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BY ELLICE BEEBE.

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It will be useful to you for some of the above and the service will be CLEAN, QUICK, CONVENIENT, ODORLESS, ECONOMICAL AND SATISFACTORY GET STARTED NOW

Portland General Electric Co.

SEVENTH AND ALDER STREETS

(Copyright, 1904, by W. R. Hearst.)

It was only yesterday since he had seen her, and he was fully anticipating seeing her tomorrow, when a double knock of the peremptory postman order sounded and the servant entered with an orange-colored envelope in her hand.

"A telegram for you, sir. The boy is waiting."

Dick Treherne tore open the message, and, having hastily read it, tossed it, a crumpled ball, into the grate.

"No answer," he said curtly. For it ran thus:

"Unavoidably prevented tomorrow. Will explain later."

MABEL BRANCEPETH.

Treherne had half expected something of this sort. Yesterday, when he had talked softly to her of the long afternoon he hoped to spend in her company, she had said somewhat dubiously:

"After all, Dick, I don't know whether I ought to have promised to go to the circus with you. You see, Mr. Goldman sent round this morning to say he had got a box at the Hippodrome and he would take us up to London, would we all come. It would be much nicer than country shows—wouldn't it? Much safer, I mean. Of course I should like to go with you awfully, but you know what a travelling circus is, and how nervous I am in a crowd."

Dick had felt distressed at her speech, for he had taken the best seats he could afford, and even stretched a point at that, but he was madly in love with her, and tried to laugh away her fears, promising to take splendid care of her, and genuinely believing she meant them seriously. But this message of hers at the last moment put a different complexion on affairs.

The fact of the matter was that Mabel had got a better invitation and was behaving as she had once or twice behaved before under somewhat similar circumstances.

Dick had looked forward to the morning, meaning to plead his cause then, and hoping that Mabel would consent to be the queen of his small kingdom; but he had at last awakened from the cherished dream and now finally realized that Mabel would choose to marry for money rather than for love; that the devotion he offered would count little with her when compared with Mr. Goldman's banking account.

Dick began to feel how vain his hopes had been.

"That little cousin of hers, Judie Perrington, is worth a dozen of her. I'll be bound," he commented to himself. "Those blue eyes of hers look true and candid enough. Strange that even while I admired Mabel so much, I always liked Judie best."

"I wish I had asked her to go with me. She would not have gone back on her word. I'm quite sure, even if she had had a better offer."

What a fool I am! No doubt she has a lover of her own. 'Fair, kind and true,' as Shakespeare has it, does not go begging.

Mabel's telegram had upset and annoyed Treherne, and when he went to bed that night it was half with the intention of giving up the whole show. There was not much fun in going to a thing of that kind by one's self, he thought. But in the morning he awoke in a different frame of mind altogether.

He was quite determined now to make use of his seat at the circus, even if a vacant one yawned at his side.

He started in good time, and as soon as he was fairly out upon the country road found himself in the midst of a good-humored, hastening crowd.

Presently, when he entered the field where the circus had been set up, he was brought to a standstill. His broad shoulders stood him in good stead, and in a little while he was able to move on; but people seemed to be pressing him on every side and a slender form was wedged up against him.

It was Judie Perrington! She recognized Treherne at once, and his hand moved to his hat.

"Miss Perrington!" he cried in delight. "Let me take care of you."

She seemed to be on the verge of tears.

"Oh, Mr. Treherne," she cried, "I am quite alone! I had no idea it would be like this."

"But how is this?" he cried in astonishment. "Surely Mr. Goldman included you in his party?"

"He didn't mention me specially," she said, flushing, "but aunt thought I was meant to be included, only Mabel said I had nothing smart enough to wear—except for a country show." Judie sneaked a glance at the remembrance of this speech and added, "and that gave me the idea of coming in this way for I have never seen a circus since I was a tiny child, and I did so want to!"

Treherne's resentment was kindled against Mabel doubly for her unkind-

FARMER TURNED HOBO.

From the Albany Herald.

W. J. Fisher, superintendent of the Linn county poor farm, has recently had some unpleasant experiences with an inmate of the institution, named Johnson, an old man who has been at the poor house for some time. There are a couple of men at the poor farm who are practically helpless, one of them David Thomas, an old soldier, is a paralytic, and Johnson has waited on these men, although himself 75 years of age. Johnson in his younger days was a Methodist minister and had good standing. He was bright in his day, and when young received a good education. But drink, for which he seemed to have an abnormal desire, it is said, brought him into trouble, until in his old age his wife died and unable to maintain himself, he had to take refuge in the poorhouse in order to secure shelter and subsistence.

It appears that he cared for Thomas, the old soldier at the farm, and his charge secured a pension check this week, Johnson had the old man assign it to himself—in return for services rendered, he says—and came to town to cash the check. He accomplished this and when he returned to the farm the superintendent found him in a maudlin state. Inquiry soon developed the fact that Johnson had secured the old soldier's pension check, and the idea of proceeding to "bowl up" on some of the proceeds, and Mr. Fisher decided to take the money in his possession away from the old fellow to prevent his further enjoyment of the flowing bowl. Johnson refused to give up the money and a struggle ensued over the possession of the funds, and that of Fisher secured them after physical encounter that was not very serious.

Johnson at once came to Albany and made a complaint to Deputy District Attorney R. Kelly, and that official referred him to County Judge H. M. Palmer. The judge heard Johnson's complaint, as well as the report of the affair presented by Superintendent Fisher, and it was stipulated that Judge Palmer should take the money pending a settlement of the affair. Judge Palmer will go to the poor farm today or tomorrow and investigate the matter and settle the trouble between the superintendent and the inmate. Johnson was still in town yesterday afternoon and he was reported to be drinking heavily.

Johnson, when not in his cups, is a valuable man at the farm, for he makes

ness toward her cousin and her selfishness.

"Miss Perrington," he said, "if you will allow me to constitute myself your escort, I think I can conduct you not only to a place of safety but to a cologne of vantage where we shall have a very good view."

Julie was all smiles now.

"Oh, how delightful!" she cried. "But, oh, how can I come? It will be robbing some one of their place—won't it?"

"I offered the seat to your cousin at first," acknowledged Treherne, "but she has thrown me over for the Goldman party."

"Perhaps she made some mistake about the day," said Julie. And Treherne thought what a generous little soul it was.

"There was no mistake," he answered, smiling.

"Well, Miss Perrington, is my rejected seat worth your acceptance?"

She smiled, too.

"I'm afraid I'm not proud at all," she confessed. "I am very sorry for your disappointment, for I know you must be disappointed; but I shall be so pleased to accept that seat, and I think you are very kind to offer me your escort."

When a team of piebald ponies came into the arena and showed off their graceful accomplishments Julie's eyes sparkled and her cheeks flushed with childish enjoyment. She leaned forward in her excitement, displaying the graceful contour of her figure.

When the circus was all over Dick heaved a sigh of regret, echoed by Julie. There still remained the task of getting her home, and Dick was determined to escort Julie to her very door.

"Do you know," she said, as they walked along slowly side by side, "I never recognized you in the crowd until you turned round, and all the time I was trying hard to get to you, because I thought here is a good broad pair of shoulders; if I get to them I shall be safe."

Treherne laughed.

"You are making me compliments," he said.

"Oh," said Julie, simply, "I should feel safe with you anywhere."

"I steered you safely through the crowd," said Treherne, with gravity, "but if you want to prove your words you will trust me to steer you through life."

"Oh, Mr. Treherne! I don't understand," said Julie.

"Give me hope," said Treherne, "that I may teach you to understand. I don't expect you to love me all at once, though a single day spent with you has been sufficient to give my heart into your keeping. Believe me," he added, earnestly, "if I took the liberty of offering you a rejected escort, I am not pleading with you to accept a rejected lover, but a very earnest one on his own account."

Her eyes met his bravely. "I have always loved you," she said, simply, "but I never hoped for such happiness."

Treherne parted with her at the house. He would not come in, as she had begged him not to announce their engagement till the morning.

The others had not yet returned, so she ran up to her own room to indulge in a delightful reverie.

Presently there came a knock at the door, and without waiting for an answer Mabel entered.

"I'm tired out!" she said, abruptly.

"Julie, I wish you'd come and help me to bed."

Julie rose, too happy to be tired even after her long day.

"Yes, dear," she said gently, "you look worn out."

Mabel threw herself into a chair and raised her arms above her head. "At any rate," she said, "Mr. Goldman has proposed to me, and, needless to add, I have accepted him. I wish he were not quite so old, though, but I shall be the wife of a millionaire, and that's something. And now let's hear about you, Julie. How did you get on? Did you see well?"

"I saw everything splendidly!" said Julie. "I met Mr. Treherne, and he took care of me the whole time."

Mabel stared. "Oh," she said, "I suppose you know he asked me, but I don't care to go that style, and I wired at the last I couldn't come. He was as cross as a bear with a sore head, I expect. You must have had a lively time!"

"He was not cross at all to me," said Julie.

"I suppose he's fallen in love with you," sneered Mabel.

"At any rate, he asked me to marry him," said Julie, "and I've promised to be his wife."

Mabel began to laugh, but her voice sounded harsh and constrained as she affected to say carelessly: "So we are both engaged on the same day! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

himself generally useful, and though at an advanced age, can do considerable work, but when he can do so he will drink to excess and is then unruly and disagreeable, and at such times causes considerable trouble. Efforts will be made by the authorities to arrange matters so that he will not be able to secure liquor in the future.

NEED MONEY? WANT TO SNEAK.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Just to oblige" a depositor, the cashier of a bank in a western town allowed him to overdraw his account \$1,000. A few days later the cashier learned there was to be an examination of the bank's accounts. He sent at once for the depositor, told him of the impending examination and asked him to make his account good.

"I can't do it," replied the depositor. "I haven't the money, and I can't possibly raise it inside of three weeks. What can I do about it?"

The cashier was in sore straits. He did not have money enough of his own to make good the deficit, and for a long time he couldn't think of any way of bridging the trouble. Suddenly a bright idea dawned on him.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said to the depositor. "I'll draw a draft on the shah of Persia for \$1,000 and deposit it in your account. It will be at least six weeks before we'll have it returned protested. Meanwhile you can squish up the money to make good the overdraft."

The depositor laughed at the idea, but he signed the draft on the shah and put it in for collection.

"There'll be a hot time in Persia when the shah gets that," the depositor said to the cashier, and the cashier agreed with him.

Within the three weeks the depositor made some collections through his regular business and straightened out his bank account.

About six weeks after the draft was made out on the shah the cashier received a check from Teheran for \$1,000 from the quarry of the shah. On the back of the voucher which accompanied it and above the indorsement of the quarry this statement was written: "The shah of Persia requests that hereafter all his remittances to the United States of America shall be itemized."

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