At Towser's Point

When Jessie Lost Her Voice and Suddenly Recovered It

By DONALD ALLEN

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Towser's Point was owned by Farmer Towser, and Farmer Towser and his good wife were uncle and aunt to Miss Jessie Carnot, whose father was a lawyer in the city and who had come to the point to spend the summer and be coddled up like a child of ten.

"My stars, but how handsome she is!" exclaimed Aunt Rebecca.

"She's certainly as chipper as the chipperest, and if there were forty fellers around here they'd all be after her," added Uncle Joe.

Opposite Towser's Point were Bayside and Penny Cove and Lobster Beach. At all these resorts there were numerous camping parties. Uncle Joe had a skiff, and Miss Jessie took to boating and fishing at once. She had not been out more than three times when she came home one day and said:

"Aunty, something's got to be done."

"Well, tell Uncle Joe, and he'll sure do it."

"But I don't want a new fish line or anything of that kind. There's a camp of men across the bay, and this morning two of them came out in a boat and fished right where I was fishing. I heard them talking about me to themselves, but I never looked up. I just know they will make some excuse to speak to me."

"Men are dreadful creatures—all but Uncle Joe!" sighed Aunt Rebecca.

"But what shall I do? I want to row and fish."

"If it was me, I'd keep my eyes on my fish line and my mouth shut. That'll discourage them. If it don't I'll have Uncle Joe row out there and tell them that speaking to a good looking girl unless she wants to be spoken to is the same as assault and battery."

"Oh, aunt, but you've given me an idea—such an idea! Why, it will be the funniest thing in the world! It will be such a joke on them. You and Uncle Joe must help me."

"We certainly will, child."

"Then I'm going to play deaf and dumb. If they speak to me I'll make motions that I can't talk. Some of them may come over here for vegetables some day, and you mustn't let on. Say, it will be immense! I'll be deaf and dumb this very afternoon!"

"Well, it won't do no great harm," was Uncle Joe's reply when he came in to dinner. "Lot's of women ought to be more deaf and dumb than they are. Too much hearing, too much talking!"

"And lots of men folks ought to be made to sew on their own patches and do their own darning," was the retort of the wife, and then the subject was closed.

That afternoon as Miss Jessie rowed out to the oyster beds and dropped her line a boat with a single occupant came stealing across the bay. He was a young man, and he seemed to find it hard work to locate himself to woo the fish. He threw out his line here and there, but soon sought another place and at length brought up just where he had been aiming for all the time, within thirty feet of the girl's skiff. She raised her eyes to him, and he pleasantly inquired:

"Having any luck here, may I ask?"

With her free hand she made motions to signify that she could neither hear nor speak and turned away. She heard him utter a low whistle of surprise and then mutter to himself:

"Hanged if that isn't a pity in the case of such a good looking girl! I want to talk with her now worse than ever."

Both parties caught a few fish and now and then glanced toward each other, but after a time the young man found it stupid work and lifted his anchor. Miss Jessie looked up at the splash of his oars, and he lifted his cap. She went home and gleefully related her experience.

"I guess you've scared them off for good, but I've knowed men to fall in love with deaf, dumb and blind girls. It's just as they take a notion," said Aunt Rebecca.

Soon after 8 o'clock next morning and while Miss Jessie was out feeding the calf there was a caller at the house. It was the young man of the boat, and he wanted vegetables. He also wanted to know in a confidential way if the poor girl was born thus. His questions were partly answered and partly evaded, and he went away saying that he might return the next morning, as he was very fond of cucumbers and tomatoes.

"What does he look like when you are close to him?" queried the girl of her aunt.

"He's a good looking fellow, and he talks as good language as I do. Jessie, I'm afraid you've got into a scrape."

"Why, how?"

"He's coming tomorrow morning, and he's just going to keep a-coming. I could see it in his eyes. How are you going to get over being deaf and dumb?"

"I won't get over it. If he comes I won't be around. I won't go out in the boat today, and that'll discourage him."

But the girl was mistaken. The unknown not only returned in the morning, but while Aunt Rebecca was pulling the tomatoes and picking the cucumbers he walked straight up to the "unfortunate" and wrote on a pad he had brought for the purpose:

"Fishing was good yesterday. I hoped you would be out."

"I don't care so much about fishing," she wrote.

"Wouldn't you like a sail on the bay?"

She shook her head.

"I see no hammock here. I have a spare one and will be glad to put it up for you."

Another shake, but she signed her thanks at the same time.

"I said he'd come, and he did come," observed Aunt Rebecca after the young man had departed. "Here's the card he left. He lives in town and paints pictures. What's the name—Clarence Denton?"

"Oh, he won't come again! I'm going fishing today, and if I see him coming I'll row away. Perhaps I shall give him a snub."

The snub was administered two hours later. Miss Jessie had reached her fishing ground when the artist was sighted bearing down upon her. She lifted her anchor and rowed straight away, and the distance was too far for him to see the smile on her face or for her to see the look of chagrin on his.

As the day turned out to be warm there was no boating in the afternoon, and neither did Mr. Denton show up for more vegetables in the morning. Miss Jessie pretended to be well pleased, but down in her heart she was piqued.

As a matter of fact, the girl had become indignant by the time she had taken up the oars, and the feeling was added to after she had fished for an hour without a bite or a sight of the other boat. Then came an interruption. She hooked what she believed was a whale, and in her excitement she rose up and tumbled into the water with a great splash. The boat did not go over, and she soon had her hands on it. But to draw herself up was another matter. She could not do it. She could only hang on and think of sharks.

She had been clinging for half an hour when a boat suddenly appeared in sight, and at the top of her voice she called out to be saved. She called once, twice, thrice, and then the boat was beside her, and Mr. Clarence Denton was lifting her in by the shoulders. He said no word until she was in and then asked:

"Does it always have this effect on deaf and dumb people?"

"I can't say as to others, but I have surely found my voice," was the saucy reply.

"Well, that's worth the wetting. I saw you when you went over, but was waiting for you to call. As you may lose your voice again if not taken care of, I will accompany you home."

After Mr. Denton had been an almost daily caller at Towser's for three weeks and a pretty constant guest at the dinner table Aunt Rebecca beckoned Miss Jessie out behind the currant bushes one evening and said:

"If you haven't lost your voice again you'd better tell him that I'm willing. Uncle Joe's willing and that your father is one of the willingest men in the world. Then you'd better be willing, too, for it's high time a big girl like you was stepping off."

The King's Premature Death.

The leading tragedian of a small company playing in an unimportant English village felt himself hard up one evening for a man to walk on in the first act of a historical bloodcurdler and say to him, "My lord, the king is ill," and to appear in the last act with the information, "My lord, the king is dead." So the leading tragedian took an active and fairly passable stage hand on one side and, engaging him for an extra shilling or two, instructed him carefully upon the artistic responsibilities of his new duties. "Now, mind you," he said, "the first time you come on you say, 'My lord, the king is ill,' and the second time you come on you say, 'My lord, the king is dead.'" "That's all right, guv'nor!" exclaimed the unshaven recruit, growing visibly larger in the chest with the magnitude of his promotion. And then "the night" came, and in the first act on swaggered the dusty debutant, with the dread line, uttered hurriedly, but in a prodigious voice, "My lord, the king is dead!" "Oh, is he?" snarled the leading tragedian, turning upon the much befeathered messenger a look of eternal hatred. "Then he has spoiled the whole of my blooming part!"

People We Often Meet.

"I hate the person who sends me important information on a postcard," remarked a woman at dinner the other evening. "In fact, I think postcards in general an abominable institution."

"A still more reprehensible habit," put in a second speaker, "is that of the man or woman who dictates letters of a private nature to a secretary."

All of us then enumerated our pet aversions. One of them was the individual who is always in a hurry, who while one talks to him seems on the tiptoe of flight and who never decides to do anything without consulting an engagement book.

Cousins to this one are the people who when they pay a call rush away after a fixed time, no matter how interesting the conversation, and never remain quite to the end of an entertainment. Yet they are usually people of leisure, hurrying from habit and not because they have anything in particular to do.

All these folk in some way sin against good manners and hurt the amour propre of their friends, being without the blessed gift of tact which crowns its happy owner with social popularity.—London Black and White.

THE SPORTING WORLD

Gibson's Great Work.

There is always one man on a ball club around whom the playing machinery revolves. That man is the catcher. He may not be spectacular, and he may be neither a good base runner nor a good hitter, but he must be reliable, quick of thought and quick of action. Without a good catcher no ball club can win a pennant.

We may talk of the Tinkers, the Mathewsons, the Leaches, the Clarkes and the Wagners, but there is one man who could have been withdrawn from the lineup of the Pirates a month or so ago and the club would not have had a chance to win the pennant. The athlete in mind is Catcher Gibson.

Gibson has been the backbone of the Pittsburg club since the beginning of the season, and the importance of his

CATCHER GEORGE GIBSON OF THE PITTSBURGS.

work can be seen from the fact that he has caught practically every game the Pirates played.

It is the business of a catcher to prevent the other team from scoring. He is the major general of the club when it is playing on the defensive. He must work his pitchers so as to handicap the base runners and when it comes to a showdown and he is forced to throw his heaves to second must be as true as a rifle shot. Gibson has been in charge of that work for the Pirates this season, and the answer is found in the standing of the clubs. Four years ago Gibson was considered a second rate catcher, but he has stuck to the job so faithfully and has improved with such rapid strides that his great work was instrumental in the Pirates winning the pennant. Without him they would be lost.

Consumptive Home For Ball Tossers.

A home for veteran ball players who fall victims to consumption to be established in Colorado and maintained by the club owners, or, rather, by the patrons of two major and two minor leagues, is the plan fathered by Bill Everett, the former Chicago National league star, whose home is in Denver. He hopes to see it put in effect within a short time.

As outlined by the veteran, only a decidedly moderate sum of money would purchase a comfortable home in Denver or its vicinity, and a small annual income would maintain it, providing a superintendent, a nurse when necessary and the services of a physician. The necessary money Everett suggests raising by setting aside for a brief period 1 per cent of the gate receipts of all games played in the National and American leagues and the American association and the Eastern league.

Admission to the proposed home would in that case be restricted to players who brought credentials from proper officials establishing the fact that they had played for at least one season in one of the major leagues or in the minor leagues named. Only those suffering from tuberculosis or similar ailments, for which residence in Colorado is almost compulsory, would be eligible.

Baseball In Germany.

A baseball game was played in Berlin recently for the benefit of the American Women's club, of which Mrs. Thackara, wife of the American consul general, is president. The ball was thrown on to the diamond by Ambassador Hill. The two nines were made up of Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador to Washington; Captain Heath of the British embassy, the members of the American embassy and representatives of the American colony.

New Hurdler For Penn.

Jack Hall, the old Mercersburg hurdler and interscholastic champion, has said that he would enter the veterinary department of the University of Pennsylvania this fall. Hall has a record of 15 4-5 seconds for the high hurdles and 25 seconds in the low and is sure to prove a valuable man to Mike Murphy.

Some Pitching, This.

Frank Dick, the Memphis (Tenn.) Southern league pitcher, performed the unusual feat recently of disposing of his opponents, the crack City league champions, without a run, hit, base on balls and without a runner reaching first base. The professionals won, 9 to 0.

Sprinter Lunghi May Go to Yale.

Emilio Lunghi, the phenomenal middle distance runner, who recently came to this country from Italy, where he is a graduate of the Polytechnic School of Genoa, is to make Bridgeport, Conn., his home in the future. It is Lunghi's intention to eventually enter Yale university.

In Passing.

"I'm lonesome," said the price of beef
To the price of the new silk gown.
"In my upward climb I see, with grief,
So few of you coming down!"
—Chicago Tribune.

The Drop From the Sublime.

"Well, no matter which of 'em discovered the pole, it was a magnificent undertaking."

"I just wonder if either of 'em was seasick."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Johnnie's Idea of It.

The foot that rocks the cradle
Is the foot that rules the sphere.
The hand that spanks the trousers
Is the hand we mostly fear.
—Los Angeles Express.

Just Possible.

"Man was made to mourn," quoted the moralizer.

"Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, "and woman was made to see that he does it."—New York Sun.

Why He Gave Up the Auto.

"I motored once, but gave it up,"
The sad eyed person said.
"The owner chased me in the rear.
The cops stepped in ahead."
—Boston Traveler.

The Cheapest.

"The best of girls has just refused me," groaned the simple one.

"Which proves," snapped the cynic, "that the best is cheapest in the end."
—Princeton Tiger.

Limitation.

Man wants but little, so they say,
And this tis safe to pray for.
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—Washington Star.

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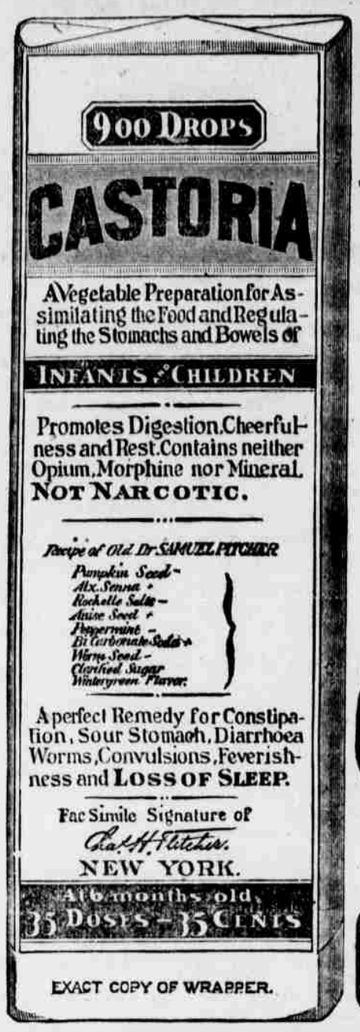

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"Well Irrigation of Small Farms in the Willamette Valley" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the passenger department of O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific Company lines in Oregon, of which Wm. McMurray is the general passenger agent. The author 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. 13696, serial No. 07057, for S½ NE¼ N½ SE¼, section 18, township 5 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.

Clirmant names as witnesses:

Charles Ridgeway, Enoch Cave, John F. Ridgeway and Walter Davis, all of Heppner, Oregon.

Oc14Nov18 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.
GARFIELD CRAWFORD, K. of R. & S.