

Cupid's Bargain

By LESLIE HOLMES.

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"But, my dear"—interposed Aunt Ella, reaching for her handkerchief. Beth Graham resumed her interrupted monologue. "I never saw an advertisement which balanced so tidily with one's qualifications—Wanted, services of a capable young woman for few hours daily. Must be well educated, have pleasant manners, a gift for conversation and make a good appearance. No experience necessary, but large acquaintance desirable. Apply to the Interborough Realty Co.,—Street. Now, I have the education. Behold my diploma from Mme. Collingwood's select school. Thanks to my bringing up by the best aunt in the world, I have the reputation of being well-mannered. I am considered chatty without being a bore. My new tailored suit gives me the good appearance demanded. Certainly I have no experience, but a lot of acquaintances." Mrs. Graham mopped her eyes diligently. "I cannot bear to think of you, a Graham of Graham Center, going into business. Now, there are my cameos—cameos are in style again. Beth"—The girl laid a slender white hand over her aunt's trembling lips and spoke with sternness not entirely affected. "Aunt, dear, never again speak in that way of our precious family heirlooms. So long as they are in the safe deposit vault I shall feel that the Graham honor is saved. I intend to answer that advertisement." An hour later the secretary of the Interborough Realty company looked with relief into the fresh, high-bred face of the last of the Graham Center Grahams, who, thanks to the collapse of the bank, was looking for a position in which experience was not demanded. The secretary of the company, like all men of his class, questioned the girl so cleverly that she had told the story of her inexperience and needs, long before he unfolded the requirements of the position. Then he leaned back in his chair and remarked: "I think you'll do, Miss Graham. We have plotted ninety acres on the Chester turnpike, and we're going to boom the site as the Hollingworth Terrace. We've got the Transit Construction company interested in the deal, and they will build houses on the installment plan. We have some wide awake chaps on the ground, but we are planning a series of excursions, and we think a bright woman with the gift of saying the right thing at the right minute could put through many a sale, particularly with men. Now, such work is generally done on a commission basis, but you're rather up against it, and we'll pay you fifteen a week and expenses and give you a month to make good." He touched an electric button and said to the answering boy: "Send in Mr. Langhorne. He's the working head of the Transit Construction company and a promising young man. You'll probably have considerable dealing with him. Langhorne, this is Miss Graham. She's going to help us out at Hollingworth Terrace." And thus, with a sweeping gesture, did the secretary of the Interborough Realty company settle Beth Graham's entrance into the business world. Fifteen dollars a week! Why, they would have to let even Emma, the cook, go. She would probably wear out many shoes, too, tramping over Hollingworth Terrace. And then a mellow masculine voice broke in upon her reflections, and she found a very good looking young man, with Irish blue eyes that smiled right into hers, standing at attention, some pamphlets in his hand. "Perhaps you would like to look over some of our literature before you join us on the first excursion tomorrow?" "Tomorrow?" echoed Beth. It seemed so dreadfully near, this earning of daily bread for herself and Aunt Ellen. But she smiled and accepted the books. Half an hour later it seemed to her as if Hollingworth Terrace must be a sort of paradise for small-salaried people and that she, in selling homes to them, would be a veritable angel of mercy. The next day she felt differently. The first excursion was not exactly a success. The air was heavy with mist, and Hollingworth Terrace seemed a wilderness of surveyors, steam rollers, sewer pipes and tired teams, dragging great loads of building materials through unfinished streets. In one of the half-finished houses a colored man, served hot coffee and

sandwiches to the few excursionists who had braved the elements, but no deals were consummated. After the bus had taken the few visitors back to the station, Beth, seated on a plasterer's horse, studied critically the tiny reception hall, while Langhorne, perched on a window seat, studied the girl and wondered why some women looked smart and trim even in a cravenette coat and a soft felt hat. "These early spring days are so uncertain," she was saying. "I wish there was a fireplace in that corner. You could just as well build one, for the chimney runs up there from the parlor. Then we'd have a snapping, sparkling fire that would make the whole house seem charming. I believe we'd make a sale, rain or shine." "But the fireplaces would add to the cost of the houses," said Langhorne doubtfully. "And make prospective customers overlook some other defects in your houses. I noticed you have no back stairs. Now, every suburban housewife likes separate stairs for her own servant. She is much more punctilious in such matters than the city housekeeper." "Eh—what?" exclaimed Langhorne curiously. "Yes, and you should have utilized that wasted space for a closet for rubber coats, umbrellas, overboots, etc. A woman will fall for a couple of convenient closets when stained glass windows and artistic tiling are lost upon her." Langhorne was all attention now. "I didn't suppose that a city girl would notice things so closely." "I began life in a village," said Beth quietly. "Besides, if I am to help you sell these places I must believe in them, and I cannot believe in them unless they are right." Before the next excursion day rolled around Beth had examined every house under way, and her suggestions for small alterations that would appeal to the feminine mind were received with respect. Furthermore, all plans for new houses were brought to her before the work was commenced. Hollingworth Terrace became the center around which everything moved, and Aunt Ellen studied plans and offered suggestions to young Langhorne, who had taken to bringing drawings to the cozy Graham flat. So far simple cottages costing \$5,000 or less had been erected. Now they were planning more ambitious residences and plotting the most valuable site of their holdings, a broad knoll that overlooked the river and surrounding country. Here in the heart of a cluster of pines was to be a house of old English design, with high gables, sloping roof and quaint interior finish. Beth watched those plans grow with jealous care. She selected the timbers for finishing the ceiling of the reception hall, living room and dining room. The fireplaces she and Langhorne designed from pictures of English country houses. The excursions were heavily patronized now. Sales were made while Beth's back was turned. Hollingworth Terrace was booming beyond the fondest hopes of its founders. Beth often came in from her calls on prospective customers to ask anxiously, "Has The Lodge been taken?" They had named the house of their own planning The Lodge, nothing more, and somehow she felt that she should hate the man who bought it. One night when Langhorne dropped in to call he did not look her in the eye. He talked about any and every subject but Hollingworth Terrace, and Beth knew that The Lodge had been sold. "You might as well fess up," she said, with pretended gaiety. He nodded his head. "Yes. We withdrew The Lodge from the market at 4 this afternoon." "Who bought it, and, oh, do you think they will dare to put Turkish rugs in that old English living room?" "Oh, no. I assure you he'll have nothing but hand woven rugs, just as you suggested." "Well, that is some comfort," the girl murmured. "If he has taste I can forgive him. What sort of a man is he, married or single?" "Single, but he bought it hoping that a certain girl would share it with him." "Was she with him? Is she a nice girl? Do you think she will appreciate it?" demanded Beth breathlessly. "You know I simply love that fireplace in the hall!" Langhorne rose abruptly and paced the floor. Suddenly he paused before her chair, his lips firm, his blue eyes ablaze with a light she had never seen there before. "Do you think—could you make up your mind—to sit beside that fireplace—always—with me?" She looked up at him, her breath coming in short, nervous gasps, her eyes wide and startled. "Oh, I know it's no end of cheeky in me, but when that bloated barrel of a Hopkins you remember you disliked him so offered me \$5,500 today for The Lodge—did you know he was sold, I simply

had to buy it myself and take chances on you. You're the certain girl." "Oh, Teddy! Teddy Langhorne!" said Beth, with a glad little cry. "We'll have hickory logs to burn in the fireplace—and yes, I love you! Of course it isn't all the house, silly, but it does count some. You know, we built it together." "But to refuse \$5,500 for it! Oh, Teddy! That was downright reckless!" she murmured later. "Oh, I don't know," replied Langhorne, regarding possession of her hand. "Personally, I think I got a pretty good bargain." Moors and Morocco. Moor and Morocco are words unknown to the people of that troubled land. These people know themselves as Arabs and descendants of those valiant upholders of the prophet's green standard who swept like a flood across north Africa at the time of the hebra. The Morocco of the present day they found possessed by a sturdy race who claimed descent from the people who were cast out of Canaan by Joshua, the son of Nun. Their country, so far as its plains were concerned, was taken from them by the Arabs, and their fighting strength was made to serve the Arab cause in the conquest of Spain. They themselves gradually took to the mountains, to the great Atlas. Here they have remained ever since, speaking their own language, maintaining their own customs and racial attributes and obstinately refusing to be absorbed by the Arab dwellers on the plains. These people are the Berbers. Their tongue is called Shillah. Literature they have none, in the ordinary sense of the word, but they have a rich store of oral tradition, myth, legend and folklore. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is Both Agreeable and Effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has no superior for coughs, colds and croup, and the fact that it is pleasant to take and contains nothing in any way injurious has made it a favorite with mothers. Mr. W. S. Palfam, a merchant at Kirkville, Iowa, says: "For more than twenty years Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been my leading remedy for all throat troubles. It is especially successful in cases of croup. Children like it and my customers who have used it will not take any other." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists. "Toffee" as Made in England. It may be possible that there are some persons who grow old so thoroughly that they actually forget that they ever were children, says a writer in the Bohemian, but I can't help wondering if any man or woman ever lived to such an age as to become impervious to the delights of "toffee," or butterscotch, that has made Doncaster a household word to every civilized nation under the sun. Of course you have eaten it—to the joy of your soul and to the detriment of your teeth—and, if you will promise not to repeat it, I will give you the secret recipe for this candy, for it is made nowhere as in England. Take three pounds of "coffee" or "C" sugar, butter to the amount of a pound and a quarter, with half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. First dissolve the sugar in just as much cold water as may be required for that purpose, then mix all the ingredients together and boil them, without stirring the mixture, until it will snap when dropped into cold water. At this moment remove it from the fire, add eight or ten drops of lemon extract, according to its strength, and pour the mixture into well greased pans, to be cut into squares as it cools. Patti's Burning Admirer. Once in Italy a card was brought to Mme. Patti from a man whose name she did not know, but who was so very anxious to see her that she allowed him to be shown into her room. When the unknown came in he proved to be a little old man who was quite red and speechless with nervousness. Suddenly Patti noticed smoke coming out of his coat, so without saying a word she seized a glass of water and threw it over him. It turned out that the old man had put his lighted cigar into his pocket when he entered the room and so had set fire to his coat. "Sir," said Mme. Patti, "I have had many admirers who professed themselves burning with admiration for me, but I have never before met one who went so far as to set himself on fire to prove it." The salve that acts like a poultice is Pine Salve Carbolyzed. No other salve so good for cuts, burns, boils and chapped skin. Ask about it. Price 25 cts. Frank Hart's Drug Store. Morning Astorian, 60 cents a month, delivered by carrier.

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CALL FOR WARRANTS. CALL FOR WARRANTS—NOTICE IS 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 t. The "K" Line. Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m. Leaves Portland Daily Except Sunday at 7 a. m. Quick Service Excellent Meals Good Berths. Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf. Landing Portland Foot Taylor St. C. M. FOWLER, Agent. Phone Main 2761.

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