

MRS. LAKE'S SECRET.

She Kept It Well, Though She Loved to Talk Things Over.

By BELLE MANIATES.
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"Ethel, don't you go up to the house," said the moon-faced woman coming out on the porch of the farmhouse, "I'll only narrow your feelings."

"It seems like shirking to let you go for me," said Ethel Sturgis, "but I do dread to see the familiar things again."

"I'll go to town and get that new auctioneer and drive him to your house to tag the things. Tomorrow I'll go to the auction and finish the business, and you won't have to go."

"You have been so kind to us, Mrs. Lake," said Ethel wistfully as the comely, good-natured woman slapped the reins over the broad-backed horse and drove down the road.

Then the girl returned to the house and vigorously applied herself to household tasks. She dared not bide long enough to think and remember. It was two years since she and her father had left the little town in the east and bought the farm that was to bring them prosperity. Things had gone very wrong from the start. A cloudburst, the Hessian fly, her father's illness and the failure of a bank brought about the loss of the farm.

All they had left was a forty-acre piece. Their household goods were to be auctioned on the morrow to enable them to buy the stock and implements for their little remnant of land. Their kind-hearted neighbor had invited them to remain at her house while the sale was in progress, and she insisted that they continue to accept her hospitality during the construction of the little cabin her father purposed to build on the "forty."

Toward evening Mrs. Lake returned from her expedition.

"We got them all tagged, Ethel," she said cheerfully. "That auctioneer's a dandy. I got him interested in your pa, telling him what chunks your dad had had come in."

Ethel winced. She knew her neighbor's propensity for "talking over"



ON THE THRESHOLD STOOD A TALL, LITHE LIMBED MAN.

things, and she felt that she would rather realize less from the sale than have her private affairs discussed with a stranger.

"If only you could have brought yourself," continued the loquacious woman, "to have taken Austin Hobert. He's so well fixed and so kind. He's just wild over you."

"I wouldn't marry a man for those reasons," said Ethel.

"Well, he isn't so bad looking—one eye just a mite off and his legs aren't quite true. But you can't have everything. Sometimes I think you have had a love affair and been crossed. Ethel, to let such a fine chance go by."

The girl smiled faintly.

"I told the auctioneer about you and how you helped your pa and kept his spirits up, and he said you must be plucky."

Ethel wondered vaguely if she had confided in him regarding Austin Hobert also. "It doesn't matter, though," she thought sadly. "Nothing does now."

The next day when Mrs. Lake returned from the auction she was in a state of jubilation and excitement.

"Oh, Ethel, the things brought twice what your pa thought they would. Here—Mr. Sturgis, the auctioneer sent you this check."

Walter Sturgis took the check and glanced at it eagerly. His face flushed, and he looked curiously at his daughter.

"How much is it, father?" asked Ethel, extending her hand for the check.

But he had stowed the check carefully away in his pocket, and, naming the amount, he left the room.

"Oh," she exclaimed thankfully, "that will buy the implements, a team, a cow, wagon, two hogs and some chickens. Who bid in the things, Mrs. Lake? Were the neighbors all there?"

"Yes, and a lot of town folks. What do you think brought the most?"

"Why, I suppose father's bedroom set. It is real mahogany, you know."

"No, sir; it was your little writing desk."

"My desk? Who bought it? Why was it bid up?"

"Austin Hobert was bound to have

it, but a fellow from town got it. He bid in a way that you could see he'd keep bidding till kingdom come, so Austin finally quit."

"What sort of a looking man was he?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, a fat, pudgy, homely man."

"Probably some secondhand dealer."

"Maybe; and he bought all the best things—all your parlor and bedroom things, all the very things you would have chosen."

"I am glad a stranger got them. It would make me feel queer to go in to call on the neighbors and see them using our things."

Early the next morning Mr. Sturgis went to town. He came back looking more cheerful over his purchases than he had looked in months. Ethel was left alone very often during the next week, Mrs. Lake taking advantage of having some one to leave in charge of the house. One afternoon Mr. Sturgis asked Ethel to go over to the "forty" and select a site for their cabin. He declined to accompany her, as he had to go to town. Mrs. Lake was in the midst of breadmaking, so Ethel saddled a horse and rode toward the "forty."

Suddenly a disagreeable thought struck her.

"If Mrs. Lake has sent Austin over here to see me I'll never forgive her."

She rode slowly, with her eyes glued to the horse's mane, wondering if she had been wise to reject Austin's love and protection. She didn't raise her eyes until she turned in at the "forty."

Then she stared in amazement. Here stood a trim little house with a neat, broad porch and blinds.

"This is what Mrs. Lake and father have been so mysterious over," she thought, with sudden enlightenment. "But how could it have been built in so short a time?"

She dismounted and went up the steps. A card lay on the steps and some advertising matter. "Oh, I see—one of those portable houses! I wonder if the door is open."

It was, and with its opening came another surprise. Here were all her household goods arranged as they had been in the old house. She passed through the living room, dining room, kitchen and then into her father's bedroom. She opened the last door. All her personal things were here and many more beautiful new furnishings. What did it mean? Then she grew faint. She knew—Austin! Had he dared? She could not take them unless—

She heard a knock at the door, and she felt that it was the decision of her life awaiting her. Could she? A moment elapsed before she summoned courage to open the door.

On the threshold stood a tall, lithe limbed man.

"Will?" she said faintly.

He clasped her to him.

"It took you two years to forgive," she murmured reproachfully.

"Dearest, I got your note only ten days ago. It was in the secret drawer to your desk. You forgot to mail it."

"How could I! But how did you come by it?"

"I am the new auctioneer. I didn't know you lived in these parts till Mrs. Lake took me to tag your things. She told me how you would miss your desk, and I made up my mind to bid it in. Casually I opened a secret drawer and found the letter. I had all the things bid in. The next day your father came to see me, and we fixed up this surprise."

"Then these things are yours?"

"No—ours. We are going to live here with your father."

"Will did Mrs. Lake know too?"

"Yes; she was our right hand man."

"I have misjudged her. I never dreamed she could keep a secret."

The Royal Assent.

"Le roy le veut!" (the king wills it) is the form of words in which the English king is accustomed to signify his royal assent to a bill which has passed both houses of parliament and is ready to be made statute law.

They are, however, not the only form of old Norman-French words which has survived and is still in usage in the British parliamentary system. Thus, for instance, when a bill is sent up for consideration from the commons to the lords it is indorsed by the clerk with the words, "Soit baillie aux seigneurs" (let it be sent to the lords), and when the converse operation takes place the corresponding words are "Soit baillie aux commons."

The royal assent to money bills is more elaborately expressed. "Le roy remercie ses bons sujets, accepte leur benevolence et ainsi le veut" (the king thanks his loyal subjects, accepts their gift and so wills it). For private bills still another form of assent is used. "Soit fait comme il est desire" (let it be done as desired).

The Training of Novelists.

Fielding was a playwright before he became a novelist. He was also a country squire, a barrister and a police magistrate. Richardson, the son of a carpenter, rose to be the head of a prosperous business before ever he became a novelist. Defoe had many employments besides that of writing. Smollet was a surgeon both on land and sea. Sterne was a parson, if not a good one, and Scott was a sound lawyer who never neglected the duties of his legal offices. All of these novelists are masters of the art of address. They all wrote out of a full knowledge and made themselves plain to plain men. Their works survive, partly, of course, because they were born writers, but partly also because they knew much of life and could tell what they knew so that every one should understand it.

Not on Smiling Terms.

"Is that your mother-in-law over there smiling at you?"

"No. If she is smiling at me it is at my mother-in-law."—Boston Herald.

IN A PYTHON'S COIL.

An Adventure That Nearly Cost a Zoo Official His Life.

The attendants in zoological gardens are exposed to dangers of various sorts. The superintendent of the Cincinnati animal park once had an adventure with a python which came near costing him his life.

It became necessary to make some changes in the snake house, and the superintendent, Mr. Stephens, was in the cage of pythons, anticipating no danger, when to his dismay he saw the largest snake coming toward him, hissing and darting its tongue angrily. Instantly he realized his danger.

The superintendent quickly grasped the huge reptile just back of the neck with his right hand and with the left clutched the creature two feet lower down, where the greatest muscular power of the python is located.

He tried to thrust the writhing mass into a waiting box, but the python coiled its twelve feet of length round the man's leg and began to constrict, carrying its tightening coils higher and higher.

Struggle as he might, Mr. Stephens seemed helpless in the serpent's grasp. His hands were so moist that the scaly body twisted in them. Perspiration streamed down his face. The python had worked its head free and was darting its horrid tongue almost in its victim's eyes.

The man threw up his hand instinctively to shield his face, and at the same moment the snake seized and began swallowing it.

By this time the attendants had rushed into the cage, and they began beating the python. Not liking this treatment, the big snake relaxed its coils. Mr. Stephens jerked his hand free and broke off one of the python's fangs in his thumb in so doing.

"If I had not held on to its heaviest muscle," said the superintendent, "I have no doubt it might have strangled me. As long as I kept my grip there I felt confident, but I was pretty weak after the adventure."

AGREED WITH THE ASP.

The Frenchman Got Around the Law Against Hissing.

A gentleman who had been unceremoniously hustled out of a Paris playhouse because he hissed when the curtain fell on the second act brought an action for damages against the manager of the said house.

The court decided in favor of the hissing gentleman, adding that if a spectator is allowed to show his delight by indulging in applause his neighbor has also the right to show disapprobation in an audible fashion.

But the law in France was not always so tolerant. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was strictly forbidden to hiss in a playhouse, and in every theater there were a number of "gardes Francaises" with strict orders to arrest any person infringing the law.

But the French are not easily put down by silly regulations, and whenever they see an opportunity they attack the authorities with that fearful weapon ridicule. In this case such an opportunity came at the Comedie Francaise during the performance of "Cleopatra," a play by Marmontel.

It was a badly written, dull work, and the people were waiting for a chance to give vent to their opinion. At last the chance came. The management had ordered a mechanical asp for the great scene in the final act, when Cleopatra puts an end to her life.

The actress raised the asp, which started hissing, whereupon a spectator rose to his feet and cried: "The asp is quite right. We all share his opinion!"

Roars of laughter greeted this joke, and as it was foreseen that a similar scene would take place every night the piece was withdrawn from the repertory.

Aristhiou.

In a small village in Switzerland is a comfortable old inn much frequented by English, and the menu generally includes one dish supposed to be specially British. Though the orthography is peculiar, the meaning is generally obvious—as, for example, "rost bif rot," "runeesteck," but "aristhiou de mouton a l'Anglais" was puzzling. The first word has a distinctly classical appearance, which suggested a Greek origin. But when the dish appeared the meaning flashed into the guests' minds. "Aristhiou" was the Swiss chef's attempt to render phonetically the words "Irish stew."—Manchester Guardian.

A Short Lived Club.

One of the most short lived clubs ever formed was the Club des Laideurs—club for ugly women—organized by the Princess Pauline Metternich, who was an elegant woman, but so ugly that she used to call herself "a white monkey." Perhaps she felt lonesome. Anyhow, she tried to gather some of the other women she knew who were not blessed with good looks into a club. But the club proved unpopular and died a natural death. The princess got back at her women acquaintances by remarking that if there were any candor in them her club would be overcrowded.

A Money Making Scheme.

"Yes, I'm working on a money making scheme to remove weeds."

"What gardening?"

"No, I'm hoping to marry a rich widow."—New York Telegram.

Think Is Cheap.

"I think I shall go to Europe."

"How the deuce can you afford to go to Europe?"

"I can't, but I can afford to think."—Brooklyn Life.

Tasmania.

Summer in Tasmania commences in December.

The Gray Kangaroo.

The big gray kangaroo of Australia measures about seven feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. He can run faster than a horse and clear thirty feet at a jump.

Incense.

Incense is mentioned in A. D. 496 as used in Christian churches, the occasion being the baptism of Clovis of France.

Fish That Change Color.

Curious color changes of various tropical fishes from the Bermudas have been made in the New York aquarium. Under excitement some of them can pass instantly from a uniformly dark color to a banded dark and white aspect, then to four other phases of change, including a uniformly creamy white one.

Lizards.

There are no fewer than 1,800 known sorts of lizards in the world.

Lithograph Stones.

Stones which are used by the lithographers all over the world in making pictures are found in a little district not more than four or five miles long by two or three broad near Nuremberg.

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BOX 19 PORTLAND, OREGON

Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Eugene, Oregon,
October 11, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1904 made homestead entry No. 13095, serial No. 07037, for 81 1/2 NE 1/4, Sec. 34, T. 18 N., R. 35 E., has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.

Citizens names as witnesses:
Charles Ridgeway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgeway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.

Oct 11 Nov 11 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Knights of Pythias.

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