

# THE WILLOW TEAPOT

A Mistake of Twenty Years Explained

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Although the Horner sisters had lived in the same house for forty years, during twenty of those long years they had not exchanged a word.

No one in Rosedale knew why Abigail had suddenly taken up her residence in the north wing of the old house and Sophia had settled her belongings in the sunny south half. At the time conjecture had been rife, but the nine days' wonder had settled into a strong conviction that they had disagreed over the "propety," for it was shortly after old Judge Horner's death that the estrangement began.

Every Sunday morning the sisters stepped primly down the gravelled path to the gate and in wordless silence wended their way to church and up the aisle to the Horner pew. In vain had the pastor remonstrated with them singly and together. While open to reason and conviction on every other point, they were dumb regarding the cause of their wordless strife.

It was June now, and Sophia was digging among her pansies. She was slight and pale, with a pleasant, mild face that now and then startled one by settling into firm lines around the mouth. Abigail's features were cast in a sterner mold, and the lines about her mouth were deeper, and this characteristic feature in both sisters was known as "Hornor spunk," and it was generally agreed that "Hornor spunk" was at the root of the trouble.

Abigail stood under the cedars with a copy of the county paper in her hand. She was slowly reading an article for the fifth time:

The Rev. Paul Weemers, pastor of the Park Methodist church, New York, will preach in the First church at Rosedale on Sunday evening next. It will be remembered that the First church of Rosedale was Mr. Weemers' first charge, and his return will be the occasion of much pleasure to his old friends and parishioners. Mr. Weemers will be accompanied by his wife.

She looked across the boxwood hedge into Sophia's garden. The news would interest Sophia as well as herself. Abigail thought of this as she stood there looking at Sophia's stooping form. There was a certain stern integrity about Abigail that urged her to break the long silence and to impart the news she had read to her sister. There was an underlying tenderness, too, toward her younger sister that the bitter resentment of years could not destroy. She resolved that Sophia should not be taken unawares.

She leaned over the hedge and dropped the newspaper under Sophia's nose.

Sophia squeaked with surprise as the paper rattled among the pansies, and there was blank astonishment in her misraptured eyes as she lifted them to gaze upon the grim, uncompromising face of her sister.

The latter pointed to the paper with an old time gesture of command, and Sophia, adjusting her spectacles, sought the wrong page with agitated eagerness. Then she turned the sheet, and presently a nervous cluck and the dull reddening of her cheek announced that she had found the item. In her excitement the younger woman spoke. "He will call," she said softly, as if to herself.

The next day was Saturday, and all day long Sophia's lavender muslin hung on the clothesline, bending and swaying in the soft west wind like a zesty wreath of Sophia herself. Abigail looked sternly upon the dress. She had been on her way to the front chamber to look over a well preserved summer silk, but the sight of the dress seemed to proclaim the boldness of Sophia—a boldness that was unexpected and that seemed to rouse a stern maidenliness in the older woman. She reddened darkly and went hastily downstairs again.

In the solitude of her own front room she sat and thought. The stern upbraiding of the Horner girls had discouraged the coming of suitors, and it was not until after their father's death that Paul Weemers came to preach at the First church. He had been equally attentive to both sisters, and it was perhaps natural that each should believe herself to be the preferred one and the other an interloper. When Paul received a call to a larger parish he came to say goodby, and when he asked old Hannah if Miss Horner was in the sisters appeared simultaneously. Suddenly Abigail was called away, and when she returned to the parlor the young minister had gone and Sophia was standing at the window with a bewildered look on her pretty face.

Then a white rage had taken possession of Abigail, and her tongue had loosed upon the frightened Sophia, who turned fiercely with upbraiding contradictions. After that scene, which no one witnessed, began the long silence. It was of these things that Abigail was thinking.

The next day was Sunday, and Sophia stepped down the path alone, her worn hymn book clasped in her mitted hands. She cast many anxious, backward glances at the north wing where Abigail's stern profile was outlined against the window pane; she was bent over the pages of the Christian Work, and it was evident she did not intend to go to church that morn-

ing. Sophia went on alone, swinging her fresh muslin skirts and holding her head rather high, quite unaware that Abigail was watching her with accusing eyes of mingled pity and resentment.

Sophia did not know why she was hurrying to church that morning with a pink spot in either faded cheek, but her heart beat quickly, and she was conscious of a pleasant excitement at the idea of seeing Paul Weemers again. That was all. She fluttered the leaves of her Bible as she waited for the service to begin. She wondered vaguely where Mrs. Weemers would sit and concluded that she was the fashionably attired woman who sat in the minister's pew. She was a plump, pretty woman with dark hair waving back from a fresh, youthful complexion. Then Paul Weemers came in, and Sophia gasped with surprise. He was rather stout and much older, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

The next morning while the sisters were attending to their separate household duties the doorbell toned dismally. Abigail went into the front hall and, peering through the side window light, saw a man in clerical garments accompanied by a woman. She paused for a moment with a hand on the knob, then she opened the door.

"Now, Miss Abigail, I don't believe you recognize me!" exclaimed the man heartily. "I didn't see you in church yesterday, although I am sure that I recognized your sister."

"Mr. Weemers, isn't it?" asked Abigail coldly. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, and this is my wife; my dear, this is Miss Horner, one of my old friends and parishioners."

"I have heard my husband speak of you and your lovely old house, Miss Horner," said the lady pleasantly.

They went into Abigail's cool parlor. "Where is Miss Sophia?" inquired Mr. Weemers with evident interest.

"I will call her," said Abigail reluctantly.

She stepped across the hall and opened Sophia's door—that was the signal when there was company for both.

"Don't you care, Sophia," she whispered with fierce intensity as her sister followed her into the room.

Sophia was visibly agitated. She stammered greetings to the minister and his wife, which Abigail tried to cover by commonplace remarks, but there was an atmosphere of constraint over the four people.

"Will you have some refreshment?" asked Abigail presently. "It is a very warm day," she observed. She left the room and presently returned with foaming glasses of root beer and a plate of freshly cut sponge cake. She ate nothing herself, but looked intently from her sister to Mr. Weemers and then at the minister's wife.

The latter set down her glass. "Do you know, Miss Horner, that when my husband told me he was coming to Rosedale on Sunday I was delighted. The first thing I said was, 'Now I shall see the Horner teapot!'"

Abigail's face softened. "So he remembered our teapot?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed. I have a mania for old china, and Paul shares the mania. He has spoken of the teapot as such a lovely example of willow pattern, and I told him I positively must see it."

Abigail went to a walnut cabinet and brought forth a large blue and white teapot. It had been in the Horner family for many generations and was a treasured heirloom.

"How perfectly lovely!" exclaimed Mrs. Weemers, while her husband hung over it in silent admiration. Suddenly he straightened back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"You do not know, Miss Abigail, how hard I strove one day, many years ago, to ask you to sell me that famous teapot. I had seen it and succumbed to its beauty. I remember, just a day or so before I left Rosedale, I called to say goodby and at the same time to ask if you would sell it, but I realized my presumption and hardly hoped you would do so. I tried to broach the subject, but somehow I couldn't seem to make any headway. I recollect that you were called from the room, and I tried to approach your sister on the subject, but she seemed to want to talk of everything except the teapot, so I gave it up and went away. I wrote to you once and asked about it, but as I never heard from you presume the letter went astray."

Abigail and Sophia were looking at one another over the blue teapot. There was a startled expression in Sophia's eyes, while Abigail looked pityingly at her sister.

Abigail found her voice first. "My sister and I would like to give you the teapot, Mrs. Weemers," she said, with decision in her tones. "There is no one to care for it after we are gone, and you and your husband seem to prize it so highly we would like you to have it."

"But—we cannot—it is too much!" stammered Mrs. Weemers.

"Oh, yes!" cried Sophia eagerly. "You must take it. We want you to have it. Abigail and I have so many old fashioned things."

Abigail left the room to wrap the teapot in paper and to escape the effusive thanks of the delighted Weemers. Sophia followed her sister, trembling with some unexplained emotion.

Removing the lid, Abigail thrust her hand into the teapot and drew forth a yellowed envelope. She held it toward Sophia.

"It's yours," she said shortly.

"No; it's yours," returned Sophia.

"If it's mine," said Abigail in grim tones, "I'll burn it up," and she thrust it into the stove.

"Shall we have tea together in the big dining room tonight, Abigail?" asked Sophia timidly.

"Of course we will," said Abigail.

# The Story of a Rose

By MARY A. BOWERS

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If all the old books in the world could be opened at once and the articles found between their pages displayed to the world they would fill a museum. These inclosures would be made up of faded flowers, memoranda, bits of lace and occasionally a letter. And among those letters there would be found some that would wreck the peace of families. A librarian once told me that every book returned to the library was shaken and almost always something would drop out. How many of these articles could tell a love story?

Here is one of a rose:  
I am—or was—a white rosebud. When I was born I don't remember any better than people remember when they were born. I was very young when I was plucked, and that is the earliest event in my life that I recall. It was a June morning, June 15 (I'll tell later why I know this), and most of the dewdrops on me had been absorbed by the air. A young man came into the garden. He was barely nineteen and as handsome as a picture. He wore no hat, and the sunshine poured in and out of his tumbled hair. He looked about among us flowers as if searching for one he especially wanted. Then his eyes lit on me. I was the only bud just opened. He plucked me and took me into the house. After breakfast he put me in his buttonhole and, calling his dog, set out down the road. Presently he stopped before a house, on the piazza of which stood a girl. She, too, was very young—only seventeen, I fancy—and was dressed in pure white, not a bit of color about her. The young man turned in at the gate and joined her.

"I have come to say goodby," he said. "I am going away this afternoon to take the position that has been offered to me."

I saw the girl change countenance. I don't think he noticed it, but you know a man has not the delicate perceptive faculties of a white rose. They sat down together on wicker chairs and chatted for a long while. It seemed to me that he would have liked to tell her that he loved her, but some reason interposed, probably the fact that he was just starting in life and both were very young. At any rate, he rose to go without having done so. But he did the next best thing. He offered me to her and told her that if she would keep me till he came again he would have a secret to tell her.

She tried to look indifferent when he called his dog and started back home. But as soon as he was well down the road she ran into the house, taking me with her, and up to her room, where she kept a long while. Then she placed me on her bureau, where she had placed me, and put me in water. There I remained till she went to bed. Just before doing so she placed me in a book of poems.

In the morning as soon as she awoke she opened the book and kissed me. Then, lest I should fall from between the leaves, she pinned my stem to the leaf. Under me she wrote June 15.

This book of poems was to be my permanent home, a very fit dwelling place for a white rose. The girl read the book very often and always caressed me when she did so. A year passed, and when the next summer had gone she wrote under me on the margin of the page:

"Will be never come?"

Years passed—I don't know how many, perhaps five or six—and he did not come. Then the girl went away, leaving me with her other favorites. More years passed. One day a man came into the room where I was and packed all the books, the one I was in among the number, and they were carted away. When the box containing me was opened a man took out my book dwelling and placed it on a shelf of a shop with other books.

I must have been by this time eight or ten years old. At any rate, my leaves were yellow and brittle, though my stem was still firm. One day a man came into the bookshop and asked if they had a certain book of poems. I was taken down and handed to him. He opened the cover, and when he saw the name written on the flyleaf I felt his hand tremble. Then he turned over the leaves till he came to the page to which I had been pinned. His fingers clutched the book in a sort of spasm.

"How much?" he asked the shopkeeper.

"Oh, you can have that for 10 cents." The purchaser tossed a bill on the counter and, forgetting his change, hurried away. The shopman called after him, but he did not hear.

I didn't recognize the purchaser till he saw me in the shop and what was written under me. Then I knew him, despite a full beard he wore. He took the book and me to his room in bachelor quarters, and there I remained a week. Then one day he wrapped up carefully in paper and took us to another city on a train. We there entered a house, and in a few moments a lady entered. The man looked at her and said:

"I have come at last."

The lady looked at him and uttered a little cry. He handed the book to her, open at the page to which I was pinned, and my dear mistress and I looked each other in the face again. I now live with the two, who are married, and am considered the most precious thing in the house.

# SHE WAS AGGRESSIVE.

Lucky For the Little Man He Was Not Her Husband.

The lady in the office corner of the tramcar possessed a truculent air and a discolored eye.

"Funny thing any one can't take a penny ride without everybody glarin' at 'em," she remarked, fixing a small gentleman wearing gray whiskers and a somewhat rusty top hat with her normal optic.

"The small gentleman suddenly became interested in a soap advertisement."

"If any one can't 'ave a black eye without Tom, Dick and Harry askin' questions things are comin' to a pretty pass," continued the lady.

Silence, allied with soap advertisement study, though eminently discreet, was ineffective.

"You 'im a-talkin' to." The lady prodded the small gentleman's knee with her umbrella. "Bin settin' there this last ten minutes, you 'ave, wonderin' if my 'usbun' gives it to me. If it'll ease yer mind, 'e did. Is there anything else?"

"Madam," the small gentleman commenced, "had I been your husband?"

"I should 'a' got off at th' cemetery with a wreath instead o' goin' ter the 'orsental with a visitor's ticket," snapped the lady, "and the wreath wouldn't 'a' been expensive either."—London Ideas.

# He'll Hear It Later On.

Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, my darling. Fair One—Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy.—Jewish Ledger.

# The Flag of Denmark.

In the year 1219 King Waldemar of Denmark, when leading his troops to battle against the Livonians, saw, or thought he saw, a bright light in the form of a cross in the sky. He held this appearance to be a promise of divine aid and pressed forward to victory. From this time he had the cross placed on the flag of his country and called it the Dannebrog—that is, the strength of Denmark. Aside from legend there is no doubt that this flag with the cross was adopted by Denmark in the thirteenth century and that at about the same date an order, known as the order of Dannebrog, was instituted, to which only soldiers and sailors who were distinguished for courage were allowed to belong. The flag of Denmark, a plain red banner bearing on it a white cross, is the oldest flag now in existence. For 300 years both Norway and Sweden were united with Denmark under this flag.—Housekeeper.

Good results always follow the use of Foley Kidney Pills. They contain just the ingredients necessary to tone, strengthen and regulate the kidneys and bladder, and to cure backache. Sold by all druggists.

It is expected that 2,000 wool growers will visit Portland during January next, when the National Association of Woolgrowers will hold its annual convention in that city.

Rev. E. P. Warren will assist Rev. E. P. Cross, the new pastor, in services at Lexington, next Sunday at 11 a. m.

The Willamette valley produced 100,000 bales of first grade hops this season, as compared with a yield of 82,000 bales last season.

BOYS! GIRLS! FREE COLUMBIA BICYCLES for a little easy spare-time work for Hamp on's Magazine. Send postal for wonderful FREE Bicycle Offer. Address "Bicycle Club," Room 538, 66 West 35th St., New York.

Oregon's cranberry harvest has been heavy. Four hundred bushels an acre with a clear profit of \$2 a bushel, is not an unusual yield for Western Oregon marshes.

For More Than Three Decades Foley's Honey and Tar has been a household favorite for coughs, colds, and ailments of the throat, chest and lungs. Contains no opiates. Sold by all druggists.

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A. J. COOK & SON, Props.  
At rear of Roberts' Stone building, Main Street.

Meals at all Hours  
Fresh Fish Received Every Thursday  
We make a specialty of the Fish business for family trade. Leave your orders.  
HEPPNER, OREGON

Notice For Publication.  
Isolated Tract—Public Land Sale. 65697.  
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, September 28th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public—No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., on the 21st day of November, 1910, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit:

SW $\frac{1}{4}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 9, NW $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 15, SW $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , and NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 10, T. 3 S., R. 25 E. W. M.

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

C. W. MOORE, Register.  
Oct 13-Nov 17

Notice For Publication.  
Isolated Tract—Public Land Sale. 65697.  
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, September 28th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public—No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., on the 21st day of November, 1910, at this office, the following tract of land, to wit:

SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , W $\frac{1}{2}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 15 and NE $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 21 T. 3 S., R. 25 E. W. M.

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

C. W. MOORE, Register.  
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MODERN CONVENIENCES  
ELECTRIC LIGHTED  
Under New Management, Thoroughly Renovated and Refitted. Best Meals in the City.  
MADDOCK & CO. Props.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, October 6th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Nils Johnson, of Ione, Oregon, who, on November 7th, 1903, made Homestead, No. 13042, Serial No. 03019, for N $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  and S $\frac{1}{2}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 3, Township 1 North, Range 25 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five-year Proof to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of November, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Joshua Dun, Thomas Craig, Frank Cook, and William Scott, all of Ione, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.  
Oct 13-Nov 10

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Public Land Sale—Isolated Tract. No. 65670.  
United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, September 29th, 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, Public—No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., on the 23rd day of November, 1910, next, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit: N $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , and SE $\frac{1}{4}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 22 T. 4 S. R. 24 E. W. M.

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

C. W. MOORE, Register.  
Oct 13-Nov 17

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.  
Isolated Tract—Public Land Sale. Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at LaGrande Oregon August 31, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, (34 Stat., 517) we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m. on the 20th day of October, 1910, at this office, the following described land: The S $\frac{1}{2}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$  and S $\frac{1}{2}$  NW $\frac{1}{4}$  sec. 21, T. 3 S., R. 27 E. W. M. Serial No. 07446.

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

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.  
COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.  
Sept 8-Oct 13

# STAR HOTEL



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