

Cinderella to Date.

By HELEN MAXFIELD.

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"I suppose you have read in the papers—if you have time to think about anything except yourself—that the Westfield bank is wrecked. They have arrested Mr. Hartley and Mr. Manners, but that does not help the rest of us. In a short time I presume I shall be on the county. If you had married Dan Martin, as I wanted you to do, I should not be facing this terrible situation, but you always were headstrong, and my whole life has been sacrificed to the effort to raise you as your dear dead mother would have had me. Even now Dan is willing to forgive your folly and marry you. He will have the house all done over, and his sister will go to John's to live, and there will be only Dan and you and me." The letter covered five closely written pages, and Annabel read it through twice with firmly set lips and dry eyes. Then very deliberately she put on her coat, hat and gloves and went out for a long walk in the snowy park, where motor cars filled with fur clad figures flew past and laughing children pelted her with harmless balls of feathery whiteness. It was a glorious day, and when she came back to her dingy hall room she was smiling, and the hard lines had faded from her face. Then she wrote her answer: My Dear Aunt Molly—I am so grieved to hear of the bank wreck. I had not read of it in the papers, because we have been enjoying the privilege of some special instruction under Professor — of New York, and I have been working at the academy night and day. Perhaps the bank receivers may save something, and in the meantime you must not worry. I will have the store closed to you, and the rent will more than keep your house going, and each week I will send you some of my earnings. I am inclosing a money order for \$5 that I happen to have in hand. Have Mr. Gregory arrange the transfer of the store property. As to Mr. Martin, please do not urge that upon me again. I still feel that I have some right to happiness, and I know it will never come to me through Dan Martin.

Not one word of reproach, no reminders of a dun colored childhood and a dreary girlhood, spent under nagging of the most trying sort; no reference to the fact that her own patrimony had gone under with her aunt's small fortune in the bank wreck; no intimation that she had sent almost her last dollar in the money order and must now drop her art studies and seek a position in the workaday world. She smiled grimly as she mailed the letter. Her aunt would accept the sacrifice and wait to Dan Martin over Annabel's lack of appreciation. Dan Martin! How she hated every inch of his undersized person, his small beady eyes, his perpetual smile, his weak, receding chin! She mailed the letter with a strange feeling of independence achieved, for now she had paid to her own satisfaction the debt of gratitude imposed by her aunt, which had hung over her young life

like a pall. She was free now to work out her own happiness.

But for the next week happiness seemed to move farther and farther away. In later years she never thought of those days without shuddering.

The holidays were over. Nobody wanted to hire clerks or buy illuminated cards or telephone records or any of the pretty things she painted. The room rent was again due. She might sell her few casts and painting outfit. She set her lips firmly and climbed the stairs to a fashionable employment agency. The manager was sitting at the telephone when Annabel entered. She hung up the receiver with an impatient frown.

"What do you want—a position as governess or companion? Nothing like that in view; a hundred applicants for every position. Oh, wait a minute! You look bright. Can you do manicuring and dress hair a bit and mend laces? If you can do it even halfway, I wish you'd try this place. I've sent the customer a dozen girls, and they always part after a terrible scene. The woman's a crank, but you look as if you had tact."

The upshot was that Annabel, with 25 cents in her purse and a notice of rent due under the door of her hall room, went to see Mrs. Cartwright Brown, and that highly strung personage said with dissatisfaction and suspicion in her voice that she would give the girl a trial.

The Cartwright Browns were newly rich. The father had made an enormous fortune through his own efforts and was proud of it. The mother was so burdened by it that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. Annabel saw it was nerves and not temper and took heart. Later she learned that there were a son and a daughter away at college who were just a little ashamed of their new riches.

Nobody, Annabel least of all, knew how it happened, but she became the virtual head of the Cartwright Brown household. Mrs. Brown vowed that she could hire a visiting manicurist and hairdresser, but no one could stand between her and domestic and social worries as Annabel could.

It was Annabel who reorganized the staff of servants and installed a competent housekeeper. It was Annabel who had the conservatories brought up to date. Annabel who made out congenial dinner lists. Annabel who conferred with Mrs. Brown's modiste and Mr. Brown's tailor, Annabel who shipped smart, suitable clothing and room furnishings to two colleges.

Annabel's position in the household was peculiar. She was neither house-

keeper nor private secretary—just "Miss Annabel." She did not receive with Mrs. Brown on Wednesday afternoons, but she did join the family occasionally at the theater or in viewing art exhibitions. And it was after one of these rare occasions that she realized the full extent of her happiness. She had been hunting congenial work, not an art career. She knew now that her small talent for drawing had offered her only an excuse for fleeing an unhappy home life, but that she never would have become a great artist, while she was a competent manager of the Cartwright Brown home.

She sent her aunt's allowance regularly and gave no thought to the future—until the two young people came home from college. The daughter was a mere butterfly, who neither appreciated nor resented Annabel's position in the household. The son was a grave faced chap who seemed suddenly oppressed by the responsibility of his father's wealth. He had studied theoretical sociology in college and on practical lines among the gilded youth of his class.

By this time the Cartwright Browns were at their country place, and Annabel found that her early morning rides were subject to interruption, not unpleasant, but disturbing. Norman Brown insisted upon unloading upon her capable shoulders, as his mother and father had done before him, the burden of his personal problems. But they were no longer burdensome when he found that Annabel shared his ideals about the use of wealth, and he boldly carried his plans to his father.

"No more college? You're going into the works? Say, what will our rich friends think?"

"I am more interested in knowing what the men at our works will think. And Miss Annabel says—"

Cartwright Brown waved his hand as if to dismiss the entire subject.

"Oh, if Annabel says you are right neither heaven nor earth could move you. I declare that girl has this family hypnotized."

"Nothing of the sort, and you know it," replied his son hotly. "She has simply taught us how to make the best of our money."

"And cured your mother of nervous prostration. Gracious, when I think of those old days! Oh, try it if you like."

Letter from Miss Molly Sewell to Annabel Maitland:

... We were exceedingly shocked. Of course I had watched for your name under some magazine illustrations or for some work you would send me, and when none came, I sent Dan Martin to Denver to find out what you were doing. You, a Sewell and a Maitland, hiring out as a mere servant! You must come home at once. The Westfield bank will pay 50 cents on the dollar, and we can get along somehow, and if you show some signs of settling down I think Dan will marry you after all. He isn't like some men, holding a grudge.

Letter from Annabel to her Aunt Molly:

... The wedding took place yesterday afternoon. I wanted to have you come, but we were compelled to hasten matters. There is trouble at the Blackstake smelters, and Norman wants to be on the ground at once. He is a prince among men, dear aunt, and you will learn to love him when we come to see you, forgiving the fact that this prince found his Cinderella not behind the kitchen stove, but in his mother's boudoir. I am not ashamed of my work in the past year, for it brought me the greatest happiness that can come to a woman. We were married with the full consent of his parents, and I cannot write more. My cup of happiness brims over and blots out mere words.

MOLLY.

SAVED HER SON'S LIFE.

The happiest mother in the town of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Ruppee. She writes: "One year ago my son was down with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him; when by our druggist's advice I began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at carpenter work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by Chas. Rogers, Druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

It Puzzled Him.

"When going through a big apartment house the other day looking for a friend I came across something funny," said the busy woman. "I read the names of all the tenants on the doors as I passed from floor to floor, and by and by I came to one card that said, 'J. Fitzgerald and wife.' I have been puzzling ever since over the significance of that card. Had J. Fitzgerald only recently taken unto himself a wife, and was he anxious to advertise the fact, or had Mrs. Fitzgerald a mind of her own, and did she insist upon recognition, or—but I give it up. What did it mean anyhow?"—New York Globe.

How to continue young in health and strength, do as Mrs. F. N. Rowan, McDonough, Ga., did. She says: Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic liver and stomach troubles, complicated with such an unhealthy condition of the blood that my skin turned practically as red as flannel. I am now practically 20 years younger than before I took Electric Bitters. I can now do all my work with ease and assist my husband in the store." Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers Drug Store. Price 50c.

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Hereby given to all parties holding Clatsop county warrants endorsed prior to Sept. 1st, 1905, to present same for payment to county Treasurer's office No. 433 Commercial street. Interest ceases after this date.

WM. A. SHERMAN Treasurer Clatsop County, Ore. Dated Astoria, Ore., March 7, 1907 3-7-10 1.

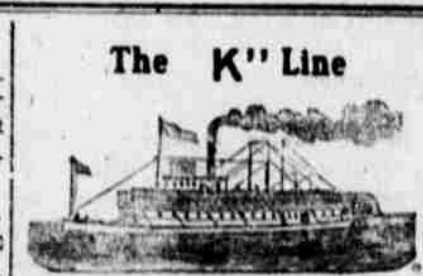
PROPOSALS. OFFICE OF C. Q. M., VANCOUVER

Barracks, Wash., March 1, 1907. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here until 11 o'clock, a. m., April 1, 1907, for furnishing fuel, fuel oil, dogfood and mineral oil, at posts in this Department, for the year ending June 30, 1908. Information furnished here or by quartermasters at post. U. S. reserves the right to reject or accept any or all proposals, or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked: "Proposals for— at —" addressed Sam. R. Jones, C. Q. M.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM. Mr. D. N. Walker, editor of that spicy journal, the Enterprise, Louisa, Va., says: "I ran a nail into my foot last week and at once applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. No inflammation followed: The salve simply healed the wound." Heals every sore, burn and skin disease. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers, Druggist. 25c.

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