

IN A NOOSE.

Miss Nina's Desperate Resolve
and the Way It Ended.

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY.
[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

Things had gone wrong with at least one of the guests of the Mountain House. Miss Nina Hazlett had gone up there with her maiden aunt as chaperon, and they had scarcely got their things unpacked when that maiden aunt began to lecture her on the frivolity of flirting.

Miss Nina had not flinched. She had simply let her eyes dwell for a moment on a good looking young man. Can't one sex look at the other sex without being made to toe the mark for so doing?

And then when the trunks had been unpacked, but not all the dresses yet hung up, the girl had gone walking by herself in the hotel grounds, and upon her return, bubbling over with enthusiasm, the maiden aunt had met her with the statement that she had done a highly improper thing and needn't be surprised if the other young ladies cut her dead.

Improper for a girl of nineteen to walk in the hotel grounds at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to view the fountain and the wolf in a cave? Nonsense! When she could have returned the smile of the bandmaster, but made up a face at him instead!

And after dinner, because a young man and his sister sat opposite and because the young man instead of his sister remarked that it had been a glorious sunset, Nina's maiden aunt said that girls in her time kept their eyes on their plates when eating. Of course it had been a glorious sunset. Of course the sister would have said so had she not been too busy with her soup. Of course the young man knew that the glorious sunset would have to be paid for with other extras, but he



HE WALTZED WHILE THE GIRL SCREAMED, wasn't going to spread a pall over the table by saying that it had been a five cent sunset.

There was one more trial for the young girl that evening. She wanted to sit in a grotto and hear the fountain splash and the band play "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The aunt made objections, but finally consented. They hadn't been sitting ten minutes, however, when she declared that she smelled liniment and that the man in the next grotto must be using it on a lame leg. They must not tarry another moment—that lame leg might be catching. And what was a grotto, anyhow, but a pile of stones? And what was a fountain but a lot of water going to waste when it could be utilized in washing dishes? And the band—it was playing for money, anyway!

Miss Nina awoke next morning determined to be very good, but things began to happen again. She overheard her aunt telling them at the office to deliver all mail to her personally, and in her anger her eyes filled with tears and she jumped up and down. Her letters—her love letters—to go to her aunt first and perhaps be read by her! She would die first!

The girl had just composed herself when she received a telegram from Jimmie saying that he would be up on the afternoon train. Jimmie was Mr. James Tillmoghast, to whom Miss Nina was so nearly engaged that they had discussed the question of whether they should keep three servants or four. The aunt was handed the telegram. She read and returned it with the observation that it was a wonder how he had allowed himself to be noosed.

Jimmie arrived. There was no one at the depot to meet him. At the hotel he had to wait thirty minutes before the answer to his card came back. The aunt greeted him effusively. That was reason enough why the niece should greet him coolly. Been noosed, had he? Been roped like a spring calf, caught on the fly before he had time to know his own mind? She would see about that! Of course Jimmie had wit enough to see that he had struck a snag of some sort, and he proposed a veranda promenade and explanations.

The aunt chimed in. But, looking him straight in the eye, the girl replied:

"Mr. Tillmoghast, kindly excuse me.

Consider yourself unnoosed from this time on."

It was while the lover and the aunt were occupying chairs on the veranda and trying to explain matters that Miss Nina slipped out of the hotel and took the path past the wolf's den and up the mountain. She wanted to get off by herself and think and shed tears and—probably commit suicide. Yes, that would end all. The aunt would have to weep. Jimmie would go around wishing the noose was around his neck again, and the papers would publish her latest photograph and speak of the affair as a romance. Suicide by all means! One plunge from the precipice, 500 feet high, would do the trick.

Miss Nina had left the hotel half a mile behind and was surveying the country for suitable precipices when a sudden sight caused her to scream out.

Around a bend in the path came a big black bear. He halted at sight of the girl. She screamed. He was used to it. He belonged to an Italian stroller who danced him from one resort to another. He stood on his hind legs and waltzed while the girl screamed. He stood on his head and growled while she sank down in a heap and faintly called for help. She forgot that she had broken with Jimmie, and she called on him.

The bear's master was resting and eating lunch a hundred yards behind the bend. He heard no commotion, and he did not worry. When a young lady has made up her mind to commit suicide she should not be particular as to whether she leaps over a precipice or is devoured by a bear. But Miss Nina was inconsistent. She felt herself on the point of being devoured, and she kept calling for help. Indeed, she wanted to live just as long as that old fellow referred to in all well regulated family Bibles.

If a good looking girl in peril calls for her sweetheart long enough he is bound to come. In this case Jimmie had dropped the aunt as soon as he decently could and was taking a stroll in the forlorn hope that the niece might be met with outside. It was a very fresh kid with a very fresh wink to his eye that said to him:

"She went off up that path, and she's probably expecting you."

Jimmie didn't exactly hustle until he heard faint calls for help. Then he was all lightning. As he came in sight of the bear and the girl he took in the peril. There was a dead limb almost under his feet, and he seized it and sailed in. The bear came down off his head and on to his four feet with promptness and dispatch. He had taken hundreds of kicks from his master and the public, and he took some more now as being all in the day's work. Jimmie was still on the job when the Italian heard the rumpus and appeared to call out:

"What do you do? Why you wanta keel my Joseph? He circus bear. He no hurta nobody."

"My dear girl!" shouted Jimmie as he turned to Nina.

"Is it you—is it Jimmie?"

"Of course it is. Thank heaven I came in time!"

"Yes; he was getting ready to eat me up. Oh, how I screamed for my aunt!"

"For your aunt?"

"I mean for you. Oh, Jimmie!"

"Well?" he asked as he helped her to her feet and threw a quarter to the Italian to pay the damages.

"Mr. Tillmoghast," with sudden dignity, "I have released you from the noose. Pray excuse my emotion."

"And what in cats is all this talk about nooses?" he demanded.

"Why, aunt says that I have noosed you."

"The spiteful woman! You haven't noosed me yet, but now is the time to do it. I love you, and I saved you from the bear. Don't leave room for me to jerk my head out. There—that's the proper noose, and we'll go back and hear the band play 'Where Is My Aunt Tonight?'"

"How the Shortsighted See.

The shortsighted and those in possession of perfect sight look upon the world from totally different aspects. The latter see spaces between the clearly defined leaves of a tree and the light shining through those spaces. The former gaze at a soft, blurred mass with no spaces.

A shortsighted man gets quite used to addressing people who are apparently without eyes and nose, and out of doors faces at quite a short distance melt into the atmosphere and become simply a cloud. Looking down a brilliantly lighted street you would probably see a long procession of lamps, twenty yards distant, and each having a distinct flame, but your shortsighted friend would see a conglomeration of shining circles shutting out the rest of the street. But, by way of compensation, color to the shortsighted becomes much softer and more beautiful. A coarse red face appears to wear only a becoming blush and the sky seems nearer to a short than to the normal sighted person.—London Answers.

The Only Trouble.

"Miss Passay hasn't any bean at all, has she?"

"No; her past discourages suitors."

"Why, there's nothing the matter with her past, is there?"

"Nothing, except that it's too long."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Reason For Blowing.

"Pop."

"Yes, my son."

"Why are the whales always blowing?"

"Oh, just because one of their ancestors swallowed Jonah, I suppose."

—Yonkers Statesman.

FRANK'S SISTER

She did not hear the name of the man who was introduced to her.

"I fear I am in the way. You are expecting some one."

"I am expecting Lord Steeplechase."

"He would be awfully flattered."

"No, he wouldn't. I came here to make him feel ashamed of himself—to have my revenge. He taught our Frank to bet—led him to destruction. He can get out of it because he is a millionaire. How dare he meddle with our only boy?"

"I don't think he is so bad. I know him, and—"

"I do not know him. I have never seen him. I don't want to know him."

"But—"

"There isn't the ghost of a 'but.' Ruin is the only word in the language. There is auntie looking for me, and I will have to go home without seeing Lord Steeplechase. Here is auntie, and I shall have to say good night to you. It was very good of you to listen to my scolding and not to be cross about losing your dance. And I don't even know your name."

"My name is of no consequence, and I don't mind the dance. I've been awfully interested in what you've been saying."

"I suppose you don't want to be acquainted with such an ill tempered person. However, I'm going home to the country tomorrow, and so it does not matter about ballroom acquaintances. All the same, you've been very patient and kind."

"Will you give me a spray of your flowers as a reward—a lily of the valley? Thanks. Most typical and sweet. I swear on this blossom to have it out with Lord Steeplechase."

Frank's sister has been three weeks at home, and the day is a mellow day in June.

"I hope you did not really say all that to your partner, my dear," said auntie, "and I am thankful you did not meet Lord Steeplechase."

A maid crosses the lawn with a letter and hands it to her.

"From Frank!" She opens and reads:

Dear Old Girl—You will be so jolly glad to hear some good news at last of your ne'er-do-well. Lord Steeplechase has got me an awfully swell appointment, which will make the people sit up who have been down on me. Not only that, but he has paid all my debts, because he says he is responsible as having been the cause of my imprudence. But don't believe a word of that, for he had really nothing to do with it. He seems to be awfully fond of me. By the way, he says he met you somewhere, and he asks me to take him down with me to—shire and introduce him properly. I may ask him to come some day, and I hope you will receive him decently. And that reminds me—I am coming at once with a mutual friend of his and mine. You may expect us at any moment. Tell the mater to cheer up.

"It is a world of miracles," she reflects. "Lord Steeplechase turning out our benefactor! Where did he meet me, I wonder? I suppose he was afraid to get introduced. Wheels! Can Frank be arriving?" Two masculine figures emerge from the trees. "Why, it is the friend of Lord Steeplechase whom I talked to at the ball. I am so glad!"

"Dear old Frank!"

"Dear old woman! How's the mater? Did you get my letter? This is my best friend and also the friend of Lord Steeplechase."

She looked deprecatingly at the friend while giving her hand.

"I hope you have forgotten all I said to you that night. I was unparadoxically severe, it seems, on a third per-

son. He has been shockingly treated—at least if he knew—but unless you told him—did you?"

"I always keep my own secrets."

"But that was hardly your own."

"I made it a personal matter."

"I am deeply obliged to you. He has done wonderful things for Frank."

"Hello," said Frank, "here is the mater! Dear old mater, your prodigal son has come back. I am going to make the fortune of the family. Lord Steeplechase!"

His mother shrieks: "That monster! Do not name him! Only for him my son would hold an honored position."

Frank's sister put her hand lightly on her mother's lips.

"Mother, there is a stranger present. Take her aside and talk to her, Frank, and make her understand."

"And leave you to entertain Lord Steeplechase? Excellent! Ta-ta! I'm off. Mother, take my arm and let me take you for a quiet turn."

"Steeplechase?" She looks after the retreating mother and son and then at the "mutual friend," who has drawn a step nearer to her.

"You are Lord Steeplechase?"

"Forgive!"

"Oh!"

She struggled with her confusion for a few moments.

"You said you were only Lord Steeplechase's friend."

"Not only his friend. Sometimes a man in his own worst enemy. But Lord Steeplechase has come to Frank's sister to say that he feels as she wished him to feel, ashamed of himself, for he had some involuntary share in Frank's delinquencies."

"I am glad it was involuntary. You are older than Frank."

"And to allow her to have revenge."

"How?"

"By sending him out of her presence."

"You ought to be glad to go."

"Going will be banishment from a new found joy and hope."

Then he produces, handing it very tenderly, a faded spray of lily of the valley.

At the Casino.

"She says she'd rather waltz than eat."

"Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance program than a dinner check."—Kansas City Journal.

Discovery.

No doubt the north pole is discovered now.

The snows all vainly hid it. But science still must toil with furrowed brow.

Discovering who did it.

—Denver Post.

Naming a medicine.

Quinine is made from Peruvian bark—the outer part of a medicinal plant called cinchona. It was so named from the wife of Count Cinchona of Peru in the seventh century, who by its use was cured of intermittent fever.

The Blackbirds and the Pie.

"Sing a song of sixpence, A pocketful of rye!"

Do you know the meaning Of the blackbirds and the pie?

The hours are the blackbirds— Just twenty birds and four— Earth and sky the pie crusts Out of which the blackbirds soar.

"When the pie was opened"— This means the break of day, When the dawn beginneth And the early sunbeams play.

By the king is meant, dear, The sun up in the sky, And the "golden moments" He is counting as they fly.

Then the queen's the moon, dear; The "maid who hangs the clothes" Is the fair Aurora.

Who on us dawn bestows, And the bird that jumped up And nipped the poor maid's nose The first hour of morning.

When Aurora always goes, So "sing a song of sixpence, A pocketful of rye."

Now you know the meaning Of the blackbirds and the pie.

—St. Nicholas.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

- Pumpkin Seed
- Alum
- Rhubarb
- Sassafras
- Peppermint
- Oil of Turpentine
- Hydrocyanic Acid
- Alcohol

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

For Simile Signature of

NEW YORK.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

OFFICERS	DIRECTORS
W. O. MINOR, President	W. O. MINOR
J. H. McHALEY, Vice-President	J. H. McHALEY
W. S. WHARTON, Cashier	W. G. SCOTT
VAWTER CRAWFORD, Asst. Cashier	C. E. WOODSON
	W. S. WHARTON

Bank of Heppner

Capital, Fully Paid, - \$50 000 00
Undivided Profits - 2259 33

Four Per cent Interest paid on Time and Savings Deposits

Your Banking Solicited

The Pastime

Finest Line of High Grade Cigars in City

Candies, Nuts, Soft Drinks

Billiards and Pool

F. E. WESTERBERG, Prop

PALACE HOTEL
HEPPNER, OREGON

Leading Eastern Oregon Hotel.

MODERN CONVENIENCES
ELECTRIC LIGHTED

Under New Management. Thoroughly Renovated and Refitted. Best Meals in the City.

MADDOCK & CO. Props.

International Cor. Schools

Scranton, Pa.

Can give you thorough training in any of the following professions Mark X before course you desire information about.

Ad Writer, Bookkeeper, Commercial Law, Illustrator, Sign Painter, Marine Engineer, Mechanical Drafterman, English Branches, Sheet Metal Worker, Electrician,	Architect, Plumber, Mechanical Engineer, Civil Engineer, Surveyor, Assayer, Chemist, Mining Engineer, Contractor and Builder.
--	---

French, German and Spanish with Edison Repeating Phonograph.

H. V. REED, Representative

BOX 19 PORTLAND, OREGON

"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 Eugene, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that Artimus Brown of Heppner, Oregon, who, on July 11th, 1904 made homestead entry No. 12906, serial No. 07057, for 8 1/4 NE 1/4, N 1/2 SE 1/4, 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.

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

Certified Nov 18 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.
CARFIELD CRAWFORD, E. of R. & S.

70 YEARS

There are two kinds of whiskey.
One is—the other isn't.

The kind that IS contains all the constituents that come from proper distillation and ageing—That's what makes it REAL whiskey.

The kind that ISN'T is made of alcohol, prune juice and bead oil or is simply alcohol put in charred barrels, and branded whiskey.

The Pure Food Law aims at having the consumer get exactly what he calls for.

When you call for whiskey ask your dealer if it will respond to a government laboratory test.

Ask him if he guarantees it.

Then you will know what you are paying your money for. Buy the brand you know, the standard for 70 years.

Cyrus Noble—pure whiskey—all whiskey—old whiskey.

4 quart bottles of GENUINE CYRUS NOBLE direct to you, all charges paid to the nearest railroad express office. \$4.90

W. J. VAN SCHUYVER & CO.
Established 1864 105-107 Second Street, Portland, Oregon

W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., Portland, Oregon.
Enclosed please find \$4.90 for which please send me at once by express, prepaid, four quarts GENUINE CYRUS NOBLE.

Name _____ Ship via _____
P. O. Address _____ State _____
Country _____

DIRECT TO YOU.