

Linda's Lovers

By MARTHA MCCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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"Linda, do tell a fellow how you do it. You're no beauty—positively, your nose is a snub—yet here you have Lowton's three best beans so fascinated they won't look at another girl when you're around."

Derry's voice was judicial, but the twinkle in his eyes belied its measured note. Linda Bryson chose to answer the eyes rather than the words.

"Unless you stop being tiresome I shall call Aunt Pam," she said. "I know she is dying to have you tell her all about the Greer funeral."

"Say, do you know there's a law against cruel and unusual punishments?" Derry asked, with an accent of deep injury.

"Is there? Dear me! How do you happen to know it—being a lawyer?" Linda lunged back at him. "People say, you know, that the less law you have the more cases you win."

"People in this case meaning Phil Gray. I didn't think he's so nasty over the drubbing I gave him," Derry said tranquilly. "I shall have to look out for myself. Unless old Phil had been more than professionally jealous he never in the world would have said such a thing."

"Why should he be jealous of—anybody? We're engaged—have been since last Thursday."

Linda pouted. Derry breathed hard just once, then caught both her hands and pressed them warmly, saying: "I see, you had to console the boy. He was pretty crestfallen when he left the courthouse that afternoon. Of course I wish you joy—all kinds of joy—double riveted, copper fastened, and I congratulate him with all my heart. But, honestly, Lin, are you sure?"

"Sure of what?" Linda asked saucily, though with the least shake of the voice.

"Why, that you love Phil well enough to live with him all your life?" Derry began.

"Are you sure you love Julia Moore that way?" Linda countered. Derry stared at her. "Julia Moore! What has she got to do with it?" he asked.

Linda flung up her head. "She must have a heap to do with it, since you are going to marry her."



HE HELD HER FACING HIM AND LOOKED HER FULL IN THE EYES.

Hush! as she saw Derry about to whistle. "I know," she told me so herself.

"When?" Derry asked, his voice low and steady. Linda tried to look reflective, but her blushes betrayed her. "It was—some time last week," she stammered at last. "We were coming home together."

"From the courthouse. I saw you there listening to the speeches," Derry interrupted. Then, with a quizzical smile: "With such authority I must of course agree. All the same, Linda, I thought you understood—that you—you were playing with the others so as to wait for me. I couldn't speak out until I had got from under the load of my father's debts."

"Julia can free you. That was why," Linda began, then stopped short, her eyes on the fire. After a minute she went on clearly: "I had to think you were tired of an uphill fight. Besides, you were free as air. There had never been a word between us."

"No—worse luck," Derry said, rising and walking twice across the room. It was big and dim, full of faded furniture, the tiny, scantily filled grate set in the big chimney breast speaking eloquently of the change from a time of hospitable plenty. Aunt Pam had the house; Linda, a narrow income. Therefore they lived without work, as became gentlemen born, though Linda was more than a little restive.

"What if I am a born Bryson? It won't hurt me to trim hats or make cotton favors for play? Goodness knows I do enough of it for—invitations and 'Thank you, dear.' And I do believe the very people that impose on me would think more of me if I charged them round prices," she had said more than once. But always Aunt Pam and Aunt Pam's ideas had prevailed. The one way out was marriage—with some good steady fellow of decent patrimony and the knack of getting on in the world.

Phil Gray had both, hence stood high

with Aunt Pam. She liked Allen Derry well enough. His mother had been her dearest friend. But there were the debts—the only thing Judge Derry had left his son. A spotless reputation, of course, did not count against lack of financial foresight. The judge had been beguiled not only into risking his own money, but into giving his neighbors bad advice. It was the neighbors Allen was paying, although they had not the least shadow of legal claim. Phil Gray had said it was "magnificent, but not business." Aunt Pam agreed with him heartily. Still, she had been always motherly kind to Allen, having no suspicion of what was in his heart and Linda's.

Allen stopped his pacing abruptly and said, looking over Linda's head: "Phil is a good chance, also a good fellow. I hope he'll make you happy as the day is long. I know he'll try. But—tell me, have you put on his ring?"

"Not yet," Linda said very low. Derry caught her hands and drew her to her feet. He held her facing him and looked full in her eyes as he said brokenly: "Then—give me—one little inch of—love. I know you love me—even as I love you. We wrong nobody—I shall no more than kiss you—once. All I want is to have you look up at me from my breast and say, 'Allen, I love you—with the love that casteth out all fear.'"

"Allen, I love you with the love that casteth out all fear," Linda repeated submissively, laying her head against his shoulder. His arms unfolded her. For a long minute they stood silent, trembling through and through with a sense of sacred farewells. Then Allen bent and kissed her, saying gently as he put her away from him, "Remember, no matter what happens here, you are mine through all eternity."

"Goodby," Linda said, her voice clear and unshaken. "Goodby," Allen echoed and turned toward the door. It stood open, framing Phil Gray, whose face was very white, but whose eyes were steady and kindly. He came to the two at the hearth with outstretched hands, saying: "I did not mean to spy on you; but, thank God, I heard. The mistake that has been made is not past undoing. Linda, I set you free. Now choose between us."

With a happy cry, Linda put her hand in Derry's and hid her blushes upon his breast. Gray drew a hard breath, but smiled gallantly and asked: "Are you surprised to see me here? I am surprised to be here. But there's a reason for it. Allen, old man, read that. It came to us an hour back. You know our firm settled up your father's affairs."

Allen took the yellow slip, but the words on it danced before him. It was Phil's last good office to read to him that the mine, so long held worthless, had turned out to be marvelously rich. All the money that had been sunk in it would come back a hundredfold.

"You'll be rich, you two—so rich you can buy all Lawton," he said at last, smiling. Linda held out her hand to him. So did Derry as together they said, "And be sure we will marry and live happy ever after."

Man at the Helm.

There was no doubt in the minds of people who knew the Camerons as to who was the head of the house in every sense of the word. So accustomed were the Camerons, large and small, to look to "father" for advice and opinions on every subject that they unconsciously afforded more or less amusement to their friends.

"Do you mind this extreme cold weather, Mrs. Cameron?" some one asked her one icy winter day, and the little lady smiled cheerily.

"Oh, father says it's much healthier for everybody than last winter," she answered. "He says we all feel much better than we did."

"Indeed?" said the friend, with a spice of malice. "I thought I heard that all of you except Mr. Cameron had been quite ill with throat troubles."

"Yes, so we have," admitted the adoring wife, "but as father says, he knows just when we got our colds. It was that time the weather changed so suddenly while he was in New York, and he doesn't intend to let it happen again."—Youth's Companion.

Rackets.

There is a good deal of simplicity about the game of rackets, but it is so fast that one has to move into position rapidly, hit rapidly and recover rapidly. The movements of a player must be almost instinctive. This is the reason why those who learn the game very young have better prospects. The greatest mistake of men who take up rackets in this country is that they often learn bad form at the start, which only the most careful practice will enable them to ever overcome. As a matter of fact a good many of our players do not care to take the time for such practice. Bad footwork and a poor wrist are the causes of the downfall of nearly all of our second and third class players. Plenty of men, physically well equipped for the most strenuous rackets, will peg along for years and never learn the game properly, simply because they began badly and either have never taken the trouble or do not know how to correct their faults.—George H. Brooke in Outing Magazine.

Exactly.

A good English country mayor found himself at table in a large restaurant between two young men, who began to make fun of him.

"I see, young sir," he said, "that you are making fun of me, but I assure you that I am neither stupid nor an ass."

"Ah," said one of them, "perhaps you are between the two."

"Exactly," was the prompt reply. "I'm between the two."

THESE WON OUT.

In All-Benton Fair—List of Prize-Takers.

The announcement of the awards in the big fair was not made until Saturday evening, at the M. E. church, although the judges completed their labors Friday forenoon.

The first grand prize for an individual pupil, a \$75 organ, given by the First National Bank, was won by Chester Hughson; the second grand prize was awarded to Lewis Howell, south of Corvallis, a \$25 phonograph given by the Eiler Piano House. Another \$75 organ was won by Orin Rickard of Irish Bend and another phonograph was awarded to Lessie Hammersley of Aisea. Both were given by the Times. The fifth grand prize went to Alex Gray of Pleasant Valley. This was a \$25 set of maps.

The complete list of prizes, aside from the grand prizes already given, follows. Class "A" refers to pupils over 12 years of age; class "B" to pupils 12 or under.

CLASS A.	
Sweet corn.....	William Bristlin
Pop corn.....	Jennie Totten
Field corn.....	Hugh Perfect
Watermelon.....	Margaret Hughson
Potatoes.....	Archie McFarland
Cabbage.....	Lessie Hammersley
Pumpkin.....	Bernice Tom
Squash.....	Frank Kern
Onions, 1st.....	Willie Vincent
Onions, 2nd.....	Clarence Green
Tomatoes.....	Frank Kern
Celery.....	Leslie Hammersley
Rutabagas.....	Rosa Gosse
Carrots.....	Lessie Hammersley
Beets.....	Chester Hughson
Cucumbers.....	Hilda Hilbert
Turnips.....	Chester Hughson
Apples, 1st.....	Chester Hughson
Apples, 2nd.....	Perry Spencer
Sweet Peas.....	George Hotchkiss
Asters.....	Wave Rieley

CLASS B.	
Narturtiums.....	Marvel Taylor
Alfalfa.....	Gertrude Lilly
Sheaf wheat.....	Willie Vincent
Sheaf oats.....	Harry Bowersox
Jelly.....	Zella Dodele
Canned fruits.....	Mildred Dodele
Bread, Corvallis Mills flour.....	Lessie Hammersley
Bread, Wilhelm Mills flour.....	Deane Hollister
Butter.....	Alva L. Govier
Buttonholes.....	Bertha Corodi
Sewing aprons.....	Nina Stillmacher
Hemstitched handkerchiefs.....	Esther White
Darning.....	Bertha Corodi
Spelling.....	Sam Krueger
Ciphering, 1st.....	George Keesi
Ciphering, 2nd.....	Dorrell Davis
Drawing.....	Ralph Green

CLASS B.	
Sweet corn, 1st.....	Harvey Rickard
Sweet corn, 2nd.....	Harmon P. Henkle
Pop corn, 1st.....	Harvey Rickard
Pop corn, 2nd.....	Orin Rickard
Field corn.....	Cecil Hayden
Watermelon.....	Margaret Hughson
Muskmelon.....	Lewis Howell
Potatoes.....	Bryan Tom
Cabbage, 1st.....	Maud Dariel
Cabbage, 2nd.....	Orin Rickard
Pumpkin.....	Bryan Tom
Squash.....	Herman P. Henkle
Onions, 1st.....	Ethel Allen
Onions, 2nd.....	Alex Gray
Tomatoes, 1st.....	M. Gibson
Tomatoes, 2nd.....	Hazel Small
Rutabagas.....	Orin Rickard
Carrots.....	Virgil Murray
Beets.....	Hilda Hilbert
Cucumbers.....	Hilda Hilbert
Turnips.....	Mabel Tharp
Apples, 1st.....	Robt. McFarland
Apples, 2nd.....	Margaret Gibson
Apples, 3rd.....	Harry Tharp
Apples, 4th.....	Herman P. Henkle
Apples, 5th.....	Harvey Rickard
Sweet peas.....	Mildred Starr
Asters.....	Ina McGee
Nasturtiums.....	Kenneth Hunter
Alfalfa.....	Fave Hughson
Sheaf wheat.....	Willie Wylie
Sheaf oats.....	Walter Sutter
Jelly.....	Margaret Tolman
Canned fruit.....	Ruth Brook
Bread, Corvallis Mills flour.....	Allice Cady
Bread, Wilhelm Mills flour.....	Mildred Marshall
Sewing aprons.....	Clara Harding
Hemstitched handkerchiefs.....	Martha Corodi
Darning.....	Clyde Cone
Butter.....	Beatrice Thurston
Sweet peas.....	Gertrude Lilly
Sweet peas.....	George Hotchkiss
Sweet peas.....	Max Miller
Spelling.....	Mamie Harper
Ciphering, 1st.....	Clara Luther
Ciphering, 2nd.....	Harry Fehler
Drawing.....	Worth Clark

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