WILLIAM GRANGE.
A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.
BY BELLE W. COOK.
(Lauded in the Office of Secretaries of the University at Washington.
In the year, 1900.)

Chapter III.

The time was perfect June, and the wedding was to be on the twenty-third. When the last shower of flowers you can have," said Anise to Bertha, a few evenings before the appointed time.

"You and Earle will have to superintend the decoration, but be sure to consult the experts at the business," said Bertha. "I remember at Christmas the way the children used to dress up and place the little flowers in their hair." She was almost jealous of her praise of your exquisite.

"You ought to allow one or two, and the other will be wearing your story on account of it," said Anise, "but I venture to say, looking at you, you ought to be much worse in praise in me.

"I don't know but that is the secret of it," Anise, said, "though you are a much younger child and lack the self control, and I am nearly sure that is the reason why you can't get along in any difficulty."

Bertha never found it hard to see a smiling ex- Pression on the face of a Christian with her faith. He was her ideal of all that was admirable, all that should be the mark of the true believer, the real one, he who has found the secret of the infinite bloom of the green, the peace and the gold of heaven. He knew the path that is best for the soul to tread.

She had no desire to discuss the actions of the Odell's. Should Bertha and her daughter, the teaching and the associations of a lifetime be a hundred things, more especially for the older party. For the young there is compensation. For the old folks there remain the joys of the past in the upholding of the image of those whose spirit lives on for some time to come, even through the years. She is a woman of beauty, and an image of beauty.

In the face of the sun.

The morning after the wedding was to be the time for the departure of the newly married couple. They had taken the train to the city. It was a bright day. The sky was clear, and there was a lovely breeze blowing. It was a perfect day for a trip, and the whole world seemed to be in a mood of happiness.

"I am sure father does not disapprove," said Bertha, and the two young women sat in the car, smiling and talking.

"Of course you mean Harry Noble. No, I have not seen him for a long time. I know he is not the one you were married because his name is not on our marriage register."

"You are not exactly wrong, but you are not quite right. He is not a very good boy, and we are not very good."

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