## THE PREDICAMENT OF ANGLIN, SENIOR.

His Own Love Affair and That of His College Chum.

By HENRIETTA G. ROBINSON.

[Capfright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.] Halfway down the steps of the fru-

ternity house Anglin turned and went thoughtfully back to the room that he shared with Beresford. "You're dead sure you'll not change

your mind and come?" queried Anglin. Beresford, with a volume open on his knee and a pipe gripped between his teeth, nodded emphatically.

"Then I suppose you don't mind if I take your skates? They're sharper

than mine." "Take them, of course."

But when Fred Augiin had slung the skates over his shoulder and buttoned on his thick gloves he still lingered. It seemed as though this were not what he had come back to say after

"I eight to tell you, Tom-we've been such pais right along that I'm going to put my fate to the test tonight. The Tremaine girls will be at the skating party. And tonight I intend to speak to Geria."

Beresford jumped up and wrung his friend's hand enthusiastically.

"Good for you!" he cried. "Go in and win! As long as it tan't Geraldine I can endure the thought of your happiness if she says yes. I'll be able to listen to your raptures without experioncing a perfectly legitimate desire to sling you through the window."

"Thanks, old man," laughed Anglin, adding "Locky we've not set out respective hearts on the same sister. Now, I'm blessed if I understand your infatuation for Geraldine. But, as long as you are her captive, why do you hold back? You are older than I,

Beresford shook his head with a grim smile

"It isn't that. You've a wealthy father and a settled income. I've only enough to pull me through this final year. When I get my diploma-well, I shan't have much more, in a material line. I don't dare ask Geraldine to wait until I have attained achieved -arrived. It wouldn't be fair to her." "It would her promise be a tremendous incentive to you!"

"Oh, I know that. But she must be considered first."

There was another handelasp, a firm and stient one. Anglin swung away for the tramp into the country, where the skaters were to assemble at Pilgrim's pond.

The star studded night closed down early. When Anglin reached the appointed place the amusement of the evening was already in full swing. The expanse of ice was clean swept and of an opaque, turquoise tint. Strings of Chinese lanterns dangled in where the dambeaux, set at regular intervals, flared fantastically, sped and flashed the dark figures of the skaters.

Fred Anglin got on his skates as quickly as possible and started out across the frozen pond. Many turned to look after the athletic young figure circling through their midst with such easy, swallowlike grace of motion.

But he noticed neither their presence for one particular little figure. She blue velvet, the Russian blouse, which was girt with heavy cords that swung backward when she raced. The high peaked cap would make a penthouse over a mass of fair curis and mischievous eyes, bluer than any violets station on the Saran rallway, in norththat ever mocked the blueness of a June time sky. And-

"There she is?" he said suddenly to himself

Alone in the shadow of the wigwam shaped refreshment tent, apparently fancying herself unobserved, a slender young form was whirling on heel and toe, cutting a pattern of intricate tracery on the Ice.

"Come with me," he cried as he dashed to her side. He held out his hands, crossed at the wrists in the old approved carry-the-lady-out-of-town

Together they swung gracefully down the strip of gleaming ice which was least covered.

But when they were quite away from the merry crowd of skaters, whose voices came to them musically through the frosty night air, Angila turned their impetuous progress to one very deliberate. And then, as he took a firmer hold of her mittened hands, he began, after the manner of many another lover who has been compelled to force his courage to the sticking

"Dear," he said desperately, "I can't keep silent any longer. You know how I've cared for you ever since-well, ever since I entered college. Although I've never been obliged to consider ways and means, still a legacy has made it possible for me to ask you to give me your promise. I know," he added hastily, "you won't care about this sort of thing, -but I ought to mention it. There's only one question now-do you think you will ever love me-a little?"

His words, voice, even the tensity with which he retarded her flight. holding her bands tight pressed to his side, did not escape the girl's alert con- partly owing to a special confidence sciousness. But she answered in ungiven the pupil and a corresponding steady accents. There were trepidation in her tone and dread, the dread nent. At any rate, those whom Serane a sweet girl experiences who hates to

give pain. "I'm sorry-sorry-sorrier than I've ever been about anything in all my life," she began. "I-I did not dream it was I for whom you cared. Had I done so I never would have permitted you to say-this."

his grip on her fingers, while he accelerated their speed.

"I must have been exclude study to. Why one women's personnel will aphave fancied you are you you're pent to one man when another woman quite warm casugh) we are about in the chief attraction for other men at the feet some. Fit terrer felice you

They were at the tent Yellow tures were clinting out at these. The store he cent his card to her and regirl came to a standadil, her hand still on her companion's arm.

"What was that you said?" she ask-

experia. I suppose I should have said. Miss Tremsine," and then, as she did not at once reply, he wheeled swiftly and confronted her.

She had dashed back the perhed heed of her skating cont. He saw at little, dark, mignomie face looking up at him in the wavering umber backface that looked uncertain as to whether it sught to break into smiles or quiver into tears the face of Gerla's

"Geraldine," he excluded as he fellback in astoulahment.

It was her turn to be amuzed "Why. did you think it was Gopla?" she cried. "Bure," he added, with enthusbatte relief. And then when her merry peal of laughter had died away to queried, "But how do you happen to be wenting Gerla's costume?" She laughed again a releved nort of

merriment that made Augila think suddenly of his resummate. "Oh, that's what what fooled you

was it? Why, we changed them just for fun. But is Tom" she flushed furlously at her slip of names "! mean if Geria had thought"-

"What!" excluimed Auglia ambiguously, "Geraldine, do you think" "Oh, as to Geria," she broke in "she

is coming back of you. Ask her your self." And she skated swiftly away. The next Instant Anglin was facing

a girl in a suit of wine colored velvet. The peaked cap was drawn high over tousted golden curis and eyes of deep-

"How you stare?" she laughed. "An I no oncumy spirit?"

"I've proposed to one girl tonight." confessed as he whisked away to the waitz the band was playing, "and I don't want to make a similar mistake again, for she was not the girl at all whom I meant to ask to marry

"Are you quite sure you're not mis taken now?" she asked quizzically. "Quite" he assured her "But I

would like positive proof and corroboration!" And both Fred Anglin succeeded in

securing before he strode home to ask Tom for congratulations and to hearten him with the fundest of hopes,

A Transformation Scene.

That great statesman William Pitt, upon whose word so many tremendous facures bung, was in the habit of retiring to his country house for seasons of relaxation. There he dropped his character of angust prime minister and be came for the time a roughing schoolboy. One day he had been skylarking with his young friends. He rushed into every fray with the arder of the youngest present. When the fun was most furious a servant entered the room and informed the prime minister, who was coatless and embellished with burnt cork that Lords Hawkesbury and Castlereach had arrived from the multi-hued propinquity from bare Lendon on important business. "Ask tree to tree and from pole to pole. In | them to wait," remarked Pitt and proa declivity, semi-shaded by a fly tent, ceeded with the game. When that a royal fire blazed and crackled. In | was finished Pitt said that he must a babe. She looked at Serane with a attend to two noble lords and retired under the sullen stars or in red relief to his dressing room to repair dam ages. Presently be returned, and a remarkable transformation took place Standing in the middle of the room, the prime minister drew himself up to full height of unapproachable dignity. To the astonishment of the young peo ple present the two lords came into the room almost on their bands and knees and with abject obsequiousness explained the object of their visit. Mr. nor their admiration. He was looking | Pitt listened with an air of distant hauteur and with a sentence or two would wear a short skating costume of dismissed his noble guests. West minster Review.

A Train Load of Monkeys.

A plague of monkeys some years ago

orely troubled the officials at a small west India, says the Bombay Gazette. Trucks full of grain for export were often stored up in the station, and the monkeys came down in large numbers from a neighboring grove to help themselves to the grain, picking holes in the tarpaulin roof of the wagons. The officials were wearied out with keeping watch and scaring away the thieves, who daily grew bolder, till an ingenlous guard hit upon a stratagem. For several days sweets and fruits were put on the roofs of the wagons, with the result that the whole of the monkey colony were attracted to the spot and soon became perfectly indifferent to man. One morning when they were all busily feeding an engine was stealthily attached to the wagons, and suddenly the train moved off. The monkeys were quite scared and made no attempt to escape, sitting crouched together till the train had gone several miles and stopped at the jungle. Then they wanted no hint to leave. Every monkey leaped down howling and fled into the jungle, whence none ever re turned to trouble the railway.

By HAROLD OTIS. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.1 Serane, fencing master at Paris

when dueling was not only more common but more serious there than now, prepared the way for the killing of many men by teaching his art to the Parisians. It was generally understood that a pupil of Serane was sure to kill his man. If his lessons were really so valuable it must have been loss of nerve on the part of the oppohad taught usually had little trouble

in settling their disputes without re-

course to the foll. One evening Scrane was sauntering down the boulevard and on reaching the opera concluded to go in and attend the performance. One of the singers on the stage was a woman As one stunned he relaxed slightly named Maupin. Though she was not singing an important part, Serane's gaze was constantly fixed upon her.

lacan insoluble problem. We only know that the fact exists. In Manpin, Serane saw that which appealed to him strong's. At the close of the performceived an invitation to call upon her behind the scenes.

"M. Serune" she said as a as he appeared. "I deem myself forturate in your desiring to make my acquaintance. You are well known to me by reputation as a splendid teacher of fencing, and I wish you to give me

Scrane found the singer as forcinatlog in the greenroom as on the stage. She was young fairly good tooking, and about her was a certain abandon which when not too pronounced is attractive to men. Scrane fell desperately in love with her, and she permitted him to love her in order that she might get out of him all the skill in fencing he was capable of imparting. She was an apt pupil and, taught by a lover, became the most skillful fencer that had ever been turned out from his academy.

No sooner had Maupin acquired the art than she began to attract attention as a duellar. At first her affairs with the sword leaked out as mere rumors. One report was that a young nobleman who had been devoted to her had fallen by her hand; that, disguised in men's apparel, she had insuited him and killed him without his knowing of her identity. Again it was rumpred that she had fought and killed mother woman. That she was applying her skill in affairs of this kind there was no doubt, though some that were attributed to her had no founds tion in fact.

She liked to have Serane with her both on account of his devotion and because his presence gave ber additional eclat as a swordswoman. But be came to understand that she craved blood or the excitement of taking it. and he endeavored to dissuade her from her course.

One night Serane and Maunin were dancing at a students' ball in the Latin quarter when Maupin jostled the belle of the evening, and upon the girl's looking at her resentfully Manpin was rude to her. The insulted girl was danging with an intimate friend of Serane, Gustav Grammont. Grammont, supported by two other men, ordered Maunin to leave the room. She said that she would do so provided they would go with her. They did so, and before morning she had killed them all.

Scrane to this affair refused to support Mannin. Indeed, she was obliged to call on another man to act as her second. The day after she had killed Grammont and the others Serane reselved a note from her accusing him of cowardice in having deserted her in the hour of need and challenging him to mortal combat. Stung to the quick by her ingratifude, he sent a hasty

reply accepting the challenge. The man who had been a lover and had taught the object of his love to kill people, filled with a mad remorse, resolved to kill her, thus punishing her and stopping her career of bloodshed. They met in his academy, the doors of which had been bolted and the windows screened. Maupin stepped out on to the floor with as much composure as a mother would administer food to stony stare and said:

"Serane's pupils always kill their opponents.

There can be no doubt but the woman said this to fill her antagonist with a superstitious dread that would take away his perve. If it had any such effect. Serane gave no evidence of it. A revulsion of feeling had come over him. Had this not occurred, had he opposed Maupin as a lover, as she had presumed he would, there would have been no chance for him. As it was it was a fair fight between them.

But with Serane in full possession of his faculties there could not be a fair fight between them. As soon as Maupin saw that she had lost her power over him she knew that, if he chose, her punishment had come. The moment they crossed swords she saw in Scrape's eyes not only a determination to kill her if he could, but a perfect confidence of being able to do so.

Singularly enough, this woman who had conquered men with men's weapons no sooner discovered that her womanly influence over the man who had furnished her with her power had ceased than every particle of her confidence deserted her. She gave her opponent a mute look of appeal. He answered it with a sword thrust to

By EDMUND COMPTON. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association !

Mr Renjamin Baxter never forgot that in college he had been the right (football) tackle of his time and had pulled stroke our in the first university race in which his coilege had benten after a long series of defeats. When, as a middle aged man with a bald head and somewhat pursy stomach, he visited Europe be maintained that if any sneak thief, robber or bandit could get away with him he was welcome to do so. This did not satisfy failure. Mrs. Baxter, who dreaded that, in kidnaped and held for a ransom.

Mr. Baxter had heard that one of the

Leaving his hotel on the Esqualine hill, he strolled down a broad thorwent within the walls and saw anoth- mous approval, and the minister took

upper portlors of the interior into con- ling's roof.

transes was to increase the distance to at his purse strings. Hardly realizing his total. There were openings all it, he at length found his generosity around the eval that not theheed. Nev- must be governed by his means until ertheless the fearless American con- he received his first quarter's salary, cluded to make his crit by one of But at the end of the second quarter them. It was very dark under the the first quarter's sniary was still unar hway through which he passed, es- paid. With a board bill two weeks in pecially since that at that moment a delinquency the minister, blushing and cloud rolled over the moon. Suddenly stammering, informed his parishloners he felt some one brush by him and a of their negligence. Throwing his arms around the person who had presed him, he dragged him formed that he had disposed of it, back into the arena. There he found that he held a priest.

"Ah, ha!" he cried. "So you thieves resort to the oriestly dress to commit your depredations. But you can't fool hese stone walts?

Then came a volley of words like an explosion of a Catling gun, but since Mr. Baxter knew only two Italian words, "dove sta" (where is, they produced no effect upon him. He felt all nonmale, but found only 10 centessimi. or 2 cents. Then, after giving the telling him that he had been very dexterous in passing his pingder to a dark wure whose footsteps were to be seard running away, Mr. Baxter remembered that, after all, there were mly a few five lire bills in the portenonnale. So he gave the thief a sound drubbling and a final kick and started out of the ruin quite pleased that he had lost none of his youthful strength or courage. The only fear he felt was it a possibility of having to appear in court against the robber. On arriving at his hotel he told his adventure

"Why, my dear," said that indy, "I have your pocketbook locked in the

Thereupon Mrs. Baxter unlocked the trunk and took out the pocketbook. "Well," said Baxter meditatively, "I downed him anyway."

There was a sharp rap at the door. Opening it, there stood two of the na tional police in swallowfull coats white cord alguillettes, cocked (Napocom bats and swords. Any one could see by the serious expression of their countenances that the dignity of the Italian realm had been offended. Behind them stood a delicate, intellectual looking priest, wiping scratches on his face and forehead with a bloody hand-

Mr. Baxter, marching between the officers of the law, was taken to the police office, where, summoning his Italian vocabulary, he kept repeating:

"Dove sta the Americano consulato?" His plen was finally heard, and he was permitted to write a line to the consul, who came, but whose influence availed nothing but to secure for the American who had maitreated an inoffensive priest a fair trial. Baxter was

The next morning before the time arrived for calling the case the consul visited the priest who had been assailed, and who proved to be a man of influence. The matter was explained to the ecclesiastic, who listened attentively. When the consul had finished, the injured party said:

"Signore Baster comes from a land where there are a great many devoted ons of the church. Whether your exlamation is correct or not I do not know, but if the matter was a mistake I excuse it: if it was a wanton attack I forgive it."

A cab containing the consul and the priest soon after drove up to the law courts, and Mr. Baxter was released.

The Best of All That Was Offered to the Minister.

By ELIZABETH VAN NEST. [Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press, J

If the young minister had been of a sanguine, easily satisfied temperament he might have accommodated himself to circumstances and drifted along as his predecessors had done. But James Morgan brought the enterprise of a modern theologian to the little hamlet, straggling down either side of a high hill, on a summit of which perched the church, like a snow temple.

As the church occupied the center of the village, the young minister reasoned that it ought to be the center of interest also. But, try as he would, he could not awaken the devotional spirit. His parishleners were nigrardly in their offerings, the attendance was small and interest slight. His sermons were lost on the slow thinking worshipers; his musical departures were a

But the Rev. Mr. Morgan did not Italy especially, her husband might be despair. He had the square jaw that accompanies the aggressive nature. The elasticity of his hopes was phe principal sights of Rome was a visit to momenal. He simply would not be the Coliseum by moonlight. One even- discouraged. He had accepted the call ing while in the Eternal City, when in full knowledge of the drawbacks, the queen of night was at the full, he The score of shabby houses classed proposed to his wife that they go under the name of Mayhood repreand view-the ruin thus illuminated, sented only a tithe of the church mem Mrs. Baxter refused. But he persist- bership. It was the prosperous farmers whose indifference he must change and conquer with his eloquence.

So James Mergan brought to Mayoughfare and soon stood on a height hood a large stock of air castle mateoverlooking the eastern end of the tial with which he beguiled his leisure. enormous theater of the Caesars. He He would institute many reforms. The was surprised to note how immense it church should escape from an enveloplooked under the different light. The ing mortgage and, assuming a paying great pile, or the remaining two-thirds basis, make many missions glad from of it, built by slaves 1,900 years ago, its plenty. It should be the mainspring, where gladiators had fought and social and ecclesinstical, on which Christians had been torn to pieces by the village turned. He even proposed wild beasts, rose against the sky like that the parsonage be let and the the dark silhouette of a mountain. Go- proceeds devoted to the county hosing around to the entrance, Mr. Baxter pital, a proposal that met with unani-

Until the end of the first quarter Many visitors were there, but as the things moved smoothly. The new minhour was late they gradually departed. Inter found work to do wherever he Suddenly Mr. Baxter found bimself looked. And, being generous, he foralone. To go out through the main en- got to be cautious when need pulled

cloth fly against his face. He had White their profuse excuses satisfied heard that the members of the Inter- him, he could not see his way clear to untional Learne of Pick pockets were satisfy Mrs. Fleming. The fact that then working from and were used to wheat was a failure would not recomcovering their victima' faces with a pense her for his board and lodging. newspaper when rolding them, and it Therefore the Rev. Mr. Morgan did the flashed upon Mr. Baxter that he was only thing possible from his point of suffering robbery. Clayping his hand view. He went to the city next day to his pocket, he missed the porte- with a mysterious package. Shortly mennale he usually carried there, after the doctor drove three miles to borrow his microscope and was in-

"I have so little time for experiments, you know," he explained, with heightened color. "I could use the money to better advantage."

From this emanated a rumor that at an American. I'll get my money back length reached Barbara Dean's ears. or I'll break your back over one of The new minister was so philanthropic he had given up his pet hobby to aid the poor.

A wee and timid question mark itself upon her heart. Perhaps she had been hasty. There was none quite like him-so big, so firm, so brave. It was over the man's body to find his porte- very singular that he had not asked again-he who in theory scorned de feat. Fretty Barbara did not know fellow his opinion of him in English), that the hope crushed by her laughing was the only inelastic one in his stock of dreams.

As the third quarter drew to a close without remuneration the minister mentioned the fact again, this time with fewer blushes and a graver air, His needs were urgent. Day after day he scanned his mail anxiously for the expected check, only to be disappointed. But, appreciating the hard times, other trips to the city with mysterious packages were made. Returning from one of these visits

one night, Mr. Morgan was surprised to see a motley collection of teams and vehicles around Widow Fleming's gate. Lights shone from every window of the cottage, including his study and bedroom. The minister was tired and in no mood to participate in a surprise party on his landlady. But, knowing her limited space, it would be churlish to demand privacy. He must meet her guests, who had overflowed her apartments into his, with ministerial welcome. Forcing the weariness from his face, he ran lightly up the steps and opened his study door.

Ranged around the wall was a solid row of chairs, from which smiling faces glowed upon him in welcome. Overrunning the center table and piled on the floor was a collection that at first seemed to be the block of a grocery store. He singled out a sack of flour and various stone jugs with corncob stoppers as he picked his way to a small oasis of bare floor beyond. But, stumbling against one of the bulging packages, the paper burst and a stream of walnuts poured forth.

"Pardon me!" he gasped, trying to repair the damage on his knees, "Very awkward of me, I'm sure." The silence was portentous,

tooked up straight into Barbara Dean's eyes. The light in them, tantalizing, amused, was his undoing. The wainuts slipped from his grasp and, striking another bag, liberated a peck of popcorn. He stood up guiltily.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Fleming." he apologized. "I am sorry if my awkwardness has disclosed your gifts too soon." "They're not Mis' Fleming's," correct-

ed Deacon Brown, "They're yours. We thought we'd give you a donation 'stead of money, times are so hard." The Rev. Mr. Morgan unconsciously backed a step. "For me? But, deacon, I have no use for these-er-raw com-

modities. It is very kind of you-but-"Besides this, there's a side of meat and a firkin of butter outside." put in Mrs. Fleming proudly. "Now that you've seen them I'd better take the molasses out too. It's so warm in

here," picking up two of the jugs. "By all means," said the minister. wiping his forehead, and in the general conversation that ensued he found himself near Barbara Dean.

"I did not expect to see you," he said in a low voice. "I am spending a few days with Cousin Bess," she answered. "Are you so devoted to Maywood that you

have forgotten your old friends?" "Only those who wished to forget me," significantly; then, with a despairing glance at the loaded table. What shall I do with it?" he asked. "A family of ten could not consume that perishable stuff before it spoils. Why did they bring so much?"

"The unwritten law of a donation party is that none may attend without bringing a present," she said composedly.

"Then what special donation must I thank you for," ironically-"the sack of flour?"

She laughed. His dismay was so comical. She did not know the desperate state of his finances. "I did not bring anything," she said. "I could not-to you." Something in her voice lent sudden

flexibility to his most inelastic hope.

With her love to cheer him on he

would yet make of Maywood his ideal

church. "Come with me a moment." he said. leading her to the deserted window nearest the church, "I had bright dreams when I came here, Barbara," the church and the people. If I go away now my work will be wasted. But I think I shall go when my year

is un. "Where?" she asked quickly.

tion represents my work for nine donation party without a present. I am waiting for yours. If you want me to stay here you must do your part. You must provide for his spiritual

She played with the widow's best curtains nervously. "You said you would not ask me sgain," she reminded.

"I have not. You did well to say no," litterly. "If my work is worth only butter and flour you are Justified in forgetting me as quickly as possible. Maywood can keep its donation

I shall leave at once." A change flashed across her pretty face. The mischlef vanished, and in Its place stole a tender blush, "Don't be hasty, James," she whispered, with a furtive glance over her shoulder.

"I'll give the tenant notice tomor under cover of the widow's voluminous with 150 feet rope and single harpoon curtains, with the church looking on hay fork, pitchforks, shovel, val. 2-ft in solemn witness, he accepted her donation with a kiss.

Using a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "Is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs.

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the farther side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some Sayings of Napoleon. You know my army. It is an ulcer that would eat me up if I stopped giv-

ing it other food. You have made great use of algebra in all your campaigns. I seem to recoi- the patient. lect that you had strength in it and that you could understand how minus multiplied by minus gives plus. I have applied this rule fairly well-Germany minus, Austria minus, Prussia minus, Italy minus but you must allow that make a fine plus.

Our text book told you and me that mass multiplied by velocity gives force in action. I have what makes mass; I shall not fall in velocity, and all will be over before the sunset. The days are long in Russia when the sun shines. I shall fight two or three battles if he will stop to meet me.-"Baron de Comeau's Memorials."

Eccentric Henry Cavendish. Whenever Henry Cavendish enter-

tained his guests he would always give them the same fare-a leg of mutton. A story goes that one day when four friends were coming it was asked him what should be ordered for dinner. He answered, "A leg of mutton." "Sir," was the reply, "that will not be enough for five." "Well, then, get two," said the host. When this gentleman died he was the largest holder of bank stock in England. He owned £1,157,000 in different public funds, besides freehold property of £8,000 a year and a balance of £50,000 on account. This large income was allowed to accumulate without attention. On one thought it well to acquaint Mr. Cav- sou'b of his extion. endish with the fact

"If it is any trouble to you I will take it out of your hands. Do not come here to plague me." "Not the least might like some of it to be invested." "Well, what do you want to do?" "Perhaps you would like half of it invested ?" "Do so, do so, and do not come here to bother me or I'll remove it." was the churlish finale of the interview. Cavendish was seventy-eight and he had never changed the fashion of his dress for sixty years.-London Graphic.

Truth Telling.

"Pa," said little George when his grand offsir, and well attended father attempted to carve the Sunday duck, "I can't tell a lie. I dulled the carving knife."

"My son," said George's father after

looking gravely at him for a few minutes, "I am glad to forgive you. Let because you have not tried to deceive me. You have told the truth. Therefore you shall not suffer punishment. I wish to have you realize that it is always best to tell the truth. You see how easy it is. If you had lied to me about having dulled the knife it would have been very hard for you to keep from letting us find out the truth-indeed, we should have found it out sooner or later-and then you would have been punished. Thus you would have been made very unhappy in addi- country tion to having been compelled to invent a lot of falsehoods, which would have been very hard work. A liar always creates trouble and sorrow for himself. Remember that. How did you happen to dull the knife?"

"I was tryin' to whittle off one of the limbs of that tree you had set out in the back yard 'cause it's got a nice prong for a slingshot."

"George, you come into the attic with me! By thunder, I'll teach you not to cut limbs from trees that I've paid good money to have planted?"-Chicago Record-Herald.

Patti's Parrot.

years ago in the fall in New York.

heard of a wonderful talking parrot, one Jumbo. Forthwith she bought him at the unconscionable price of £200. Once in her possession Jumbo did not open his beak. Every blandhe went on. "I have learned to love ishment falled, and at length she gave him up as hopeless. Then one morning the diva awoke with a severe sore throat. She was engaged to sing at the opera on the same night and naturally in great trepidation sent off for "Anywhere-to any church that pays a throat specialist. Jumbo, whom she salary," desperately. "That collec- had quite forgotten, remained to all appearance asleep on his perch. As months. It is not enough, Barbara. the door opened, however, and the spe-You said that no one may attend a claist stood on the threshold, before ever Patti could open her lips Jumbo flapped his wings in great excitement. "Oh, doctor," he croaked, "I'm so The deacons and elders have looked sick!" That was the first and last Curtis and Miss Alma Curtis, all time since Mme. Patti became pos-

-Dundee Advertiser.

AUCTION SALE

The undersigned will sell at public sale at the Lusby farm 24 miles north of Mounteindale, near East Union Dairy Church at 10 a m , on MONDAY AUGUST 30

Gray mare, 16 yrs, 1300; 5 cows, as follows: 2 graded Jerseys and Short-borns, 8 yrs, in milk; Graded Jersey, 3 horn, 4 yes, in milk, with full blood Jer-ey hester calt at side; Holstein and Shorthorn grade, 3 yrs; two yearling "Perhaps with my donation we can use the rest. When will the parson age be empty?"

"I'll give the tenant notice tomor."

"I'll give the tenant notice tomor." beam plow; so-tooth steel harrow, garden row," he answered happily. Then, cultivator Michael fan mill, hay carrier, X cut saw, 8½ ft falling saw, s'edges, crowbar, turp spoon, 2 heating stoves, stove pipe, 2 iron bedsteads, 2 wire mattresses, household furniture and numerous other articles.

> Terms of Sale-\$10 or under. each; \$10 and over, 12 months me. approved note, 6 per cent. nterest. 10 per cent. discount for cash over \$10

Mary E Lueby, Owner. J. C. Kuratli, Auctioneer. E L. Sante Clerk.

J ha Oppenlander, of north of Cornelius, was in town Saturday. Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Essner, of Vomtaindale, August 14, a dau h er

Emerson Quick, well known here, and now reciding at St. Helens, was in town yesterday, enroute to Mountai dale on a visit with his sister, Mrs. Thos. Powles.

E A. Wolf, of Reedville, was badly gored by a buil at the Mo-Callum place last Sunday, and a rib broken. Dr. Tamiesie attended

Hon. W. N. Barrett and wife reurned Tuesday evening from Newport - just in time to have a headon collision with the hot wave. Jos. and John Cawrse, of North

Pl-ins, were in Tuesday, getting ready for hop p cking. This is the kind of weather they need these days in the hop business. Born, to Ash Houston and wife, of Fair Acres, Aug. 17, 1909, a son,

and the young fellow is playing

around home plate and page no attention to the umpire. Jas Cummings, who has been a resident of the Buxton country for ver 25 years, passed through the city enroute home, yesterday mornng, afte, a pleasant trip to the

Seattle Fair. H. P. Rumnsen, who formerly firmed out north of town, and who - ranching on h. Forestal place, esterday, accompanied by his

Geo. Krebs, of Helvatis, was town to the city yesterday, being stracted by the dairy sale, and occasion, when the bankers had in ays that h United Railway peohand a balance of £80,000, they Die are making the dirt fly out

Yesterday opened up with the first real distressing heat of the Summer season-and it made the trouble to us, sir, but we thought you poor townsman wish for the cool of the mountains or the breeze of the ocean besch

Albert F Keehn and brother.

E-nest, were up from this side of Cedar Mill, yesterday. Mr. Kesha view. Cavendish was seventy-eight a to have a sale of his personal years of age when he died in 1810, property on Sept 3, notice of which is in another column. Ferd Groner, of Scholls, was up yesterday, and says that the Spokane irrication meeting was a

from all parts of the West. While in that section he went up to the Coeur d'Alene country. C N. Jager, the Garden Home grocer, was in to vn Tuesday. Mr. me explain why I forgive you. It is Jager says that land is selling at from \$300 to \$800 per acre down in his neck of the woods, and it does not pay to try farm it when such

> prices can be real'z d. L. T. Cornell, of this city, returned Sunday from attendance at the G A R National Encampment which has been holding at Salt Lake City He says the weather was very warm up in the Descret

Jasper Keffer, of near Glencie. this week threshed 5 acres of wheat which went 48 bushels to the acre -talk about your Eastern Oregon, Eh? Wm Bachelder, whose rench is c'ose to the Keff r place, threehed 20 acres of wheat, going 35 bush la to the acre, and 10 acres of ats which went 70 bu-hels per CIR

CHAS. B. CURTIS

The funeral of the late Charles B. Curtis, who died at his home in Mme. Adelina Patti, staying some Forest Grove, Monday evening, will be held next Saturday morning For the past fifteen years Mr Curtis had been a sancher, miving to tran about two years agn

Mr Curtis was born in Vermont in 1933 and I fo there in his youth to go to Kansas where he stayed until about 18 years ago, when he moved to Oregon He was married 45 years ago to Mi a Sarab Beans, sho with the following children, U.V.V. 8 M.s Eva Thompson, o Oregon City; Mr. Hattie Catto, of Portland; Mrs Jennie Depuy, of Girard, Kannas; Mrs Lillie P. of Oakley Ken ; Mrs. Datey Watsessed of him that he deigned to speak. Markbam, of Portland. of Forest Grove, and Mrs. La