

### Winston's Work

By HONORE WILLIS.

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The sun was just rising behind the bluffs when Darrel strolled out on to the veranda of the bungalow. On the east shore the Mississippi was still dark and gray with night shadows, but toward the dim line of Minnesota the water was liquid crimson.

Darrel, a fine, strong figure in his bathing trunk, shivered as he paused to look at the familiar beauty of the great river. Then he took a breath that swelled his deep chest and plunged with great bounds down the bluff side to the river far beneath. When he returned, red and dripping, Jim, his dark factotum, was setting the breakfast table on the veranda, and in a short time Darrel was drinking his coffee and looking out at the tender spring green of the midstream islands.

It was for over a year now that he had piqued the curiosity of the "natives" by living alone on the bluff side. Two isolated facts, however, known to the gossips, accounted for all his eccentricities. Darrel was a writer and a New Yorker. They called him surly. They could not know that he was merely reasserting his lifelong theory of married happiness. They could not know that he was merely fighting to recover his old time buoyancy that had left him that spring morning when Elizabeth had told him that she was going to devote her life not to him, but to her art.

Darrel sighed, then rose abruptly. "Jim," he said, "Mr. Winston may come today, so you had better watch the bend sharply about noon."

"Yesah."

"And you may as well fix up the guest room this morning."

Jim looked around at the simple furnishings of the porch and living room critically. Jim had served Darrel's father and had privileges.

"Am Mr. Winston very particular, sah?"

Darrel smiled. "I don't know, Jim. The publishers are sending him out to get illustrations for my book. This



HEH SAT IN SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

will have to do." And he swung down the bluff side to the little pier where was tied a string of canoes and skiffs. He jumped into a canoe and was off down the river, with beautiful long strokes of the paddle that told of many hours spent on the water. In fact, it was from the hours spent on this river that Darrel's book had grown. He had written it in a fervor of enthusiasm over the wonders of the Mississippi, and the publishers had received it joyfully. Darrel had found a new field.

The noon train drew slowly up to the station platform, and Darrel turned away in disappointment. But one passenger alighted, and that was a woman. He glanced back once more to make sure that he was not mistaken. Then he halted. There was something very familiar about the slender, well dressed figure standing hesitatingly at the far end of the platform. Suddenly the girl moved toward him.

"Oh, Horace!" she cried.

"Yes, Elizabeth," he replied quietly as if they had not parted over a year ago.

"Well, aren't you glad to see me?" brightly. "And what are you going to do with me?"

"I don't know," said Darrel to both questions. "What brought you here, Elizabeth?"

The girl looked into his face, with her candid blue eyes full of wonder.

"Why, Horace, didn't they send you word that I was coming?"

"They? Who are they?" Darrel's fingers were trembling a little.

"Mr. Tompkins, your publisher."

Darrel sat down heavily on a truck, then arose. "They wrote me that they were going to send Winston. You— you know my old prejudice, Elizabeth. Elizabeth's beautiful mouth twitched, and her eyes twinkled. "You have always said that a woman could do only 'pretty' work; that she could put no strength into her sketches. Come, Horace, you are not very hospitable, are you?"

Darrel was himself again instantly. "You see, I could have put up Winston, but I am going to take you to Mrs.

Brady, who will be glad to have a 'paying' guest."

That afternoon Elizabeth sat in the canoe facing Darrel. In her lap was a sketch book. Darrel had said nothing more concerning feminine artistic ability. He was struggling with the old disappointment and with the old love that, as if the intervening years had been for nothing, had returned with redoubled force at the sight of Elizabeth's beauty. She was so dainty, so merry, so winsome, that Darrel had never been able to consider her for her art seriously. She was a thing to be adored and protected and adored for. The toll of a profession was ridiculous considered with Elizabeth.

She sat looking at him in an inscrutable sort of way. "You must take me to the places you want sketched first, Horace, so that I won't get confused by seeing too much else."

They paddled slowly up to the foot of Gray Eagle. Darrel held the canoe against the current and looked up at the magnificent bluff side, whose great face was deep and cool with pines. The Mississippi bluffs were new to Elizabeth. She sat in silence for a moment, looking at the grandeur of river and shore. Then she began to sketch rapidly. All the brilliant spring afternoon they paddled about in silence for the most part. Elizabeth slipped her sketches as rapidly as they were finished into her portfolio, and Darrel did not ask to see them. He was grateful to Elizabeth that she did not rhapsodize over the scenery. Words were inadequate and false here.

At last the girl, with a tired little sigh, slipped the last sketch into her portfolio. "Now, if you will come back to supper with me we will talk them over," she said.

They sat on Mrs. Brady's porch just before sunset, and Elizabeth laid one of her sketches in Darrel's hands. He gave a little start of surprise. How had she done it? The Mississippi, calm, swift and deep, in all its potency of motion; then for miles bluff after bluff, pushing into water, stern, forbidding, yet lovely; the tenderness of the blue sky, the softness of ragged clouds.

"Elizabeth," said Darrel, and his voice trembled a little, "I did not know that you could do this. This is better than Winston's best work."

Elizabeth looked anxiously into his face. "Do you think that?" she said. Darrel again studied the sketch. "It is wonderful," he said. "You have told more in these few strong brush strokes than I have in my whole book. Elizabeth," wistfully, "how could you understand so well?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands softly in her lap. "Oh, but you see I've read the book and reread it, so I was prepared to see all that you did. The book was as— as fine and strong as you are, Horace."

The man rose and walked back and forth. "Elizabeth, can you ever forgive me for being such a fool as to belittle your work? Why, do you know, I admire Winston's work so much that I was in the seventh heaven when I found that I could get him to do my illustrating, and your work is far and away better than his." He turned toward the girl abruptly. "Elizabeth, why did you come?"

"Because"—the girl looked up at him bravely—"I wanted to see you again, and"— She paused.

"And?" suggested Darrel.

"And when you asked for Winston I was glad to come. I always sign my work Winston. It is my middle name, you know."

Darrel drew her close to him. "But your art?" he questioned.

"I wanted to see if a woman could," she whispered.

"And a woman always shall," he said. "Winston shall illustrate all my books."

#### A Sailor Made Suit.

On the summer day that Captain Collins embarked with his ten-year-old son for a lake trip on a lumber vessel the weather was hot and sultry. The captain had more important matters than his son's wardrobe on his mind, and young Peter, with the shortsightedness of excited youth, left home without his jacket.

For two days the wind blew softly from the south. On the third day it switched suddenly to the north, bringing with it a cutting arctic coldness.

Mrs. Collins, fingering the forgotten jacket, had visions of her thin clad son turned blue with cold or perhaps already stricken with pneumonia.

Two weeks later the travelers returned, the father beaming, the boy even more radiant in a bulging flannel garment of curious but ample cut.

"You see," explained Captain Collins, "Peter didn't have clothes enough, so we put in at the nearest port to buy him a coat. But there was only one store and not a ready made garment in the place, so I bought three yards of red flannel and made him a suit."

"Where," asked Mrs. Collins, trying not to laugh, "did you get the pattern?"

"Used the boy," said the captain proudly. "Laid the flannel on the deck, spread the boy on his back on top and cut all round him with my jackknife. Then I laid him on his stomach and cut out the front. How else could you make a pattern?"— Youth's Companion.

A Criminal Attack on an inoffensive citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless tube, the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following liver torpor. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c at Charles Rogers' drug store.

#### Matter For Surprise.



She—You know, Mr. Jones, I drank some poison by mistake once.

He—By Jove! Didn't it kill you?—Tattler.

#### Complimentary.

Mrs. De Witt—What was that story that Mrs. De Poynte was whispering to you?

Mrs. McBride—Oh, my dear, it was absolutely unfit for decent ears. Now, I wouldn't repeat it to any one in the world but you, dear.—Cleveland Leader.

#### Then He Started.

Staylate (11 p. m.)—I understand you have a new gasoline runabout?

Miss Causette (strangling a yawn)—Yes, and it reminds me of you in one respect.

Staylate—Indeed! In what respect?

Miss Causette—I have an awful time getting it started.—Chicago News.

#### SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE.

What is Causing the Increase of Catarrh in Astoria.

In spite of the best efforts of medical men, catarrhal troubles are increasing not only in Astoria, but all over the country.

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#### Hard Times in Kansas.

The old days of grasshoppers and drouth are almost forgotten in the prosperous Kansas of today; although a citizen of Codell, Earl Shamburg, has not yet forgotten a hard time he encountered. He says: "I was worn out and discouraged by coughing night and day, and could find no relief till I tried Dr. King's New Discovery. It took less than one bottle to completely cure me." The safest and most reliable cough and cold remedy and lung and throat healer ever discovered. Guaranteed by Charles Rogers' drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.



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appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

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