MILLSBORD ARGUS NOVEMBER 11, 1909

addressed Mr. Barney: "Tell me all about your case, and I from Brother Will, will write at once."

The old man delightedly plunged into an inextanustible account of battles, of chestnuts peppered the earth and marches, hospitals, prisons and so forth. Meanwhile Crissy's pen was Dolly had brought held only about

scratching wildly over the paper. "See if this will do?" she asked,

By BELLE MANIATES. Reprint 1999, by Associated Literary Fress.1 "Well, Crissy, what can I do for you?" asked the judge of his fair young daughter as she stood in the duorway of his outer office. "The first state of this will do?" she asked. My Dear George-You once said that there was nothing in the world that you would refuse to do for me. I want some-thing very much now, and I know that you will do it for me because I ask you to There is an old solder in our city for whom father's firm has been trying to get a pension, and after all their red tape they have field there is Leartue F. Iturper, nicality. His name is Leartus F. Barney, and he served in Company A. Twentyfifth Illinois, as private, corporal and ser-geant. He served a full term and re-collated, was wounded at Fair Oaks and ther last administration. Do you remem-er telling me about it one winter's night?

et it as quickly as you can and I will As diave everything you said to me ver, your devoted CRI CRISSY.

gleefully.

Quackenbush, M. C., Washington, Now we will go together and D. C.'

Dumont asked him if he could be put on the Gridley case and make the western trip.

the judge. "We will all be too glad to shift the case off our hands to you."

pointed when her father told her the

next day that Dumont had gone west and would be gone for a mouth.

by." she thought.

and she grew pensive and pathetic. "I'll never triffe again," she thought mdly.

old gray shawl closer and began to and reported his success in the Gridley

"How is Miss Marsh?" he asked stilly after they had discussed the ing on the limbs above,

but she's positively happy today, nearly as happy as old Barney. He's got his pension, \$12 per month, and a good a friend of hers who is a congress-

men

"George Quackenbush married Cristhe judge.

joyfully.

him. By the way, hadn't you better go and see Crissy?"

started toward the door.

A motor was tearing along a country driver, feeling himself guilty of ex-

and horrowed a pair of yara mittens shaw). Only one had struck Miss Dolly as she talked her face, and that was Yes; the frost and the morning in the center of the chin. It had not penetrated deeply. As a matter of breeze had done their work. A bushet fart, she dug it out with her finger nail on the way home. The doctor more were failing, and the basket Miss arrived in his gig with his horse on the gallop. At first he was inclined to

be angry, but when the story was told and when a little plan was unfolded is laughed and offered his services. Two hours later, when Will Bailey, on of Lawyer Balley of the city, called at the farmhouse to repeat that he was so sorry and to say that he was visiting the Scotts and doing a little shooting he found a young lady on the sofa with her head, chin and neck done up and a strong smell of drugs in the room. He was told by Miss Dolly that the doctor had said that she would probably pull through if given the best of care, and he went away a happy joung man. He sent to the city for flowers and fruits and books. He presented Brother Sam with the shotgun, and he told the father that he would be only too happy to pay all expenses.

Of course the patient began to get better. At about the third call of the would be murderer she had dispensed with most of the bandages. At about the fifth there was only a piece of plaster covering the wound. After three weeks he called one afternoon to find the plaster gone, and after a look he cried out:

"Why. Miss Dolly, you've got the prettiest dimpled chin in all America! Really, now, but"-

No; it was a month later that he proposed. And he took her down to the old chestnut tree where the squirrel chattered:

"I thought so! I thought so! First you shoot a girl and then you tell her how much you love her and ask her to be your wife! Go on, both of you!"

#### Mother.

Young people, look in those eyes, est and est and ent. She hunted for isten to the dear voice and notice the the very biggest and fattest and didn't feeling of even a touch that is bemind the squirrel chattering and scoldstowed upon you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while you have the She knew he was there to get his most precious of all gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that would throw clubs and give him a tone and look, however slight your score. Had she been familiar with In after life you may have pain. friends-fond, dear, kind friends-but stood him during the first five minnever will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished "Well, upon my sout this is cheeky upon you which none but a mother beof you! Haven't you been to break stows. Often do 1 sigh in my strugfast? Have you got to lay in a store gles with the hard, uncaring world for or starve through the winter? Go to, the deep, sweet security I felt when on an evening, resting on her bosom, I Fretty soon she noticed that his listened to some quiet tale, suitable to chatter had changed, but she didn't my age, read in her tender, untiring look up nor try to interpret it. What voice. Never can 1 forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared "A young man! A young man! A asleep, never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since I laid Of course Miss Dolly would have her by my father in the old churchscrambled up to look for the young yard, yet still her voice whispers from man and make out whether he was tall her grave, and her eyes watch over me or short, light or dark, handsome or as I visit spots long since hallowed by bonnely. Not getting the alarm, she

#### Stern Reality.

her memory .- Lord Macaulay.

"I dreamed last night that, beginning with a hundred dollars. I pyramided my bets on the stock market so that in a little while I had \$2,000,girl as Greek, but she never even 000,000," said one of the artist colony missed a bite. It couldn't be charged in West Sixty-seventh street the other that she was thinking of a man, young day. "A crowd of people came to me or old, and so in an absentminded and besought me to They pointed out that 1 had more money than I could ever spend and that if I kept on I would own all there was in the world. I replied that I wanted a billion dollars more for my own use and that I proposed with the two billion I already had to establish a great institution where all the artists and writers and sculptors might work free from pecuniary annoyances and raise the standard of beauty in all the arts throughout the world. The last man who came to beg me to stop making money was my attorney. I turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and finally he sternly demanded of me the \$2.50 that I had borrowed from him last week. Then I woke up."- New York Press.

### Hard For Mother

PAGE S

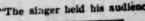
"I suppose you often and it rathe trying to have six marriageable daugh ters on your hands."

"Oh, I don't mind it so much myself but my wife has a pretty hard time o it, seeing that she can't possibly watch at more than one keyhole at a time."\_\_\_ Chicago Record-Heraid,

Unbecoming Conduct. "I want Bliggins dismissed from the Optimists' club," said the indignant youth.

"What's the trouble?" "He insists on referring to the mo borrowed from him instead of talk ing about something pleasant."-Washington Star.





Hard Proof. "What will convince me that the world is not a mere bubble?" asked the pessimistic person who was always growling.

"Try falling out of an airship," cha kled the optimist cheerfully .- Pitte burg Post.

#### A Good Rule.

"How do you always manage to per out the hotels with the best cuisin when you are traveling?" "When I get to a certain place I so lect the hotel at which the tramps beg for food."

#### In Season.

"Did your boss call you down?" "Naw. He said I was a peach." "And then?"





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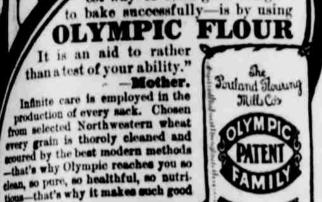
things to cat.

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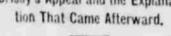
youngster does like good

things to cat. . . . The easi-

est way to bake good things-

"mother "

# BY SPECIAL ACT. Crissy's Appeal and the Explana-



[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

"You know," said Crissy gravely, "I filed an application with you several

weeks ago for an increase in my dis-The judge's eyes twinkled. He look-

od at his watch. "I am so sorry, but I have a press ng engagement. I'll turn your case ver to Charles," glancing at an adoluing deah.

The brown, manly face flushed boyshty as he met the dancing eyes,

"I refuse to be turned over," said Crissy flippantly. "I applied to you,

and I shall await your pleasure at our desk-until you return." "Very well," replied the judge. "I

cave you in possession." When he had left the room the two

roundning inmates were conscious of the silence. The girl cast surreptitious side glances toward the young attorney, but he kept doggedly at work. The first day that Charles Dumont had entered the law firm as junior partner he had seen a wonderful vision a very lovely face, with eyes of heaven's own blue-hovering near the judge's desk. He was conscious, with

a rush of blood to his face, that his heart was no longer his own. Crissy was too much of a coquette not to see the effect she produced, and thereafter she proceeded to make life miscrable for him.

One day she was gracious and charm ing to him; the next she scarcely deigned him a glance. He stood the treatment heroically for awhile; then he rebelled. Quietly and manfully he told her of his love and demanded her and and heart.

But Crissy's young heart was not yet ripe for love, and she said him any merrily. Then he accused her of being She resented the accusation a filet.

burnement fund. I called to see what you have done with my cleim." The inducie even twinking the back

"That will fetch it," said the old man

"Now I will address it, 'Hon. George

mail it."

Later, when the judge came back,

"Indeed, you may, Dumont," replied

Crissy looked creatfallen and disap-

"He might at least have said good-

Her buoyancy vanished day by day,

In a month's time Dumont returned

"Crissy hasn't been very well intely, share, and she had a half formed idea that when she got through eating she special act. It seems Crissy wrote to squirrel lore she would have underbit of back pension. It came through utes to be saying:

"Yes; I know she did." he replied, with a bitter recollection of the day it was written

sy's most intimate friend," informed

"He is married!" exclaimed Dumont

"Yes," replied the judge; "he wouldn't have been if it hadn't been for Crissy, She patched up a lovers' quarrel between him and the girl he married, and in the joy of reconciliation he offered to do anything she ever asked

But the young man had already

Something Struck Him.

road the other day when a policeman suddenly loomed into yiew near some crossways and held up his hand. . The





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week.

The hop market has been very all the past few days, and no sales be reported. It is claimed by the ress that buyers have arrived at the business As a matter of fact a stranger of the business are rather gloomy an agreement to beat down the market, which, so far this season, has been very good. Many were offered 25 cents, but refused the price, and they are now in the at-mosphere of means the season. This season has not given the best prupes, as the fruit 2 id n t mosphere of uncertainty. Many the best prunes, as the fruit Lid n t do anything I asked him to do. Pil do anything I asked him to do. Pil write him now and tell him all about grow very large. This means a look for even better dimished output, and with the low Dumont had been watching the old prices than prevailed event to the prices it is should be anything the dot to the prices than prevailed event to the prices it is should be anything the dot prices the provent better to the prices it is should be anything the dot prices that prevailed event better to the prices it is should be anything the old prices that prevailed event better to the prices that any prevailed event better to the prices it is should be anything the old prices that prevailed event better to the prices the prices the prices the prices that the prices the prices that the prices rices than prevailed early in the prevaiting price, it is enough to

bany, is in the city this week, a rel, was in the city the last of the can't stand much more disappointguest of Mrs. H. H. Cronise.



"BLESS YOUR KIND HEART!" BAID THE OLD MAN DELIGHTEDLY.

They had not been on speaking terms for two days, and Crissy found the allence almost embarrassing. Presently the door opened and an old man far beyond the threescore and ten limit entered. His cheeks were

round and rosy, and his eyes twinkled good humoredly. "So the jedge sin't in," he said re-

gretfully. "Mr. Barney," began the young man "your case"-Crissy saw a way now to make him

speak to her. "I am filling the judge's place this morning, Mr. Barney," she said sweet-ly. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

The young man reddened angrily, but the old man came forward, smill "Be'nt you the jedge's daughter? ing

You look just like him." "Thank you, Mr. Barney. Yes, I am his daughter. If you will state your case I will lay it before my father." "Well, you see, your pa has been trying to get me a pension for quite a spell, and some way it don't seem to get through, and I'm getting on. If it don't come pretty soon 1 wou't be here

to enjoy it." "Of course you want it now. Pil make father push it right through." "Bless your kind heart!" said the old man delightedly. "Mr. Barney," said Dumont, coming

forward determinedly, "we heard from Washington this morning about your case, and I am sorry to tell you that it has been rejected. There is a missing link in the evidence. Unless you can supply this the case is hopeless." The old man's round, apple-like face

seemed suddenty to shrivel. Crissy was divided between pity for him and anger toward the young man for checkmating her. A bright inspiration came to her. A tiger-like spring of her memory showed her how she could help one and disconcert the other. "Mr. Barney," she said sweetly, "if

were you I wouldn't try to get my pension through lawyers." "How would you get it?" he asked

"I'd get it through by special act of eagerly. "I don't know our congressman from congress." -

this district, and he wouldn't help an

old feller like me nohow." "Maybe not," said Crissy, "but 1 know a brilliant young congressman who is very influential, and he would

spoke. He came up to her resolutely and said in a low tone: "Crissy, don't raise false hopes. He

Julius Christensen, of near Lau

Crissy stared at him coldly; then she

ceeding the limit, slowed up, with a state

grunt of vexation, while visions of police court proceedings and "40 shillings and costs" flashed upon him. "What is it?" said he irritably as the

machine throbbed slowly past the policeman.

"Well, sir, I must"-"Look here, constable," interrupted

the motorist. "Pick this up and keep out: your mouth shut." And a balf sovereign clinked upon the road.

The policeman quickly stooped his blue official back, and in a twinkling the motor had bounded on, the driver chuckling with glee at having escaped the law.

Some twenty minutes later that same motorist was heard to murmur on recovering consciousness, "I wonder if that policeman simply wanted to warn me that a tree had fallen across the road."-London Scraps,

Japanese Mushroom Growing. The Japanese have an interesting method of growing a kind of mushroom known as the wood mushroom,

Agaricus shitake. This species, which here." is much prized as a food in Japan, is related to the so called honey fungus, a species very destructive to the roots of trees and woody plants. This latter

species, it may be noted, is one of the causes of phosphorescence in decaying wood. The Japanese method of growing their mushroom seems to consist in preparing the ground for it. A coppice of red oak, beech or chestnut of some twenty years' growth is cut down just after the fall of the leaf. The

wood is then left lying for a hundred days. It is then cut into lengths of three or tour feet, and the logs are incerated with large pruning knives. Spores settle on the wounded parts, and the mycellum of the fungus sprends through the tissues of the wood. Next year a crop of mushrooms springs up. The production of mushrooms may go on for six years, but the



Down a Girl.

By LAWRENCE CLAY. [Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The first frost of the season had come, and Miss Dolly Meserve was on her way down to the back lot with a basket on her arm. A big chestnut tree had stood there for no one could remember how long, and this fall it simply hung loaded with burs. The frost probably had opened hundreds of them

The back lot was half a mile back of Farmer Meserve's house, and the girl with the basket was his daughter, who had just completed a term at a was a biting morning, and she had there found in the folds of the heavy centipeds and a tarantula!"-Judge.

"And he's going to pepper me-me me!" shouted the squirrel as he disap-

girl, and give us squirrels a show?"

young man is coming this way!"

continued to devour fat chestnuts.

"He's got a gun! He's got a gun! He's got a gun on his shoulder!" ex-

claimed the squirrel as he hid behind

They ought to have been plain to the

a limb and peeped out with one eye.

he was saying was:

peared into a hollow limb. This time Miss Dolly faintly comprehended and looked up. Flash-bangscream! She scrambled up and down again with a moan and was too overcome to hear the squirrel shricking

"He's shot a girl! He's shot a girl! He's missed me and shot a girl!"

"What is it? What have I done? What's happened?" cried the voice of a man bending over her, and Miss Dolly shrank away and looked up to see young man, with a gun in his hand, at her side. Her hand was clasped to her chin, and blood was oozing from under her fingers.

"I-I have wounded you!" gasped the young man as he turned pale.

"Yes, you have! You have tried to kill me!" "Oh, no, no, no! I shot at a squirrel in the tree. I give you my word I shot at a squirrel." "But 1 was sitting on the ground

"Yes, but one of the shots must have

struck a knot and been deflected. I am sorry, so sorry. I can't tell you how sorry I am. May I see the wound? Perhaps the shot only glanced off."

"And perhaps I shall carry a horri-

ble scar there all my life!" she replied, with a stamp of her foot. "You are a nice man to be given charge of a gun. How many other folks have you killed or wounded this morning?" "Go for him, Dolly; go for him!" chattered the squirrel. "He tried to kili us, and don't you let him talk about any deflected shot."

"So sorry, you know; so sorry!" the young man kept stammering. ••1 wouldn't have shot you for \$5. Honest I wouldn't. Is it a bad wound? Is it painful? Do you think it is mortal?

"I fear it is," replied Miss Dolly as a spirit of mischief bubbled up. "Yes; it may be fatal, and I don't know what excuse you can urge before a coroner's jury. You will be declared my murderer."

"He will! He will! Whoop! He will!" chattered the squirrel.

"So sorry, so sorry!" said the confused and upset young man. "I can't A Shot at a Squirrel That Brought call an ambulance here, you know, formal."-Washington Star. and-and I don't see any doctors' signs around. .Can I help you home, and

then-then"- . "I think I have the strength to walk home, but you may run to the village and tell Dr. Smith that you have shot me and ask him to come. Tell him it's probably a mortal wound, Tell him

that it's Miss Dolly Meserve you tried to kill. Better throw away that gun or you'll be shooting the doctor."

"Yes, yes; surely I will, Yes; I'll get um.-Chicago News. Dr. Smith. So sorry, you know. Do you think you can reach home without help? Yes, certainly." And he was

It was true that some of the bird shot with which the gun had been loaded had struck something and been deflected. Two of them were buried in the seminary, and was nome for good. It quilted hood, and two or three others product, with positive assurance. "Six

Cause and Effect.

Percy-I've got au-aw-beastly headache this mawning, doncher know. Algy-What caused it, deah boy? Percy-A howld thought stwuck me inst night.-Chicago News.

Giving Him a Tip. "Well," demanded the stern faced woman as she leaned over the red handled broom, "what do you want?" "Lady," said the wayfarer with the long beard and matted chin, "I'm an

actor by profession and in hard luck." "Well, what have I to do with that?" "Why-er-I was thinking if you could spare me a quarter to get a shave and a hair cut I could get a job

in the role of Virginius." She eyed him disdainfully, "Ob, that's a poor excuse!" she said. with a curl of her thin lip. "Go up to the town without a shave and a hair cut and get a job in the role of Rip Van Winkle."

And before he could say another word she started to unchain the dog .-Chicago News.

Trials of a Host.

"I suppose you will give some elaborate entertainments this winter?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumror. "I

think we'll improve on those of last season. "Weren't they all successful ?" "Nope. It was my fault. I tried to make everybody have a good time, and the first thing I knew mother and the girls were complaining because they weren't sufficiently high class and

Fresh Tommy.

"Yes," said the old gentleman at breakfast, "Edna says the young man that calls on her takes the palm." "That's what he does, pa," spoke up the little brother promptly. "I saw him take her paim last night and hold It an hour."

And the look Tommy received from the big sister would have frozen radi-

## The Smart Boy Again.

After explaining the meaning of the fateful words "Sic semper tyrannis!" uttered by John Wilkes Booth, a teacher in an Arizona town asked if any

pupil could repeat them. "I can," attested a youthful deser

"Well, well! I am surprised to he of Miss Wrinks being engaged to Mr. Sportly. He's so awfully fast, you know.

"Oh. I don't know! Apparently be wasn't fast enough to get away from her."

Another Cigarette Victim

"I understand that your boy Josh to jured his health smokin' cigarettes." "Yep," answered Farmer Cornto "he was keerless about lightin' one of 'em when he had on a celluloid collar." -Washington Star.

Their Natural Habit. "I didn't like this hat tree at first dear." said the young husband, "but now it looks quite homelike."

"Yes," murmured the young wife, "those trees do grow on one." more American.

True. "Love is blind," quoted the nental maid. "Yes," rejoined the practical youth

"and there is no love so incu blind as self love."-Minneapolis Jo nal.

Cautious.

Caller-I would like to see thing in the way of a check. Tailor-Er-yes-excuse me-are you a customer or a bill collector -B Transcript.

What's the Use? "Why wouldn't your auto start?" "Lost my plug." "Oh, have to depend on horses pull you in yet, eh?"-Cleveland La

No LONL First Author-Do you ever lose any of the manuscript you send out? Second Author-No; they all con back .- Judge.

No Change. "You know woman was once the bead of the family," she said. "No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Last Turn.

"My turn will come!" the actor cried. "Bome day I'll turn the dollars!" Alas, he failed in all he tried.

And now he turns his collars. -Chicago News

Exactly. -

"After all, what difference would en-

plorers find between the north pole and

"Oh, all the difference in the world."

Speed Sport. The chauffeur dodgins from the out, Lets danger spice his fun. He knows he always runs a risk Whene'er he risks a run.

the south pole?"

-Cleveland Leader.