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Felicia's Dive Into Society

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Felicia packed into a little trunk her one white party dress, a pretty gray dinner gown, a half dozen shirt waists and an extra hat, and away she went to town to visit her cousin, Mary Barnes.

Mary's brother Roger met her at the station.

"Mary is planning no end of things for you," he told Felicia when he had settled her in the carriage. "She is going to give a luncheon and a tea and a theater party and a dance. It will be a lively existence for you, little girl."

"Oh, Felicia leaped forward, 'I shall love it! My greatest excitement for a year has been a church social or a sleigh ride, and I am longing for society.'

"Mary spells society with a big 'S,'" Roger told her. "She is a slave to it, and she needs a rest. She is as thin as a wafer and as pale as paper."

"But think what a lovely time she has!" Felicia said.

"Humph!" Roger said. "You don't know when you are well off, little Felicia."

But Felicia fell on Mary's neck when she reached the great stone mansion.

"I can stay two weeks," she said. "The school board gave me a vacation, and I am going to have the time of my life."

"Indeed you are," Mary said and carried her away to a delectable bedroom.

"I'll get into my kimono, and then we can talk," Felicia said joyously as she opened her little black bag. But Mary shook her head dubiously. "The girls are coming for luncheon in just half an hour. There are ten of them, and the table decorations are to be in pale pink, your favorite color."

"What shall I wear?" Felicia asked. "I have a gray gown and a white one, and the white one is for evening."

"The gray will be all right with a ducky little knot of pink carnations and lilies of the valley. The florists are doing them that way now, and Roger can get you some."

Roger got the flowers, but the gray gown was not gorgeous, and beside Mary's shimmering chiffon

creation Felicia felt depressingly shabby.

But the luncheon was exquisite, and the girls were friendly, and Felicia did not have much time to think of herself, for there was a tea on immediately after, and she was carried off by Mary and Roger, wearing a long and splendid wrap of Mary's, for her own simple tailor made jacket was out of the question.

"No one will notice that it is mine," Mary assured her, "in the crush," so Felicia, feeling very elegant, swept through the crowded rooms and talked as fast as she could to dozens of people and came out breathless.

"Wasn't it awful?" Roger asked her. "I shouldn't have gone a step if it hadn't been for you."

"It was delightful," Felicia gurgled—"the pretty women, the lights, the music, the ices and everything."

"Humph!" Roger grumbled, and Felicia made a little face at him and said, "You're an unsociable bear, Roger," and Roger said, "Oh, it's such a waste of good material for you to spend your time with such people when you might be talking to me, Felicia."

Felicia opened her eyes wide at that. "Do you like to talk to me, Roger?" she questioned, and Roger laughed and said, "Yes, but you don't deserve it." And Felicia, feeling very much flattered, leaned back in the carriage and peeped at Roger, while Mary mapped out the program for the next day.

There are the Deering luncheon and three teas and the art exhibit and the Colburns' dinner and a box party after, and then the cotillion."

"Oh, stop!" Felicia pleaded, looking at her cousin with startled eyes. "Do you expect me to do all that in one day, Mary?"

"She does," Roger asserted, surveying his country cousin with melancholy eyes, "and where, oh, where in all that program will you have a minute to spend with me?"

"I am not worrying about that," Felicia told him, dimpling, "but what am I going to wear, Mary? What am I going to wear?"

"There's your white dress," Mary said slowly.

"But I can't wear that one dress to a luncheon and three teas and a theater party and a dance. What are you going to wear, Mary?"

"My pale blue brocaded cloth will do for the luncheon and the tea and the view. Then I shall wear white lace to the dinner and the rest of the evening."

"When in all that rush will you find time to change?" was Roger's

question.

Mary leaned back in the corner of the carriage. She was very pale, and there were dark circles around her eyes.

"Oh, I don't know; I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if I were on a treadmill and no one would let me stop."

Felicia looked at her with startled eyes.

"Why, I thought you liked it," she gasped.

Mary straightened up at that.

"Oh, when I get into it," she said, trying to speak lightly, "it's not so bad, but I have felt the strain this winter awfully."

Between rushes that night Roger caught Felicia for a moment alone in the library. "Mary is dreadfully blue," he told her. "She broke her engagement with Bob Carruth in the summer, and she hasn't seen him since, and she misses him."

"What did she break it for?" Felicia asked.

"He wanted her to go south with him and settle in a little town where he could practice medicine, and she wouldn't give up society, and now I think she regrets it."

"Oh," said little Felicia, "if I loved a man I would go to the end of the world with him!"

"Would you?" Roger asked.

"Yes."

"Well, I am leaving for Japan next week," ingratiatingly.

Felicia gazed at him with intense indignation for a moment; then she turned her back on him. "Silly!" she said.

When Felicia went to bed that night she was so tired that she could not sleep. The next morning she was as pale as Mary. For a week the two girls dragged their engagements, finishing up on Saturday night with another cotillion.

Felicia wore her white dress. It was mussed, and she knew that she was not looking her best, but she was so tired that she did not care. Roger had sent her a bunch of violets, and her dance card was filled with names, but the fact gave her no satisfaction.

The fourth dance was Roger's.

"Enjoying it?" he asked briefly as he swung her out on to the floor.

"Oh, I am so tired I shall drop," she said. "Can't I go home, Roger?"

She looked so like a little weary child that Roger laughed.

"Baby," he teased and then tenderly, "I'll hunt Mary up, and we will cut the rest of it."

In the carriage Mary collapsed. "I didn't dream I was so tired," she sobbed, with her head on Felicia's shoulder, and Roger, survey-

ing the pair with twinkling eyes, said, "Let me prescribe."

"Well?" came back in muffled agreement.

"You pack your trunk, Mary," he planned, "and go home with Felicia. It's lovely in the country now, and I'll come up and bring Bob Carruth with me."

Mary sat up, with her face ablaze.

"Bob Carruth?"

"Yes. I had a letter from him yesterday. He's coming up for a visit."

Faint pink tinged Mary's cheeks.

"Do you think he will want to see me, Roger?" she asked wistfully, and Roger said gently, "I know he will, Mary."

So Felicia packed her little trunk, and Mary packed a larger one, and away they went to the country, where the trees were crimson and gold and brown and where the air was like wine. And there Bob Carruth and Roger followed them.

"So she is really going to marry him and live in a country town," Roger commented, and he and Felicia followed Mary and her lover along a path that seemed to end in a golden sunset.

"Yes," Felicia said.

"And you are going to marry me and come and live in the city," Roger ventured.

"I haven't promised yet," said little Felicia. "I am afraid that some day I should be saying, 'Give me again my holly tree, my crust of bread and liberty!'"

"You aren't afraid of anything of the kind," Roger told her. "You know we would live happy ever after."

"Oh, well, if you are so sure," said Felicia as she tucked a confiding hand through his arm and looked up at him with happy eyes, "I guess I shall have to say yes, Roger."

Marvelous Farmer

I have a brown Leghorn down home that lays the year round.

Citizen—Oh, that's nothing. We have a milkman at home who lays a bottle of milk in front of our door every morning.—Judge.

TREASURE IN A TRASH BOX.

A Treasury Department Puzzle That Remains Unsolved.

Sophia Holmes was a free colored woman, the wife of a slave owned by Colonel Seaton, who lived in Washington at the beginning of the war between the states. The husband was with the army and lost his life at the battle of Manassas, so his widow, who had ten children to care for, applied to General Spinner, then treasurer of the United States, for work. She was given the task of sweeping, dusting and emptying wastebaskets at a salary of \$15 a month.

One day, after the clerks had all left the rooms, she discovered that one of the boxes in which waste paper was thrown was almost full of big bundles of crisp, new money! Some of the bills were as high in denomination as \$1,000. They were all neatly packed, and enough litter to hide them was spread over them.

Sophia hastily covered up the treasure and continued her work as if nothing had happened. The watchman, making his last rounds, asked her why she lingered so late. She pretended to be busy, and the man kept on and left her undisturbed. Sophia feared to tell the watchman what she had found. "He might er tuck the money himself, and then laid it on me," she afterward said.

Now Sophia knew that it was the habit of General Spinner to spend the night in his office. So great was his anxiety at this time that he slept in a little room that adjoined his main office. In a jacket and slippers he would rest most of the night, although he would get up frequently to make a tour of the building and satisfy himself that everything was in perfect order.

So Sophia waited. She sat on the box of money and nodded. The hours slipped by and still she failed to hear the tap, tap of the old slippers coming down the stone halls. But at last she heard the familiar footsteps approach her door. As General Spinner was about to pass, she stepped forward.

"Jest step in here and see what I done find!" exclaimed Sophia in a mysterious voice. Then she took the litter from the top of a big box and showed to the startled man the bundles of new money within.

General Spinner sent at once for some of the treasury officials; the money was counted and found to amount to over \$200,000. Meanwhile he sent Sophia home in a car-

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Glorious Beauty of the Wonderful Northern Lights.

When the frequency of the aurora in the polar regions is referred to, the expression should not be taken too literally. On the contrary, auroras, I believe, are far less numerous in the polar region proper than farther to the south.

It was one night about the middle of September that I beheld a truly magnificent display of the aurora borealis. Across the inky blackness of the northern sky a great arc of pure white light was suddenly stretched, which lit up the snow covered mountains around our camp just as if we had suddenly attracted the very active attention of a gigantic searchlight.

From the main body of this glorious sheet of flame great darts and streamers constantly shot shivering and shimmering through the sky, now opening out into broad white lanes of light, and again narrowing until swallowed up once more by the envious darkness of the surrounding sky.

Never for a single instant were these wonderful polar lights still. They constantly spread and contracted in every varying waves and tongues of light until they finally died out, and the stars once more shone brightly in the clear sky. The effect was indeed amazing and awing in the extreme.

Only once more did we see the northern lights, but then, too, the display was so soul stirring and magnificent, and I count these splendors of the arctic sky as the most marvelous of all the wonders of the world—all the wonders of the world that I have been privileged to see, at any rate. Seen in the solitude of the northern wilderness, such visions of glory cannot but awaken reverence in the soul of man, of whatever race or degree of culture.—E. C. Selous in London Strand Magazine.

The Extinct Tasmanians.

Tasmania's pretty girls of European lineage have never been tempted to follow the fashion of the native Tasmanian women, who had all their hair removed with a flint and went bald. The last pure blooded Tasmanian woman died in 1876, aged seventy-six; the last man in 1869, aged thirty-four. A traveler says that the native had two fine points, eyes and teeth. The eyes were prominent and often of great beauty and brilliancy; and a dentist of wide experience knew of no teeth equal to the Tasmanian's for strength, size and enamel. But the nose was bridgeless, the chin "ran off," and the upper jaw protruded.

Two Great Orators.

As an orator Demosthenes was head and shoulders above Cicero, the Roman. The great Athenian stands in a class all by himself, if we are to believe the consensus of learned opinion. Cicero, it is said, prided himself on his faculty of extemporizing at need, but probably trusted little to it on great occasions, while with Demosthenes it was the rule never to speak without the most careful preparation. The speeches of both were spoken without manuscript. They would never have made the reputation they did if they had been tied down to their notes.—New York American.

Liberia.

The republic of Liberia was founded in 1820 by the American Colonization society, which was established by Henry Clay in 1816. The capital of the republic, Monrovia, was named in honor of James Monroe, president of the United States at the time the republic was founded. Many blacks were taken over from this country, with the idea that, having become civilized to a certain extent here, they would act as valuable assistants to the natives in the work of managing the fortunes of the new state. Liberia has never prospered, and is at the present time "in the hands of a receiver," so to speak.—New York American.

The Lucky Horseshoes.

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that the superstitious use of horseshoes as emblems of good luck originated in England. They were at first deemed a protection against witches and evil spirits and were nailed on doors of houses with the curve up-permost. It was the belief that no witch or evil spirit could enter a house thus guarded. The custom of nailing horseshoes to ships and other sailing craft is still in vogue in all English speaking countries.

PERIL IN MIDAIR.

A Triple Somersault and Presence of Mind in a Tornado.

A certain famous troupe of acrobats includes the only men who can do the triple somersault from a flying bar to what is known in circus talk as "the catch." That, interpreted by the Boston Herald, means that a man hangs by his legs and grasps by the wrists the somersaulting acrobat as he flies past. The feat requires an extremely accurate calculation of seconds and inches, and the most extraordinary flexibility and agility on the part of both performers.

In this difficult act a man who may be called Silver does the swing through the air, and one named Marco does the catching. One day, in Texarkana, before the show began, the acrobats saw a dark cloud on the horizon, and when one sees that in Texas it is a sign of trouble. The equestrian director, who is ringmaster for that part of the performance, asked, "Will you take a chance on your act?"

The acrobats never like to disappoint an audience, and one of them said, "All right, we'll go ahead."

"Hurry it up, then," counseled the equestrian director.

They had put through part of their performance, and Marco was hanging by his legs, waiting for Silver to swing, when that black cloud arrived directly above the tent. It lifted a corner of the tent and began to rip it into shreds. The audience knew what was happening and ran. The elephants began to trumpet and the other animals to give their various cries of fear.

Silver, however, had started his swing and was making his triple somersault through the air, when the tornado simply lifted the whole tent, the main pole and their apparatus and shifted it all over at least eight inches. Partly by luck and partly by great effort and skill, Marco managed to catch Silver as he flew by. To continue in Marco's own words:

"The minute I had his wrists and before I had swung him back to his trapeze, he yelled:

"Hold places!"

"You see, when a wind strikes a tent or we see other danger coming, the women in our troupe, of whom there are four—Silver's wife, my wife and two others—drop into the net first, and the men after them. You can't all drop into the net at once. You've got to take your turn."

"But the wind had so twisted our apparatus about that any one who dropped would take a chance of falling outside the net. All the trapezes were swaying violently.

"Silver landed back on his trapeze safely, and for six or seven minutes we all hung tight, while the tornado blew itself out.

"Then we dropped down by the ropes to the ground, and I can tell you," Marco concluded, "we were a mighty thankful lot."

Arms, Legs and the Man.

How many of us have noticed that we walk with our arms as well as with our legs? Sitting on a grassy slope overlooking a seaside promenade I was struck by the mechanical swing of the arms of the stream of passersby—the right arm always keeping position with the left leg and the left arm with the right leg. By attempting to reverse the order of the swing I found that I had a tendency to progress like a crab, while the effort to keep them fixed by the side was like the shutting off of the steam from the engine. Arms and the man must be amended to arms, legs and the man!—London Mail.

Dignity of the English Waiter.

The English hotel waiter belongs to a race which is slowly but surely becoming extinct and carries about him the melancholy aura of the doomed. Every head waiter at a British inn has in him at least the making of a duke's butler. No glimpse of avarice marks the perfection of his monumental manner, and if at the last he condescends to accept your valet it is with something of the air of a disrowned king.—London Sketch.

Blonde's Photograph Best.

"Blond girls have their photographs taken just about twice as often in the long run as brunettes," remarked a famous photographer. "The reason is easy to discover. Blondes make better pictures than brunettes. The lighting effects are far better when the subject is a blond. A blond girl may get a photograph that will flatter her, where one of a brunette taken under the same conditions will not even do her justice."

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