

A USEFUL VALENTINE

By BERTHA D. ALSOP.

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Della Thorpe was passing out of the age when girls send or expect valentines. At least she personally considered them as more fitted for children than for grownup young ladies of seventeen like herself. But Della was rather a dignified young person with old ways.

There is a place in all girls' hearts vacant until it is filled by some young fellow. This place had been filled for Della, but neither he who filled it nor any one else knew of the fact. Della herself was afraid even to breathe his name in her prayers, fearing some ordinary mortal without sentiment or sympathy would hear.

Henry Robbins, a bank clerk, was the youth whose image had found a pre-eminent place in her vision. After all, in youth is it not the image that makes the impression? Marriage among very young people is certainly a lottery.

When Della on the morning of the 14th of February received a valentine addressed in Henry's handwriting—she had received one note from him and treasured it, locked in her jewel box—she was surprised. She tried at first to make herself think that she was displeased. Henry was five years her senior, and it occurred to her that his sending her a valentine indicated that he considered her a child. There was one redeeming feature—it had been mailed in a plain envelope. But presently this feeling wore off and there was something very delightful about the little stamped thing bedaubed with cupids, notwithstanding that she deplored Henry's having sent it to a person of such advanced age as herself. Pasted to its center was a little silver gawgaw star, underneath which was written "Star of Hope." While the address on the envelope was unmistakably Henry's, Della was not quite certain that the writing under the star was his. It looked more like the hand of a much younger person. But she preferred to think that it was Henry's work, and why shouldn't it be since he had addressed the envelope? Why had he called it the star of hope? Because it expressed a hope that she would be his valentine, of course. Well, what next? Why, he expected that if there was hope for him she would let him know. And how would she do this? By sending him the star. It was all plain as the sun in heaven after she had thought it out.

Some crusty bachelors, most of them woman haters, assert that women have not logical brains. This process of reasoning on the part of one of the sex no older than her eighteenth year is an excellent refutation of these men's assertion. Ten to one if a man had received such a missive he would never have suspected that the star had any meaning whatever; would have thrown "the thing" into the wastebasket and left the sender to find out whether or no there was hope for her by asking him point blank.

Pardon this digression, Della Thorpe knew in her heart that there was a great deal of hope for Henry Robbins, and she deemed it her duty—it was certainly her pleasure—to inform him of the fact. So she detached the star, put it in a little envelope, such as is used for sending cards, and slipped it in a letter box.

"Tim," said Henry Thorpe on the morning of the 15th of February to an office boy. "There is some mistake here. You were sending valentines the other day. Do you know anything about this?"

"It's a star that was on one of the valentines I sent."

Henry had been very busy with the mail on the 13th. Tim Butler had that day been addressing valentines on Henry's desk. Henry had written Della Thorpe an invitation to go to the skating rink with him on the evening of the 15th, and it was evident that Tim's girl had been invited to the rink while Henry's girl had been sent the star of hope valentine.

The practical part of all this Henry reasoned out very readily. But as to deducing what the star meant he was as stupid as an owl. There was nothing for him to do but explain the matter to Della. He did so in a note stating that a valentine belonging to an office boy had got into an envelope intended to contain an invitation to go with him to the skating rink, adding an apology for having sent the valentine. He would call at 8 o'clock to take her to the rink.

Such brutal treatment, though unintentional, naturally had its effect upon Della. She received him very coolly when he called and declined to go out. He sat down with her and tried to find out what was the matter, but he was not up to the work. To reason out the problem as Della had reasoned out the star of hope matter was an impossibility with him. Supposing that Della was miffed at his sending her a valentine, he apologized for doing so, declaring that a man of his age who would send a girl a paper made star should be relegated to the nursery. This didn't improve matters. Della's eyes flashed; then tears stood in them. And yet Henry was not aware that every moment he was stabbing her right in the heart.

"Do little girl," he exclaimed, "do tell me what it is."

"I can't," she moaned.

"Do, please!"

"I thought you sent the star of hope to learn something from me. I've returned it to you."

A glimmer struggled inside Henry's thick skull. He took her in his arms, and it was all over.

The R. D. Hume Estate Sold

Portland, Or., March 23—Thousands of acres of land in the Rogue river valley, embracing an estate which has become historic in Oregon as the realm of the late R. D. Hume "King of the Rogue River," and the "Laird of Wedderburn," passed into the hands of Portland men for a consideration of \$350,000.

Keasey, Humason & Jeffrey, a real estate firm of this city, have purchased the holdings of the Hume estate including the transfer of 15,000 acres of land, extensive fishing rights, salmon canneries, a wealth of water power, a part of the town of Wedderburn, a large tract of timber land, sawmills, fruit canneries, farm lands and a varied line of industries in the Southern Oregon district.

Starting with practically nothing in the early days, Mr. Hume, who died a year ago, began fishing operations on the Rogue river, and little by little increased his holdings. He developed his particular section of country in a wonderful manner and only ceased his strenuous operations, which have earned for him the title of "King of the Rogue River," when he died.

The great wealth developed by Mr. Hume includes 15,000 acres of land. This is located along the Rogue river valley eighteen miles from its mouth and also along the coast for a distance of five miles. The town of Wedderburn is located on the property and the sale includes the transfer of a general store, supplying the surrounding country, a hotel, a big salmon cannery, two cold storage plants, one located at Wedderburn and the other at Port Orford, two salmon hatcheries one at Trail creek, on the upper Rogue river above Medford, and the other near the mouth of the river. The government operates the hatchery at the upper river and the Hume people have been operating the lower one.

The sales also include two sawmills located near Wedderburn, in the heart of heavy timber. There are about 5000 acres of timber land, a part of which is the celebrated Port Orford cedar and the remainder is Oregon fir. The timber is all heavy and will be retained by the new owners.

Of the 10,000 acres, in addition to the timber land, there are 8000 acres of tillable land, which is well supplied with water and which is rich land, well adapted for agricultural purposes. It is the intention of the new owners to open the territory of the lower Rogue river, long shut off from the rest of the world, by plating 8000 acres into five, ten and twenty acre tracts.

This will mean an awakening of the entire district. When the lands were owned by Mr. Hume nothing could be bought, and instead of inviting settlers to locate in his district, he spent every effort in bottling up the immense resources of the country and river by buying every inch of land along the river from the mouth far back toward its headwaters and keeping the itinerant visitor away with great signs bearing the placard, "No Trespass."

The water power of the river, which is immense, was never utilized but was allowed to go to waste, and no others were allowed to encroach or even to make a proposition that certain water rights be turned over, so jealous was the owner that he would lose his powerful hold on the river and vicinity.

There are other landmarks on the tract purchased, however, which bear witness to another side of the character of the big man who built up the fishing industry of Southern Oregon.

At one time, just before a certain fourth of July, the town of Wedderburn wished to celebrate, but had no place to hold a suitable carnival. Then the "Laird of Wedderburn" proved his right to the name by building a race track, grandstand, paddock, etc., at a cost of \$16,000, turning it over to the citizens and saying: "There's your track, go ahead and celebrate."

Judge Harris Coming Here

The adjourned term of Circuit Court will be convened at Coquille Monday, April 18th, by Judge J. S. Coke. The Grand Jury will meet at that time and take up various matters, including unfinished business and new criminal matters that have come up since court adjourned. It is expected that this will enable the grand jury to make a partial report on the criminal cases so that they can be taken up when the regular term of court is convened April 25th. During the adjourned term, Judge Coke will hear arguments, motions, etc.

At the regular term of court, Judge Harris of Eugene will assist the cases in which Judge Coke is disqualified, owing to his previously having been attorney for some of the parties to the suits. The principal one of these cases is the suit of R. A. Graham vs. Spreckels Brothers, the Southern Pacific et al. in which the local railway is involved.

Of the criminal cases to be tried, the Jones murder case at Bandon is the principal one, and a secondary one is that of "Cooonskin" Charley Neal.—Coos Bay Times.

Eloping Youths Fight Pursuers

San Diego, Cal., March 29—Thomas Foreman, aged 17, who eloped last night a second time with Gertrude Selfert, the 15 year old daughter of John Selfert, a wealthy liquor dealer, in an automobile, is reported at Bay near Des Canos, 25 miles northeast of San Diego, where he is standing off the posse. The boy is well armed and it is said a battle with the pursuers occurred when snow blocked the further progress of the runaways.

Deputy Sheriff Thomas, stationed at Los Canos organized a posse, took the auto trail and overtook them a mile and a half beyond Los Canos where the machine stuck in the snow. Young Foreman grabbed the girl by the arm and the two ran to a clump of brush and as they ran fired several shots at the pursuers, who refrained from replying for fear of hitting the girl. When ordered to surrender, Foreman hotly declared he would kill as many of the pursuers as he could and then kill the girl and himself. The fear that he would carry his threat into execution prevented a rush on the hiding place. This afternoon word was received that the young people loaded with provisions, had abandoned ambuscade and were fleeing on foot across the mountains, in the direction of Cuyamaca. The father of the girl in an auto is trying to head off the couple. The boy is armed with a repeating rifle and two revolvers.

In The Circuit Court of The State of Oregon, in and for The County of Coos

T. F. Lewis Plaintiff vs. Rebecca Lewis Defendant

To Rebecca Lewis, the above named defendant

In the Name of the State of Oregon:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for the publication of this summons, which prescribed time is six (6) weeks, the last day of which time will be Thursday, the 5th day of May, 1916.

And if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint by the said time, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for a decree forever annulling the marriage contract existing between yourself and the said plaintiff.

This summons is published in the Bandon Recorder, a weekly newspaper published in Coos County, Oregon, for six (6) consecutive weeks, beginning March 24th, 1916, and ending May 5th, 1916 by order of publication made by the Hon. John S. Coke, Circuit Judge of the State of Oregon at Chambers in Coquille, Oregon, on the 24th day of March 1916.

Geo. P. Topping Attorney for Plaintiff

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