

A DOUBLE ARISTOCRAT

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During a winter that my husband and I spent in London we were presented at court and saw considerable of society. That season there were an unusual number of debutantes at the capital, among them Lady Gwendolen Fortesque. We met her at various functions and made her acquaintance, but I cannot say that between us there was anything more than an acquaintance. In the first place, she was a dozen years our junior, and, in the second, her position was far above the reach of untitled Americans. Nevertheless I should have liked to know her, for she impressed me as being a superior woman.

Several years after this winter in London while at my home in St. Louis I had occasion to visit a public school in which my daughter was studying. Entering a room where a class of girls were reciting, there on a raised dais standing beside a desk and speaking to her class with all the ease and dignity of an Oxford professor was the counterpart of the young lady I had met in London.

"What is the teacher's name?" I asked of one who was with me.

"Miss Grandon."

What an astonishing likeness! Was she or was she not Lady Gwendolen Fortesque? I have met many a person well known to me of whose identity I was not at some time sure, and it was natural that I did not feel certain of the identity of one whom I had seen but a few times. Besides, how could it be possible that a member of a select circle of the British aristocracy could be a teacher in a St. Louis public school? I was at the door when the class was dismissed and went to the desk to speak to Miss Grandon about my daughter.

Curiosity prompted me to inquire about Miss Grandon, but no one appeared to know anything about her, and the next autumn, when the school opened, she was not there. I wrote to friends in London asking of the whereabouts of Lady Gwendolen Fortesque and was told that she was traveling, supposedly in Egypt. This was puzzling, but I was obliged to be content, for I could learn nothing further from England. At home I asked where Miss Grandon had gone and was told that she had accepted a position in England. The Lady Gwendolen Fortesque, or Miss Grandon, whichever she might be, occupied a considerable portion of my thoughts for some time, then gradually dropped out.

When my daughter had finished her education I decided that she should make her debut in London. The introduction was successfully accomplished, and we were kindly treated by London society. One of the first questions I asked was what had become of Lady Gwendolen Fortesque. I was told that she was now Marchioness of Brocklebourne. All my confidence as to Miss Grandon and Lady Gwendolen Fortesque being one and the same person deserted me. Certainly I must have been mistaken in thinking I saw a momentary recognition in Miss Grandon's face.

The time came when at a reception we met the marchioness face to face. My daughter had been extremely fond of Miss Grandon and when she saw her double standing among a group of ladies was impelled to run toward her. She checked the impulse, however, or, rather, I did, and a few moments later the marchioness saw us. She looked away at once, but showed no special embarrassment. We saw her no more that evening, but the next day whose card should be handed us but that of the Marchioness of Brocklebourne.

You may imagine that both my daughter and I lost no time in going down to greet her, and the moment Alice entered the room she rushed into her former teacher's arms.

Then, of course, we had the story. The marchioness' brother, oldest son and heir of the Earl of Herendeen, had become involved in speculation and had been proceeded against criminally and finally incarcerated. During this trouble her father spent every cent of unentailed property to assist his son. Lady Gwendolen Fortesque resolved to turn her education to advantage, secretly sailed for America, assumed the name of her mother's family and secured a position in the public schools of St. Louis. While there her father died, and under a British law that no peer of the realm can be arrested or imprisoned her brother, who became a peer at his father's death, was liberated. Almost at the same time the shares of a certain corporation in which the new earl was heavily interested advanced in value on the London Stock Exchange, and he was cleared of debt. Lady Gwendolen returned to England, resumed her position without her friends knowing where she had been and married.

"Don't tell," she said. "As for me, I am not ashamed of my work, but my family have made every effort to conceal the knowledge that I have been a teacher in America."

The marchioness had not suffered from her experience in America. It had broadened her faculties and her character. She was a marked contrast to her sisters of the British nobility, whose notions had always been cramped by their position. We were invited to visit her and during our stay were made as much at home as in the house of any American. The marchioness is now one of the chief patrons and guides of education in England, though I believe it is still unknown where she derived her intelligence.

ADELAIDE BUTH HILL.

HE GOT BIG PAY.

An African Salary That Commanded Respect and Obedience.

Makuba and Oblanga were two Africans, the one the captain of a boat crew and the other subordinate to him. Oblanga was an independent fellow, not in the least lazy, who rather resented "bossing." In a book entitled "The Jungle Folk of Africa" R. H. Milligan tells of an altercation between the two men. Makuba, the diplomatic, came out of it with flying colors.

The worst disputes between Makuba and Oblanga took place when they supposed that I was asleep. The native when he lies down anywhere sleeps immediately. Whenever I was lying in the bottom of the boat they always thought I was unconscious and that no conceivable noise could awaken me.

Captain Makuba orders Oblanga to "haul away on the peak halyards," to which Oblanga promptly replies:

"Do it yourself."

"I won't do it; you will do it!" says Makuba in a threatening tone.

"Are you my father?" says Oblanga.

"No," answers Makuba, with infinite scorn. "How could a Kumbi man be the father of a creature like you?"

"Then stop giving me orders!" says Oblanga, with rising wrath. "It is not the first time you have tried it, and one of these days you will find out that it won't do."

"One of these days you will find out that I am captain of this boat and that you will have to obey me," says Makuba.

"Not as long as I carry a gun," answers Oblanga.

By this time they are standing up and looking hard at each other. But Makuba would not think of striking a man in a mission boat. He therefore becomes diplomatic. Suddenly in a tone altogether different he says:

"Oblanga, the trouble with you is that you are just a bushman. You don't know anything about civilization. On every big ocean steamer there is a captain, and every man on board, no matter what tribe he belongs to, obeys the captain."

Oblanga becomes instantly curious and asks, "Is he rich?"

"Yes," says Makuba; "he gets big pay, and so do I get big pay."

"How much do you get, Makuba?"

"How much do you think?"

Oblanga thinks as well as he knows how, his countenance distorted with the effort, and at length answers reflectively, "Two dollars a month." He himself gets a dollar and a half.

A broad smile engages Makuba's features as he slowly answers, "Five dollars a month."

Oblanga gives expression to his surprise in a long, low whistle. It is quite evident to him that no ordinary person could command such wages, and in a tone of utmost compliance he says: "What was it you told me to do, Makuba? I forget."

"I forget, too," says Makuba. "Oh, yes," he adds, "I told you to haul on the peak halyards."

Maryland Lotteries.

A Baltimore man interested in antiquarian research made a collection of old lottery tickets which gives interesting testimony as to the development of public morals. Most of the tickets were given out by Maryland lotteries, but quite as large a collection could undoubtedly be made in other states. Four of the tickets are in the Washington monument lottery, which was authorized by the legislature and was not given up until 1824. As early as 1753 a lottery was advertised to build a wharf. The drawing took place April 30, 1754. Ten years later one was undertaken to build a market house in "Baltimore Town" and for "buying two fire engines and a parcel of leather buckets." In 1782 a yearly lottery was authorized to aid the city expenses. Other objects for which money was raised in this way were parsonages, church bells, circulating libraries and gristmills.

Why He Wondered.

A certain Irish police inspector was reviewing a Belfast police station, the sergeant of which was a very bad speller. Looking through the books, he came upon an entry, "Found a pig wandering on the public road." "Sergeant," said he, "what was the pig wandering at?" "I don't know, sir," said the bewildered man.

"Well," said the inspector grimly, "I do. He must have been wondering why I promoted you!"

The Elemented Feminine.

Arthur, aged four, and Louise, aged two and a half, were disputing over a string which Louise claimed. All threats and force on Arthur's part were useless; she would not give up. After a moment he used guile.

"Wees," he said, "will you be my little wife?"

"Ess," she coyly answered.

"Then give me the string," he commanded.

And she gave it without a murmur.—Lippincott's.

Answered.

Borleigh—Ha, ha, old man! Nailing down a carpet, are you? Jones (who has just struck his thumb)—No, you fool! The carpet was here all the time. I'm just putting the floor under it!—Chicago News.

An Appropriate Sign.

Mrs. Smith—I see the contractor has put the sign "Sold" on the new house next door. Mr. Smith—Yes, and the sign "Stung" should be put on the buyer.—Kansas City Journal.

Don't trust the fellow who has a vacant look in a poker game. He generally has a full house.—Philadelphia Record.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.



It sometimes takes a lot of boosting by the right people to kill a good measure.

Stealing time from rest will sooner or later put you in the goal of neurasthenia.

What you get out of the world depends on what tools you have for working it.

Being able to adjust oneself to one's position isn't all; staying adjusted takes some ability too.

The man who has the explaining habit either feels overburdened with knowledge or has an uneasy conscience.

Ornamental things aren't necessarily useless, but often to that extent they are not mental.

No one should be censured for wanting to get even who is on the uneven edge of despair.

A man who is blind to his own interests finds many kind persons who are anxious to lead him.

It is time to take out accident insurance when you begin to think that you are beating the devil at his own game.

Sad Pleasure.

The joy there is in sorrow. The pleasure linked with pain. The fun that comes in shedding tears. To match a summer rain. Appeals perhaps to poets. And persons of that sort. And makes them downright happy. According to report.

It must be rare enjoyment. To have a broken heart. The pleasure somewhat milder. To feel a union smart. But for a time exquisite. Of that special brand. It's best to lose your fortune. And next day mash your hand.

For who could be light hearted. Or feel his life complete. If he had wads of money. And lived on Easy Street? To contemplate a prospect. With not a thing to lose. But sit and tear off coupons. Would make the bravest blue.

The beauty of amusement. Of this sad, soulful brand. Is that the means to make it. Are always at your hand. And as the tears are falling. You jump into the brine. And say to those unhappy: "Come in. The water's fine."

Neglected.

"John Alexander, I hear that you are gambling," said the indignant wife, trying to bear up under the disgrace and at the same time show that her heart was broken.

"Only matching pennies," said John offhandedly.

"Yes; you have plenty of time to match pennies, but can't find a minute to match that bit of blue silk for your poor wife—boohoo, boohoo!"

That Scared Look.



Ever notice how scared some people look when a rumor gets afloat that a lot of sinners are going to be exposed?

A Different Rate.

"How did you like the show?" "It put me to sleep." "You ought to see the manager and get a rebate. Your seat cost you \$2.50, and you ought to get a good bed for \$2."

Fireman's Snap.

"Where is your son?" "In the city." "Got a good job?" "Yes; nothing to do but go to fires."

The Aftermath.

After New Year's come the bills. Keeps a fellow hopping. Making payments on the frills. Of the Christmas shopping.

So Surprising.

"Why don't you behave yourself?" "What! I behave!" "Yes; you behave." "It would occasion so much talk."

Tender Spot.

"He will never recover from that fake duel." "Where was he wounded?" "In the egotism."

Notice of Condemnation for Right of Way

For Street Purposes.

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Bandon, Coos county, Oregon, at a regular meeting of said council, held upon March 15, 1909, at the City Hall, by resolution, pursuant to Sec. 92 of the Charter of said City of Bandon, did determine to open, lay out, establish, or extend the following streets within the corporate limits of the City of Bandon, in the manner following, to wit:

ON PIONEER STREET commencing at a point twenty-five feet west of the southwest corner of block No. 16, in the Original town of Bandon Oregon, the same being in the center of said Pioneer Street, thence south 4 degrees and 55 minutes west, 302 feet to a stake, thence south 65.7 feet to the North line of the South Fourth Street, said street to be 50 feet wide;

Also ON THE SOUTH FOURTH STREET: commencing in the City of Bandon, Oregon at the west line of Abernethy Street at the intersection thereof with said Fourth Street and in the center line thereof thence west along said center line of the South Fourth Street, 1114 feet to the west line of Pioneer Street Extended. Said South Fourth Street to be 60 feet wide, thirty feet of which, along south side of said Street has already been dedicated to the public,

Also on Wharf street, Beginning at the south end thereof, and in the center line thereof in the city of Bandon, thence south on said center line to the north line of the South Fourth street, 539 feet, said street to be sixty feet wide.

That the said council has caused each of the above designated streets or extensions thereof to be surveyed, and that the engineer has filed a report thereof, containing a plat of each of the above streets so proposed to be extended or widened, and that the said council will in its discretion adopt an ordinance embodying such report, and establish, widen or open the said streets, and within 30 days thereafter appoint three appraisers to assess the damages and benefits, if any to the respective owners of the lots or parts thereof, or other tracts thereby affected, and of the land appropriated.

Dated Bandon, Oregon, April 15th, 1909.

C. R. WADE, City Recorder.

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Executor's Notice

Notice is hereby given, that letters Testamentary with the will annexed have been issued by the Probate Court of Coos County, Oregon, unto Eugene Henry Hamblock and John Vinton Hamblock directing that they execute the provisions of the will of John F. Hamblock deceased, as to the disposition of his estate, and

Now therefore, all persons having claims against the estate of said John F. Hamblock deceased are required to present them, to either of the undersigned Executors at Parkersburg, Oregon, or at the office of C. R. Wade in Bandon, Oregon, with the proper vouchers, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, April 15, 1909.

EUGENE HENRY HAMBLOCK, JOHN VINTON HAMBLOCK, Et

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