

In the Later Years.

BY ANALUSIA BARNARD, Copyright 1905, by Analusia Barnard.

The boy and the girl met in Sunday school. She was six—rather old for her years; he was twelve.

They were selected to "speak a piece" together, a funny little thing in which she held her hands behind her while he guessed what she held. He repeatedly failed to guess. Then she would urge him to guess again. Finally, losing all patience, she would cry, "Oh, you great, big, stupid boy—I've just got a kiss for you." Then, throwing him a sugary cake, she would run off.

Soon after the dialogue episode his mother sent her an invitation to the boy's birthday party. Filled with pride, she exhibited the tiny note, with its pictures of birds at the top.

At the party she had a splendid time. First, each of the little girls was given a pair of ribbon reins with which she must catch a horse and trot him past the grand stand, where the judges sat smiling in armchairs. The girl caught her "great, big, stupid boy" and was happy.

After that a man in a long black robe did wonderful tricks and the children's eyes grew wide with wonder. Then, such a supper—bouillon and turkey and chicken salad, each in turn, like real grownups! And olives!

"What's them things?" asked the boy, when he discovered the olives. "Look like pecans."

"Oh, you great, big, stupid boy, don't you know olives?" the girl retorted scornfully.

"Yes, but I wanted to see if you did, girlie," he answered.

The little girl turned and looked at him. "Why do you call me that?" she asked.

"Why do you call me 'stupid boy'?" he returned.

"Because that piece said so," she replied, her blue eyes smiling into his. "Don't you like it?"

"I—I don't mind—from you," he said. "But you haven't told me why you call me girlie," persisted the girl.

"Well, because—because I like you, and that's what Uncle Jack calls Miss Paterson. I heard him say 'I can call you girlie when folks are round, but when we're alone I will call you sweetheart.'"

"Sweetheart," the little girl murmured. "Papa calls mamma that sometimes. Sounds pretty, don't it? He must love her lots. Does he?"

"No more than I love you," he asserted proudly, playing with her curls. "Her hair isn't half as pretty and she hasn't got such big blue eyes. Mamma says you look like an angel, so there!"

He blurted out, half ashamed of having voiced his admiration.

"I don't want to be an angel," she retorted decisively. But after she got home she decided that she liked the boy better than ever.

The children were friends for two years. Then business reverses came to Mr. Hurlburt, the little girl's father, and they went abroad to live.

"You'll always be my sweetheart, girlie," the boy said to his little girl friend when she left. "And I'm going to marry you when I grow up. Don't forget me."

And she, understanding little of his meaning, said, "I won't." Then she lifted her face for his farewell kiss.

And the boy remembered, and his mother encouraged the thought of "girlie." She knew that the memory of the child's sweetness and innocence was good for her boy.

The drawing rooms of Mrs. Appleton's handsome home were thronged with guests. Two men stood talking, apart from the others. Their eyes were on the slender, graceful figure of a girl on the opposite side of the room.

"I am sure I know her or have known her," Robert Worthington was saying. "I wish she would turn around."

"I believe she is some one whom Grace met abroad," Jack Appleton returned. "Her name is Hurlburt. Come, I'll present you." And without waiting for his friend's reply, he started forward and Worthington found himself being introduced to Miss Hurlburt.

"I think I used to know Miss Hurlburt long ago, before she was quite grown up," he said, looking at her frankly. He had held her in his thoughts so long that the meeting did not seem strange to him, but to her his smile was like the perfume from far off flowery fields which she had passed through sometimes, but could not remember where nor when.

"I—I think— Then, with a rush of memory, it all came to her. "Oh, you are the boy I used to play with before we went to Europe to live. I'm so glad you remember me, but it's strange. How could you?"

"I was old enough to be impressionable, I suppose," he said, still looking at her. "I have always thought of you as 'girlie.'"

They were alone now. "Girlie," she exclaimed. "It sounds pretty, doesn't it?"

The man laughed boyishly. "That's just what you used to say in the old childhood days."

"Did I?" she asked, with wide open eyes. Then suddenly, "Why, yes, and I used to call you 'great, big, stupid boy.'—Do you remember our piece?"

"Do I?" the man asked with unusual emphasis, Miss Hurlburt thought. "Every word. Shall we try it now?"

She had entered into his mood. "Yes, let us."

Her face, which before had seemed to Worthington overserious, was

wreathed now in smiles like those he remembered on the sunny faced child.

"Now guess what I hold behind my back," she began. "Wasn't that the beginning? And it ended with, 'I've just got a kiss for you.'" She hesitated slightly over the last sentence, blushing prettily.

The half-conscious love Worthington had felt for her always flamed into life. Looking up, she caught the expression in his eyes, and her own heart leaped. Then her color faded, leaving her white and frightened looking.

"Girlie," he said softly, "your memory has not failed you?"

"You—you mustn't call me that now," she said. "It's different."

"Different? How?"

"Oh"—and her voice was almost a sob—"don't you see, you great, big, stupid boy?" The words had come back to her. "It wouldn't be proper; I'm engaged." And she extended her hand to him with the circlet of diamonds.

After a minute, when Worthington had swallowed some hard things that rose in his throat, he said, half questioningly:

"You—you are happy?"

She glanced at him shyly from under her long lashes. The hand which wore the circlet trembled. "I suppose so," she said. "I am doing my duty. Isn't that the surest road to happiness?"

The wistfulness of her appeal made him bold. "Then you do not love the man?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she said abruptly. The reply had escaped before she realized it. It had been taken so much for granted—that fact that she did not love the count—that the words were involuntary.

"Father wished it," she went on, "and I promised. I want you to marry Count Rinaldi or the son of my old friend Worthington," he said. They were the only ones who were good to him in his trouble."

At the mention of his name a light broke through the cloud which Worthington had watched fold about him while she spoke.

"Miss Hurlburt," he whispered eagerly, "do you remember my name—Robert Worthington?"

He stood back to watch the effect it produced. Wonder, delight, sorrow, resignation, followed each other in quick succession. Then she looked him squarely in the eyes, telling him more plainly than words that she understood.

"I am glad you are here," she said, holding out her hand to him. "It was nice to see you again. I must go now."

"But—I may see you?"

"Robert Worthington is welcome," she said, and was gone.

Worthington saw the girl occasionally, but it was only a short time until he learned that she would never break a pledged troth. And yet—yes, he felt that her heart was slipping into his keeping. At last, for both their sakes, he remained away from her.

One morning, when he was finding it particularly difficult to keep his resolution, a paragraph in the foreign news caught his eye. "Count Leonardi Rinaldi, charge d'affaires of the legation at N., died suddenly this morning. His engagement to Miss Dorothy Hurlburt, a beautiful American girl, was recently announced."

He read no further, but took the paper to his mother, his heart beating wildly, his eyes glowing with the light of love.

"Mother," he cried, look! G'—he is free, and now the 'great, big, stupid boy' will have his innings."

The Mariner's Yarn.

Down in the docks one day they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner and said:

"Captain H., it seems to me I've read or heard of your vessel being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case that, probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidships and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash and a bolt struck my fore-to-gallant mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."—St. Louis Republic.

Untrustworthy.

The faith which Uncle James Hobbs had always kept in the accuracy of illustrations in his favorite magazine was sadly shaken after his visit to the botanical gardens.

When Mrs. Hobbs called his attention to a picture of a Cuban village in the next issue of the magazine he looked at it doubtfully.

"More than likely it doesn't look that way at all," he said, dejection plainly written all over his drooping figure. "I never told you about my disappointment sitting under one of those palm trees in the gardens. Why, the pic-

tures in the magazine gave such a shade to them Arabs underneath I'd always wanted to sit under a palm tree. But I tell you, after trying it that blistering hot day I'd just as soon think of expecting a ladder to shade me as a palm tree, and I don't know but sooner, if 'twas one where the rungs weren't too far apart. I wouldn't lay my calculations on Coby's looking too much like that picture if I was in your place, Maria."

WOMEN MUST KNEEL TO MEN

In the Law Among Many Tribes of East Central Africa.

Men in Africa, and especially in east central Africa, believe that their women are their inferiors, and many centuries ago, says the Chicago Tribune, they made a law that has worn itself into a custom that women must acknowledge this by always kneeling when they meet a man.

Duff Macdonald, who spent many years as a missionary in that country, says that African women hold a most degraded position and are looked upon pretty generally as beasts of burden capable of doing all the hard work. When a woman meets any man, be it her husband or a stranger, at home or on the road she is expected to "tadlwala"—that is, to kneel and clap her hands to the lord of creation as he passes. Although a woman may have slaves of her own, she observes this custom whenever she meets them on the highway.

Macdonald adds: "Whenever we saw a woman go out of her way with the intention of kneeling before us, though she carried a hundredweight on her head, knowing that she would have to get up with it, we shouted, 'You are losing your way; this is the path,' and she took it, glad that she might dispense with this custom."

Certain it is that if the African woman kneels before a stranger or slave she prostrates herself most humbly before her husband, her lord and master. He is her father, and she is his child; he commands, and she obeys; he may inflict punishment, and she accepts it. The title of "father" is given to all old people. A man of thirty will say, "I am only a child; ask the old man."

The woman must submit, of course. She is her husband's chattel; he has bought her for two skins of bucks, and this is a fair price for one wife. He often gets them in payment for debts.

If a girl is not a first wife she counts for little, as these Africans usually have one chief wife and three or four minor wives. A man who is married a few years is expected to have junior wives. The chief wife has the superintendence of the others and looks after the household. The punishment she inflicts for laziness is to banish the junior wife from her meals until hunger brings her to her senses. If a junior wife is obstreperous she is put in a slave stock.

The authority of a chief wife is not a matter to jest with. If a junior wife gets unruly the whipping post is made use of. This does not annoy her lord, for African men have little sentiment for their wives and feel none for their junior wives. They are his chattels, having the same value as his cattle, perhaps less. When a man is pressed for money he usually sells his wife and not his cattle. He expects them to cultivate the soil and cut down the trees, and when he finds time or has the inclination he helps them.

Why Metals Rust.

Gold does not tarnish like other metal because it is not acted upon by oxygen or water. It is the moisture in the atmosphere which causes other metals to tarnish, owing to their oxidation. Water contains a large proportion of oxygen, and it is the oxygen, of course, in the moist air combining with the surface of the metals that covers them with tarnish. Platinum, like gold, resists the influence of oxygen and moisture and when pure neither rusts nor tarnishes. Aluminum also does not rust, neither hot nor cold water having any action upon it. The sulphureted hydrogen of the atmosphere, which so readily tarnishes silver, has no effect upon aluminum, which under ordinary circumstances preserves its appearance as perfectly as gold does. Silver tarnishes on exposure to the air, the agent producing this effect being the sulphur. Iron is the metal which tarnishes and rusts most easily, its oxidation proceeding until the metal is completely eaten or burnt away with the rust.

How to Spoil Umbrellas.

"In most cases umbrellas are not fairly worn out; they are ruined through carelessness of their owners," said an umbrella and cane man. "When I see a man walking with an umbrella tightly grasped in his hot hand I smile to myself, because I know that very soon that man will be wanting a new umbrella. There is no surer way of making an umbrella wear out quickly than this habit of carrying it about by its middle. Again, after being out in the rain you should turn your umbrella upside down and let the water drain off as it stands with the handle downward. By doing this you prevent the water from getting in at the framework and thereby protect the ribs from rusting. Some men open their umbrellas before they stand them up to dry, but this is a bad plan, because the umbrella may stretch when it is wet. Another thing, too—never roll your umbrella up, as to do so cuts the silk."—Detroit Tribune.

Antiquity of Sugar.

The first mention of sugar seems to have been made by Pliny more than 1,800 years ago, who traces it to Arabia and gives the preference to Indian sugar, which he speaks of as "honey found in canes." Status in his de-

scription of the Saturnians says that among the food which the Emperor Domitian made the people at those noisy festivals scramble for was a sweet substance obtained from Arabian canes. Other classical writers of about the same period describe it also as a kind of honey found in canes and not made by bees. Strabo adds that in a solid state it resembles salt. The sugar cane was introduced into Sicily in 1148 and soon afterward into Spain. Thence sixty years later it was taken to the West Indies, and at the end of the eighteenth century Jamaica alone produced quite 15,000 tons a year.

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Full of Tragic Meaning.

are these lines from J. R. Simmons, of Casey, Ia. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed my night's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took D. King's New Discovery for C consumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Chas. Rogers' druggist; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned guardian of Charles D. Monteith and Margaret S. Monteith, minors, pursuant to and by virtue of an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Linn County, duly made and entered in the matter of the estate of said minors on the 24th day of July, 1905, will, on Saturday, the 28th day of October, 1905, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of Astoria, in Clatsop County, Oregon, sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said minors in the following described real property, to-wit:

The undivided one half of lots 3 and 4 in block 116 in the Town of Astoria as laid out and recorded by John M. Shiveley, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

Also, the undivided one half of lots 7 and 8 in block 21 in McClure's Astoria as laid out and recorded by John McClure, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

And notice is hereby further given that the said guardian, pursuant to and by virtue of the said above mentioned order of the above named court, will, from and after the said 28th day of October, 1905, sell at private sale, to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said minors in the following described real property, to-wit:

The undivided one half of lot 1 in block 80; the undivided one half of lots 3 and 4 in block 103; the undivided one half of lot 2 in block 107; the undivided one half of lot 7 in block 109; the undivided one half of lot 4 in block 134, and the undivided one half of lot 8 in block 135; all in McClure's Astoria as laid out and recorded by John McClure and extended by Cyrus Olney, in Clatsop County, Oregon.

All of said sales to be made subject to confirmation by said court.

C. P. HOGUE, Guardian.

HEWITT & SOX, Attorneys for Guardian.

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