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# GOOD INTENTIONS

Fate Turned Them Away.  
By DWIGHT NORWOOD

What a difference between that which is behind and that before us. We move on from day to day in grooves that it would seem will be everlasting. Then suddenly we make a sharp turn. There is a saying, "It is the unexpected that happens." The reason for the adage is that now and again the unexpected does happen and is noticeable.

The unexpected happened with me one summer, and it was the most important event for me between birth and death. It was not only unexpected, but unintentional. It was not only unintentional, but contrary to my determination. Fate ignoring my resolutions, led me into a trap, and before I was aware of it, presto, changed I was not the same man I had been before.

In the first place, I did not wish to go for a summer outing. I was much interested in a business scheme, and it required not only a doctor, but my mother, to drive me away from it. In the second place, I had repeatedly told my mother that my home would be with her and her alone so long as she lived. No third person, especially a woman, should come into the house to usurp her place as its manager. In the third place, if I must go away for a rest I proposed to get a rest and would go where no one would interfere with my quiet. Now, mark you how these intentions went awry!

I chose a summer hotel in the mountains in which I understood there were to be a medium number of guests. I did not wish too small a number, for a few persons under one roof are liable to wrangle. I did not wish too large a number because in that case one cannot be quiet. I was driven from the station to the Chamberlain Hotel, alighted from the car on to the steps leading up to the porch, handed a small valise to a hotel attendant, paid the cabman and turned to go up to the porch.

A pair of feminine arms was thrown around my neck, and a pair of lips pressed to mine.

Taken by surprise, I acted as nature prompted. My embrace was too close to me for me to determine whether she was beautiful, but the impulse of her act indicated that she was young. The lips, too, were not within my vision, and their sweetness might have been due to imagination. But what mattered the cause since they were sweet? Nor did I meditate upon what person the lady might be, whether cousin or intimate friend. I returned the embrace with something of the fervor with which it was given. That is, I began the return thus, but before it was concluded my own feet were so perky to that of the lady.

"Oh, Tom," she exclaimed, "what a joyful meeting after so many years' separation!"

"Delightful!" I stammered, unwilling to seem irreproachable till I could come to a better understanding of the matter.

"If it hadn't been something about your figure and the way you carry yourself I doubt if I should have known you."

"You, too, have changed; much improved."

"I'm so glad you think so! I feared you would be disappointed in me."

This brief dialogue occurred while we were passing up on the porch. Had it not been for a disturbance to dash cold water upon the girl's happiness, to turn it into mortification, I might have told her that she must surely have mistaken me for some one else. This is the reason I give for not having done so, but there was another more powerful reason that I will not put in words. Nevertheless, I will say this: I defy any man who has tasted a pair of sweet lips of a girl who has made a mistake in his identity to turn upon her immediately and announce the fact.

I took a seat beside the young lady on the porch, but when she began to ask questions which would undoubtedly betray to her a retreat, telling her that as soon as I had got some of the dust of travel off me I would return to her. Entering the house, I was shown to a room on the second floor overlooking the porch.

I was performing my ablutions near a window when I saw a cab enter the grounds and stop at the steps below. A young man alighted as I had alighted a few minutes before, and I witnessed a scene that chilled the very marrow in my bones. Leaning out of the window that I might extend the range of my vision, I saw him approach the young lady I had recently left.

"Aren't you Belle Lawrence?" he asked.

"Why, yes," doubtfully.

"I'm Tom, Tom Underwood. Don't you know me?"

"You Tom Underwood?"

"Certainly. You received my telegram, didn't you?"

"Your telegram? Yes, I received your telegram, but—"

"But what?"

The girl stood as if bewildered, then led the way into the house, and I saw and heard no more.

To tell the truth, I was relieved that I would not have to explain to the girl that she had made a mistake and that—well, that I had not at once disabused her of it. Nature is very strong, and I confess that the accidental feeling in me was antagonism to the fellow who was doubtless receiving a duplicate of the kiss given me. At the same time I felt that I occupied an equivocal position. I did not like the idea of meeting the girl again. How would she regard me? Doubtless as an impostor. If I passed her on the porch or elsewhere about the house or grounds she would cut me

one of Cheate's Retorts.

During Joseph Cheate's early practice he was opposed in a certain case by a hot tempered attorney who possessed more brawn than mental acumen. In the progress of the case Cheate's adversary wholly departed from his self control and threatened physical hurt to his opponent. "I can whip six like you," asserted the lawyer. Cheate looked at him with a profound calm contempt. "When I was a boy," he returned, "my father owned a bull. He was a wonder to fight. He could whip all the cattle in the neighborhood and did it. But at that," concluded Cheate, "he couldn't win a lawsuit."

## A PAIR OF NEW BOOTS

They Figured in an Amazing Case of Mistaken Identity.

It may be doubted if there ever occurred a more amusing instance of mistaken identity than that related by Theodore Hink, who came across through a pair of boots. Hink was traveling about the north coast of the island and arrived in the course of his journey at Dover.

Alighting at the Hotel, he entered his boots, ordered a night dress and went out for a walk through the town. Returning to the hotel, he found his boots were not the same as those which he had taken to the hotel. A crowd had collected outside the door. The manager of the hotel was standing at the foot of the stairs with a crowd of men in his hands, and on the ground lay a pair of boots. Hink was standing and a crowd of men were looking at him. He had been mistaken for a man who had been traveling about the north coast of the island.

## RECEIVED A LOW BOW

He was never more thoroughly gratified, but the next night on taking of his boots which he had bought in London ready made just before he left the office he found written inside them. The had been originally made for the prince, who was then in England en route for the head of Princess Charlotte, and notice had been given that all his effects while in the country should be set down to the charge of the government.

## The End in View

If you mean to act wisely and seek to know the best things which God hath put within the reach of man you must fix your mind on that end and ask what will happen to you because of it.—George Eliot.

## The Wrong Car.

There is the old story of the man who boarded three cars, only to discover that none of them was the one he wanted. Boarding a fourth in a high state of irritation, he asked a trifling question in his conversation with the conductor. A severely pouting old man sitting near the door overheard and remarked a little sharply.

"My friend, did you know that you are on the road to perdition?"

"Wait, if I'm not on the wrong car again?" was the retort of the unshelved passenger.—Every Week.

## Not Infallible.

The new system of memory training was being taught in a village school, and the teacher was becoming enthusiastic.

"You see," he said, addressing the bright pupil, "in order to fix a thing in your mind you should construct up some sort of picture in your mind, you're remembering what you want to bear in mind."

"Yes, sir," said the bright pupil. "But how is one to know that it does not represent Robert Browning?"—London Globe.

## He Was Sarcasm.

A man in the English service reserves was called up recently. After a week at his new quarters he was brought up before the officer commanding for not cleaning his rifle one day. Said the officer commandant: "Hem, you're an old soldier re-enlisted, I see. I suppose it will be many years ago since you were reprimanded? What was your last offense? Can you remember what it was?"

"The old soldier, with irony on account of the repeated assertions to his age, replied, "For not cleanin' my bow an' arrow, sir."

## Meeting All Expectations.

One evening the young minister, who had seemed rather attracted by "Miss Sister" Grace, was dining with the family. "Little Sister" was talking rapidly when the visitor was about to ask the blessing. Turning to the child he said in a tone of mild reproach.

"Laura, I am going to ask grace."

"Well, it's about time," answered "Little Sister" in an equally reproachful tone. "We've been expecting you to do it for a year, and she has too."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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## SUMMONS

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

C. B. Woodworth, Plaintiff vs. Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimers, Defendants.

To Warham H. Cox and Paul Reimers, Defendants: In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled cause on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, to-wit: on or before six weeks from the 8th day of July, 1915, and if you fail to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for a decree determining the respective interests of said defendants in and to the following described real property situate in Washington County, State of Oregon, to-wit:

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## Look to Your Own Self.

Be not angry that you cannot make others what you wish them to be, since you cannot make yourself what you wish to be.—Thomas a Kempis.

## Mended His Manners.

A certain English officer is noted for his ready wit and quickness in repartee. In the very early days of his career, he was ordered to Bombay and



"THE GOVERNOR GIVES ME THREE."

was attached to the staff of the then commander in chief as aide-de-camp. Shortly after his arrival at a function at the government house a new military secretary who, in the conscious pride of his new position, had a hearty contempt for subalterns of all degrees, with a glassy stare through his eyeglasses offered him two fingers to shake.

The A. D. C., quite unabashed, looked at him for a moment or two and then said gently:

"Hang it all, major, the governor gives me three."

The whole room was convulsed, and the military secretary, now a colonel, profited by the hint and mended his manners, but he never forgave the A. D. C.—London Tit-Bits.

## The Unwilling Worm.

Damon Runyon and Sid Mercer, New York sporting writers, were fishing in Great South bay one Saturday afternoon in the autumn. Mercer caught fish regularly. Runyon had never a nibble. Finally he reeled in.

"Come on, Sid; let's quit," he said.

"Why?" inquired Mercer. "There's an hour yet before dark."

"I think I might as well quit," said Runyon sadly; "my worm's not trying!"—Saturday Evening Post.

## One of Cheate's Retorts.

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