here to live, later Mr. Cox will build a nice residence.

Dr. Alfred and Mrs. Thompson are being felicitated on the arrival of a little daughter Saturday, March 30th. Dr. McArthur attended.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mattson are the proud parents of a daughter, born Saturday, March 30th. Dr. Townley, Royal Dames were present.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bishop, who spent the winter in Los Angeles, Cal., and are now enroute to their home in Blacktail, Idaho, stopped here Monday to spend the day with Mrs. Carrol Low.

Murwin Paget spent a week at home with his parents, returning to the Willamette University Monday morning.

Alva Wilcox, a prominent chicken man, of Woodburn, spent the week's end with his niece, Mrs. L. E. Bentley, and family.

A base ball team has been organized with O. W. Barnett, manager, and Leigh W. Moody, captain. New suits have arrived and the boys are ready for business with a firm determination to beat everything in sight. We hope every one will come to the basket social and help the boys to make final payment on their suits.

The Oak Grove base ball team will give a basket social in the Grange hall Saturday evening, April 13th. There will be a short musical program. The girls' band has kindly donated their services. Everyone come and bring a basket.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Panton entertained informally on Friday evening of last week when a few friends were invited in to play "500." Those asked in were Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. MacFarlane and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Redmond. Refreshments were served during the evening.

What proved to be one of the most delightful parties given at the Lodge was the evening provided by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Smith on "All Fools' Day," when they entertained in honor of Miss Ethel Smith, of Portland, Maine, who has been spending the winter here and who leaves soon to pass a few months in California.

The porch decorations were a mass of trilliums artistically arranged, while the living room was made beautiful by huge sprays of cherry blossoms everywhere. Red candelabra made a charming effect to the luncheon table which was further decorated with suggestions of "All Fools' Day." The favors were hand decorated dance caps, and the place cards little kewpies. After the delicious luncheon was served games and music were indulged in by the guests, the prize being awarded to Miss Morse. The host and hostess were assisted in entertaining by Miss

JENNINGS LODGE.

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Alta Smith, also of Portland, Maine. The guests were the Misses Hart, Rose, Jennings, Morse, Ethel Smith and Alta Smith, and Messrs. Gus Jacobson, Clinton Heath, Manson Rose, Jack Cravatte, John Jacobson and Geo. Thompson.

Miss Irene Stipe and Eileen Rodgers, of Portland, were week-end guests of the Misses Warner.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Baird, of Castalia, Iowa, spent Monday at the Panton home. Mr. Baird and family arrived from Iowa a few days ago and expect to make Oregon their home. At present they are in Portland while deciding on a permanent location.

Vernon Heathman and bride are visiting at the home of the former's parents, H. L. Heathman, of Meldrum, arriving from Seattle the first of the week.

Calvin Morse has been confined to his home during the past week with a severe attack of bronchitis. Dr. Meisner, of Oregon City, is attending him.

Warren Potter and Mr. and Mrs. Milton Potter, of Portland, spent Sunday at this place. The Potters have purchased an acre here on Addie street and expect to locate here about May 1st.

Mrs. G. D. Boardman, of Silver Springs, was a Lodge visitor Monday. Mr. Boardman is rapidly recovering and is able to walk about with the aid of crutches. Mrs. Bert Boardman of Kent, Oregon, is visiting at the above home.

Mrs. Laura Newell has returned from the Olin Ford home in Portland where she has been for the past fortnight getting acquainted with her little grandson, who arrived at the Ford home recently.

Mrs. Kern, of Portland, is having her land plowed on Hull avenue and County road and will build a new dwelling house there this spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are getting nicely settled in the T. C. Rice cottage and the Frank Davy family has moved into their pretty new home at Meldrum.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bruechert, of Omaha, Nebraska, arrived this week and have decided to locate in Oregon and we hope in this part of Clackamas county.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Finley and Mrs. Bruechert spent several days of last week at their summer home, returning to Portland Monday.

Mr. Point, of Portland, was a business caller at the Lodge and also called at the A. C. MacFarlane home as they were former acquaintances at Marshfield, Oregon.

A number of chances are being purchased on the carrying set which is to be raffled off for Mrs. Jennie Jones. The interesting program given for the Temperance cause was listened to with marked attention by the number who attended the afternoon exercises at Grace Chapel on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The program, which was quite a long one, was well rendered by all who took part. Miss Fern Hart's essay on "Strong Drink" was especially fine. Prof. Thompson, of Willamette, made a few remarks in conclusion which added to the affair.

Mrs. Mary Feighner, of Portland, is visiting Mrs. E. Paxton on Jennings Heights.

The cottage prayer meetings held on the east side are well attended. On Sunday evening, April 7th, the prayer meeting will be held at the Paxton home. All neighbors are invited to attend.

Mrs. May Hutchinson was a Sunday guest at the home of her brother, George Morse.

The regular mid-week prayer meeting is held on Thursday evening at 8 P. M. at the Chapel. All are invited. Sunday an assistant superintendent will be elected in the Sunday school to fill the vacancy of Mr. Tabor, who is unable to be with us.

Ray Woodie Sunday afternoon. Dick Gibson sold some pigs Saturday to Mr. Stone, of Barton.

Mrs. Roy Douglass, while alone Sunday morning, was quite badly frightened when an old tramp came to the kitchen door and walked into the kitchen, she being outside, and helped himself to some food which was on the table. Then he went outside, looked around a bit, then re-entered the house, staying in the kitchen for a time, when finally, to the relief of Mrs. Douglass, he started off down the road, not having found anyone at home. This he was down and the dinner at James Gibson's. We hope he has left the country, never to return.

Walter Douglass went to Portland Monday.

Mrs. H. G. Huntington, Mrs. Alex Baker and Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Murphy and Miss Meda Murphy spent a pleasant afternoon with