



LENOX
Nickle trimmed, cast lined.
No. 18 \$11.00
" 20 13.50
" 22 15.00

Heaters.

We Invite You to Inspect Our Heaters, CAST or WOOD LINED

After comparing them with Eastern goods of the same designs you will see why ours are better values for the money.

We show every practical size and style from the inexpensive Sheet Steel Lined Airtight to the large handsome Cast Lined with Nickel Trim-mings.
If you intend installing a new Heater this fall or winter, we invite you to inspect ours.
We will give you better values than you can get elsewhere.
PATTERSON, 2ND STREET.

EVERYBODY HELP A LITTLE

The Ladies' Coffee Club

Will give an entertainment on the evening of **Friday, October 15**

The net proceeds to go toward a fund for the building of a **REST ROOM**

Do your part Be at the **Crescent Theatre**

and witness a splendid evening's entertainment, and help out a worthy project. See reading notices for particulars.

Do not forget that Greer keeps all kinds of field seeds.
Julius Asbahr, of South Tualuma, was in town Saturday.
I. H. Smith and wife, of Forest Grove, was in this city Friday.
J. B. Walker, of below Beaver ton, was up to the historic county seat Friday.
Thos. Wagn, with the Portland street cleaning department, and who lived here as a boy, was out Saturday, greeting friends.
Thos. Murphy, of Mountaineers, was in town yesterday, and while in called on the Argus.
Robt. Thompson, of Cedar Mill, and J. J. Shevlin, of near Beaver ton, were up to this city yesterday.
Emil Kuratli and wife sailed from Hamburg, September 28, and are now in America, somewhere between New York and the middle West. They are expected home within a week or ten days, and have enjoyed an all Summer trip.

F. G. Heidel sold his team of handsome sorrels, yesterday, to Andrew Eggman, of Cedar Mill. Mr. Heidel has been using the horses all Summer in the wood business, and as he recently sold his place east of town at a big advance over its purchase price he let go of the equines.
Ole Madison, a brother of Matt Madison whose gambling escapade brought him into prominence last week, is in trouble. The younger brother was arrested last Saturday, charged with selling liquor without license to some St. Johns boys.
W. E. Thomas, one of the first clerks in the Commercial Bank, of this city, was up from Reedville, Saturday. Mr. Thomas is now principal of the Reedville schools.
T. B. Perkins, who has been in- disposed all Summer, was down from Buxton yesterday, and says he is feeling fine these days.
W. H. Wehrung came out from Portland yesterday, and spent the day in the city.

Mrs. M. L. King, of Gaston, was in town Saturday.
J. C. Boehen, owner of the Pine Tree Farm, West Union, was in town Friday.
S. F. Goodwin, who owns the Hal Taylor place a mile west of town, was over Friday, transacting business.
A. F. Zillmer, of Cedar Mill, was in town the last of the week and remembered the religious weekly in his calls.
Allyn Yocum and wife and Mrs. Michael, of Sheridas, were in the city Saturday evening, guests at the Samuel Stevens' home.
T. B. Weathered, salesman for Baird, is confined to his room this week with an attack of rheumatism. His many friends hope he will soon be on duty again.
E. A. Wolf, of Reedville, and who was badly injured by a bull a few weeks ago, was in town Saturday. He is still feeling the results of his encounter.

The Board of Trade had a meeting Friday evening and L. J. Rushlow resigned as secretary and N. H. Alexander was selected to fill the place until the annual election next Spring. Dr. Tamiess brought up the matter of the establishment of a factory for the manufacture of surveyors' instruments, and stated that he would give them an acre of ground on which they could place their plant. Mr. C. Rhodes stated that it would give them a lot for office purposes, and the Board will confer with the prospective owners and see what can be done to have Hillsboro selected. It would mean at least fifteen more families for Hillsboro to have the plant installed here.

Charley Burham, the Tigardville lad who ran away from the Hotel de Hancock last week and was caught a day or so later, feels the humiliation of his escapade very keenly, and refused, for a day or so to come out of his cell and sit with the rest of the prisoners. He brought back the brand new pair of gloves that belonged to Mr. Fupper, the janitor—but he doesn't lay the trip to the gloves.

E. C. Luoc, trustee in bankruptcy for the Thompson Bros. Lumber Company, is advertising a sale of land, a sawmill plant, a donkey engine and logging equipment, and some lumber and other property, and bids will be received by the trustee until October 15. The property is located near Mountain Lake, and here is a chance for some mill man. The notice of sale appears in another column.

The Coffee Club met at the home of Mrs. E. H. Baird last Saturday afternoon. Mrs. T. R. Imbri and Mrs. J. P. Tamiess were appointed delegates to attend the Woman's Club convention which will meet at Forest Grove October 14, 15 and 16. A committee was appointed to arrange for public entertainments, the proceeds of which are to go into a fund for the building of a restroom.

N. P. Oakerman, of Beaverton, and who is one of the progressive-orchardists of his section, was up Friday. He is buying some of the property of E. J. Anderson, who has purchased 160 acres over in Millamok, and who moves there for permanent residence.

When you can buy a 10 quart 14 quart, or 17 quart dishpan for 25 cents you are getting a bargain so go to Greer's and take advantage of a good thing. 30 3

Two Hits to Spare.

A baseball game was played in Topeka once between the married men and the bachelors.
A man named Flood came to bat. The pitcher put over a straight one, and Flood knocked the ball over the fence.
Instead of starting for first base Flood braced himself and stood stock still.
"Run, you idiot!" screamed the spectators. "Run! Why in blazes don't you run?"
"Run?" calmly queried Flood. "What would I run for? I've got two more chouts at it!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Grand Combination.

Roosevelt was returning from Africa. "Let's give him three cheers and a tiger," suggested one of the reception committee. But the others thought it too tame, and as the mighty hunter stepped down the gangplank he was greeted with something like this:
"Hurray! Hurray! Warhogg! Warhogg! Bah, rah, rah! Hippo! Rhinol! Hartbeest! Giraffe! Crocodile! Bah, rah, rah!"—Chicago News.

Incompleteness.

Willie is a curious chap.
As people all agree,
He always falls a little short
Of what he wants to be.
His getting clothes entitle him
To an enduring fame.
The only difficulty is
He doesn't know the game.
He has a handsome hunting rig,
But is afraid to shoot.
He only needs a touring car
To fit his auto suit.
But as his wardrobe grows, he says,
With confidence sublime:
"The most important part in clothes,
The rest will come in time."
—Washington Star.

"The Glass of Fashion."

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I can't go to the party. I have no collar buttons.
Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, dear fellow.
Cholly—But I can't. Nobody has any measurements except my tailor, Gopherknow.—Puck.

On the Job.

Miss Coy (at the garden party)—Let you kiss me? Certainly not! I've only known you an hour.
Mr. Hustler (looking at his watch)—Well, then, suppose I come around in an hour and a quarter.—Boston Transcript.

Ethel.

I sought to gaze in Ethel's eyes,
But quick she dropped her eyelids.
I could not take her by surprise,
Indeed, and they were any lids.
I sought to whisper words of love,
But caused the maid to tremble.
She was as timid as a dove,
Or did she just dissemble?
I learned too late it was an art,
That drooping of the eyelids.
In trembling she but played a part.
A snare was in those big blue eyes.
—Town Topics.

The Better Way.

First Boston Child—Do you believe in corporal punishment?
Second Boston Child—No; I can usually make my parents do what I wish by moral suasion.—New York Life.

A Strange Possibility.

With machine to save talking
And working and walking,
We find that this planet so small
Is run by the lever,
And human endeavor
Was not considered at all.
—Washington Star.

OUT OF THE TRENCH.

By F. A. MITCHEL.
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

A few years after the civil war two men met on Broadway, New York. The one wore the long hair and sombrero that marked him for a southerner; the other was black as the ace of spades.
"Fo' de Lawd, Marsa George!" exclaimed the negro, with eyes and mouth open wide.
"Ben, yo' black rascal, what are you doing up here in Yankee land?"
"Wha' I doin' up hyar? I wouldn't be hyar if you war alive!"
"But I am alive."
"Don' know 'bout dat. Spec' yo' may be yo' ghost. How come yo' be livin' when de fambly all tink yo' was killed at de battle o' Sharpsbu'g? If yo' be livin', bow 'bout dat awful shadow I got from Missy Alice?"
"Metbe yo' don' know dat when yo' gofentately to take keer o' yo' home I war really set up to go by Missy Alice fo' to take keer o' yo'self. Spec'ly yo' yo' got sick or wounded. De night befo' de regiment marched a way Missy Alice she come to my cabin an' she say, 'Ben, yo' infernal niggab'—"
"Oh, no, she didn't."
"Well, enny way, she said: 'Ben, I's mighty glad yo' goin' with yo' Marsa George. If he sick or wounded yo' write me every day.' I can't write, Missy Alice, I says. And she says, 'Well, get some one else to write fo' yo' or send me word if he needs me and I'll come mighty quick to see him. If yo' stick to him an' bring him back safe an' sons' to me I'll see dat yo' git yo' freedom.' An' I says: 'Missy Alice, I don't keer 'bout my freedom. I don't want my freedom. I's allus lived in this fambly an' don't want to live anywheres else. But I'll watch Marsa George fo' yo' an' let yo' know if he needs cousin.' I don't promise to bring him back safe an' sons' to yo', but if he gets killed or dies o' camp fever or any o' them sojers' diseases I promise yo' on my wo'd o' honah as a Turnor niggab' dat hasn't nevah belonged to no odder fambly dat I'll bring his body back fo' yo' to weep ovah an' be buried in de fambly buryin' ground."
"Den Missy Alice she say, 'Ben, yo's debblish fine niggab'—"
"No, she didn't, but go on."
"She say, she say: 'Ben, I b'lieve you.' If yo' do dat I never fo'git it. But if yo' don' bring him back either livin' or dead yo'd bettah nevah been bo'n'. How come yo' up hyar in New Yo', Marsa George, when yo' war killed—I mean missin'—in de battle o' Sharpsbu'g, an' yo' counsel said yo' body was throwed into de trench?"
"Go on with your story. Never mind my part of it."
"I hunted dat battel-eld all ovah, turnin' every man layin' on his face, even de Yanks, and I didn't see yo' no-whar, Marsa George. Den de cannon he sent an' orderly fo' me an' he say: 'Ben, yo' mastah be been killed, an' he body must 'a' been throwed into de trench. Yo' go home an' tell his people 'bout it. Wha' he know 'bout me an' dat I war a Turnor niggab'?"
"I asked him to do all that. Go on. I'm anxious to hear the rest."
"Yo' tell him to do dat? Wha' fo' yo' do dat, Marsa George?"
"I'll tell you my story when you get through with yours. Go on, I say."
"My story's sufen mo' 'a' de drubbin' I got from Missy Alice. I went home to de plantation one mornin', and Missy Alice she saw me comin' way up de road. She fled out of de house an' run to me, out o' breath, an' she cried out: 'Oh, Ben! Is he dead?' An' I broke it sofly to her. I says, 'Marsa George, he wha' he don't suffah no mo', Missy Alice. 'Deed he don't.' 'Wha' is he?' she moaned, stagger'n back. 'In de trench, I say. 'Dey throwed him in befo' I could git him!"
"Fo' de Lawd, Marsa George, though I broke de news as sofly as I know how, she jis' drop right down wha' she-stan' with a shivah. I helped her up an' toted her into de house. Den when she come to herself she said, with a voice dat sounded lak a ha'n't in de tomb: 'Ben, go 'way from me an' don't let me evah see yo' ag'in. Yo's been onfaithful to de true' I reposed in yo'. Go 'way, you debblish niggab! Yo'!"
"Hold on, there! Don't put words you said to yourself into her pure mouth."
"Yes, Marsa George, I said 'em, a heap of 'em—wo-ah an' wo-ah. An' I turned round, as de men do when de battery's sendin' out shot an' shell an' grape in their faces, an' I lef' de plantation, an' I ha'n't nebh'er been back dar from dat day to this. An' I suffered all this on yo' account. An' yo' want'n in de trench after all. Wha' debblish bad luck!"
"Ben," said the other, much affected, "you've hit it exactly. It would have been better if I had been put into the trench. I was stupid enough to become the victim of a diabolical story. There was another girl—well, I was engaged to be married to her long before—who wrote me that a Yankee officer who had come down with the Federal army had taken my place. After Sharpsburg I got my colonel to send you back with the story that I had been killed and thrown into the trench. I wished to be dead to erry one I had been brought up with, especially to her."
"It war might' hard on Missy Alice, but I'd rather been Missy Alice than myself. Marsa George, yo' go right back to de ole plantation an' tell Missy Alice 'twar all yo' fault. Tell her yo' a liar an' I a might' niggab!"
"I'll do it, Ben, and I'll take you with me."

Things Theatrical.

Frank Daniels is adapting the book of "The Belle of Brittany" to American taste.
August Von Bieu, the musician-actor, is to appear in vaudeville in "The Master Musician."
The Liebler company has engaged Charles B. Waldron to play the leading part in a new production.
Cortine, who is starring in "Mile. Minnie," lately laid the cornerstone of a new Shubert theater in Minneapolis.
Justin Huntley McCarthy's drama of "The Proud Prince," which Sothorn used here, has been produced with great success in London.
At the time of his death Clyde Pich had just finished a play for Zeida Sears, called "Kitty and the Canary," and he was about to write one in which Miss Ruth Maycliffe was to star.

Boom in the Menyard.

Bank Stubbs—They say business is pickin' up all round.
Sign Miller—That ain't no idle talk neither. We got two more signs yesterday than we did the day before.—Boston Herald.

Right in the Thicket of It.

Miss Trigg—Why, Mr. Calloway, I didn't know you went in for football while at college.
Mr. Calloway (00)—Oh, but I did, you know. For the last three years I was substitute cheer master.—Puck.

Clumsy Chap.

The moon crept o'er the ridge,
And faint the white mists rose.
He kissed her on the bridge,
And sofly did propose.
She frowned and said: "Dear me!
You are clumsy, goodness knows!"
Alas and alack, for she
Had been kissed on the bridge of her nose.
—St. Louis Republic.

Many Sorrows.

Fear—Yes, they have kept a diary of their courtship and all of their courtship and all of their petty fights are registered.
Ruby—Gracious! It must be sort of scrap book.—Minneapolis Journal.

Character Reading.

"What makes you so sure that man is naturally cautious and diplomatic?"
"The fact that whenever I offer him a cigar he puts it in his pocket and says he will smoke it after dinner."
—Washington Star.

Can't Do Both.

The housewife views with failing nerve
Preserving time's proximity,
She fears she can't at once preserve
Her fruits and equanimity.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Suggestion.

"Is your wife one of these reformers?"
"No, but her dressmaker is. She has told my wife that she must have hips the coming season."
—Houston Post.

The Dreamer.

The dreamer, happy, though not rich,
Care not what fate overtakes him,
But hunger's alarm clock which
Momentously awakes him.
—Washington Star.

Mis' Feelings.

Beatie—How would you feel if some one died and left you a fortune?
Harold—I'd feel sure that some one would prove that he was of unsound mind.—Philadelphia Ledger.

In Sight.

The cooler days are coming soon,
When morning dews are wetter
And nature sings a shriller tune
And panache taste much better.
—Boston Traveler.

Heard in Sunday School.

"Why were the animals taken into the ark?"
"To get them out of Roosevelt's way, I suppose."
—New York Press.

A Toast.

Then here's to him who never
Attempts a stunt that most
His hearers think is clever—
A stale and ancient toast.
—New York Mail.

The Happy Farmer.

The farmer was in days gone by
An object of compassion.
He said "By gum!" and joked "old ar"
Because it was the fashion.
He laid with following the plow
Unto his own devices.
While we were worrying as to how
To eat at city prices.
The farmer now has corn and oats
And meat and eggs and butter,
His sphere of influence, one notes,
Each year is growing wider.
He says "us city-burner" give
At "Rubber" and lives in clover,
While we go broke for food in the
Diluted and warmed over.
—Washington Star.

SIRES AND SONS.

Lord Charles Bessford holds three medals for life saving.
Rubell received his first music lesson from his father, a market gardener.
Sir Thomas Lipton once stated he would give every penny he had and begin again at the bottom of the ladder to lift the America cup.
Dr. William Olin Stillman, a practicing physician of Albany, N. Y., is serving his fifth term as president of the American Humane association.
Bess Low was thought to have had about the shortest name in the English language, but in Piscataquis county, Me., there is a man by the name of Gity Dow.
William Guerin of Northboro, Mass., has found his six hundredth pearl. He got all the pearls from fresh water clams which he took from the brooks about the town.
Max Darsewsky, the child musician, had to memorize for his examination 2,000,000 notes in thirty days.
Berkie J. Orr, a lawyer of Bay City, Mich., who has served three terms as prosecuting attorney of Bay county, twice under emphatic protest, has moved to Detroit to practice law and to escape a fourth election as county prosecutor.
The German colonial secretary, Herr Derburg, was a clerk in a Wall street office in New York when he was a young man and soon after his arrival in America. His employer refused to raise his wages when requested, and young Derburg went back to his native land. His success is due to his ability and energy.

WHAT BECAME OF GEORGE AIKEN?

By TOM GAYLORD.
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"What is this report, Merlan, about you and Mr. Abercrombie?"
"It is that we are to be married, and it is true."
"And yet people say that after a man passes forty he will invariably choose a woman from fifteen to twenty years younger than himself."
"There are cases where men past forty marry women they have loved in their youth."
"And yours is such a romance?"
"It is more than a romance—it is a remarkable case."
"Do tell me. I am dying to hear it."
"I must go back twenty-four years. I was then eighteen. Father at that time was speculating in cotton and had made a great deal of money. He was very ambitious for me and told me that, whether or no I married wealth, I must marry a polished man. Father had little opportunity to become refined in his youth, and people always covet what they have been denied. One day when I was out horse-back riding my pony ran away with me. A farmer's boy came galloping after me and, catching my rein, saved me from going over a high back into the river.
"An intimacy sprang up between myself and the youth, whose name was Aiken. I was a shrewd little mixer and never said anything at home about the runaway or the farmer's boy.
"Finally I made up my mind that I could not live without George Aiken and proposed to elope with him. He consented, but very unwillingly. He loved me, but had too much sense to consider such a course either honorable or likely to result in our happiness. I called him timid, and this brought him over to my plan.
"My room was on the third story. I procured a rope ladder, on which I intended to descend after the family were all asleep, and hid it in my closet. Aiken was to be at the foot of the ladder to receive me. But when it came to descending the swaying thing my courage failed me, and I called on him to come up and help me. He sprang up the ladder, and just as we were about to go down together we heard footsteps coming up the walk. George Aiken climbed into the window and drew up the ladder.
"Some one came on up to the house and stopped beneath my window. I peeped through the slats and recognized father. He had gone out with-out my knowing it. He called up the coachman and stationed him under the window, then came into the house. "I am ruined!" I cried, clinging to my lover. "Father must have seen you enter the window."
"George Aiken remained perfectly cool. Presently he said in a steady, low voice:
"Give me your watch."
"I took it from my belt and handed it to him.
"Go to bed," he said, "and pretend to be asleep."
"He opened the door softly and stole out. In a few minutes I had taken off my clothes and was in bed. I heard a commotion downstairs, and presently father came to my door, awakened me, as he supposed, and told me that a thief had been caught in the house with my watch on him.
"Then I saw it all. George had sacrificed himself to save me from disgrace with my own family. I was in agony. I begged father not to prosecute the thief, but he had already called the police, and in another hour George was in jail. He was tried, put in no defense and, being the son of a reputable farmer, got off with a light sentence.
"I disguised myself, went to the jail, saw him and proposed to confess the whole affair. He said my reputation would be lost and that would be worse than a term in the penitentiary for him. I should have had the strength to confess without his consent, but I hadn't. I who had got him into the scrape was too mean spirited to get him out.
"He served eighteen months. When he came out of prison he did not try to see me, but managed to get a note to me undisclosed in which he said that my father would never consent to my marriage with an ex-convict and it would be a sin for an ex-convict to permit me to make the sacrifice. "That was the last I heard of him.
"I married, father failed, my husband became an invalid, and I, always anxious to show some courage to contrast with the weakness of my youth, studied stenography and accepted a position. The afternoon of my entrance on my duties I was called into the office of the head of the firm to take his dictation of the day's letters. He looked at me curiously and asked me some questions about myself.
"Six months after this my husband died. I had been getting remittances from time to time from an unknown friend whose identity I could not possibly discover. After my husband's death these remittances were doubled. I wondered if George had prospered, found me out and helped me without making himself known.
"A year after my husband's death the head of the firm for which I worked told me that he was my unknown friend. Surprised, I asked him what reason he had for serving me. He asked me if I remembered George Aiken. I started, turned pale and said yes. Then he told me that he, Edward Abercrombie, was the lover of my youth.
"We are to be married in October."
Just an idol.
"That's our popular mittinee idol."
"Why, he doesn't look like an actor."
"That ain't all; he doesn't even act like one."
—Cleveland Leader.

Birds and Men.
The bird that gets the worm
Is the bird that early rises.
The man who gets the trade
Is the man who advertises.
—Boston Herald.

Even if She Didn't Dye.
Ellie—We can die only once.
Stella—But you have bleached several times.—Los Angeles Times.

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