Second Best

Henry Took Ann at Her Word, but Little Jimmy Rebelled.

By LOUISE OLNEY.

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Ann Mark's eye flashed. Direct as her name, she refused to marry Henry Jasper. He stood before her a little awkwardly, but yet a man that most women would have considered kindly. He was not forty, well off for the simple community, highly respected, and his wife, Caroline, had been dead three years. Being a mere man, how could he know that Ann, his old schoolmate, had suffered agonies when as a young man he had courted and married her cousin?

No one knew why Ann had not married. She never wore her heart on her sleeve. Now, in spite of herself, her heart softened to him, noting how his hand ruffled his hair as it always did when he was puzzled and unhappy.

"I never did think I could be second best in any man's life," she went on rather cruelly. "And I don't see how at my age, thirty-five, and I don't care who knows it—I don't see how I can begin playing mother to another woman's child. The boy will hate me, as all children do a stepmother. No; ask some other woman." The man flushed angrily.

"Don't insult me, Ann. You know I don't want any other woman. I've always—you know I can't tell you what I always thought of you. It wouldn't seem fair to Caroline, who did her best by me."

The world knew she had been a weak, fretful, untidy woman, jealous, thriftless, her baby beauty gone in a few years. And it knew of his loyalty. He could not tell this woman how in the years she had been about his house helping Caroline his heart had gone out to Ann's cheery strength, her wholesome, healthy kindness. He tried one word more.

"Ann, if you knew how I needed you in every way you would come. Do you think I have forgotten how to love?" Still she shook her head. He turned slowly away, climbed into his buggy and drove to his own farm. Ann sat thinking, for she remembered many things. She finally rose and went into her sister's house, where she was visiting. Molly looked at her curiously as she entered, waiting to be told something, for she had guessed Henry's errand. But she was forced to respect Ann's silence.

In the crisp September morning Ann started out for a walk. She went over the hill where she used to play with Molly and with Henry and Caroline. How strangely things had worked out! She thought of her busy life as forewoman in a big shop, her practical, busy, useful, lonely life. How soon her visit to the old place would be over! Reaching the top of the hill, she sat down in the falling leaves, pushing the heavy dark hair back from her face. Her big eyes were soft and kind and dark, like an animal's eyes. She was tall and vigorous.

Down in the valley she could see Henry Jasper's house and barnyard. He was hitching the bays to the buggy, and presently he drove away. A sudden temptation assailed her. She had heard Molly say his most recent housekeeper had left. Should she go and have a look at things? She did not see the boy about. Probably Jimmy was at his grandmother's. She rose and walked across the stubble.

The door was locked, but she found the key under the mat and entered. She could have groaned at sight of the kitchen—dishes unwashed, floor ditto, disorder rampant. The sitting room, the bedroom, everything was a sorry sight to her housewifely eye, for she was first and always a housekeeper. Things had been bad enough in Caroline's time, but now they were impossible.

She had no compunction about entering. She had always been in and out before she went to the city. He would not care. She looked at the clock and calculated that he could not get back from town under two hours. Then she rolled up her sleeves and skirt and went to work—dishes first, then the floor, then sweeping, dusting and making beds. Before she knew it three hours had gone and it was noon. She found a bite to eat and decided to go on even if he caught her at it. She did not care.

Knowing it would take weeks to get everything as it should be, she chose those points to put to rights that would make for sheer comfort. She made some pies and ginger cookies and doughnuts and boiled some corned beef from the barrel, trying not to see the condition the cellar was in. The afternoon wore on, and still Henry did not return. She mended some of Jimmy's clothes, poor child!

She had decided that she would keep at work as long as possible and then slide out the back way when she saw him coming, but it was not to be. About 4 she suddenly was aware of a wailing in the yard and from the door beheld Jimmy, fish pole in hand, limping along and crying at every step. He was a boy of ten, like his father as one pea to another. She ran to meet him and saw that his foot was cut and bleeding. She picked him up and carried him in, washed his foot, dressed it and put him on the sofa, where she fed him. As she came to take away the plate he suddenly, in the most boylike fashion, snatched her about the neck and kissed her. Then he fell asleep.

By this time she had no thought of going back till the child's father came. She moved about the kitchen and dining room in her orderly, effective way—a way businesslike, eminently womanly and good. The waste apparent everywhere annoyed her thrifty soul. She saw forty ways to better and save. She set the table with a fresh cloth and put a good supper to cook on the stove she had blackened at the cost of her pretty, plump hands, her one beauty save her eyes. It was nearing 6 o'clock.

After a little Jimmy awoke and without warning began to cry, refusing to tell what troubled him, but denying that it was his foot. Finally Ann got a low rocker, took the child in her arms and began to rock him. Great boy that he was, he snuggled to her, his unloved little heart accepting the comfort, trusting this soft voiced, smiling, mother armed woman who called herself Aunt Ann.

As she sat thus, her attention quite absorbed, Henry Jasper came wearily to the kitchen door, his arms loaded with groceries, his face hopeless. He had been wondering where to look for Jimmy, who had been allowed that morning to go to a neighbor's.

Then with unbelieving joy he saw the clean room, the spread table, the new air of comfort, and, best of all, in Ann Mark's kind arms he saw his sleeping motherless child—a child nearly as unmothered before his own mother's death as after it. She looked up at him and smiled.

"He cut his foot and came home crying. I came over, and when I saw so much to do I went to work. I knew you wouldn't mind, Henry."

Mind! The hard thing was that she should come just to go again; that she should give him a taste of this calm comfort, let him see her like this and deny him a continuance of it. He was very miserable in his gratitude.

"Put your packages on the sink," she commanded, "and when I have laid Jimmy down I will put them away. Will you open the oven door and look at the biscuit?" He obeyed her, then stood looking while she deftly put everything in its place. The milk pail shiningly waited for him to take it and go out to milk, but he lingered. And Jimmy awoke and wanted to tell his father about the enormous fish that nibbled at his hook and got almost caught and how he had cut his foot on the broken bottle and found Aunt Ann to bind it up.

"Supper is ready, and you had better eat before you do the rest of the chores, Henry," she said, helping the boy to limp to his place.

They ate joyfully, talking, laughing, the man wondering how many minutes would pass before she rose to go. The future yawned emptily. She was asking him about his housekeepers, what he paid them, advising him what he should do. Finally when she rose he rose too. They stood facing each other, and her clear eyes smiled.

"You are— Oh, Ann, you have been good!" he said awkwardly. "Shall I hitch up and drive you home, or will you walk?" So he had taken her at her word. It was evident that he had no thought of anything permanent in all this. But the woman had. She saw here her place, her opportunity. The old hurt and anger had passed, and she was again at heart the simple girl who had loved in secret this man who was at last hers. She paused a moment, still looking at him. There was now no thought of being "second best." She would make herself all to them.

"I'll wash the dishes up first, and then after you have done the chores you can walk back with me." Jimmy set up a sudden wail from his chair, where he still sat at the table.

"I don't want you to go away," he cried, "and I won't stay alone while papa goes with you!" Ann went behind his chair and put her arms around him. She did not look at the child's father.

"Listen, Jimmy. Auntie must go tonight, but if you will be good till papa comes back I will come again."

"When will you? How long will you stay?" he demanded, with the definiteness of childhood. No uncertainty for Jimmy! She did not hesitate.

"I will come back—in the morning—and I will stay always—if papa says that I may?"

Jimmy, forgetting his foot, jumped at her neck like a little boa constrictor. But his father set him down, wanting her himself just then.

"Are you going to let her stay, papa?" Then Henry Jasper laughed, and the burden of unhappy years rolled from his shoulders. Ann was presently forced to hand him the milk pail as a hint to let her get at the dishes.

Pantomime Performances.

Most pantomime characters were originally borrowed from the Italians. The first real English pantomime was produced at a theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1720. It was called "Harlequin Executed," and its subtitle was "A New Italian Comic Scene Between a Scaramouche, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, His Wife and Others." The performance was very successful. About the middle of the eighteenth century the character of pantomime performances was completely altered, chiefly because of the genius of the famous Grimaldi, who made the clown the first figure in the pantomime. Grimaldi first appeared at Sadler's Wells theater, where he played the part of a monkey. He was actively engaged on the stage for forty-nine years, and at the close of his career he took a benefit at Drury Lane theater which realized nearly £600. He also received £100 from the Drury Lane fund. This was in June, 1828. He died in 1837 and was buried in the churchyard of St. James' chapel, Pentonville Hill.

MOORISH SOLDIERS.

Their Methods In Battle and Their System of Signals.

At fighting on horseback the Moors are adepts and extremely mobile. But they are incorrigibly lazy and seldom indulge in night attack. When they attack in force the horsemen usually give a lift to the foot soldiers who accompany them or allow them to run alongside and hold on to a stirrup iron. The mounted men then make a charge, wheel round and retire and make way for the footmen, who crawl along the ground, almost invisible, and who rise to the attack if they come within striking distance of the enemy. As a rule, the Riffians prefer to lure detached parties into an ambush or defile and thus inflict heavy loss upon them. The mounted men seldom dismount to fire, and their firing, being from the saddle, is very inaccurate. Should the advance of the white troops be slow or hesitating the Moors effect a bold combination between horsemen and footmen and generally succeed in inflicting heavy losses on their enemy.

The prime tactics of the Moors are to delay the advance of an enemy as much as possible by mounted rifle fire until they can discern its extent and direction and subsequently to try enveloping the advancing force. The tribes also indulge in sniping, but not to a very great extent, and they also fight individually. They do not neglect opportunities for stratagem and can effect some very clever ruses. They are also guilty of abusing the services of the white flag in action.

The Moorish intelligence system is an excellent one, and the tribes are seldom without information regarding the movements of an enemy. They have also an excellent system of signaling at night by means of small fires dotted about the hills and ravines, which are obscured and revealed in accordance with an ingenious code of signals known to themselves.—Chicago News.

DREAM INSPIRATION.

Intellectual Achievements Born of Visions In Sleep.

It is well known, says H. Addington Bruce in Success Magazine, that dreams have stimulated men to remarkable intellectual achievements and have even supplied the material for these achievements. Thus Coleridge composed "Kubla Khan" in a dream. Tartini got his "Devil's Sonata" from a dream in which the devil appeared and challenged him to a musical competition. It was a dream that gave Voltaire the first canto of his "Henriade," and Dante's "Divina Commedia" is likewise said to have been inspired by a dream.

Many novelists on their own admission have obtained the plots for some of their best works from materials provided in dreams. A particularly impressive instance is that of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose "Chapter on Dreams" in his book "Across the Plains" should be read by all who would learn what dreams can do for a man intellectually. The solution of baffling mathematical problems, the ideas necessary to complete some invention, have been supplied by dreams. Occasionally the dreamer has been known to rise in his sleep and jot down the information thus acquired.

In such cases he usually forgets all about the helpful dream and on awaking is greatly surprised at finding the record he has made of it, which shows that—as with the visions so potently influencing health—it is possible for dreams to aid a man in an intellectual way without his being consciously aware of them.

Bird's Milk.

"I fed him with bird's milk." This curious expression was used by the old sultan of Turkey, while a prisoner on his way to Salonikl, with reference to his brother Mohammed, his predecessor on the throne. Abdul Hamid was lamenting his own fate and telling his captors how little he deserved it and how kind he had been to his brother. "I fed him with bird's milk," he said, as if that were the greatest kindness he could show. What is bird's milk? Not the Turkish equivalent of the milk of human kindness, but a European brand of condensed milk bearing on the can a picture of a bird on a nest.

His Conundrum.

"Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween a cold in de head an' a—a chicken coop wit' a hole in de rufe?"

"No, Sam; that's a hard one. What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole in the roof?"

"De one am a case o' influenza, an' de uddah am a case o' out flew hens, suh."

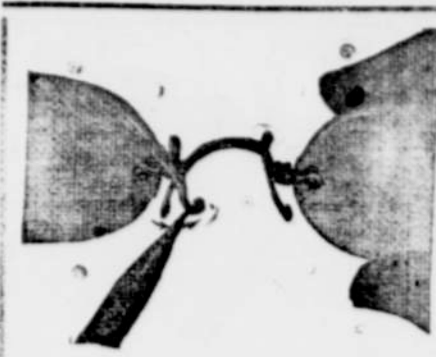
"Ladies and gentlemen, the vocal wonder, Professor Wabbles Izzeers, will now sing the popular ballad entitled 'The Lips That Caress a Stogy Shall Never Touch Mine.'"—Chicago Tribune.

What's In a Name.

Returned Traveler—By the way, Mr. Mann, your daughter, Miss Etta, is married, isn't she? Old Resident—No; she could have married a fine young fellow once, but she threw him over on account of his name. She said it was bad enough to be Etta Mann, but she drew the line at Etta Knox.—Chicago Tribune.

No Economy There.

Bronx—In Russia they never say, "What's in a name?" Lenox—Why not? Bronx—It's taken for granted that it's the whole alphabet.—Lippincott's.



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Bandon, Oregon

Notice of Sale of Tide Lands

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 December 14, 1909, at 10:00 a. 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 or overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, providing such offer is made in good faith; and also providing 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 Coos county, Oregon, and described as follows:

Beginning at a point on the meander line of the Coquille river at the northwest corner of lot 6, which said point is 1320 feet east and 1965 feet north from corners sections 17, 18, 19 and 20, running thence along meander line as follows, to-wit:

S 84 ° e 130 feet.
S 74 ° 45' e 492 feet.
North 36 feet to low water line.
N 75 ° 15' w 257 feet along low water line.
N 73 ° 10' w 232 feet.
N 80 ° w 137 feet.
S 100 feet to place of beginning, containing 1.31 acres, being tide land fronting on west half of lot 6, sec. 17, T 28, S R 14 W of W M.

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

39-10t

Dated this Sept. 28, 1909.

Notice

Notice is hereby given, That the common council of the city of Bandon, by resolution passed at a regular meeting Nov. 1st, 1909, proposes sidewalk improvement upon streets as follows:

On South Fourth street, on the south side thereof, extending from the northwest corner of the Waterman's Park addition east to the plank road thence south where there is no walk at this time to Fifth street.

Also on Pacific avenue (otherwise known a Little and Wood street) on both sides thereof (where walk has not already been built) extending from Atwater to Sixth street. Said walks to be six feet wide and of usual specifications.

Now unless a seperate written remonstance against each or either of the above described and proposed improvements be signed by the owners of two-thirds of the real property adjacent to and abutting upon such streets or parts thereof as are contained in each or either improvement, and such remonstrance or remonstances be filed with the recorder on or before the 8th day of December, 1909, then the common council will pass an ordinance declaring and ordering such improvements, and both of them, or either of them that may not have been remonstrated against, which ordinance will also assess the cost thereof to adjacent property and provide for the collection thereof.

Dated at Bandon, Oregon, November 18th, 1909.

C. R. WADE, City Recorder.

45-3t

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