

The Short Cut.

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

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When Marjorie opened her sewing room window to let in the brisk morning breeze the picture she made in her white dress, framed by the climbing vines, was refreshing enough to make any passer by look up a second time.

Her thoughts were as far away as the shadowy mountains beyond which she had lived her old and happier life. For several years now Marjorie's world had been on this side of the hills, so she sighed, sat down by the open window and began sewing interminable yards of lace on strips of fine muslin.

Half an hour later a whistle as spontaneous as a bird's trill made her jump up and again look out of the window. In the young man swinging down the road Marjorie recognized one of the summer guests.

In her haste to escape being caught in the very act of provincial curiosity Marjorie dropped her thimble. It struck a stone on the edge of the walk and, with a metallic ring, bounded off into the garden. The young man rescued it most gallantly.

"It isn't every day a young man finds



"DON'T YOU LOVE ME? DON'T YOU WANT TO BE MY WIFE?"

thimbles growing in a garden," he said, significantly dropping the silver trifle into her hand.

Now, Marjorie understood perfectly well his reference to Peter Pan's calling kisses thimbles, but she feigned ignorance. Diverting as such audacity might be, she must not encourage it, wherefore she said "Thank you" with austere courtesy.

"You are Miss Marjorie Phillips, are you not?" asked the unperturbed young man. "I started out very early this morning to find you."

Marjorie glanced at the thimble, which unconsciously she had slipped on its proper finger.

"There's no denying the evidence," she said, with a pensive little smile which crept straight into the young man's heart.

"I have a message for you, Miss Phillips, from my cousin, or, rather," he corrected, smiling up at her, "a request to make. Julia—Miss Robbins—has a friend visiting her and wants to know at what time she may bring her down this afternoon to see the things you are making. There, I think I got that right. Does it sound rational?"

"Quite intelligent," laughed Marjorie. "Please tell Miss Robbins that the exhibit will be ready any time after 2, which means—"

"Oh, I know," broke in the loquacious message bearer. "It means that I mustn't bother you any longer." Then he added mischievously: "I came by here an hour ago on my way to the postoffice, but was too scared to come in. It was lucky you dropped the thimble just when you did!"

But at the word "thimble" Marjorie took flight.

"Well," called Julia Robbins as Overton reached the steps of the luxuriously appointed porch, "did you deliver my message to the village sewing girl?"

Before replying Overton lit a cigarette with exasperating deliberation.

"Yes," he answered at length. "I gave your message to Miss Phillips, and she says you and Miss Morton may come any time after 2."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed the astonished Julia. "'We may come,' and 'Miss Phillips,' indeed!"

"Look here, Julia Robbins," returned Overton feelingly, "I think it's an outrage for a little flower of a girl like that to be sewing her eyes out for another girl who happens to have money and eat!"

"Stop right there," commanded Julia. "Catherine here will think you're a hot headed Socialist. Would you have me sewing my own eyes out perchance, dear cousin?"

"Well, perhaps I am a bit hasty, Julia," admitted Overton good naturedly. "Forgive me and tell me what you know about this little Miss Phillips."

"Nothing romantic, Garret, I assure you. Her family used to come here summers, I believe. And after her father died a bankrupt the girl took in

sewing for the summer folks. Dess that fire your young imagination?"

"And she supports herself and her mother?" inquired Garret, with cutting directness.

"Why, I suppose so," answered Julia languidly. Whereupon, with a careless "Well, goodby; I'm off for a day's fishing," Overton sauntered away with little comprehension of the feminine consternation he was leaving behind him.

Julia was the first to recover. "Don't you care, Catherine," she said defiantly. "We'll nip that little romance in the bud."

Several days later, upon catching sight of Marjorie at the window, Overton swung open the little cottage gate and called out cheerily, "Lost any more thimbles, Miss Phillips?"

Marjorie, her color mounting high, pretended not to hear and continued sewing with nervous haste.

"You have another message from Miss Robbins?" she asked politely. "Not on your life!" was the unexpected reply. "I came on my own account this time, Miss Phillips. I want to ask you some questions."

"I'm very busy, Mr. Overton." Garret noted the knowledge of his name. He remembered that he had not mentioned it at their first interview. So she had been making inquiries about him! She was more interested than she appeared.

"Do all girls think these frumpy things—a necessary matrimonial asset?" he asked, indicating with a nod the piles of snowy thin stuff on the chairs about her. "Your cousin and Miss Morton are not exceptions, I think."

As she mentioned the girl's name Marjorie watched Overton's face closely, but there was no betrayal of any personal interest. "Do you make a specialty of trousseaux?" was his next question.

"It looks as though I should have to," Marjorie answered. "As soon as I have finished your cousin's there will be one to make for Miss Morton, I understand."

"Really?" was Overton's surprised exclamation. "Who's the man, may I ask? You have evidently been taken into confidence."

"I've evidently been taken in," was Marjorie's scarcely audible reply as, with flushed cheeks, she gathered up her sewing and left the window.

"Well, by Jupiter!" exclaimed Overton as the truth of the situation dawned upon him. "So that's the game!"

Every morning thereafter, rain or shine, Overton bade Marjorie "Good morning" at her window, for he had discovered that through her garden lay a short cut to the village postoffice. Marjorie, on her part, failed to hang out a "No Trespassing" sign, though common sense told her that she ought to do so.

But one sunny morning Overton, impatient, threw discretion and conventions to the wind. "Little Miss Marjorie," he said pleadingly, "do you suppose I could persuade you to make a trousseau for—for my wife to be?"

The color flashed rebelliously into Marjorie's cheeks, and tears gathered in her eyes. One daring little drop slipped over her lashes and fell upon Garret's hand.

"Why, what is this, dearest? You're not crying? Don't you love me? Don't you want to be my wife? I thought!"

For answer the tired girl dropped her head on his hands, which still held hers, and sobbed softly. But Overton understood. "Marjorie," he said lovingly, "look up at me, little one."

Very shyly Marjorie lifted her pretty, tumbled head, then drew away from the window with frightened haste. "They are watching us," she whispered from behind the curtains, "your cousin and her friend."

"I'm glad of it," Garret replied, with a laugh. "Do you think if I should come back tonight, sweetheart, that we could find any—thimbles—in the garden?"

"It will be pretty dark," she answered softly, "but—I'll help you."

Origin of the Cravat.

While every man wears a cravat, there is probably not one in a thousand who could in an offhand way tell you how it came about that men first placed such an ornament about their collars. The word cravat came into our language about 1630. Prior to that year a feature of the uniform of the Austrian cavalry was a wide band of coarse linen worn in folds around the neck under their short hussar jackets.

This cavalry organization was called the Cravatte, its members being styled the Cravattes. Later in the seventeenth century France recruited a regiment of cavalry, adopting for it the uniform of the Austrian regiment recruited in Croatia, calling it the Royal Cravattes. Later in England the word cravat was applied to a neckerchief.

After the battle of Steenkerke, in Flanders, in 1692, an English officer brought home the steamkirk, a long flowing neckscarf. The neckwear today is clearly traceable to the steamkirk and the modification it underwent.—Sartorial Art Journal.

A Proper Pride.

Farmer Green—D'ye remember that ornary little Pimpernell boy that helped me with th' hayin' last year? I give him \$18 a month an' found Well, he's got to be a right smart ball pitcher, an' t'other day a feller came along an' offered him \$3,000 to finish out th' season with a nerteshnal club

The City Boarder—Well, well! He jumped at it, of course?

Farmer Green—Not yet. Sandy Pimpernell may be a freckle faced runt, but he's got a proper pride about him too. He says that he don't know as he cares to be tied up to any team that looks like it might be a tall ender.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN FOOD WAS SCARCE.

Prices That Ruled in Paris During the Siege of 1870.

The following interesting statement of the prices that were paid for food during the siege of 1870 is taken verbatim out of the journal of a French officer stationed in Paris at the time:

"Toward the middle of October we had to make up our mind to sacrifice the animals of the zoological garden. The elephants and many other beasts were bought by M. Debos, the owner of the English meat shop in Av. Friedland. The meat of the elephants was sold from \$10 to \$12 a kilogram (two pounds), the trunk commanding the highest price, \$16 a kilogram. The trunk and feet were both declared delicious by all gourmands. In the same shop a pair of young wolves were sold for \$2.50 per pound. The meat was soft and without taste. The biggest price was paid for a young live lamb that had been swiped by a 'franc-tireur' from the enemy. One hundred dollars was paid for it."

"Here is an exact price list of some victuals toward the end of the siege:

Two pounds of horseflesh..... \$5.00
One ham..... 15.00
A whole cat..... 3.00
A rabbit..... 10.00
One turkey..... 20.00
One egg..... 1.00
A rat..... .50
A pigeon..... 3.00
One pound of butter..... 6.00
A pound of beans..... 1.50
A peck of carrots..... 2.00
One cabbage head..... 3.00
One stick of celery..... .50
Wood to burn (100 pounds)..... 2.00

"Even the rich had to live on the meagerest diet and to take into their menu things that till then only the trapper in the virgin forests was supposed to eat. I leave it to you to imagine what kind of meals were served in the small restaurants and boarding houses."

"Moreover, everybody had to submit to the strictest orders. People stood in file before the butcher and baker shops to wait for their turns. Each household was furnished with a card from the municipality authorizing the bearer to buy a certain amount of meat and bread. The cook, the housewife, the young girl, the little child (men never go shopping in France), were posted for hours before the shops in rain and snow, with wet feet, shivering with cold. The unfortunate ones endured without a murmur these hardships. Women throughout the time of the siege were setting an example of courage and self abnegation not always followed by men."

"It was a sad and touching spectacle, these long files of women, nearly all dressed in black, grouped before the doors of the dealers, watched by the national guard, with whom they at first were laughing and chatting, till the sufferings from the cold had silenced the laugh and sometimes brought forth the tears."

"But in spite of all precautions the stores one by one were exhausted, the provisions, put in too late before the siege, were used up, and, while the babies, deprived of milk, died in great numbers or, fed on sweet wine and bread, pined slowly away, the big people tried to find new resources to prolong their lives."

Generous Mrs. Crewe.

A gambling story is told of Charles James Fox that rather reflects on his honor. He was one of the ardent admirers of Mrs. Crewe, a noted beauty of her day, and it is related that a gentleman lost a considerable sum to this lady at play and, being obliged to leave town suddenly, gave Mr. Fox the money to pay her, begging him to apologize to her for his not having paid the debt of honor in person. Fox lost every shilling of it before morning. Mrs. Crewe often met the supposed debtor afterward and, surprised that he never noticed the circumstances, at length delicately hinted the matter to him.

"Bless me!" said he. "I paid the money to Mr. Fox three months ago."

"Oh, did you, sir?" said Mrs. Crewe good naturedly. "Then probably he paid me, and I forgot it."

Risky Revenge.

Gaganini, the wonderful violinist, had a narrow escape at Ferrara from a violent death. Enraged by some blessing from the pit, he resolved to avenge the insult, and at the close of his programme informed the audience that he would imitate the language of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he advanced to the footlights, and, saying, "This is for those who hissed!" imitated the braying of an ass. At this the occupants of the pit rose, rushed on to the stage and would probably have killed their calculator had he not hastily retreated.

Fixing His Status.

A waiter spilled some soup on the clothing of a portly, choleric old gentleman dining with his wife in an uptown lobster palace the other night, whereupon the old gentleman jumped to his feet and, calling the manager, burst into a tirade which ended with the somewhat anticlimatic charge that the waiter was "no gentleman."

"This man is not supposed to be a gentleman," said the manager coldly. "He is merely a waiter."—New York

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE ASTORIA NATIONAL BANK

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 15, 1908:

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Of Astoria, at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 15, 1908:

Table with columns for RESOURCES and LIABILITIES, listing various financial items and their values.

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: I, S. S. GORDON, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. S. S. GORDON, Cashier.

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