THE MORNING HERALD: SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1889

A CURATE'S COURTSHIP.

"I never knew anything so unfortunate !" cried Mrs. Smithby, her plump, rosy face now crimson with vexation, her eyes filling with tears that she dashed angrily away. "Things always go contrary with me. I hope I am as good a Chris-

tian as the wife of the rector of Thorpeslea ought to be, and I wouldn't say this to any one but you, Mr. Allingham," she nodded young man who was listening love-birds dangling from her finger, sympathetically to her com-plaints, "but I do feel it hardvery hard-that the rector should be seized with one of his old attacks just now.'

"Is Mr. Smithby worse than usual?" queried Mr. Smithby's curate. "I thought you said yesterday-

That attack was passing off Yes, and so it was, but he would eat-that is he did not obey the doctor's injunctions, and the result is a relapse.'

"But not a dangerous one, I Thorpelsea, and as ill-paid as curates often are, he had learned to like the jolly, generous, self-in-dulgent old gentleman who made him free of his excellent library, and treated him courteously and kindly on all points save that of in-

creasing his salary. "No; Mr. Smithby is out of danger now," answered the lady, with a sigh of weariness, "but all night long, and until an hour ago, he was in agony, and I was not able to leave his side for a minute. Was that his bell? I must hurry back. But just imagine in what a predicament his illness has placed thenme! I am expecting by the train ham touched her shoulder, and now due my disstant relation-Miss Daiston-you have heard me speak of her ?- from San Francisco, and looked as if she would faint. Lady Harrington, with whom she has travelled to England; and it worries me dreadfully to think that they should find the house in disthe nearest hotel." order, their rooms not ready, the rector in the doctor's hands, and me half dead with worry and iatigue !'

Yes, Lance Allingham had heard but too often of Mrs. Smithby's distant-yes very distant kinsfolk the Daistons. He knew by condistant—yes very distant kinstols, the Daistons. He knew by con-stant reiteration that at Mr. Daiston's death, which took place year ago, his immense Californian was divided between his son and daughter, the young lady's share amounting to so large a sum that the curate secretly believed Mrs. Smithby must have exaggerated it.

was rumored that the young heiress had expressed a wish to come to England, and make the acquaintance of her deceased mother's relations, Mrs. Smithby had sent her a very pressing invitation.

Tom had been here. I have tele- places she had visited were so himself for letting his thoughts graphed for him, but-" She paused, for the fly was at Smithby's sermon lay unheeded cern him; and when a message the door, but its only occupant till the door was thrown open with from Mrs. Smithby reminded him

girl, in a dowdy cap and travel-stained ulster, under which she Only the gout, as usual, is it?" W wore a gown of quaker-gray, unrelieved by trimmings or ornaments this time." of any description.

come here directly."

he will be all right again, and

She said no more, for Mr. Alling-

was leaning against a chair and

pitable, as well as well as too po-

litic to permit this.

I don't know."

him.

ligent.

"Who is this?" gasped Mrs. Tom, who was not in his customary Smithby. "Oh, I see it is one of good humor. "And so there could he assisted her, need not have lastthe maids sent on with the lug- have been no necessity for writing ed nearly an hour, nor was there for me. I was having such a jolly any occasion for such new acgage.

And taking her hand out of Mr. time of it at Sir Ashton's." Allingham's arm, she went a step "Don't you think your mother confidential; Lance speaking of his or two to meet the new-comer, who | needed the comfort of your presat the tall, thin, gentlemanly or two to meet the new-comer, who ence?" he was gravely asked. "Bah! she had you at her elbow, ries of troubles that ended in death

and a King Charles' spaniel in her and you are worth a dozen of my for them and poverty for their son; arms, reposing on the heap of scatter-brained self. I was only while Hillian talked just as ten-wraps, of which Mr. Allingham sent for to conrt the heiress, which derly of the dear, good father she I would have done with pleasure, had lost a year ago, and the Caliquietly relieved her. "You are Lady Harrington's for I am quite out at elbows-

"Do you not see?" cried the bride now reigned queen and mismaid, I suppose," said brisk Mrs. Smithby. "Come in ! come in ! Is curate, contriving at last to stop tress. your lady far behind? And Miss him, "do you not see that we are Daiston, how has she borne the not alone?"

journey?" "Hum! Ha! Oh! my lady's "but I had grown restless, and longed to see the land where my lady Harrington," the girl replied, a tinge of color creeping into the down of the set to see the land where my lady a tinge of color creeping into the set to see the land where my lady a tinge of color creeping into the set to see the land where to see the land where to see the land where my father was born. By the way, Lady a lange of color creeping into the set to see the land where to see the land wher Allingham, I shall I go back to Sir | she is a dear, kind creature; I hope her pale cheeks. "She had started for Thorpeslea, when, at the first Ashton's," he added in the lan- you will like her, Mr. Allingham." hope?" and Lance Allingham spoke with much cordiality, for though he was overworked at for Thorpeslea, when, at the first stopping place, a telegram recalled her to town. She had not time to lond me a few sons? Do, there's a gauge of our Gallic neighbors, "till "I am glad to hear she is expect-Miss Moneybags arrives. Can you ed so soon. It will put an end to write, as she had to return imme- lend me a few sous? Do, there's a a-concealment shall I call it ?diately to give her evidence in good fellow!

some lawsuit; but I am bidden to express her regrets, and hopes that lent linguist, "that the poor of "It has been great fun to have a shall be set free, when she will your father's parish have every halfpenny I can spare from my "Gone back to London and taken salary? Miss Daiston with her, of course.

"Then it is a shame the pater doesn't raise it," said Tom warm-Do you hear this, Mr. Allingham? ly. "Fancy screwing a man down whom his parents have pressed Really it is a great relief to me. To have guests in the house, and to such a paltry wage that he cannot oblige a friend with a loan! not likely to fall a victim to his especially such guests, while Mr. Smithby is so ill, would have wor-I'm quite sorry for you-'pon honor ried me to death. In a day or two I am.

"Don't preach, if you love me !' cried reckless Tom, with a grimace. "Ta, ta! You'll see me again as soon as the maiden fair and wealthy

drew her attention to the girl who turns up." Away went Smithby junior and looked. the curate returned to his task, but

he could not resist glancing at his "I am tired, that is all," she contrived to falter. "We had a silent companion, who was now the curate went home to his lodgrough passage, and-I will go to gathering her wraps together, preparatory to retiring to the attic, which Marianne had not very courteously apprised her was ready there and the Smithbys-the rector But Mrs. Smtthby was too hos-

for her. Her eyes met Mr. Allingham's "Indeed, my good girl, you shall do no such thing, but stay where and there was a faint ripple of a

both of us," said the curate, so seriously that she reddened. A moment of perplexity and "True there is a certain awk-

"Do take this poor thing into wardness in proclaiming oneself added, "snd he is going out to Caliyour study; there is a fire there, to be the Miss Moneybags of a Lance Allingham started up:

proved to be a young woman as a bang—and enter the rector's son. plain in attire as she was in features. A sallow, sickly-looking I should find you here. What's as soon as he arrived at the rec-Poker is our national game, and that is why the chips are red, white Was it his fault that, just as he and blue. "Mr. Smithby has been very ill

earlier days, when his parents were

in easy circumstances, and the se

fornia home in which her brother's

"They would have had me stay

with them," she went on to say,

which troubles me."

original, and often witty, that Mr. dwell on a subject that did not con-

"What is your salary, Dr. Stig-ging?" "My salary." said the Drugs. clergyman slowly, "is \$3,000. But was writing the last line, Hillian Daiston came into the room to "Yes, but he's better," retorted search for a book?

my pay is about \$1,200."

Not Her Fault .-- "What an enigma you are, Nell!" "Why?" "I never know how to take you." quaintances to become strangely 'You've never tried.'

HUMOROUS DRIPT.

How chill November's surly blasts Are howling cross the wold, And he whose eval is not laid in Will find the world is cold.

Edison is reported as saying that the world will soon be "one wast year." Perhaps this is the scientific method of calling the world an ass.

Lady of the house -"Why. you are the same man to whom I gave a loaf of my hame made bread the other day." Tramp -"Yes, mum; and I merely came around to show you that I was still alive."

Boarder (to landlady was has just discharged a prefane coek)-Was that the beetsteak I heard

swearing in the kitcken?" Landlady-"Sir?" Bearder--"O, I'm enough."

Deacon Jones (solemnly) -"My young friend de you attend a place of worship?" Young man-"Yes, sir, regularly, every Sunday night." Deacon Jones-"Pray rell me

peep at the other side of the shield. Forewarned, as you are aware, Mr. man - "I'm on my way to see her Allingham, is forearmed, and now I know in what sort of a light Mr. Tom Smithby regards the girl on new.

their invitations so urgently, I am

fascinations, or his debts." But though Hillian Daiston spoke looks! Has he been ill?" Oh, no; he's all right. 'The poor fellow is booked for a funny speech to-

> Mrs. Blinks-"See here, Mr. B. I thought you said you had been duck shooting." Mr. Blinks-"Yes, m' dear, been duck (hic) shooting," "But these ducks you brought home are tame ducks." "Y-e-s, m' dear, I tamed 'em after I (hic) shet'em ."

Edison has invented a phonographic clock that will talk. If he was about again-were vieing with will teach a timepiece to yawn and each other in attentions to their say "Good night, George"-or whatever his front name may be-But he could not decline an inabout half past 10 p. m., every vitation to dine at the rectory, nor resist the spell of Hillian's smile family in which there is a courtable daughter will purchase one. when she beckoned him to a seat

Rogers-"I tell you sir, when beside her in the drawing-room. "I am going to London with my the Chickasaw bank pressed poor lady to-morrow," she said, "but I hope I shall revisit Thorpeslea at old Jones for a settlement it signed his death warrant!" William-"You don't say so! Why did it some future time. Tom and I quite understand each other now," she affect him so seriously?" "He had taken a heavy cold, and the draught fornia to learn farming under my from the bank brought on pneumonia."



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LOWEST LIVING RATES.

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chairman?" Pongee-"Yes, my dear." "Aow utterly miserable he

so ironically, the next time the curate met her she was riding with night.' Tom. and in such earnest conversation with him that Lance Alling-

ham was in danger of being over-Although the heiresschecked her horse and apologized very prettily, ings heavy hearted. He avoided

Neither could he shut his eyes to the fact that Miss Daiston's wouldbe hostess began to build castles in the air as soon as the invitation was accepted.

The Reverend Josiah and Mrs. Smithby had one son, who was alternately their delight and torment. Thoughtless and extravagant, handsome and merry, everyone liked Tom Smithby, though his best friends sighed over his wasted abilities.

"Nothing would steady him like marriage," Mrs. Smithby averred; and she dreamed dreams of seeing him lead to the altar the heiress of of so many thousands, that her dear Tom's purse never need be empty again.

But, as usual, Tom was not at home when his presence would legible notes glancing up occasionhave been a real assistance to his ally to satisfy himself that his mother, who clapped her hands to- charge was progressing favorably gether with an exclamation of dismay as she caught sight through features was not so positively ugly the open door of a fly, piled with as he had at first considered her. luggage, coming from the direction of the railway station.

"There they are! Lady Har-rington and Miss Daiston, and a maid or two, no doubt, and nothing ready for them. Dear, dear, what shali I do?"

"Can I be of any use to you?" asked Mr. Allingham again.

The question reminded Mrs. Smithby of what, in her distress, she had forgotten.

is very anxious about the sermon musical laugh. he promised to preach next Sunday at the church parade of the benefit societies. He bade me tell you his notes for it are in his study ed as a reminder that my place is table, and he shall feel immensely obliged if you will make a fair copy of them, and extend and annotate resent it by refusing what they them to the best of your ability." have brought. May I offer you a

Lance Allingham did not care for his task. Besides, he could not help knowing that the people of Thorpeslea would rather listen to his earnest, practical comments on some favorite text, than be sent to sleep with one of the rector's ing the scraps of cold meat and weighty, prosy discourses. But, stale jam tarts t then, how decline to oblige his the tea equipage. clerical superior?

Moreover, Mr. Smithby's caligraphy was execrable, and took ors as a matter of course, with a time to decipher.

His curate, on whom the whole vented any awkwarkness on either work of the parish devolved, had side. She could not eat, but sat been too busy to go home to his lodgings at lunch time, and was be- ly, till her eyes fell upon an enginning to feel cravings for that graving on the wall, when she utdinner his landlady had tered an exclamation of pleasure. early promised to have ready for him at 5 o'clock. It wanted but twenty rington has a chalet there, and we minutes to that hour, when the only left it for Paris a week ago. work of writing Mr. Smithby's sermon was thrust upon him.

He was just going to propose "Once, soon after leaving col-that he should be allowed to take lege," he replied. "The glory of the notes away and transcribe the sunset among the mountains them at his leisure, when Mrs. and the solemnity of the early Smithby caught hold of his arm. "Don't leave me! Where can still."

ance with my young cousin, I meaning, this young stranger was could have mahaged very well if well read, and her remarks on the

while you are writing. 1 must go "Is it possible that you areback to the rector; but will con-"Hillian Daiston? she said trive to send her some tea short-

innerman as often as his studies

proved too much for him.

then the curate was appealed to.

Away bustled Mrs. Smithby; and Lance, half-amusod, half-an- of drum, but in borrowd-no, I noved at the duties that had been thrust on him, picked up the "but in clothes that do not belong spaniel now frisking about his feet, and opening the door of the tome." "You look mystified." Miss study, invited the girl to follow

He saw that she was shivering with fatigue and exhaustion, and Harrington found herself obliged rousing the smoldering coals into to go back to London, it was dea blaze, he wheeled the rector's arm-chair close to the hearth, made cided that I should continue my her seat herself in it, and stood journey. Soon after quitting the over her until she had swallowed railway station over yonder, the man who drove me shouted a a couple of biscuits dipped in the port wine kept in a small cupboard with a baby in her arms, on the for the refreshing of the rector's

scrambled down, she let go the in-Then Lance Allingham set is fant, and it rolled over and fell work steadily at the blurred, il into the stream below. My own clothes became so wet and muddy in helping to rescue the little creature"-the curate learned on the Now that the sickly hue of her following day that Hillian Daiston had sprung out of the fly and boldly plunged into the swift little Beautiful she never could be, but

stream that was bearing the child she had a well-shaped mouth and away-"I was so wet and muddy chin, and the dark eyes he somethat I thankfully accepted the loan times found scrutinizing him of some dry garments from a cotclosely were large, keen and inteltager till I could unpack my own." "I will fetch Mrs. Smithby; she An hour elapsed before the par ought to kno-

"That she made a mistake in ac-

*

lor-maid brought in a tray, and an apology from the cook, who didn't costing me as Lady Harrington's know it was for Allingham, or she would have sent it up sooner. and I prefer to let her continue in

The curate knit his brows; but it till to-morrow. Did I not hear "How came it to slip my mem- as soon as Marianne flounced out ory?" she ejaculated. "The rector of the room, the girl laughed a low. as soon as Marianne flounced out her say that it would worry her dreadfully if she had to entertain

isitors while her husband is so ill ?" "Mrs. Smithby's servants do not The curate looked doubtful. approve my being made a parlor "She would be very much dis-pleased with me if I permitted you guest, I suppose, and this is intendto be snubbed and neglected, and the housekeeper's room or the relegated to a back attic.' kitchen. But I am not going to "But if I wish it?" asked Miss Daiston, with an imperious gesture. "Be satisfied, Mr. Allingham, I cup of tea, Mr. Allingham, or will will take care that no blame rests

you be generous, and give me one on you. An heiress, as perhaps I am very thirsty." you are aware, is generally permit-The curate thought of his longted a licence not accorded to more deferred dinner, and concluded that he should be justified in sharunfortunate, or fortunate women.' She offered him her hand as she added demurely: stale jam tarts that accompanied "When you come here to-mor-

row to finish deciphering those His companion was reviving; she hierogliphics you may find me came to the table and did the honopen to conviction, but till then you must agree to let me have my lady-like self-possession that pre-

own way.' * As the curate walked to his lodgsipping her tea and speaking rareings he decided that he would be more honorable as well as more prudent to keep away from the rectory till Miss Daiston had pro-"It is Lake Thun! Lady Harclaimed her identity; but that determination was not allowed to prevent his speaking to her when he Have you been in Switzerland, found her wandering about the Mr. Allingham?

churchvard after early service; nor did he think it would be wrong to offer to show her the best route through some lovely woods she expressed her intention of exploring. mornings linger on my memory What an intelligent companion

she proved herself! How merry! Tom be? You must help me to receive Lady Harrington, and then the conversation flowed on pleas-the conversation flowed on pleas-Smithby throw aside his many bad Smithby throw aside his many bad Entry the the goods de sell, that all allow you can explain to her how 1 am antly. Whatever could be her habits, and endeavor to become situated, while I make acquaint- position in Lady Harrington's worthy of such a jewel? The curate sighed, and blamed

Lance Allingham's very lips grew white with pain.

brother."

wealthy kinswoman.

"Then I am expected to contranquilly. "Yes; and why not? gratulate you, Miss Daiston," he Because I have not come with beat said, as soon as he could speak.

"On what?" she demanded. cannot say plumes," and she "On putting a young fellow who laughed as she surveyed herselt— was ruining himself for want of was ruining himself for want of something to do in the way of earning a competency? You did not imagine that I was going to marry Daiston went on to say, as she saw him? No, Mr. Allingham; If I the curate's perplexity, "so let me ever do wed, it shall be with a man explain. When my friend Lady I can respect. One who will help me to spend my dearest father's bequest in doing good to my fellow creatures."

Lady Harrington carried off the heiress to give her a peep at Engwarning to a girl who was sitting lish society, and a few weeks after their departure, Lance Allingham parapet of a bridge we had to cross. also made a hurried journey to Imagine my horror when, as she London, for, to his intense surprise he found himself appointed to an excellent living on the cutskirts of a busy manufacturing town.

The patron of the living was Lord Harrington, and it was to Hillian Daiston he owed the preferment.

She did not attempt to deny it when he gained admission to her presence, and blushing and trembling not a little, she rose from her writing-table to greet him.

He intended to thank her gratefully, but not to forget that she was the mistress of thousands, and he still only a hard working clergyman, but somehow he forgot all scruples when Hillian's hands flutmaid? It was a very natural one, tered in his clasp and her eyes met his.

The next moment she was in his arms. She had found her fate, and he had won a heart worth having over that cup of tea in the rector's study. The heiress was a woman of discernment, and Lance Allingham a fortunate man.

Disarming an Unseen Fee.

"This was sometime a parador," as Jamlet says. Since, however, the people of America and other lands have been enabled to pit Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against that unseen foc, malaria, it is no longer a paradox, but an easy possibility. Whatever malaria evolves its misty venom to joison the air, and decaying unwhole. .ome vegetation impregnater the water, there, in the very stronghold of miasma, is the auxiliary -otent to disarm the foe and assure efficient protection. Feyer and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, no matter how tenaciously they have fastenes' their clutch on the system, are first forced to relax their grasp and eventually to abandon it alte-gether. But it is preventive force that should chiefly recommend the Bitters to persons dwelling in malariacursed localities, for it is a certain buckler of defence against which the enemy is powerless. Cures, likewise, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney and billious ailments.

Come and Look.

Thos. Brink has just received a fine lot of wicker chairs, wood baskets, music stands, and some fine parlor suites, etc., which will be sold at the very lowest price.

What can we reason but for what we know! Bringshim the castom. Others brag and

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