By CLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1809, by Clinton Ross.] You need not fancy I am to tell all the sentimental misadventures of any sailor, least of all of Angus McFarland, whose experiences were many.

This particular and serious misadventure began when he met two young wemen whom he remembered without being able to separate Esther from

"Ah, yes." said Miss Driscoll, "that was delightful," as Angus talked of the

old days. "I sometimes wish we could recall all that time," said he sentimentally. 'And you haven't forgotten my sister. said Miss Driscoll as a youth de-

posited a young lady at her side. "I am so glad to see you again," said Angus. This Miss Driscoll was as plain as the other was pretty. The eyes alone were much alike. Angus looked from one to the other. Which was which ? Of course he couldn't ask. The talk probably would show.

"By Jove," said Angus, speaking alond, "it's 18 years since we have

"And we have heard so much of you," said the pretty sister. "So much of you, Mr. McFarland."
"Can't it be—Angus—after 18

years?" our lieutenant asked. 'Why, I always think of you-as Angus," said the pretty one.
"And I, too," said the plain Miss Driscoll

"And I think of you still as Esther and Eleanor." He looked around, expecting some response. "But"-"Do you? That's good of you," said

"Oh it's delightful of you, Angus, said the other. "I wish it were dear Angus," said

the sentimental lieutenant. 'Well, I'll make it dear Angus,' said the plain one, "if"-

"Yes, why, dear Angus," said the pretty Miss Driscoll, spreading her fan. Now, he knew some scores of irresistible young women scattered among a score of ports-from Newport to Yokohama-but the pretty Miss Driscoll was surely the most irresistible. And then there were the memories-the delightful memories of one's boyhood, when they had been boy and tomboys together. Home clutches at a man's heart after he has been away three years in the China seas. The hills about Wolhamton seemed to welcome him. The men in the town club had pressed all kinds of hospitality, old boys, who had been young 18 years ago, now staid, successful fellows with children. But in some 'way he always remembered Wolhamton as being the home of the Driscolls. Esther Driscoll had been such a good fellow years ago. Many a time on a tedious cruise he had thought about her, and a little about Eleanor. And now he had taken his last week in Wolhamton because he had thought of Esther. But which was Esther and which was Eleanor? He dare not ask. pretty one must be Esther. But years change a pretty little girl into a homely one. He could not be sure. Now, I dare say, you would have gone bluntly to the point and asked. But would you if you were a wanderer,

a fellow whose home is in every place

where the flag can wave over some yards

of deck? For Angus there was a senti-

mental memory about this little girl.

If her personality now doubtless were

lost in the woman, he hoped at least

that it wasn't. And on that account

and now particularly because he did

not wish to affront the pretty Miss

Driscoll he did not like to ask, "Which

of you may be Esther, which Eleanor?"

But if he had expected that one of

them might tell he was disappointed.

They persisted, if unconsciously or ma-

liciously, in disappointing him. At one

time he fancied the omission was inten-

tional and again that it was accidental.

But the longer he talked to them he

was convinced that the pretty Miss

Driscoll was the Esther of whom during

many years and many experiences he had thought about, wondering what

that girlish playfellow had become like.

He knew not-yes, of course, she was

the irresistible Miss Driscoll. And when

at this dancing she was taken away

from him he tried to make himself en-

tertaining to the plain sister on the

principle that it is well to have a good

friend at court. They went over the old

days together. He set trape to find out

if she were indeed Eleanor. "Ah, that was Esther, wasn't it?" he would exclaim at some memory. But the plain Miss Driscoll only would say with the faintest suspicion of a

"Really. I don't remember, Mr. "-"You forget. 'Angus,' " he answer-

"Well, Angus," she said, flushing. Or did he think she reddened that least bit? At any rate, it was the encouragement of an impression, and he persisted. He passed nearly all the rest of that evening with the plain Miss Driscoll, for the pretty one was persistently engaged. And still in the interest of that impression he tried his best. As they walked on the lawn under the moon this sister was as entertaining as the pretty one. He even, on the strength of that old acquaintance, may have uttered certain words that were not free from passion. When they came in, the plain Miss Driscoll looked even happy. She was not accustomed to men who spoke these meaningless sentimentalities. Men looked generally over her head to her sister. Yet she liked admi ration as even a plain girl who has had little or no attention may long for that which has been denied her. But Angus was not thinking of what the girl thought. Bless me, he had talked these same things with many score of girls. as I have said, from Newport to Yokohoma. If he did it now, it was a matter of habit and with rather more than

the necessary fervor, because he wanted the pretty sister to hear the very best of him. At the evening's end he had a few moments with the other Miss Drismen than her sister. Yet that night when the sisters compared notes in the feminine manner after routs and occa-Angus McFarland was "rather nice," while the plain one said: "Yes, very in his batch of mail that he had his nice. And he was such a nice boy 18 years ago."

You know. I don't remember him en," said the pretty giri. then, "Why, you told him you remem

bered every word," cried the other. "Oh, of course I did," said the pretty sister. "When you have had as much

to fib to a man sometimes.' once asking which was Esther. He felt for him. convinced that the pretty one must be she, because he wanted her to be. And as he was thinking so much about them he asked nobody which was the she of his boyish memory. And the next morning he started out early for a canter with the two sisters. He rode better than the proverbial sailor and made love as well. Both sisters thought him delight- the maid.



"He thought I was you." ful. When he had the pretty one alone for a moment, as the fortune of the ride occasionally gave him the chance, he said sentimental things to her, because he meant them, and when he chanced to be alone with the other sister he said things nearly as sentimental to her as the night before, because he wanted favor for him. He was, you know, at admitting the truth. that age when a man of a certain variety of feminine experience considers that the easiest, if indeed not the only, way to impress a woman is by making ove to her, a theory I am not prepared peated. controvert. Such men, carried away y their theory or by their natures, even extend their tactics of extreme admiration to elderly women.

But Augus felt already, as he returned to his hotel that morning after the ride, that he was in love. On his And he said now: table was an envelope, which he tore that his leave was over and that he But he had not expected them so suddenly, for he was ordered to report at 8 the next morning on the Maryland, which was then off Staten Island. He had been ordered to be within six hours of New York, but now this assignment was appalling. He had but time to get the afternoon train. As it was he snatched a few moments to rush over to the Driscolls. He wanted to say more to the pretty one than the opportunity warranted, and he had to be content with pressing each sister's hand-one earnestly, the other for the sake of the impression. He decided that he would write the pretty one, but as soon as his train was well out of Wolhamton he remembered that he didn't know whether she was Esther or Eleanor. As it chanced-those chances which sometimes occur so provokingly-he met no one who was acquainted with Wolhamton, and he carried out to sea his uncertainty about the identity of his inamorata.

Some months after in Valparaiso some Americans sat in a certain cafe. famous in Chile, of which visitors carry the memories in much the way in connection with Valparaiso that they may the Venetian Florian's or the New York Delmonico's or of old days the Parisian Bignon's. Lieutenant Angus McFarland was talking with a man who was filled with stories of the war when for the first time the ship armored in the new way had been tested in the new way. Angus had heard it all a hundred times in the messroom, knew it as well as he did the story of how a Perry of that good stock, the great commodore's brother, who, too, might have achieved a naval victory, died in the harbor of Valparaiso trying to save a drowning seaman. Some one else talked the gossip of the American and English colony These Anglo-Saxon colonies the world over have, every one, their local interests, their gossip, their tattle. A little chap who was in Chile on some commercial interest was doing his part. Angus asked about people he had known on a previous visit.

'It's all as local as my own little town of Wolhamton," the gossip went

"Wolhamton? You know the place My cousin lived there, too, before went to Annapolis, 18 years ago, think.

"My father settled there after that," said the other.

"Do you know the Driscolls?" Angus

aaked. "The pretty Miss Driscoll and the plain one? Well, I guess.

"Ah. the pretty one, Miss Esther?" "Now, it's Eleanor, isn't it? You see, I haven't been in Wolhamton in a blessed time. But I'm wrong. You're Miss Driscoll." right. It is Esther Driscoll, the pretty "You ke

And they went on talking of a little American provincial town far away, and Angus was more interested. He had her name then without a doast. coll. He forgot what he had said to the During these long days at sea he had plain one. At any rate he said it over thought about her a deal. A man must over. with interest to the pretty Miss Dris- settle down, he said. A naval bachelor coll, who had had more experience with perhaps becomes more sentimental than others, although your bachelor of 80 anywhere is subject to such an attack. Well, that night in Valparaiso Angus sions the pretty one said she thought McFarland offered himself to Esther Driscoll. It was long after, in Hawaii, answer. Had he, too, been thinking of her all these years while she had been thinking of him, all of which was Yes, oh, yes, dear Angus!"

And many times after in many places when the mail was brought there were faintly. letters in the prettiest hand in the world. And Angus was faithful now experience as I, you'll know you have to this one entrancing she. All these As for Angus himself, he sat smoking of these colonial societies failed to for a long time after that dance, not charm when there was but one charmer

> Back from over the seas came our sailor, up the gravel walk to the house at Wolhamton. He was a charming fellow to look at-tall, bronzed. carrying himself as an American office. should a good officer, a better gentle-man. "Yes, Miss Esther is in," said

> And all the stories are told. We poor story tellers can never deceive you. You knew how it was to be from the chap in Chile had been wrong; the plain one was Esther.

> "I am so glad to see you," said our sailor, thinking his Esther was to follow. The real Esther stood there in chagrin. Was this the ardent lover of all those letters?

"Are you?" she said timidly. "But," he fumbled, "Esther?"

"Yes, dear," said she softly. And then the situation began to dawn on him horridly, luridly. He stammered and remembered, even if this were so, and he began to act. But what man can deceive a woman at such acting? She pushed him away. "You thought?"

"Yes," he confessed, "I thought." "Oh, Angus," she cried, "you have made me such a fool."

"Why, Esther," he cried, trying to retrieve himself. "You thought I was Eleanor," she

persisted. 'No, I didn't," he cried.

"Oh, I know," she said coldly. "How horrid of me! But you would day. her to impress the other with her own never let me know," he said, weakly

> know," said Esther Driscoll, not think- days ago. ing how such a statement would sound. 'You thought it a joke?" he re-

"Oh, I thought you knew-that you must know. And you remember what

said—to make an impression that might fine stock of goods. repeat itself in his praises to the sister.

open hastily and fearfully, knowing meant it-every word. Of course I knew best uniforms, left for Albany Thurs-If he said this with all sincerity, she

repulsed him, and the more she did, the more he began to think she was worth while. As for her, she thought it hated herself. And just then the pretty one entered,

prettier than ever. 'Ah, you two.'' she said. "I made the proper delay.

"It was, Eleanor, a mistake," said the plain Miss Driscoll A mistake?' "He thought I was you."

"Me!" said the pretty Miss Driscoll, blushing. "Now, it couldn't be"-"I never did," said Angus, "begging your pardon. But you know there is

"She's a dear good girl," said the pretty one. "The dearest in the world." And his fib did not seem so much a one that

moment. The plain Miss Driscoll began

only one Esther."

"Please to go," she entreated.
"I will go," said Angus. "But I shall call again. I will prove to you that I am speaking the truth. What if I did think you Eleanor? I now know you are Esther. Do you suppose I can forget those letters that made me happy in the long watches, in an uncongenial mess? You are Esther to me, and

Esther you shall remain. He said all this a bit too much in the strain of declamation, but he was in earnest. He felt he must persuade

'Do go, please," she said. "You would better go," said the pretty one.

"I will go now," he said. "I hate myself-fer hurting you. 'I am not hurt.'' she said proudly. 'Ah, I am then," he said, going out.

The pretty Miss Driscoll followed. 'It's ridiculous," she said at the door. "She ought to have known we were only Airting." Only flirting !" said Angue.

Why, I was engaged then.' "Ah, you are Eleanor. I had forgotten. Esther wrote that Eleanor was engaged. I am very glad. Do tell her that I have thought only of her. And"— he paused. "She was the little girl whom played with so long ago-that bully

little girl. And she wrote that letter.' And then he laughed. Why, she was the Esther, after all." He brushed by the pretty Miss Driscoll and entered the room again. She stood there, dry eyed now. "It's ridiculous," she said, "and I'm

dreadfully impolite. Do stay, at least for a cup of tea." "I haven't time," he said brusquely. "Haven't time?" she asked in sur-

prise at his manner. "After the way you have treated me, "You know I wasn't to blame for the

"Oh, bother the mistake!" he cried. "There wasn't any. It was Esther, the old tomboy, I was thinking about; it was the Esther who wrote those letters, don't you see? And you threw me

'You talk that way because Eleanor is engaged." she said.

'I talk that way because Esther is not now engaged to me," he said."

'It's ridiculous," she said faintly. "It's horrible," he said.

"Oh, is it?" "Besides, I'm only here for the day. I just had that time, and then I'm going back to the China station. I shall have no more letters." He relied on her ignorance of naval usage. 'You are going away?" she asked

What difference does it make? You

don't care. 'If it were not for that mistake, if form of kidney trouble. brief stays here and there, all the fair it weren't-I don't care whether it was a mistake or not, "she ended, "whether you are fibbing or not-I'll make you mean what you say now.'

"You needn't," Angus said, laughing, "for you have."

Now, strangest part of it all, she saying, for I have this true story-now, don't say it's an old one-from a certain charming lady who loves dearly to gossip a bit-may she forgive me-and who would report the least symptom of what is phrased "domestic infelicity." hamton, N. Y. The first. The plain one entered. The little I can believe it, for, strangely, the regular fifty cent and Home of Swe plain Miss Driscoll has become the dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists. pretty Mrs. McFarland. But all naval marriages are happy, authorities say, and some naval ladies are charmingly flirtatious when their husbands are away, charmingly devoted when they are near. But Mrs. Angus McFarland never flirts, and I have said she is now quite pretty-a few years so change some women-and she could flirt if she wanted to.

JOSEPHINE COUNTY ITEMS.

Some Matters of Interest Concerning our Neighbors.

E. A. Smith has gone to Tunnel 5, where he has secured employment.

J. W. Virtue of Leiand tarried in Grant's Pass the forepart of the week. A. F. Nelson, superintendent of the Eureka mine, was in Grant's Pass Fri-

P. B. M. Burrow, one of our thrif. "We thought it a joke-you didn't tiestfarmers, was in Grant's Pass a few

> E. H. Yancey of Merlin has been visited recently by his father, who ives in Lake county. Ed. Thompson was in Grant's Pass

lately. He conducts a prosperous mer-Yes, he did remember what he had cantile business at Wimer, and keeps a Grant's Pass' company of the Ore-

"Why, Esther, don't be a goose. I gon National Guard, dressed in their day, to attend the annual enear We are pleased to notice that J. T.

Taylor, our efficient county treasurer, who has been quite ill with inflammavery fine and noble of him, while she tory rheumatism for several months, is able to be about again. Chas Gray, who purchased 37 head

of horses of Chas. Prall of Medford, is breaking them, and will soon have them ready for market. Nearly all of them are fine, large animals

Blake Baldwin of Williams creek and Joe Russell of Missouri Flat have been in Grant's Pass several days. The former is raising hops on a large scale, while the latter is buying and selling much stock.

Mr. Burk, who is engaged in the development of promising mines located in Illinois river district, in company with Mr. Wintjen, has been in Grant's OPERATIVE DENTISTRY A SPECIALTY Pass during the past week. They have a good property.

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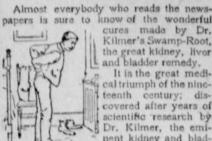
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