

'TWTX MAID AND MISTRESS.

The Event That Brought a Love
Affair to Its Climax.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.
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Maudie Forbes, maid to Miss Ann Peabody, felt her heart thrill as she glanced at the bulky figure of the big chauffeur beside her.

John Winthrop was a well built man. Tall and handsome, with the muscles of an athlete, he was enough to make the heart of an impressionable girl palpitate abnormally. And when a pretty girl like Miss Forbes was really in love with him then his proximity was sufficient to bring blushes of delight. Winthrop's one great fault in Miss Forbes' eyes was his innate bashfulness.

"Do you know," she whispered confidently in his ear, "I believe that you are in love with Miss Peabody."

Winthrop's face turned red under her twinkling gaze; but, although Miss Forbes was apparently greatly delighted at the result of her words, she was secretly dismayed. Was it possible



MISS FORBES SAW THAT SHE HAD FAINTED.

that he really was in love with Miss Peabody? For some time she had thought that his attentions to her mistress were more assiduous than was actually necessary. It was with a view to finding out his real state of feeling that she had made the suggestion as to his love affair.

"Of course I'm not!" declared Winthrop, waving his hand. "I'm not the steering wheel of the car."

"Oh, you don't need to say that," replied Miss Forbes. "I'll not tell any one about your affinity. You might confide in me. We're good friends, aren't we?"

"Yes, good friends," Winthrop answered shortly.

Again Miss Forbes felt a sinking at the heart. So they were nothing more than friends! "Of course," she went on, "it does seem rather presumptuous of you to aspire so high, but stranger things have happened. I've often thought—that is, it has seemed to me that she has looked on you and talked to you as if she were interested. Naturally I wish you all the luck in the world. I—I hope you'll succeed."

"Aw," growled Winthrop. "I— But the rest of his sentence was lost in the grinding of the gears as he viciously pulled the car to a stop. Miss Peabody was waiting for them in front of a department store."

"I'll sit in front with John," Miss Peabody announced brightly as the car drew up. "I want him to give me a final lesson in driving the car."

As Miss Forbes reluctantly climbed from her seat in front and made her way into the tonneau she felt a distinct pang of jealousy. To her distorted vision it seemed that Winthrop gladly welcomed the change. To her it appeared that his hand rested almost too caressingly on Miss Peabody's hand as he aided her in guiding the huge car through the streets; that his glance was almost too noticeably tender as he whispered his instructions to her. Miss Forbes sighed.

The car sped through the streets and in a short time reached the countryside. Miss Peabody's fresh laugh rang out as they raced along. She seemed to be enjoying herself hugely. Miss Forbes wished that she were having so good a time.

They had reached a broad country road, and Winthrop had practically resigned control of the machine to Miss Peabody. The road made a sharp turn, and as the automobile raced around the curve Miss Forbes saw a temporary bridge spanning a stream a short distance to the side of the spot where the old bridge had formerly stood. The temporary bridge was a frail structure with no side rail.

Instinctively Miss Forbes felt disaster coming her way. She closed her eyes and heard Winthrop call to Miss Peabody:

"To the right, quick!" he cried. Miss Forbes opened her eyes. Perhaps Winthrop's cool head would

save them, after all. She saw Miss Peabody drop the steering wheel and throw her arms about Winthrop's neck. Winthrop tried desperately to disengage her hands and to reach the wheel, but without avail. Miss Forbes saw that the car was headed for the river, and again she closed her eyes.

In a moment the car seemed to leave the earth and soar into the air. Then came the sound of a huge splash as it struck the water. icy cold water enveloped Miss Forbes.

To Miss Forbes' surprise she did not lose consciousness. She fought desperately to reach the surface, and as she fought she wondered, oddly enough, what Winthrop and Miss Peabody were doing. She wondered if Miss Peabody still had her arms about Winthrop's neck, and even then she felt a pang of jealousy.

Finally Miss Forbes got her head above water, and then, to her further surprise, she did not sink. In a moment more she realized that she was standing on a seat in the tonneau and that her head was above water. She glanced about. In front of her were Winthrop and Miss Peabody. The latter still had her arms about Winthrop's neck, and Miss Forbes saw that she had fainted.

Winthrop caught sight of the girl, and she was sure that a flash of joy swept across his face. "But of course he'd be glad anybody wasn't drowned," she told herself.

"Can you wait until I take Miss Peabody to the shore?" Winthrop cried.

Miss Forbes nodded. She watched him strike out with strong, sturdy strokes, and her heart thrilled at the sight. Well might Miss Peabody or any one else be proud of such a man. In a short time Winthrop had reached the shore and deposited the still form of Miss Peabody on the ground. Then he plunged into the water.

"You aren't frightened, are you?" Winthrop asked as he neared Miss Forbes.

"Not at all."

Miss Forbes noticed that the man's face was thin and drawn. His hands trembled as he caught her from the seat.

When they had reached the shore Miss Forbes' eyes fell upon her mistress. Miss Forbes watched her face brighten as her eyes fell upon Winthrop. She extended her hands toward him.

"My hero!" she murmured softly. Resolutely Miss Forbes turned her eyes away, although her heart was thumping painfully. She caught sight of Winthrop staggering toward her. His foot, she saw, was oddly twisted, and he seemed to be wholly unmanned.

Wholly disregarding Miss Peabody, he fell on his knees beside Miss Forbes and caught her hand in both of his.

"My dear, my dear!" he murmured. Miss Forbes caught her breath quickly. She looked wildly at her mistress and saw the latter, with a hurt look in her eyes, turn away. Then slowly the maid bent over and kissed Winthrop.

The Social Life of Vienna.

The Viennese have for generations been famed for their hospitality and cheerfulness. Stress and strain, agony and pain do not characterize the temperament, natures and states of the Viennese. Life in Vienna has much of the German phlegmatic trend, plus considerable Parisian elegance, minus the French fussiness in etiquette and manners. Like all Europeans, they love the cafe life. The whole family goes out after the day's labor. It interests the traveler considerably to study the various types of this European cafe existence. In Paris the keynote seems to be display, style, smart appearance. In Vienna a good natured, happy sociability after the day's toil prevails. The family comes much more into view in Vienna than in bright, elegant, wild Paris, the city par excellence of dazzling social events. As the Austrians take things calmly, a certain lovely charm and restfulness mark their public and social life. It is a people that would for its own welfare need to study somewhat the strenuous life if the lesson of strenuousness could be learned for good and not to the destruction of that amiable, hearty, easy spirit for which the Austrians are known and the Viennese distinctively.—Vienna Letter in Omaha Bee.

Holmes the Man.

As a doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes never won a large practice, for he not only collected a volume of poetry from time to time, but smiled when the door was opened and made jokes upon the staircase. When some one asked him what part of anatomy he liked best he answered: "The bones. They are cleanest." The answer shows us the "plain little dapper man" who could never bear the sights of a sickroom, who laughed to relieve the tension, who would run away when a rabbit was to be chloroformed, who was clean and scrupulous in all respects and inclined as a young man to satirize the world with a somewhat acrid humor. Two friends have put together a picture of him: "A small, compact little man, buzzing about like a bee or fluttering like a humming bird, exceedingly difficult to catch unless he is really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him." The other adds that he has a "powerful jaw and a thick, strong under lip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of perversity. In conversation he is animated and cordial, sharp, too, taking the words out of one's mouth."—London Times.

Illogical.

Blobs—A woman is always illogical. Blobs—Of course she is. A woman will always expect you to remember her birthday, but never her age.—Philadelphia Record.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Miss Mary Nye of Columbus, Miss Bertha Salzberger of Bellaire and Mrs. Irvine C. Miller of Springfield, O., have been appointed deputy inspectors of workshops and factories.

Mrs. Eva Talbert of Cincinnati is said to be the only woman structural iron worker in the world. She helps her husband put up fire escapes, frequently working at dizzy heights on the tops of tall buildings.

Helen Mathers, well known as a writer in England, has decided to exchange the pen for the brush and will go into business as a decorator. This is said to be the first instance of a woman's exchanging a literary vocation for business.

Mrs. Asher Richardson of Ashertown, Tex., has been appointed assistant general superintendent of the Ashertown Gulf railroad. Thirty-two miles of the road have been completed, and it is now being extended sixty miles more. Mrs. Richardson has charge of the employment and work of a large body of men.

Miss N. Edwards of Coaley, Gloucestershire, is said to be the highest authority in England on poultry. She has won over 1,000 prizes and exported poultry into every country. Beginning in a small way with only twenty fowls, her poultry farm is now one of the largest in England. She does not raise chickens for the general market, but sells eggs and stock birds.

College and School.

There are now in the schools of New York city nearly 26,000 more pupils than there were one year ago.

Fifty-nine more students were registered at Stanford university this year than last. The total number is 1,537, of whom 458 are in the freshman class.

Miss Mary Snow, an instructor in Pratt institute, New York, has been called to Chicago to be supervisor of the household arts department in the public schools.

Miss Agnes Irwin, dean of Radcliffe college, resigned Sept. 1, and with her withdrawal one of the most prominent educators of the day ceases to take active part in school work.

Hawthorn Grammar school, near Ambleside, where Wordsworth was educated and which was founded in 1585 by Edwyne Sandys, archbishop of York, will shortly be closed.

British Briefs.

Income tax is paid on King Edward's private estates.

England's first Sunday newspaper appeared in 1780.

Sixty-six out of every hundred persons in England have light colored eyes.

The first school for the blind in England was established at Liverpool in 1791.

England has seventy-eight artesian wells varying from 100 to 1,000 feet in depth.

Advertisements were once taxed at 3s. 6d. each in England and 2s. 6d. in Ireland, but the tax was abolished in 1853.

Sporting Notes.

Toledo has formed a motorcycle club. The New York Amateur Athletic union has 8,966 members.

The Ottawa (Canada) Rowing club may erect a new clubhouse.

The minor baseball league clubs have lost 200 players this fall by draft or purchase.

The Toronto Baseball club's new grand stand will be modeled after the Philadelphia National league team's.

double decker.

Paul Johner, a former champion of the Manhattan Chess club of New York, is back after an absence of two and a half years in Germany.

Tales of Cities.

St. Petersburg is to spend \$50,000,000 on sanitary improvements.

New York is the greatest car riding city in the world. Statistics just compiled show that the average is 318 car rides a year for each inhabitant.

The trees in the streets form a special feature of Folkestone, England. About 4,000 in number, they include handsome horse chestnuts, elms, planes, sycamores and limes. In Castle Hill avenue, a hundred feet wide, with four rows of trees, the horse chestnuts make a fine show, especially at the blossoming period.

Science Siftings.

Every second the earth moves nine-tenths of an inch.

The nearest distance of the sun to the moon is 92,633,386 miles.

Steel corrosion is said to be the result of electro-chemical action.

A German astronomer has estimated that the mysterious star Algol is more than twice as hot as the sun and that if it were as near the earth as the sun it would give eighty times as much light.

Train and Track.

The Transiberian railway is 3,371 miles long.

The total length of road operated under the block system at the beginning of the year was 59,548 miles, a net increase over the previous year of \$79.

In consequence of the part played by the gas lighting equipments of the trains involved in some recent accidents the Prussian railway authorities have decided to convert all their sleeping cars now fitted for gas lighting (some 170 cars) for electric lighting.

Double Pointed.

"Women have gained fame despite the men!" shouted the sharp featured suffragette.

"Yes, for untold ages," replied the mere meek man.—Judge.

The Wizard.

Though Edison the wizard's skill From magic art is free, To all of us he still remains A sort of Mr. E.

—Kansas City Times.

His Failing.

"You are beside yourself," he retorted haughtily.

She gave a shrill, unpleasant laugh. "Seeling double again, eh?" she cried.

—New York Press.

A Freak.

Once more the comet's rapid pace Is puzzling all mankind. It runs a race through distant space With its searchlight on behind.

—Judge.

Not on the Mix.

"I've heard that Snoodle is a good mixer."

"I have never seen any evidences of it. He always takes his straight."—Chicago Tribune.

An Unpleasant Discovery.

"Don't you hate to find a worm when you're eating fruit?"

"Well, not so much as finding half a worm!"—Puck.

More Human Nature.

Said each north pole discoverer To the other in the game, "It's you for the Ananias club And me for the hall of fame."

—Chicago News.

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"Well Irrigation of Small Farms in the Willamette Valley" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the passenger department of O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific Company lines in Oregon, of which Wm. McMurray is the general passenger agent. The author is R. M. Brereton, of Portland. The publication is devoted to an explanation of the well-irrigation system and the advantages which may be derived therefrom, and a copy of it should be in the hands of every farmer and agriculturist in Oregon. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained free of charge on application to Wm. McMurray, Portland Oregon.

Notice For Publication.

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

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1904 made homestead entry No. 12696, serial No. 05067, for S¹/₄ NE¹/₄ N¹/₄ SE¹/₄, section 18, township 38 S., Range 27 E., W. M., 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.

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

Oct 11 Nov 15 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

Knights of Pythias.

Doric Lodge No. 20, K. of P.—Meets every Tuesday evening. Visiting members invited.

VAWTER CRAWFORD, C. C.
GAFFIELD CRAWFORD, K. of B. & B.