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What a Doomed Man Did

By SALLIE MENDHAM

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When Ben Wharton was seventeen it was necessary for him to go to work to support a widowed mother and a younger sister. He worked all day and usually slept at night, seeing all the mother and sister did not need and knowing it. The addition was to accumulate competence and then enjoy a world which he considered only enjoyable for those who have plenty of money.

When he was twenty-five his mother died and soon after this his sister married. At thirty-five he found himself in possession of \$20,000 and so on to provide for himself.

One morning he happened to be out of a swelling on his neck. He consulted a physician, who after making an examination said to him:

"You wish me to tell you the truth?"

"Certainly do."

"Well, then, what you have on your neck is either a tumor or a cancer. If it is a tumor it will get into that vein and you will bleed to death. If it is a cancer it will be more serious upon the vein to stop the flow of blood, and you will die from that cause."

Wharton was a philosophic man, and philosophers usually have views of their own. He concluded to spend his money in having a good time while he lived. But he must have a companion to enjoy it with him.

The only person whose company he enjoyed was Miss Della Thorne. She was poor and was getting to that age where few women marry. Wharton went to see her and made her the following proposition: "If you will marry me," he said, "and I will give you the expenditure of half my fortune you shall have the other half when I die, which the doctor tells me will be about a year." And he informed her of his condition.

Miss Thorne was a very self-contained young woman. She sat looking at Wharton after this singular proposition for some time without a word, then said that she would take the matter under advisement and in a day or two let him know her decision. This was satisfactory to Ben, who went away and gave that portion of his fortune no further thought until he received her reply, which was this:

"Accepted on condition that you spend half your fortune within the year, the other half to be settled on me on the day of our marriage."

Ben could understand the last part of this contract, but not the first part. Why should Della stipulate that he should spend what he proposed to spend? But he was bent on carrying out his design.

He did carry out his design, and his wife helped him. His swelling gave him pain, and the shadow of death that hung over him alone prevented his enjoyment. His wife, whenever she saw that he was under the influence of his expected ending, would propose some new pleasure, and as pleasure usually cost money her husband's share of the fortune rapidly melted. Finally the year was up, and Ben had spent it all.

"What's to be done now, Ben?" asked his wife. "You are still living and no worse physically than when we were married."

"I don't know," said Ben. "Doubtless I have been kept up by having my mind taken off my affliction."

"I think there is a good deal in that," said his wife. "If your share of our fortune has kept you alive a year perhaps my share will keep you alive another year. We will continue our expenditures."

Ben looked at her, astonished. He knew that she would much prefer to live a quiet life, and by this proposition she showed that she would rather have him for another year than the independence guaranteed her at their marriage. He doubted her sincerity.

"Thank you very much for the remaining year," he said.

For a month the expenditures proceeded as before, Ben every day expecting that his wife would call for a reduction. Not a comment escaped her. Then Ben said to her:

"Della, I thought this was a business deal between us."

"So it was on your part."

Ben got up from where he was sitting, went to her and put his arms about her. Presently he said:

"I think I would like to live."

"I wish you could."

"Maybe that doctor was wrong after all."

"I don't know anything about that."

"I think I'll try another."

He did try another and another. Indeed, he tried a number, but they all told him the same story as the first. At last he found a specialist who referred all bodily troubles to one cause. This cause happened to be what the doctor called a tumor. The swelling disappeared.

"I don't see any connection," said Ben, "between the eyes and a swelling in the neck."

"And I haven't time to explain it to you," replied the doctor. "A thousand dollars, please."

was something about him beyond these warnings that made me uncomfortable. He would make an engagement to be with me during an evening, break it and give me satisfactory explanation. After he had done this several times I resolved the next time to earn him by forcing him to tell me where he had been. When that next time came round he related that between the hours of 8 and 11 he had been at home. Without his knowledge I asked his sister as to his whereabouts on the evening in question, and she told me that he had not been at home, but said he had been with me. This convinced me that he was deceiving me, and I told him he must either make a clean breast of the matter or I would break our engagement. He took a solemn oath that he never left his home between 6 o'clock during the evening he was supposed to be with me and 9 o'clock the next morning. When I asked how that could be he told me that to tell would involve others whose acts he had no right to divulge.

Curiosity now became my dominant motive. I would have broken with my fiancé had it not been that I believed I could get his secret by remaining engaged to him, whereas if I sent him away I would never know it. I pretended to be very much hurt at his want of confidence in me, and he seemed equally put out that I did not feel assured his statement was true and because I should endeavor to force him to reveal a secret which involved others.

The result of a half hour's probing gave me the impression that he was connected with several persons of both sexes who were united by some secret bond, but that this bond was of an especial importance did not appear. It did not in any way explain how Edward could have been in the house for three hours one evening when he was supposed to be visiting me. And what had the events of these three hours to do with the persons whose secrets he would betray by making an explanation?

After a long period of questioning and waiting, questioning again and waiting again, I gave up trying to get the secret. I, however, applied one test before taking final action. I asked to be admitted to this coterie of which Edward was supposed to be a member. He said that I must be elected, and the number was complete. By this time I knew that I should get no satisfaction, and since I was not rated to marry a man who had a secret from me, I broke the engagement.

All this was a few months before the great earthquake when our city was destroyed. Among those who did not turn up after that dreadful calamity was my former fiancée. His house was one that fell at the first shock, and only one member of the family had had time to escape. This person said that Edward Hilsley was not in the house at the time of the quake. When the debris was removed every body was found except his. This indicated that he had probably been killed elsewhere. But, though his friends kept track of all the bodies taken out, his was never found—at least not identified.

Very naturally I connected his mysterious disappearance with the reasons for which I had broken my engagement. If I had been puzzled before I was more puzzled now. A new development was that one of Edward's most intimate friends was among the missing, and his body was not found. There were other persons not accounted for, but the man mentioned was the only one I happened to know as one of his friends. This deepened the mystery for me, though for me alone, for I never revealed what Edward had told me, or, rather, what he had not told me.

One morning I took up a newspaper and saw an explanation of the mystery that was haunting me so persistently that I was beginning to break down under it. The paper contained an announcement that the lot on which I knew had stood the Hilsley house had been purchased and the foundations taken out to make way for new ones. A space had been walled up, evidently by amateur masons, and covered with an arched brick roof, the entrance to which was an iron door. The door being forced, its latch was found to have been wedged by the earthquake so that it could not be opened. There had been entrance from without through a cellar door.

Inside this inclosure, which was furnished, were found five skeletons—three men and two women. On a table lay a note addressed "To Those Who Shall Find Our Bodies," stating that they were planned in by what they supposed to be an earthquake and were starving to death. The only information as to the cause of their being there were the words, "Our secret dies with us."

I have alluded to this as an explanation. It was an explanation that threw me into a far greater state of curiosity than before. I am consumed day and night with a desire to know what could have been the object of this secret coterie.

Mme. Benardier was worried about her son, Gaston. He was thirty-five years old and not married. But one thing would comfort his mother, and that was to spend her last days lavishing upon a grandson the care she had long been denied the pleasure of expending upon her son.

But Gaston had an uncle, a crusty old bachelor, who had been jilted in his youth and who hated all women for what he had suffered from one. This uncle had poisoned his nephew's mind against the sex. Besides this, Gaston enjoyed his bachelorhood so well that he refused to marry.

One day the young man came home from Paris and went to bed with a serious illness. A doctor examined the patient and informed his mother that

her son must have a trained nurse. "But he won't let a woman, except me, come near him!"

"He must."

The doctor and Mme. Benardier conferred for an hour, at the end of which time the doctor informed Gaston that he must have a nurse. The young man said the woman should visit his room. Whereupon the doctor told him that he would send a man nurse.

"Well upon my word," exclaimed Gaston when he first saw his nurse. "You're nothing but a man. What the dickens are you going to do for me?"

"Take your temperature and your pulse, give your joints a rub and when you need amusement amuse you."

"Well, I don't see any objection to that. This is dull music lying here alone. Go and get a book. I wish you to read to me. What's your name?"

"Antoine, monsieur."

"Judging from your appearance, you had better have been christened Antoinette. Go to the library and bring 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I've read it half a dozen times, but that doesn't matter."

Antoine got the book, placed a chair by a window, sat down and began to read.

"Bring your chair closer," said Gaston. "I can't hear you so far away. Where did you get that soft voice of yours? You'll never do to shout orders to soldiers."

The boy brought his chair nearer and commenced again. Gaston listened rather to the musical tones of his voice than to the story. It seemed to him that he was lulled by some enrapturing air. The nurse read a couple of hours, when, looking up, he saw that the patient slept. Closing the book, he stole away and left the invalid to his repose.

When Gaston awakened he felt much refreshed. He called for his nurse and told him that he had heard all he had read for nearly two hours, then had fallen asleep, dreaming that there was a harp in the room upon which Antoine was playing, only Antoine was not a boy, but a charming girl.

"What are you blushing for?" Gaston asked.

"Why, monsieur, I have always suffered from being called effeminate. I'm very sensitive about it. I beg of you not to speak of it again."

"Well, then, you little fool, I won't do it again. I don't blame you for not wishing to be considered like a woman. I have no use for them myself."

"The Count of Monte Cristo" is a long book and a very entertaining one. Before Antoine had half finished reading it the doctor called one morning, told Gaston that he would need a nurse any longer and that Antoine was to go to another patient.

"Not on your life," said Gaston, "I'll be finished reading 'The Count of Monte Cristo' to me."

"This will put me to a serious inconvenience," protested the doctor.

"Don't help it. You must get some one else."

"Well, then, I will tell you something that will induce you to part with Antoine. You would not have a woman nurse, and I could not get you a man, so I got a girl and dressed her in men's clothes."

"How?"

"Now I suppose you give up."

"I don't care if she is a ghoul; she shall finish the book."

The doctor gave in and reported the matter to Mme. Benardier, who seemed delighted with what had taken place.

"I leave you, madame, to tell him the rest at the proper time."

When the nurse appeared again to her patient she was in the apparel of her sex. Gaston was enraptured. He told her to go on with "The Count of Monte Cristo," but to read only a chapter a day. What puzzled him was that she had the breeding of a lady and when not in nurse's uniform her costumes were of a fine texture.

"Mother," said Gaston one day, "I am in trouble. I know that our family has never made a mistake. Well, you have done very wrong in introducing this girl as my nurse. I have fallen in love with her, and life would be a burden to me without her."

"So comforted, my son. The doctor and I have conspired to win you from your contempt for women. The girl is Antoinette du Pierres, the daughter of our neighbor Count du Pierres. Wishing you well as I make a match to our scheme, Antoinette is a lovely girl. I congratulate you if you have won her."

"I have, mother."

Thinking of Curtain Lectures. Mrs. Pick-I saw the Maine Agricultural college proposes to establish lectures especially for country pastors.

Mr. Pick-What's the matter? Ain't none of the parsons up there married?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Only Dead For Her. He was a man of deeds from many a fray. And yet she loved him not. For it seems a chap came along one day With a deed for a house and lot. —Chicago News.

Drawing the Line. Mistress—Bridget, I want you to go to market with me this afternoon. New Maid—I'll resign the job first, mum. I'll not walk down th' street wid a lady th't's carryin' a market basket.—Toledo Blade.

Restored Confidence

By DANIEL A. GREENE

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Paul Kaisarowitch was sitting in his room in St. Petersburg when he heard the tread of a number of persons on the staircase coming up. Every vestige of color left his face.

There was a great surprise in store for Kaisarowitch. The first person to step into the room was Peter Eukoff, who was not only a member of the same revolutionary circle as himself, but his intimate friend. Eukoff said to the officer in charge of the police force, nodding toward Kaisarowitch: "There is your man."

"Peter," gasped Kaisarowitch, "what is the meaning of this? Can it be possible that you are a traitor?"

"No, I am not a traitor, for I entered the circle in order to inform the government of its treacherous designs."

Kaisarowitch was led away muttering a curse on the head of the man who had betrayed him. He was taken to the office of the minister of police, where he underwent a searching ordeal. Asked about the circles of which he had been a member, not one word would he say. Torture was applied, but he endured it without giving up any information.

When the next gang of political prisoners went to Siberia Kaisarowitch was among them. No information as to whether others of his circle had been arrested or if so what had been done with them reached him. His imprisonment was lengthened by the fact that a man he had loved had betrayed him. His faith in anything good had been blighted. His mind had been so much to him that he had no thought of revenge. He never wished to see Eukoff again, and if he should be felt that the sight would be simply melancholy.

One day while Kaisarowitch was brooding there came a sound of a stroke on a metal pipe running through the prison for the purpose of heating it. He thought nothing of it till two strokes were given in quick succession, then two others and two others, when he knew that some one was striking the pipe either above or below. He had learned the code by which prisoners communicate by means of these pipes and listened. What he heard he judged to be a call. But the sounds would be heard in other cells besides his own. He did not think the two strokes together to be for any special person, but a general invitation for attention. Presently the sounds began to indicate letters under the code. The letter P was given, then A U L in succession. Paul is a common name in Russia, and Kaisarowitch did not consider for a moment that any one was calling him. But when the letters "Kaisarowitch" were indicated he was astonished. He had no friends among the prisoners and could not imagine who could have anything to communicate to him. The only thing he had in his cell to hammer with was the sole of his shoe, and with this he spelled out the words "Who is it?"

The answer caused Kaisarowitch to clutch his forehead in dread lest his sufferings had made him mentally an imbecile. The name given was that of Peter Eukoff.

When Kaisarowitch regained his equanimity he had lost a part of what had followed the name. What he caught was this:

"Noble conduct. It has strengthened your friends in their confidence in human nature and that enough true men and women exist to make Russia free."

Paul took up his shoe and telegraphed back as follows:

"Is this Peter Eukoff, who betrayed me?"

The answer came: "You were betrayed to save your companions. Arrests were to be made among us that would have divulged all our purposes. Ten of us agreed that if we could concentrate suspicion upon you the government might kill you, but could never extort a secret from you. It was agreed that I should gain the confidence of the government by informing on my best friend and name as members persons not of the circle and who would have time to get away. No one of us has suffered except you, and I am here to save you."

Of the different causes for rejoicing contained in this message the fact that the man Paul loved had done the apparent act of treachery for a purpose was the chief. Of all the moments of Paul Kaisarowitch's life this was the happiest. He telegraphed back:

"I glory in my sufferings since I have saved my friends and have my confidence in you restored."

Peter Eukoff had promised the minister if he would send him a supposed prisoner to Siberia he would get from certain prisoners there information the government very much desired. Eukoff was sent in chains, but with a letter to the governor of the prison stating that he was really a spy on other prisoners. In this way he obtained access to Kaisarowitch and secured permission to take him to a certain point where information was to be derived through his influence. When the two men got beyond the prison guards they set off through the wilderness and after many months of suffering reached the boundary of Sweden. There they found other political exiles, who helped them with funds to reach America. Kaisarowitch is now worshipped almost as a God by the revolutionists, and Eukoff is considered one of their most efficient workers.

That love will find a way is true. Of that there is no doubt. Divorce will also prove to you Love finds an exit-out. —New York Times.

"She's very mannish, don't you think?"

"Yes—even rocked the boat when she was out with another girl."—Buffalo Express.

Further Proof. "He's as regular as a six day clock." "I noticed that he always looks run down on Sundays."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Each year the moth comes forth to view To fill us with misgivings. An ultimate consumer who Fears not the cost of living. —Washington Star.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, one of the most prominent women lawyers of the country, is devoting most of her time to investigating child labor conditions for the government.

Miss Lilla Larshough, a society girl of Fargo, N. D., won a \$10,000 prize for a decoration to be used on the silver service of the new Drednought battleship North Dakota.

Mrs. Harriet Chalmers Adams has recently completed a journey which encircled the entire South American continent within three years and is the first white woman to set foot upon many points reached by her in her travels.

Mrs. Johanna Seerup, janitress of an apartment house, has received \$70,000, her share of her mother's estate. She unobtrusively is the richest janitress in New York, for besides this legacy she has in bank the larger part of \$20,000 she inherited from her father six years ago.

Mme. Georgette Leblanc Maeterlinck, wife of the Belgian dramatist and philosopher, has achieved distinction apart from that pertaining to her position as the wife of a famous writer. Mme. Maeterlinck is known as an opera singer, essayist, lecturer and as a suggestive commentator on her husband's works.

Joe Evers, younger brother of the Cuba's famous second baseman, has signed as shortstop with the West End club of the Chicago City league.

The Boston Americans are delighted with the playing of Purcell at third base. This had been a man who has played like a star. And even so he is a team player rather than an individual performer.

Pitcher Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox says there is a hitch in his elbow which does not allow him to let himself out at top speed. Even with a sore arm pitchers of the Walsh type would be welcomed by any team.

The announcement by President Charles H. Ebbets of the Brooklyn team that "Bud Bill" Dahlen will manage the team again next year was a bit of welcome news to Brooklyn fans. Despite the fact that the Dodgers cannot finish better than sixth place this year Dahlen is given credit for skillful handling of the team.

One might easily infer from the amount of preparation being made to dig for Kansas City's new union station that the task is several sizes larger than the Panama canal.—Kansas City Star.

Yes, little old New York is really a sizable town. Everything considered, we are proud of little old New York. It is destined to be for all time the metropolis of our Atlantic coast.—Chicago Tribune.

St. Louis claims that it would have 810,000 inhabitants if it would annex the thickly populated areas just outside the city limits, but it hasn't performed the annexation act as yet.—Galveston (Tex.) Tribune.

A crust of bread is best to clean a sticky bread or cake pan. Never use a knife or anything that will scratch the surface and invite more sticking thereafter.

A cork full of thumb tacks kept in the workbasket will be found invaluable when cutting out garments, as the tacks hold the patterns securely and do not wrinkle the goods.

It is a good plan to keep two egg beaters on hand, one of ordinary size for common use and a larger one to use when an extra amount of cream or egg whites is to be beaten.

New York police records show that 65 per cent of all persons accused of burglary go free.

The city of Hamilton, O., proposes to cover part of its main street with a glass canopy and illuminate the interior with powerful electric lights.

With 1,000,000 inhabitants, there is no Great White Way in that city. In fact, electric signs are virtually not in use at all, there being scarcely a dozen in the whole city, and those are small and feeble.

Whom fond they pat, on whom they fawn— Bow, wow, wow!— On whom they unload everything, And asked me all the praise to sing, Though nine times out of ten 'tis "Sting!" Bow, wow, wow!

When they begin the season's jog— Bow, wow, wow!— They first look out to get the dog, Bow, wow, wow! They think in first production muffs, In all the blue and cry and fuss, Each trout's good enough for us, Bow, wow, wow!

But if we are provincial curs— Bow, wow, wow!— We know good things from bad ones, sire. Bow, wow, wow! So if you want to count our bark As scoring record of high mark, You must read merit with us start. Bow, wow, wow! —Baltimore American.

All Sorts of Bravery. To his teacher's request that he give the class ideas on the subject of "Bravery," little Johnny delivered himself of the following:

"Some boys is brave because they always plays with little boys, and some boys is brave because their legs is too short to run away, but most boys is brave because somebody's lookin'."—Brooklyn Life.

"I love you more than life," he said. "Without you I should wish to die. The sun would cease to shine o'erhead, The stars would blaze in the sky."

"And what about the winds?" asked she. "Would they knock off and cease to blow?"

The streams that murmur to the sea— Would they back up and cease to flow?"

He left her in the dewy eve And thought, what time he stretched his head, "I cannot more than half believe She thought I meant the things I said."

Laurel Store. Having Purchased the Store at LAUREL. I am Prepared to meet the demands of the Laurel section in all kinds of GENERAL MERCHANDISE. If We have not got what you want we can get it for you. We can supply you in all lines. E. T. TURNER, Laurel, Oregon.

THIRD ANNUAL National Apple Show Spokane, Wash. Will Be Held NOVEMBER 14 to 19, 1910 \$20,000 IN PREMIUMS. The greatest variety of prizes, cups and trophies ever offered. Prizes for single apples, boxes and everything up to full carloads will be awarded. \$1,000 Championship Car-load Prize. For the best carload of 630 boxes or bushels. A floor space of three and one-half acres required to house this great show. Besides the exhibit of apples, apple growers, packers and cookers will learn and gain valuable information. Ample hotel accommodation without raise in price will be provided. Southern Pacific Co. Lines in Oregon will have in effect low Round trip fares from all points on its lines. For further information apply to any S. P. agent or to Wm. McMurray, General Passenger Agent.

Guns! Ammunition! The open season for Birds begins on October 15. See our fine assortment of single and double barreled shotguns, latest manufacture. Big supply of standard ammunition. See us before you buy—our prices are an inducement. Fine Hunting Equipment. Bicycles. Best manufactures of bicycles always in stock. Our bicycle repairing is the kind that "Stays Repaired." R. LEE SEARS, - Hillsboro. Garage, Third Street.

How a Match Was Made. By EMMA R. SHORTALL. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association. Mme. Benardier was worried about her son, Gaston. He was thirty-five years old and not married. But one thing would comfort his mother, and that was to spend her last days lavishing upon a grandson the care she had long been denied the pleasure of expending upon her son. But Gaston had an uncle, a crusty old bachelor, who had been jilted in his youth and who hated all women for what he had suffered from one. This uncle had poisoned his nephew's mind against the sex. Besides this, Gaston enjoyed his bachelorhood so well that he refused to marry. One day the young man came home from Paris and went to bed with a serious illness. A doctor examined the patient and informed his mother that

A Half Solved Mystery. By MARIA L. COOPER. Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association. Despite the opposition of my parents and certain head shakings on the part of intimate friends, I persisted in my engagement to Edward Hilsley. There