

A Matter Of Honor.

By Clarissa Mackie.

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"I am very sorry," began Helen in evident distress, "but"—

Richard Hilton held up a restraining hand.

"Don't go on. I know what you mean," he said heavily. He was staring at the third finger of her left hand, where a curious ring scattered prismatic rays of light in the June sunshine.

She followed his glance toward the ring, and her cheek flushed hotly.

"Of course it is Littleton, after all," he said as if stating an undeniable fact. Then, with a slight bow, he turned and walked away down the sandy shore.

Miss Vincent looked after him with dazed brown eyes and a strangely numb feeling in her heart. When he had rounded the lighthouse point and disappeared within the shadow of the tall structure she shivered a little, as if with cold. She had been perched among the bowlders under the sheltering cedar clothed banks when Hilton had found her an hour before, and still she sat there after his departure with wistful, dreamy eyes fixed on the flashing sails beyond the breakwater.

"Hello, little cousin! Been looking everywhere for you. I might have guessed you'd be somewhere by the sea waves." Jeffrey Littleton swung himself to a seat beside her and gathered a handful of white pebbles from the cranberries of the rocks.

He was a slightly built, rather good looking young man with eyes placed a trifle close together and a small rosebud mouth like a girl's. He caught Miss Vincent's sun browned hand with an air of possession that changed to consternation as she pulled it hastily away.

"I am only your fourth cousin, Jeffrey," she said petulantly.

"It is quite evident that you wish the relationship was still more distant," he said ruefully. He took careful aim at a stone down on the water's edge and shot a white pebble downward. "How do you like Miss Wendell?" he asked with elaborate carelessness.

"She is charming!" cried Helen en-

Jeffrey had been a devoted lover, apparently blind to her growing indifference toward him.

The fact that their betrothal was a family affair and as yet unannounced would have made it easier for her to have told him the truth and thus broken off the engagement, but a certain pity for him had stilled the words that had so often trembled on her lips, for only since the advent of Richard Hilton into her world had she known what love was—that sweet upland path that one knows instinctively leads to heights of bliss—heights whence it takes a lifetime to descend.

It was the old story of a pledged word and a love come too late. She had turned Hilton away and Jeffrey was speaking again in a slow, hesitating way, very unlike his usual manner.

"You remember that day in Rome when we were looking in the window of old Riconi, the goldsmith, and we both saw the—ring?" He touched her finger gently with one hand.

"Yes," she said, a little breathlessly. It was not often that Jeffrey spoke of such matters. Their engagement had been singularly free from sentiment.

"And you admired its quaint setting, and so I bought it and we called it an engagement ring," he went on lightly. "It is needless to relate that the houses of Vincent and Littleton rejoiced greatly and that our boy and girl attachment settled into a Darby and Joan flatness." There was a tinge of bitterness in his voice that caused an up-lifting of her pretty brows.

"And?" she suggested haughtily.

"I have thought perhaps you might have tired of me and wanted your freedom, only—your conscience—you know you have a conscience, little cousin"—

"I am sorry, Jeffrey, that my 'conscience,' as you call it, has been the means of binding you to an unwelcome contract. No; do not speak," she said coldly. "It is true that I would never have been the one to break the engagement because my word is my law, and"—

Her voice broke suddenly.

"I thought you'd be pleased," cried Jeffrey in consternation. "You know—Hilton—you see"—

He stammered confusedly as she started to her feet.

"Be still!" she said in a low, passionate voice. "Don't you know that you are too late now? Why didn't you jilt me before?" She sank back on the rocks and buried her face in her hands with a little sobbing cry.

Jeffrey reddened darkly at her words. He scrambled down from the bowlders and stood on the beach before her. "I am very sorry, Helen. I know you think I'm a cad, but—I cannot explain. You may understand some day."

"Wait," she said scornfully, lifting a tearful face to his. "You must understand that I am not breaking my heart over your desertion. It is because I have just sacrificed a lifetime of happiness for such as you!"

She drew the brilliant ring from her finger and held it toward him.

"Won't you keep that, Helen, just for remembrance?" he asked awkwardly.

"I cannot," she said coldly, and it dropped into his reluctant hand. Presently he found himself following clearly defined footprints in the damp sand. They skirted the beach and circled the lighthouse. When they ceased Jeffrey found himself face to face with Richard Hilton.

"Hello, Hilton!" he said genially, evading the other man's miserable eyes. "Going down the beach? If you are I wish you'd just take this handkerchief to my cousin—Miss Vincent. She's sitting on the rocks beyond the point." He held out a morsel of cobweb and lace.

Hilton hesitated.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully. "You see, I'm waiting for the 4.30 train. I'm going back to the city tonight. Important business"

"Well, all right. You see, I'm going to take that same train myself—must catch the Lucretia tomorrow morning—going abroad for three years, and"—

"I guess I'll have time to run up there with it," said Hilton eagerly.

"Goodby, old man! Hope you have a good time. Goodby!" He swung around the point with the fluttering handkerchief in his hand. Jeffrey followed his going with a strange smile on his lips.

He opened his clinched right hand and disclosed the curious little ring which Helen had returned to him. As he looked at it his full lips stiffened into straight, hard lines. He lifted his



"Won't you keep that, Helen, just for remembrance?"

thustastically. "I like her immensely. You know we were at school together, although in different classes."

"Handsome—what do you think?" Jeffrey asked.

"She is lovely," said Miss Vincent, looking curiously at him. For the first time since their engagement three years before Jeffrey was showing interest in another woman.

How gladly she would have welcomed the diversion during the last twelve months of her awakening to what love really meant! But no:

NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.

Notice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon will sell to the highest bidder, at its office in the Capitol Building, at Salem, Oregon, on the 1st day of September, 1908, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, all the State's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however, to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith; and also provided that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$5.00 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Clatsop County, Oregon, and described as follows:

Being an accretion outside the original meander lines of section 29, T. 9 N., R. 6 W. of the Willamette Meridian, situated in Clatsop County, State of Oregon, beginning at a point on section line between sections 29 and 30, 1497 feet N. 1 deg. 04 min. E. of quarter corner between said sections 29 and 30.

Course, N. 88 deg. 33 min. E.; distance, 1410 feet; description, following low water line of slough.

Course, S. 88 deg. 22 min. E.; distance, 550 feet; description, following low water line of slough.

Course, S. 85 deg. 00 min. E.; distance, 1485 feet; description, following low water line of slough.

Course, S. 71 deg. 57 min. E.; distance, 420 feet; description, following low water line of slough.

Course, S. 58 deg. 39 min. E.; distance, 350 feet; description, following low water line of slough.

Course, S. 49 deg. 10 min. E.; distance, 1386 feet; description, to the meander corner between sections 28 and 29, said corner being 174.24 feet north of quarter corner between said sections.

Course, S. 46 deg. 00 min. W.; distance, 764 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, S. 23 deg. 00 min. W.; distance, 132 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, S. 61 deg. 30 min. W.; distance, 330 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, S. 76 deg. 30 min. W.; distance, 297 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, W.; distance, 99 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, N. 43 deg. 30 min. W.; distance, 1353 feet; description, following the United States meanders.

Course, N. 75 deg. 14 min. W.; distance, 911 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, N. 83 deg. 07 min. W.; distance, 1240 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, S. 78 deg. 42 min. W.; distance, 905 feet; description, to section line between sections 29 and 30.

Course, N. 1 deg. 04 min. E.; distance, 1015 feet; description, following sectional line to place of beginning containing 144.4 acres.

Also in section 30, beginning at the same initial point:

Course, S. 73 deg. 30 min. W.; distance, 1425 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, S. 89 deg. 50 min. W.; distance, 440 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, S. 54 deg. 12 min. W.; distance, 680 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, N. 89 deg. 24 min. E.; distance, 1151 feet; description, following low water line.

Course, S. 79 deg. 20 min. E.; distance, 1210 feet; description, to section line.

Course, N. 1 deg. 04 min. E.; distance, 1015 feet; description, following line between sections 29 and 30 to the point of beginning, containing 25.0 acres.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands."

G. G. BROWN,
Clerk State Land Board.
Dated this 9th day of June, 1908.

and; and there were a flash of gold and a sparkle of flame before the jewel disappeared in the oncoming green waves.

"Goodby, everything!" he muttered grimly. Then he turned and walked briskly toward the railroad station.

The Barber Hit It.

On one of his visits to London Joachim, the great violinist, entered a barber shop for a shave. The barber did not know him and eyed his flowing locks with the air of a man who knew just what he would do to them when he got his customer in the chair.

"Hair cut, sir?" he demanded, with a tone that called for an affirmative answer.

The virtuoso signified his perfect satisfaction with the length of his hirsute adornment.

"Just a little long at the back," the barber intimated as he adjusted the cloth.

Joachim explained that he liked it that way, and the tonsorial artist was silent for awhile.

"Rather thin on top, sir," he said, conveying his own idea that to sacrifice length to thickness was poor policy. But Joachim glared at the barber and tossed his lionlike mane. The barber scraped away for awhile in a moody, discontented fashion. But it was hard to discountenance him.

"Better let me trim the edges for you, sir. Just half an inch all around." Joachim remained firm, however, and then the barber, losing what little tact and ingenuity he had, vented his feelings in the most scathing expression of contempt that suggested itself to his tonsorial mind with:

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