

Married by Accident

A Man Wins a Wife by Getting into the Wrong House.

By REGINALD D. HAVEN
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On — street is a block of ten houses, every house exactly like every other house. I once lived in one of these houses, and I never went home but I ran a risk of getting into the wrong house.

In the fourth house was a young lady whose appearance I especially admired. I considered her very pretty, and she was certainly very stylish.

"Now, that's just the girl I would like for a wife," I used to say when I saw her going into or coming out of her home.

One afternoon I went home, and, finding the front door ajar, I walked in, put my hat and overcoat in the hall closet and went upstairs to a sitting room on the second floor. The room was shut in by brick walls, and I seldom sat there without turning on the light. Being tired, I threw myself into an easy chair and, closing my eyes, sat thinking on a matter of business that had occurred during the day. Presently, hearing a footstep and looking up, I saw a woman's figure standing in the doorway. There was not enough light to distinguish who she was, but I was not long kept in ignorance. She pressed a button beside the door, and a bright electric light showed me the girl who lived two doors from me.

"How is this?" I stammered. "Have I got into the wrong house?"

"I expect you have," replied the girl.

"Pardon me, I assure you I had no idea — I'm very careless."

At that moment I heard the front door close. The girl heard it, too, and changed countenance.

"Good gracious, my aunt!" she exclaimed.

"Well?"

"It is very unfortunate your being here. She is a very suspicious woman."

"I see. It would grieve me terribly to have her think —"

"Dear me, she's coming up here!"

"Can I get out without meeting her?"

"No. Go in there."

She shut me up in a large closet, and the next minute I heard the harsh voice of an old woman in the adjoining room.

"Lois," she said severely, "that young man you admire so much who lives in this block is in this house. I was sitting in Mrs. Deacon's window, next door, and saw him come up and walk in at the front door. What are you doing in this room with all this light turned on?"

"Why, Aunt Jane, you must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! Do you think I haven't eyes? Oh, heavens, Lois! Can it be possible that you are — a wicked, bad girl? Upon my word, I believe you are hiding a lover. I'm going to have a look."

She made for the only place in the room possible for concealment — the closet — and had her hand on the door-knob when I heard a slight scuffle, and the young lady said:

"Aunt Jane, before you open that door I wish to say something to you. I have been deceiving you. I have been wooed and won clandestinely by the young man you have referred to. He is in that closet."

I must hasten to protect the honor of one I had compromised by my stupidity. I fung open the door, put my arm around the girl who had been driven to this falsehood, threw back my head proudly and said dramatically:

"No power on earth shall separate me from my wife."

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed the old lady.

My reputed wife buried her face in her hands, whether because the seriousness of the matter had occurred to her or whether to conceal laughter at its absurdity I did not know.

"Do you mean to say," continued the old lady to me, "that you are married to my niece?"

There would be no use in mincing matters. I swore that I was her niece's husband.

"And you, Lois," continued the aunt — "are you really married to him?"

A faint "Yes" came from under the girl's hands.

"Well, well, well! How you two young people could have done your courting without my finding you out is remarkable. How did you manage it?"

"Love laughs at locksmiths," I said knowingly, not having any explanation ready.

"I should think so," said the aunt impressively. "How long have you been married?"

I didn't dare risk an answer to this question, fearing to be caught in a trap. I threw the burden on my bride.

"Lois, dear," I said, "tell your aunt all about it. She will be more forgiving at getting the story from one she loves. Or would you prefer sitting down with her alone and talking it all over with her?"

"I think I would like to have a little time," stammered Lois faintly.

"And I think I want the whole story this minute," cried the aunt.

"Had I not better withdraw?" I suggested.

I was beginning to get very hot in the face. Confound these houses built in blocks! I'll never live in one again!

By this time Lois had thought what

answer would be less likely to sink us deeper in the mire. It occurred to her that if she said we had just been married the result in the end would be less compromising, so she told her aunt that we had been married that day at noon. She hit upon this hour because she had been away from home at that time. Then her aunt asked if we had been married by a clergyman. Lois, dreading that the old woman would pounce on the dominie, told her that we had been married by a justice of the peace.

"A justice of the peace?" exclaimed the old lady contemptuously. "Do you call that a marriage? I shall telephone for our own rector at once. If you can't be married respectfully you shall at least be married religiously."

She was making for the telephone. We both clutched her.

"Madam," I cried, "permit me to say a word. I beg of you to leave me and my — your niece alone together for awhile that we may talk this matter over. These unconventional marriages are liable to bring a stain upon the parties concerned. You certainly don't wish your niece to suffer in that way, do you? Give us an hour to decide as to when and how we shall publish our union to the world."

With a sniff the old lady bounced out of the room.

The girl and I looked at each other. We would have laughed, but the affair was far too serious for mirth.

"You've got me into a terrible pickle," said Lois, much irritated.

"I? I ask a thousand —"

"Why did you say we were married? I only said we were engaged. There was a retreat from that. There is none from marriage."

"An engagement doesn't warrant a girl having a lover in a closet."

"I don't suppose it does."

"Marriage is the only thing that will excuse that."

"But how are we going to get out of it?"

"Can't you confess the whole thing? It's a splendid joke, awfully funny. Hasn't your aunt any sense of humor?"

"About as much as a cat has of poetry."

"What do you suggest?"

"I can't think of anything unless I do as you say — confess — but that would be the same thing as acknowledging criminality. Aunt Jane would never believe anything else."

"Then you can't get out of it without being smirched, at least to your aunt?"

"No, and she can never keep the secret. Others will know it. It will go everywhere. What shall I do?" She wrung her hands.

"There's another trouble in the way," I said. "She asked each of us if we admitted we were married. That in the presence of a witness makes us man and wife."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

There was a silence, at the end of which I said:

"I'm responsible for all this. Now let me make an admission. I have seen and admired you before, and I have said to myself, 'That's a girl I would like for my wife.' I heard your aunt refer to me as a person you had — she hung her head — had admired. Now, suppose we let the matter rest, pledging your aunt to keep our secret till we can determine what we wish to be the outcome of this singular adventure. I will keep my home; you can keep yours. If we decide not to be man and wife we can find some way out of it with your aunt. If we wish to be married we can have a more pretentious ceremony than the one just performed."

We filled up the hour deliberating, but found no better plan than this. Then we rejoined Aunt Jane, and I acted as spokesman.

"Aunt Jane," I said — "I presume I may now call you aunt — I admit that I have done very wrong in hurrying your niece into a secret marriage, especially since my affairs are not just now in a condition that will enable me to take care of a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed. I ask a short time in which to get them in such condition, and I shall then acknowledge the marriage. As for myself, I would be willing to do this now, but Lois, whom we both love and whose reputation we are both bound to protect, thinks that we had better wait awhile, then announce an engagement and after a brief one celebrate a marriage without saying anything about the one that has occurred. Meanwhile I ask permission to visit my wife just as I would visit her with your permission to win her. I should have taken this course before. The strength of my love for her is my only excuse for not doing so. I am convinced that if she turns out to be as estimable a lady as her aunt I shall have won a treasure."

Aunt Jane gave me reason to be proud of myself for this speech by saying that it was never too late to do the right thing and she hoped I would prove myself as worthy as my words indicated.

I kissed the old lady at my departure, and my wife followed me to the door for the ostensible purpose of receiving a marital salute. I offered to avail myself of the opportunity, but Lois drew back.

I then returned to my own home, having been in the wrong house an hour and a half, during which I had married a wife to whom I had never before spoken a word and had conciliated her guardian.

I was not long winning my wife's consent to a public engagement and soon got my affairs in shape for a public wedding. When we entered the church there was not a person present who knew that the union of the contracting parties occurred from the groom having got into the wrong house.

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THE MASTER SUN.

Sirius, the Dog Star, May Be the Center of Attraction.

Astronomers once believed that the entire starry universe revolved around a center of attraction, and the star named Alcyone, in the group of the Pleiades, was selected by Maedler as marking that great center.

It has long been known, however, that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal center exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many of the stars seem to be moving in straight lines, some in one direction and some in another, and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines.

In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups or sets of stars which appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs we do not yet know, but De launey has presented reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured (that is to say, those which are nearest to us) group themselves around Sirius, the dog star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun.

If this be correct Sirius may possibly be the master sun of which our orb of day is a distant satellite.—Harper's Weekly.

Voltaire's Disastrous Attempts to Make De Rohan Fight.

Literary men in duelling times and countries have always been rather prone to get into trouble from which only a passage at arms could extricate them. Voltaire had at various turns a number of duels on his hands, but counted among them two which did not reach the expected climax.

One of these was his affair with the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, who goaded him to the point of fighting and then, instead of giving him the satisfaction demanded, had him lured into a coach and soundly whipped with switches by some hirelings concealed there.

Voltaire, after trying in vain to induce one of his noble friends to back him in his further pursuit of his enemy, appealed to the municipal authorities in these phrases: "I humbly represent that I have been brutally assaulted by the courageous Chevalier de Rohan, aided by six cutthroats, behind whom he was bravely posted. Ever since that time I have sought to restore not my honor, but his, a task too difficult."

As this public affront failed to produce any effect, Voltaire hunted out the chevalier one evening at the theater and flung insults in his face there. Rohan at last consented to meet him, but contrived to let the news reach other members of the Rohan family, who had Voltaire arrested and thrown into the Bastille.—New York Post.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the County of Morrow, State of Oregon, dated the 26th day of May, 1910, in a certain action in the Circuit Court for said County and State, wherein The First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, a corporation, plaintiff, recovered judgment against Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock, Defendants, for the sum of Eleven Thousand nine hundred ninety-one and 20/100 (\$11,991.80) dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 22nd day of March, 1910, and the further sum of eleven hundred and no 100 (\$1100.00) dollars attorney's fee, and costs and disbursements taxed at fifty-six and 20/100 (\$56.20) dollars, on the 22nd day of March, 1910.

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COPPER RIVETED OVERALLS

Notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, the 25th day of June, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the front door of the Court House in Heppner, Morrow County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described property, to wit: The southwest quarter of section thirty (30), the east half of the southwest quarter and lots three (3) and four (4) of section nineteen (19); the east half of the northwest quarter and lots one (1) and two (2) of section thirty one (31), all in township two (2) south of range twenty-seven (27) E. W. M.; also the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-five (25); the southeast quarter and the south half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-four (24) and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter and the north half of the southeast quarter and the north half of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six (36) all in township two (2) south of range twenty-six (26) east of the Willamette Meridian.

Taken and levied upon as the property of the said Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said judgment in favor of the First National Bank of Heppner, Oregon, a corporation and against said Jennie W. Matlock and H. J. Matlock, together with all costs and disbursements that have or may accrue.

E. M. SHUTT, Sheriff.

By GUS MALLORY, Deputy.

Dated at Heppner, Oregon, May 26, 1910.

May 26 June 23.

HIS ACCOMPLICE.

The Obliging Old Lady Who Helped the Struggling Boy.

When a kind old lady in walking along a north side residence street, beheld a small boy struggling vainly to reach something between the gratings of a tall iron fence surrounding a palatial residence she paused to watch his operations. The object of his quest she discovered to be a handsome mechanical toy, an automobile that would run when wound up. The boy had a stick with which he was trying to pull the machine toward him, but as he could scarcely reach it the struggle was well nigh hopeless.

"Let me try it," said the old lady.

"My arm is longer than yours."

"All right," replied the youngster, relinquishing the stick.

Getting down on her knees, the old lady, by dint of much stretching and careful manipulation, gradually worked the machine toward the fence and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little boy grasp it with eager fingers.

"Now," she said, "you must be more careful and not let it get away from you again."

"Gee," said the boy, "it never got away from me, an' it ain't goin' to neither."

"Wh-wh-why," faltered the old lady, with the dawning of a horrible suspicion. "Isn't it yours?"

"You bet it's mine now," said the kid, and away he scampered, leaving the good old lady alone with her conscience.—Atlanta Constitution.

DODGED THE DUELS.

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A. M. PHELPS The Grocer

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Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Ore., May 25th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Albert T. King, of Ione, Oregon, who, on April 20, 1909, made homestead No. 04777, for SW 1/4 section 27, township 11 south, range 24 east, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner at his office, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 2nd day of July 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses.

Laxton McMurray, Robert Capen, Mathias Halvorsen and Thomas Downing, all of Ione, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

June 2-30

New Feed Store.

Hay, feed of all kinds, seed grain and Waitsburg flour all delivered free.

Heppner Feed Store, below

Palace Hotel. Phil Cohn and Walt Richardson, Props.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Public Land Sale—Isolated Tract.

United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, May 23d, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under the provisions of act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, [34 Stats. 517], we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 14th day of July, 1910, at this office, the following described land:

The SW 1/4 sec. 33, T. 2 S., R. 29 E. W. M., serial No. 07056.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.

June 2 July 7

The Heppner Gazette—the news of Morrow County; The Weekly Oregonian—the news and thought of the world. Both at a special price. Inquire or address The Gazette, Heppner, Or.

A recognized authority—The Weekly Oregonian.



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