

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## WILD FRUIT GOOD.

Old Orchards in Coast Range Without Care Give Fine Results.

Cottage Grove—Lincoln Taylor, who recently returned from an outing in the coast mountains, says he found a great many vacated homes throughout the section visited by him and the orchards, planted years ago by the homesteaders, have gone wild and the fruit is to be found in great abundance. Bears, coons and other fruit eating animals have infested the orchards in many places and the limbs have been badly broken, but that has not affected the bearing quality of the trees.

Mr. Taylor says there is rarely a case of scale or other disease to be found on any of the trees, and the codlin moth is not in evidence. This is splendid evidence in favor of the entire coast range as fruit producing sections.

Henry H. Veatch, while on a hunting trip on Cedar creek, about eight miles from Cottage Grove, came upon a splendid orchard that had been entirely taken by the fir timber. He brought out fair samples of the apples, which surpass anything to be found on the lower levels in size, color and aromatic excellence. The fruit resembles the Gravenstein quite strongly, but is more highly colored and measures more than 10 inches in circumference.

On the William Landess ranch, just east of town, there is a fine Crawford peach orchard in the fir timber which is heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

## BIG ORCHARDS PLANTED.

Benton County Farmers Going in for Apple Culture.

Corvallis—The Western Oregon Fruit company, of which Judge Borth and J. W. Polk, of Grants Pass, are the principal stockholders, will begin planting 1,000 acres to apples and pears October 1. This company has purchased 1,700 acres near Monroe, Benton county, comes into possession October 1 and expects to plant fully 1,000 acres this fall.

The Oregon Apple company will also begin planting at the earliest date possible. This company owns 800 acres south of Corvallis and has ordered trees to plant 600 acres to apples and pears at once. This company owns some of the sightliest land in Benton county.

The Willamette Orchard company, which recently purchased the famous Samuel Wyatt farm, two miles west of Corvallis, is preparing to plant 125 acres this fall.

Mayor Virgil E. Watts, who put 40 acres of the Pleasant View fruit farm to apples this spring, will add 20 acres this fall.

There have been many small acreages set to fruit this year and it is expected that fully 2,000 acres of new orchard will be set out in Benton county by January 1.

## Filling Farmers' Warehouses.

La Grande—Over 15,000 bushels of grain are already stored in the farmers' union warehouse at Island City, although the roof on the building is not yet completed. The union is yet in its infancy in Union county, but the farmers are working together splendidly, and it is thought that before the storing season is over 30,000 bushels of wheat will be in this warehouse. The wheat is pooled and held in the warehouse for sale, and when the buyers purchase the grain it will be conveniently near the main line of the railroad for shipment.

## Work on Branch to Begin.

Albany—J. B. Eddy, right of way agent of the Southern Pacific, states that work will begin on the Lebanon-Crabtree branch next week. He was in Albany en route to Portland from Lebanon where he has completed securing rights of way for this branch. It will be eight miles long and connect the north and south ends of the Woodburn-Springfield line, not now operated because of the wrecked bridge across the South Santiam.

## Send Display East.

Hood River—Hood River is preparing a display of fruit at the National Irrigation congress to be held in Chicago in November. The Hood River Apple Growers' union expects to send a car of the finest apples to the great show. Thomas Persons is in Hood River taking scenes of the apple industry with a moving picture camera. These will be used in connection with the display of fruit.

## Hophouse and Crop Burns.

Woodburn—The Kendall hophouse, east of Woodburn, burned last week together with 14,000 pounds of this year's hops, which had been contracted at 9 cents. The building was owned by Frank Kendall and rented by Lee Kendall. The cause of the fire is unknown. The building and contents were insured in the Hopgrowers' Fire Insurance company.

## Cove Fruit Goes East.

Cove—Stackland Bros., probably the largest fruitraisers in the Grand Ronde valley, are shipping mixed fruits to the Eastern markets. Plums, pears, crabapples and apples are in season and a full crew is at work in the orchard. Two cars were shipped last week and two more have been forwarded this week.

## Record Yield of Oats.

La Grande—The largest yield of oats reported in the valley is reported by W. D. Sawyer, of the Pierce-Sawyer ranch, close to Hot Lake. Off of 120 acres of oats the yield was 10,370 bushels. This is close to 83 bushels to the acre.

## BIG FRUIT TRACT BOUGHT.

Eastern Capitalists Purchase 1,260 Acres in Rogue Valley.

Grants Pass—One of the largest deals to take place in Rogue river fruit lands occurred a few days ago, when a representative of Eastern capitalists purchased the S. H. Riggs property, consisting of 1260 acres. This is one of the finest bodies of land in the county, and is supplied with 2000 inches or more of water from the Applegate river. Its former owners found much profit in raising three crops of alfalfa each year, and selling it at from \$15 to \$20 a ton, but it has now become so profitable to raise fruit that three hay crops do not produce sufficient revenue to satisfy the fruit-raiser. The buyer and his associates will take possession of the premises on the first day of January, and they will at that time put on a large force of men to lay out the tract in an ideal manner, with convenient avenues running in every direction, in order to make it the largest tract of land devoted to fruit alone in Rogue river valley. The entire premises will be planted as rapidly as possible in peaches, pears and commercial apples. This place formerly belonged to Consul H. B. Miller, but last year it was sold to S. H. Riggs, who kept it nine months, raised several hundred tons of alfalfa hay, and sold out at a price up into six figures.

## Irrigation Near Vale.

Vale—D. M. Brogan, the Seattle capitalist, who is constructing a large irrigation project on Willow creek about 24 miles from Vale, is meeting with great success and encouragement in the reclamation of 30,000 acres of land just north of the project recently rejected by the government because of lack of funds. Several ranches have been purchased from settlers and three reservoirs will be constructed, the water to be taken from Willow creek and its tributaries. A railroad is being built from Vale to Brogan, the townsite of the project.

## Forest Ranger Examination.

Bend—The examination for the position of forest ranger in the Deschutes national forest will be held at Prineville October 16 and 17. At these examinations applicants are put through a severe test of their abilities in the various branches of forest work, from cruising to road and bridge making. One of the most important features of the work of foresters in this region is the supervision of cattle and sheep ranging in the reserve, where the herds and bands are pastured in the summer months.

## Coos Has Another Line.

Marshfield—The Coos Bay Electric Railway company has just been incorporated, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000. The incorporators are James H. Flanagan, W. S. Chandler and F. C. McCollom. Those connected with the movement say their plans are not sufficiently developed to make any statement of the purpose of the company. Mr. Flanagan is a local banker and Mr. Chandler is a San Franciscan interested extensively in Coos bay.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85½c; valley, 90c; fire, 87c; Turkey red, 87c; 40-fold, 89½c. Barley—Feed, \$25.50@26; brewing, \$26.50@27 per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$27@27.25 per ton. Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17.50@18.50; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13@14.50; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside creamery, 35@36c; store, 21@22c per pound. Butter fat prices average 1½c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 32½c per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 16@17c per pound; springs, 16@17c; roosters, 9@10c; ducks, young, 14@15c; geese, young, 10@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, \$1.75@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9½@10c per pound. Veal—Extra, 10@10½c per pound. Fruits—Apples, \$1@2.25 per box; pears, 50c@1.25; peaches, 75c@1.25 per crate; cantaloupes, \$5@1.25; plums, 25@50c per box; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 40c@1.25 per crate; Concord, 25c per basket; casabas, \$1.50@2 per crate; quinces, \$1.50 per box.

Potatoes—75c@1 per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound. Onions—\$1.25 per sack. Vegetables—Beans, 4@5c per pound; cabbage, 1@1½c; cauliflower, 75c@1.25 per dozen; celery, 50@75c; corn, 15@20c; cucumbers, 10@25c; onions, 12½@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 4@5c; pumpkins, ¾@1c; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 50c per box.

Hops—1909 Fuggles, 20@22c per pound; clusters, nominal; 1908 crop, 17c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16@23c per pound; valley, 23@25c; mohair, choice, 23@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50@3.75; cows, top, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$2@2.25; stags, \$2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75@7.85; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, ½c less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.50.

## HILL GIVES PRIZES.

Railroad Builder Helps Dry Farming Congress With Cups.

Billings, Mont., Sept. 27.—Five silver cups, aggregating \$220 in value, will be features of the list of prizes offered by James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern railway, for best exhibits at the International Dry Farming exposition which will be held at Billings, Montana, October 25-29, in connection with the Fourth Dry Farming congress, October 26-28. George J. Ryan, general industrial agent of the Great Northern, has sent to the headquarters of the congress at Billings a list of the prizes and the conditions under which they will be awarded. The aggregate value of all the prizes is \$1,000. This award by Mr. Hill is similar to that made by him in the case of the Omaha Corn exposition, with the exception that the cup feature is made a special one in favor of the Dry Farming congress. In regard to the cash prizes, Oregon, Washington and Montana are given the same list, thereby eliminating the competition of one state against another where conditions for certain crops might be better in one state than the other.

## BURNING LAKE STUDIED.

Adventurous Spirits Go Into Crater of Active Volcano.

Honolulu, Sept. 27.—L. M. Hale, J. Reynolds, and Ernest Moses, a photographer, descended today into the pit of the crater of Mount Kilauea, remaining half an hour on the edge of a burning lake of lava and fire. This is the first time that this feat has been accomplished.

The members of the party ventured almost to the rim of the seething lake and attempted to take photographs. The heat was intense and at times the adventurers walked over partially molten areas. After completing their observations, they returned safely to the rim of the crater, where half a dozen friends had witnessed the descent. Kilauea is one of the largest active volcanoes in the world, on the east slope of Maunaloa, Hawaii island. Its altitude is 4,400 feet and the circumference of its crater is about nine miles, with a depth varying from 700 to 1,100 feet, depending upon the level of the molten lava. Violent eruptions occurred in 1797, 1844 and 1866, and since the latter date there have been several outbreaks of less severity.

## ENGINEERS TO YIELD.

Settlement of Miners' Differences in Butte in Sight.

Butte, Mont., Sept. 27.—Although no definite statements have yet been made by either side, it developed late tonight that there is plausible prospect that the differences existing between the Brotherhood of Stationary Engineers No. 1 and the Butte Miners' union may be settled, and the miners will return to their work at the various properties before tomorrow morning.

It is known that certain overtures have been made to the engineers by the officers of the miners' union, and it is quite probable the engineers will make certain concessions which will be acceptable to the miners. Whether the concessions will be permanent, and whether they will involve a return of the seceding engineers to the Western Federation of Miners, it was impossible to ascertain. The adjustment will be reached, it is believed, without bringing the mining companies into the controversy, either as arbitrators or because of their influence, and it is highly probable that there will be nothing for Charles Moyer, president of the Western Federation of Miners, to settle when he arrives.

## Omaha Strike Nears End.

Omaha, Sept. 27.—Chances of ending the streetcar employes strike seemed favorable tonight. President Wattles, of the car company, after a meeting with the municipal officials tomorrow, will make a plain statement of what conditions would be acceptable to the company. The striking employes, he says, will be given an opportunity to accept his conditions. In a disturbance just before the cars stopped running for the day, James Murphy, a conductor, was knocked down and seriously injured.

## Launch Sinks, 80 Drown.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 27.—Mail advices from the Orient tell of a ship disaster on the West coast of South China, involving a loss of 80 lives. The launch Wo On, from Weichu for Ho Yuen, on August 11 capsized three miles from her destination. The accident was caused by the strong current. Twenty of her 100 passengers were saved by swimming and by clinging to wreckage. The Chinese authorities at Weichu chartered a steam launch, which proceeded to the scene to recover the bodies of the victims.

## Reyes Goes to Europe.

Monterey, Mexico, Sept. 27.—Following the resignation of General Bernardo Reyes from the presidency of the local casino, it is rumored here that General Reyes is preparing to leave Mexico and to take up his residence in Europe. Much color is lent to the reports due to the fact that the home of General Reyes, valued at \$90,000, is for sale. It is not believed that Reyes has intentions of leaving Mexico until after the elections.

## Johnson's Will is Found.

St. Paul, Sept. 27.—It was learned today that Governor Johnson had left a will bequeathing all his estate, which probably will aggregate \$25,000 to his widow.



CHAPTER XXI.

The night wind of the plain blew cold in their faces as they stepped out upon the Great River platform. There was a hint of storm in the air and clouds rode swiftly overhead. The voices of the trainmen and the throb of the locomotive, resting for its long climb mountainward, broke strangely upon the silence. A great figure muffled in a long ulster came down the platform toward the vestibule from which the trio had descended.

"Hello," called Raridan, cheerily, "there's only one like that! Good morning, Bishop!"

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Bishop Delafield, peering into their faces. The waiting porter took his bags from him. "Has the boy been found yet?"

"No."

"I should have gone on home to-night if I had known that. But what are you doing here?"

Raridan told him in a few words. They were following a slight clue, and were going over to the old Poindexter place, in the hope of finding Grant Porter there. Saxton was holding a colloquy with the driver of the station hack who had come in quest of passengers, and he hurried off with the man to get a buckboard.

The conductor signaled with his lantern to go ahead, and the engine answered with a doleful peal of the bell. The porter had gathered up the bishop's things and waited for him to step aboard.

"Never mind," the bishop said to him; "I won't go to-night. The train was already moving and the bishop turned to Raridan and Wheaton. "I'll wait and see what comes of this."

Wheaton stepped forward eagerly, glad to have something to do; he had not slept and was grateful for the cover of darkness which shut him out from the others.

When Wheaton went into the station, the agent eyed him curiously as he looked up from his telegraphing and nodded his promise to care for the bags. He remembered Saxton and Wheaton and supposed that they were going to Poindexter's on ranch business. Saxton drove up to the platform with the buckboard.

"All ready," he said, and the three men climbed in, the bishop and Wheaton in the back seat and Raridan by Saxton, who drove.

The road proved to be in better condition than Saxton had expected, and he kept the ponies at their work with his whip. The rumble of the wagon rose above the men's voices, and they ceased trying to talk. The bishop rode with his head bowed on his breast, asleep; he had learned the trick of taking sleep when and where he could.

Wheaton felt the numbing of his hands and feet in the cold night air and welcomed the discomfort, as a man long used to a particular sensation of pain welcomes a new one that proves a counter-irritant. He reviewed again the grounds on which he might have excused himself from taking this trip. Nothing, he argued, could be more absurd than this adventure on an errand which might much better have been left to professional detectives. But it seemed a far cry back to his desk at the bank, and to the tasks there which he really enjoyed. In a few hours the daily routine would be in progress. The familiar scenes of the opening passed before him—the clerks taking their places; the slamming of the big books upon the desks as they were brought from the vault; the jingle of coin made ready for the day's business. He saw himself at his desk, the executive officer of the most substantial institution in Clarkson, his signature carrying the bank's pledge, his position one of dignity and authority.

But he was on William Porter's service; he pictured himself walking into the bank from a fruitless quest, but one which would attract attention to himself. If they found the boy and released him safely, he would share the thanks and praise which would be the reward of the rescuing party. He had no idea that Snyder would be captured; and he even planned to help him escape if he could do so.

They went forward slowly. The clouds were more compactly marshaled now and the stars were fewer. Suddenly Saxton brought the ponies to a stand and pointed to a dark pile that loomed ahead of them. The Poindexter house stood forth somber in the thin starlight.

Saxton gave the reins to Raridan and jumped out. "You stay here and I'll reconnoiter a bit," he said. He walked swiftly toward the great barn which lay between him and the house. There was no sign of life in the place. He crept through the barb-wire fence into the corral. He had brought with him a key to a rear door, and he started around the house to try it and to make sure that the house was not occupied.

At the corner toward the river, glass suddenly crunched under his feet. The windows were deeply embrasured all over the house, and he could not determine where the glass had fallen from. The windows were all intact when he left, he was sure. He drew off his glove and tipped to the nearest panes, ran his fingers over the smooth glass, and instantly touched a broken edge. As he was feeling the frame to discover the size of the opening, the low whinny of a horse came distinctly from within.

He stood perfectly quiet, listening, and in a moment heard the stamp of a hoof on the wooden floor of the hall. He backed off toward the drive way, which swept around in front of the house, and

walked, but all remained as silent and as dark as before. He ran back through the corral to the other men, who stood talking beside the blanketed ponies.

"There's something or somebody in the house," he said. He told them of the broken window and of the sounds he had heard. "Whoever's there has no business there and we may as well turn him out. You two watch the corners of the house," he continued, indicating Raridan and Wheaton; "and you, Bishop, can stand off here, if you will, and watch for signs of light in the upper windows. The big front doors are barred on the inside, and my key opens only the back door."

The door opened easily, and John stepped into the lower hall. The place was pitch dark. He remembered the position of the articles of furniture as he had left them on his last visit, and started across the hall toward the stairway, using his lantern warily. When half way, he heard the whinny of a horse which he could not see. A moment later an animal shrank away from him in the darkness and was still again. Then another horse whinnied by the window whose broken glass he had found on the outside. There were, then, two horses, from which he argued that there were at least two persons in the house. He found the doors and lifted the heavy bar that held them and drew the bolts at top and bottom. As the doors swung open slowly Raridan ran up to see if anything was wanted.

"All right," said Saxton in a low tone. "They're mighty quiet if they're here. But there's no doubt about the horses. You stay where you are and I'll explore a little."

The horses stamped fretfully as he went toward the stairway, but all was quiet above. He felt his way slowly up the stair-rail, whose heavy dust stuck to his fingers. Having gained the upper hall, he paused to take fresh bearings. His memory brought back gradually the position of the rooms. In putting off his hand he touched a picture which swung slightly on its wire and grated harshly against the rough plaster of the wall. At the same instant he heard a noise moving about in the chamber at the head of the stairs. The knob of a door was suddenly grasped from within. John waited, crouched down, and drew his revolver from the side pocket of his coat. The door stuck in the frame, but being violently shaken, suddenly pulled free. The person who had opened the door stepped back into the room and scratched a match.

"Wake up there," called a voice within in the room.

Saxton crept softly across the hall, settling the revolver into his hand ready for use. A man could be heard mumbling.

"Hurry up, boy, it's time we were out of this."

The owner of the voice now reappeared at the door holding a lantern; he was pushing some one in front of him. The crisis had come quickly; John Saxton knew that he had found Grant Porter; and he remembered that he was there to get the boy whether he caught his adductor or not.

The man was carrying the lantern in his right hand and pushing the boy toward the staircase with his left. As he came well out of the door, Saxton sprang up and kicked the lantern from the man's hand. At the same moment he grabbed the boy by the collar, drew him back and stepped in front of him. The lantern crashed against the wall opposite and went rolling down the stairway with its light extinguished. Saxton had dropped his own lantern and the hall was in darkness.

"Stop where you are, Snyder," said Saxton, "or I'll shoot. I'm John Saxton; you may remember me." He spoke in steady, even tones.

The lantern, rolling down the stairway, startled the horses, which stamped restlessly on the floor. The wind whistled dimly outside. He heard Snyder, as he assumed the man to be, cautiously feeling his way toward the staircase.

"You may as well stop there," Saxton said, without moving, and holding the boy to the floor with his left hand. He spoke in sharp, even tones. "It's all right, Grant," he added in the same key to the boy, who was crying with fright. "Stay where you are. The house is surrounded, Snyder," he went on. "You may as well give in."

The man said nothing. He had found the stairway. Suddenly a revolver flashed and cracked, and the man went leaping down the stairs. The ball whistled over Saxton's head, and the boy clutched him about the legs. A bit of plaster, shaken loose by the bullet, fell from the ceiling. The noise of the revolver roared through the house.

"It's all right, Grant," Saxton said again.

The retreating man slipped and fell at the landing, midway of the stairs, and as he stumbled to his feet Saxton ran back into the room from which the fellow had emerged. He threw up the window with a crash and shouted to the men in the darkness below:

"He's coming! Get out of the way and let him go! The boy's all right!"

He hurried back into the hall where he had left Grant, who crouched moaning in the dark.

"You stay here a minute, Grant. They won't get you again," he called as he ran down the steps. One of the horses below was snorting with fright and making a great clatter with its hoofs. From the sound Saxton knew that the feeling man was trying to mount, and as he plunged down the last half of the stairway the horse broke through the door with the man on his back.

"Let him go, Warry," yelled Saxton with all his lungs.

The horse was already across the threshold at a leap, his rider bending low over the animal's neck to avoid the top of the door. Raridan ran forward, taking his bearing by sounds.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Come on, Wheaton!" Wheaton was running toward him at the top of his speed; Raridan sprang in front of the horse and grabbed at the throat-latch of its bridle. The horse, surprised, and terrified by the noise, and feeling the rider digging his heels into his sides, reared, carrying Warry off his feet.

"Let go, you fool," screamed the rider. "Let go, I say!"

"Let him alone," cried Wheaton, now close at hand; but Raridan still held to the strap at the throat of the plunging horse.

The rider sat up straight on his horse and his revolver barked into the night

twice in sharp succession, the sounds crashing against the house, and the flashes lighting up the struggling horse and rider, and Raridan, clutching at the bridle. Raridan's hold loosened at the first shot, and as the second echoed into the night, the horse leaped free, running madly down the road, past Bishop Delafield, who was coming rapidly toward the house, Wheaton and Saxton met in the driveway where Raridan had fallen. The flying horse could be heard pounding down the hard road.

"Warry, Warry!" called Saxton, on his knees by his friend. "Hold the lantern," he said to Wheaton. "He's hurt." Raridan said nothing, but lay very still, moaning.

"Who's hurt?" asked the bishop, coming up. Saxton had recovered his own lantern as he ran from the house. It was still burning and Wheaton turned up the wick. The three men bent over Raridan, who lay as he had fallen.

"We must get him inside," said Saxton. "The horse knocked him down."

The bishop bent over and put his arms under Raridan; and gathering him up as if the prone man had been a child, he carried him slowly toward the house. Wheaton started ahead with the lantern, but Saxton snatched it from him and ran through the doors into the hall, and back to the dining-room.

"Come in here," he called, and the old bishop followed, bearing Raridan carefully in his great arms. The others helped him to place his burden on the long table at which, in Poindexter's day, many light-hearted companies had gathered. They peered down upon him in the lantern light.

"It was another—another of my foolish chances," said Warry faintly and slowly, the words coming hard; but all in the room could hear. He looked from one to another. "The boy's safe and well. We got what we came for. Just once—just once—I got what I came for. It wasn't fair—in the dark that way—!" His voice failed. He lay very still for several minutes.

"I never—quite arrived—quite arrived," he went on, with his eyes on the old bishop, as if this were something that he would understand; "but you must forgive all that." He smiled in a patient, tired way.

"You have been a good man, Warry, there's nothing that can trouble you."

"I was really doing better, wasn't I, John?" he went on, still smiling. "You had helped—you two"—he looked from his young friend to the older one, with the intendment of his near-sighted gaze. "Tell them"—his eyes closed and his voice sank until it was almost inaudible—"tell them at the hill—Evelyn—the light of all—of all—the year."

The wind sweeping across the prairie shook the windows in the room and moaned far away in the lonely house. The bishop's great hand rested gently on the dying man's head; his voice rose in supplication—the words coming slowly, as if he remembered them from a far-off time: "Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee." Saxton dropped to his knees, and a sob broke from him. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee." The old man's voice was very low, and sank to a whisper. "The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace, both now and evermore."

(To be continued.)

## SAVED IN SPITE OF HERSELF

How Fortune Sidetracked a Very Bad Social Break.

"That reminds me—" said Mrs. Baxter; but the sewing society was in full swing, and no one noticed.

"Ahem!" she persevered. "That lady must have been something like—"

Once more her voice was submerged.

"I knew a girl—" she almost shouted, without causing so much as a ripple on the waves.

It was annoying. She had been there an hour without uttering a complete remark. Not that her voice was needed; but in her former church home—Mrs. Baxter had been a recognized factor, and she did not intend that these ladies should regard her, after this first meeting with them, as a person with nothing to say.

Accordingly, when the shifting talk reminded her of an old family anecdote about a girl who had left her home town as Mary Ann Burney, and had been heard of in the city shortly after as Marie Annetta Bournee, she determined to be heard.

"What you were saying a minute ago," she tried for the fourth time, "makes me think of—" but it was useless and by this time the current had carried the chatter so far away from the subject that the story was stranded.

With a warm face Mrs. Baxter gave it up and applied herself to her sewing, when, presto! back surged the conversation to the same point, and here was a better chance than ever to float her story.

"I shall have to tell you, ladies," she spoke up, in tones calculated to still a multitude, "about a girl who was always a synonym for silly affectation in my old home. I don't remember her myself, she left Barraboo when I was quite small—but—"

"Barraboo! Are you from Barraboo?" a lady sitting next her broke in. "That's my old home, too. You may have heard of me by my maiden name—Marie Annetta Bournee."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Baxter. "Y-yes, I have." And while the lady from Barraboo gave herself up to voluble reminiscence, Mrs. Baxter, chastened in spirit, thankfully allowed the billows of talk to roll on without her story.—Youth's Companion.

Stung Again.

Percy Pickle (egotistically)—Yes, I just love to go traveling for pleasure.

Miss Tabasco—Yes, it is a double pleasure.

Percy Pickle—Double pleasure?

Miss Tabasco—Yes, a pleasure to you and a pleasure to your acquaintances.