

# A PLAY TO THE GALLERY.

By Cecilia A. Loizeaux.

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It had just dawned upon Philip Smart that Kate Hampton was the girl he wanted. He wondered how he could ever have hesitated or ever have had a doubt. Why, she was simply cut out for him, he thought, as he dressed with care and precision to go and tell her so.

"I should have told her months ago," he mentally argued. "She must think I'm an awful duffer," and he wondered anew that he had been such a blind fool as not to know what had been the matter with him all these months. He believed now that he had been in love with her ever since they had gone to the kindergarten and had not known it.

His heart was very light, and he was singing at the top of a lusty baritone voice. "Oh, but I love you, dear," when there was a thump at his door and his best friend, Fred Bart, dropped in. Fred was also dressed with care and precision and accosted Philip with his customary bellow.

"Going up to the Hamptons? Well, hurry up! You must have been dressing for an hour. What makes you so happy—got your salary raised?"

"No," said Philip shortly. He suddenly felt anything but cheerful. As he knotted his cravat he said many things under his breath, ostensibly at the stubborn tie. The thermometer of his feelings was dropping. He wondered what in thunder Fred had to go up there tonight for. Couldn't he see when he wasn't wanted? The last time Kate had been not much more than civil.

He finally turned from the glass and wriggled into his coat, with a flushed face. "Well, come on!" he said.

As they stroiled up the shady suburban streets Fred did not seem to notice the drop in Phil's spirits, but talked away, with his hand on his companion's shoulder, until Phil began to hate him.

However, when they reached the Hampton house and found two white clad figures on the porch his heart began to bound again. It was quite likely that Fred was going to see Kate's



HE GREETED THE YOUNG MAN CORDIALLY. sister, Rose, who was much more his style, and doubtless in the course of the evening he could get Kate off by herself.

So the four sat on the steps and made merry, and when Phil proposed a walk Fred cordially seconded the idea, and they all got as far as the gate together. Phil thought there couldn't be a better time for telling a girl you loved her than the quiet moonlight night nor a better place than the deserted streets of a quiet suburb. But when they reached the gate Rose decided she wanted a wrap, and instead of waiting for her, as he should have done, Fred strolled on up the street with Kate, and Phil had to wait.

It wasn't a hilarious walk. Rose seemed as out of sorts as Phil, and they were both glad when they reached the gate again and could get away from each other. Phil would not accept Rose's invitation to wait on the porch until Fred and Kate came home. He didn't want to see Fred at all. But he consoled himself with the thought that very likely Kate was as disappointed as he himself, and the very next day he telephoned for permission to come up that evening. It was graciously granted, and he went downtown and bought a ring, being an old fashioned lover.

The next afternoon he chanced to meet Kate on the street, and she stopped him. "By the way, bring over your banjo tonight," she said. "We'll have a little porch party, and your banjo is always so much in demand." And then he began to wonder whether it could be possible that she might not care for him. If she did, why on earth was she always getting a lot of people around when he came? Then his brow cleared. "The dear girl!" he thought. "She is afraid I will see that she cares, and it is her way of defending herself."

The porch party was jolly, and there was a good time, but Phil saw next to nothing of Kate. She was here and there and everywhere, the moving spot

of fun. Nevertheless he felt that he gained a little, for when he said good night he held her hand decidedly longer than he would have wanted another fellow to hold it, and she did not draw it back, as of course she would have done had it been another fellow.

On Saturday when he asked to take her driving she assented with a proper show of reluctance. "She knows!" he thought. When he called for her in the twilight her mother explained that she was not quite ready yet and said that a girl friend had come to town quite unexpectedly and that she and Kate had forgotten time in their chat during the afternoon.

Of course the least he could do was to offer to exchange the stanhope for a surrey and ask the guest and Rose to go too.

The guest stayed two weeks, and during that time, though he tried numberless times, Phil did not get to see Kate alone. He waited as patiently as he could—there seemed to be nothing else for him to do—and hoped she would see the self sacrificing depth of his affection.

He had always known all the Hamptons and had been a frequent caller at the home. The judge liked him and his politics, which he talked to the poor fellow at all seasons. The mother admitted him to the family sitting room and darned the family stockings in his presence. The small brother Jimmy, admitted that Phil was his equal. Advantageous as was this family friendship in some ways, it was as disadvantageous in others. If by any accident he called and found Kate apparently alone something always happened. The telephone rang and some one wanted to come over for a few minutes, or some presumptuous fool stopped in to see Rose and stayed to talk to Kate.

Phil grew sick at heart, and Kate began to seem a little cool and dignified. He felt that he must speak soon or forfeit the girl's love. She was too proud to help him a bit. One evening he rang her up and asked if he might see her alone. He had something very particular to tell her, he explained. Having gone so far, he swore by all that was holy that he would not leave the girl that night until he had proposed and had had an answer. "If the whole family comes in and stands around in a circle they can't stop me this time," he said. "I'll propose to Kate, and if they don't like it they can move. I won't."

Kate met him at the door and ushered him into the big library, where a great fire was burning on the hearth. It was warm and pleasant after the walk in the frosty air, and he settled himself in the judge's big armchair with a sigh of relief. Kate explained nervously that her father was out of town and then seemed to wait for something. Phil cleared his throat.

"Kate," he began and wondered just what he should say next. Why was it so hard when a fellow had thought of nothing else for weeks?

"Yes?" said Kate encouragingly, and then the front door slammed and in a moment more the judge entered the library. He greeted the young man cordially, sat down on the opposite side of the hearth and began to talk politics. And then Mrs. Hampton came in to see what was the matter. She had heard the front door slam and had thought the judge out of town for the night. In half an hour Rose ran in from making a call in the neighborhood and sat down to toast her toes at the fire.

They all talked comfortably, and no one seemed to notice that Philip's laugh was strained or that the flush on Kate's cheek was more than the usual healthy glow. Then the door was pushed open cautiously, and little Jim appeared in his pajamas.

"What are you all having such a good time about?" he whined as he climbed into his father's lap. "You always leave me out."

Phil's endurance reached its limit right there. He rose, with his square jaw set.

"We won't leave you out this time, Jimmy," he said. "We won't leave anybody out. Call in the kitten, please!" And then he turned to Kate, who seemed paralyzed as she realized what he was going to do.

"Kate," he said, "for weeks and weeks I've been trying every day to get you where I could tell you that I love you and ask you to be my wife. I haven't succeeded for various reasons, so I'll have to do it right here, with applause from the gallery. Will you, Kate?" He was standing over her now, and they held the tableau. The tears were running down her face, but she could not take her eyes from him. When he dropped on one knee beside the chair the family walked from its dream and departed on tiptoe, the judge dragging the reluctant Jimmy by the ear.

"Will you, Kate?" begged Philip. And then they both burst into peals of laughter, which were heard in the dining room by the discomfited family.

But there is good reason to believe that she did, for the judge has been heard to say that he considers his son-in-law the bravest man in the world.

"Pneumonia's Deadly Work" had so seriously affected my right lung," writes Mrs. Fannie Connor, of Rural Route 1, Georgetown, Tenn., "that I coughed continuously night and day and the neighbors' prediction—Consumption seemed inevitable—until my husband brought home a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, which in my case proved to be the only real cough cure and restorer of weak sore lungs." When all other remedies utterly fail, you may still win in the battle against throat and lung troubles with New Discovery, the real cure. Guaranteed by Chas. Rogers, druggist, 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

## NIX'S MATE LIGHT.

Curious Old Legend of the Spot Marked by the Beacon.

As a person enters Boston harbor by the main ship channel, having threaded his way between Lovell's Island and Gallup's Island, and just before passing between Long Island and Deer Island, he sees at his left a unique monument marking a dangerous ledge and shoal. So peculiar is its appearance that every stranger is sure to ask, "What is that?" To this some local wisecracker promptly responds, "Nix's Mate," but usually he cannot explain its meaning or even spell the name correctly.

The "Mate" is a massive piece of copper riveted masonry, forty feet square and twelve feet high, with stairs on one side, upon whose top rises a black wooden pyramid twenty feet high. Two hundred years ago where this weird pyramid now stands there was a fertile island of twelve acres, furnishing excellent grazing and called in consequence Green Island. So much is history. A curious old book, long out of print, has woven the legend of the name into a pleasing romance, which in brief is as follows:

When Sir William Philips made his celebrated expedition to the Spanish main in 1687 under the auspices of the Duke of Albemarle, in which he recovered some millions of sunken gold and enriched himself for life, he was accompanied by one Captain Nix and his first mate, Edward Fitzvassal. As the first expedition was so wonderfully successful, Captain Nix went out on another search and raised another precious cargo from the bottom of the deep. But on his return the crew of his vessel, the Dolphin, mutinied under the leadership of the mate and turned pirates.

Captain Nix and six others were set adrift early in the year 1689 in an open boat and left to their fate. After incredible hardships they reached land, only to be captured by savages. Toward spring they escaped in a canoe and finally landed on Green Island, June 1, 1689. They contrived to reach Boston Town, and there they found the Dolphin and Fitzvassal, too, who had assumed the name of Captain Nix. Fitzvassal was tried for piracy, convicted and sentenced to be executed on Green Island on June 5. But for some service which he had rendered to the colony while bearing his assumed name he was pardoned by the governor, Bradstreet. Before the news of the pardon reached him, however, he took a fatal dose of poison.

He was buried on Green Island, and his sole mourner was an Indian maid and sibly who had loved him. She prophesied that the island would wash away, and her prediction was fulfilled. Little by little the earth slid off the rock into the sea, and now nothing remains but a dangerous ledge upon which stands the curious beacon, Nix's Mate.

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## Toast to Laughter.

Here's to laughter, the sunshine of the soul, the happiness of the heart, the leaven of youth, the privilege of purity, the echo of innocence, the treasure of the humble, the wealth of the poor, the head of the cup of pleasure. It dispels dejection, banishes blues and mangles melancholy, for it's the foe of woe, the destroyer of depression, the enemy of grief. It is what kings envy the peasants, plutocrats envy the poor, the guilty envy the innocent. It's the sheen on the silver of smiles, the ripple on the water's delight, the glint of the gold of gladness. Without it humor would be dumb, wit would wither, dimples would disappear and smiles would shrivel, for it's the glow of a clean conscience, the voice of a pure soul, the birth cry of mirth, the swan song of sadness.—Life.

## China and Character.

Those familiar with the portraits of the great soldiers of the American civil war can hardly fail to have been struck by the curious family likeness which runs through their dour determined visages. It is scarcely too much to say that this military type is practically extinct in America now. Almost to a man these long faced, sallow heroes were tobacco chomers, and were also many of the prominent statesmen of the same period. It was, however, by no means exclusively an American custom. Most people of middle age can remember among sailors and workmen of Great Britain men with long angular jaws and wrinkled, sallow cheeks resembling those of that extinct ruminant, the "typical Yankee" of caricature.—Dr. Louis Robinson in Blackwood's.

## Cured of Rheumatism.

Mr. Wm. Henry of Chattanooga, Tenn., had rheumatism in his left arm. "The strength seemed to have gone out of the muscles so that it is useless for work," he says. "I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and wrapped the arm in flannel at night, and to my relief I found that the pain gradually left me and the strength returned. In three weeks the rheumatism had disappeared and has not since returned. If troubled with rheumatism try a few applications of Pain Balm. You are certain to be pleased with the relief which it affords. For sale by Frank Hart, and Leading Druggists.

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QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, FORT Stevens, Ore., April 2, 1907.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m. May 1, 1907, and then publicly opened, for drainage and grading at Ft. Stevens, Ore. Plans can be seen and specifications obtained at the office of the Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Ore. The United States reserves the right to reject or accept any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be endorsed "Proposals for Drainage & Grading" and addressed Constructing Quartermaster, Ft. Stevens Oregon.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE United States for the District of Oregon—In the matter of the estate of Chas. H. Cooper, bankrupt: The undersigned will receive sealed bids at his office No. 7 First Street, Portland, Oregon, for the stock of merchandise, consisting of dry goods, notions, clothing and furnishing goods amounting to \$3556.91 together with the office and store fixtures of \$532.15 pertaining to this estate up to 12 o'clock Noon of Thursday, April 11, 1907. Terms cash, subject to confirmation by the Court and a certified check for ten per cent of the amount offered must accompany each bid. An inventory of the property may be seen at my office and the stock may be inspected at Astoria, Oregon. All proposals must be plainly marked, "Bid for C. H. Cooper stock and fixtures."

R. L. SABIN, Trustee.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE received at the office of the Light-House Inspector, Portland, Oregon, until 12 o'clock a. m. April 20 1907, and then opened for furnishing and delivering fuel and provisions for vessels and stations in the Thirteenth Light-House District for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, in accordance with specifications, copies of which, with blank proposals and other information,

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