CAPTAIN JIM'S COURTSHIP

By A. E. RICE, Portland.

On a December night, in the early seventies, two men were leisurely walking up Tenth street, above Morrison, in the city of Portland.

A drizzle, or mist, was falling, but the temperature being mild and as they were, practically, "natives," having lived near to sixteen years in the "Web-foot-State," the men felt no inconvenience and therefore, paid no attention to the moisture.

As these men play an important part in the story, we shall introduce them.

Captain Jim Smeets, orginally from Missouri, was about sixty years of age, and unmarried.

Through steadiness and attention to duty, he had risen from deck-hand of a river steamer to be captain and had accumulated considerable of a fortune.

He was a tall man with stooping shoulders and apparently a little lame in both knees, for his walk had a shuffling, rickety motion. Thin face, very red cheeks, thin, grey, pointed chin whiskers, small brown eyes, o'ershadowed by bushy eyebrows. Captain Jim was "dressed," for he had accepted an invitation to pass the evening at his companion's home. He wore a black soft hat, black frock coat and dark trousers, tucked inside a pair of long legged, leather boots. The coat had seen a few years service, nevertheless it had a Prince Albert cut and though a trifle shady, he believed it added dignity to his appearance.

Captain Jim was a silent man, not easily duped; but like many other silent men, particularly the elderly unmarried ones, silently yearned for an object on whom to confidentially unbosom his pent-up feelings. Such an one, meeting with a charming temptress, unconsciously forgets his dignity, and blinded by infatuation to the most glaring inconsistencies, becomes entangled in her net and so well, the story relates what happened to Captain Jim Smeets.

His companion was also a Willamette river steamboat captain, Tom Webb, familiarly known as Captain Tom. He was a Buckeye State man, about forty-eight years old. Not a bit dignified, yet a little serious at times.

He wore a soft hat, short pilot coat, grey trousers, tucked inside long legged leather boots, which were then quite the thing.

His hands were thrust deep in the pockets of his coat. His teeth gripped a short stemmed black pipe, at which he was pulling away with such vigor that his hollow cheeks seemed drawn together.

Captain Tom was not rich. On the contrary, he appeared to be most wretchedly hard up. Ever in debt to those who were impressed with his bustling activity, and also to those who from fear of injury to their business, loaned him money. Captain Tom never let a slight pass without punishment and the refusal of a small loan he considered the keenest insult. It was a reflection on his honor.

He was naturally an impulsive man, very restless, with keen blue eyes, low broad forehead, bushy black hair and full beard, a pronounced Roman nose, and ready at any time for any daring.

Captain Tom had been for one full minute meditating,—an astonishingly infrequent mood for him,—whether to "bone" his companion for the loan of a ten then, or wait for chance to present a more favorable opportunity during the night, when the current of his thoughts was interrupted by Captain Jim observing:

"Peers as your house be expecting company, Tom!"

"Shore!" replied Captain Tom, looking ahead and seeing the windows lighted up in a story and a half cottage, some three blocks distant. "The party is thar, Nan's friends sprisin her. Look sharp, narrer channel here, single board wide. Keep yer course straight fer thet one light ahed."

Arriving near the house, the two men stood quietly listening to the banjo and fiddle music that was distinctly heard above the clatter of feet in the dining room.

At length Captain Jim was moved to remark, "They be a tearin' of them fiddles all tew pieces."

"It's the barber and his pal a running 'em off fer the widdy. Can't pay it out any tew quick fer her nuther," responded Captain Tom.

"I shud think so!" dryly exclaimed Captain Jim. Then slyly squinting at his companion, he continued: "A trim craft, be thet air widder. Why, Jim, her's ez stanch ez ever carried cotton; badly treated though by a runaway husband."

"Poor thing."

"Yep, too bad. Come in."

Upon entering the kitchen, which they found deserted for the time, Captain Jim, from mere habit, warmed his hands over the stove, while Captain Tom made straight for the dining room door, which he quietly opened, just the least bit, and peered in at the dancers.

Having satisfied himself, he closed the door and joined Captain Jim at the stove, remarking:

"She's right smart tew. Earns her bread and supports three chillun, and the wust of it is they be all gals. Take a squint," motioning with his thumb to the door.

Captain Jim opened the door, just enough to get a good look at the dancers, then quietly closed the door and exclaimed, as he regained his place at the stove:

"Mother of three chillun! You be a foolin' of me Tom, she's not older nor twenty-tew, I'll swar'."

"G-long! thirty-tew, ef she's a day. Eldest gal twelve years old. But then it's the way she carries herself. Listen to them feet, eh! She's as good as half a dozen or'nary wimen."

Captain Jim grinned at the remark and sedately exclaimed, "I shud think so. What did her husband die of?"

"He's not dead, more's the pity. He's down in California."

"How be she a widder, then?"

"Oh, Nan calls her, The Widdy, 'cause her husband's been gone nigh four yars; went minin' down thet way somewhar."

The idea of a man leaving such a splendid looking young woman as the so-called "widder" for four years seemed to Captain Jim Smeets incredible.

The thought of four years from her repeated itself with such unconscious vigor that his lips, involuntarily betrayed his thoughts in tones loud enough for his companion to hear and exclaim.

"Yes, four yars, an he never writ onc't nuther."

"Reckon a divorce wud improve her future prospects," remarked Captain Jim.

"I opine it wud, but Jim, she's out'n duccats."

"Thet be a common complaint Tom, but I'll allow she interests me powerfully. You think she'd like tew git er divorce?"

"Yep, don't I know it, of course I do. I knows what's what, but then, it'll take the poor thing many a var for she's got tew support them air three little gals."

The silence that followed was broken first by Captain Tom striking the tenth match on his pant leg since they entered the room to light his pipe, secondly by Captain Jim slowly remarking: "Tell you confidentially, Tom, I've half a mind tew offer The Widder money tew git thet air divorce."

"If yer do thet Jim, yer kin reckon the widdy'll show her gratitude."

Captain Tom then proceeded to the cupboard, opened the door and took from the lowest shelf a dark decanter, saying as he did so:

"An yer kin toot yer horn on tew it tew."

Captain Jim broke the ensuing silence with the thoughtful remark, "Pears like a safe craft, Tom?"

"Safe!" ejaculated Tom, as he looked at Jim in a surprised way; "safe why, Jim, her timbers air sound ez a mighty dollar."

Captain Jim did not like that remark concerning a lady, who was then insidiously grinding at his heart strings. He eyed Captain Tom, suspiciously, and they asked, "how be you a knowin' of thet Tom?"

Tom deliberately removed the stopper from the decanter, poured some liquor into a tumbler, then placed the decanter on top of the cupboard and turning to Captain Jim winked, then replied:

"Why, do yer s'pose a lame doe could hoe it down like thet?" nodding toward the dining room, then drained the glass.

The frown on Captain Jim's face relaxed partly, because he deemed the answer satisfactory and partly because he scented something pleasant in the air. As the two men looked at each other, steadily in the face, Captain Jim inquired, "Dew?"

"Yep. I know you don't tetch nuthin strong, so I didn't tempt yer. Have some, motioning with his hand in a careless way, for Jim to help himself.

Captain Jim, thereupon, went to the cupboard, remarking, "the air be so in-ter-mit'n-tly damp about these parts, thet a leetle warmin' in'ards does one a smart sight of good sometimes."

"Yep!" responded Tom, as he looked straight at Jim's brow, "the air hereabouts does sorter wrinkle one up some. Dry an' wet, dry an' wet, an more wet'll do it."

Jim filled his glass, and with, "well, the widder be the word fer me," drank.

Tom relieved him of the glass, for Jim acted as if he were choking, but he soon regained his breath and exclaimed, "goodness, it stirs a feller's in'ards up right powerful. The clear stuff I reckon?" Then he took a small red onion from his vest pocket and ate it.

Tom replaced the decanter in its place and replied proudly, "you bet cher life, no gov'ment tax on thet. Jim, what's thet you air eatin?"

"Onion."

"What fer?" inquired Tom.

"Disinfector," replied Jim. "Onion be a powerful anti-liquor disinfector. I allus carry one."

"You do."

"I do," replied Jim.

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Nan and The Widdy. Nan was Captain Tom's tall and angular wife.

"Captain," said Nan addressing Jim, "you missed a treat in not seeing Annie dance the fling."

"We heard it, didn't we Jim?" replied Tom, "an' now you an' me will have a fling together, seizing Nan's arm.

"Why, Tom, how you do squeeze my arm."

Tom merely winked at her, turned and exclaimed, "I say, Jim."

Having caught Jim's eye, he proceeded to execute one of his scientific winks, by closing both eyes for a couple of seconds then opening them one at a time to their fullest size. He then turned on his heel and with Nan left the room.

That significant action was not lost upon Captain Jim, and Annie, The Widdy, saw it also. Each felt embarrassed. They were alone.

Annie eyed him closely, and under her steady gaze Captain Jim began to feel nervous, and at length looked foolish. In that state he spoke foolishly, for he asked, "be thet meant fer you?"

Annie answered "I rather think it was intended for you." Upon which remark Captain Jim again cast his eyes to the floor, and looked more stupid than ever.

Jim's appearance was so ludicrous that Annie could not longer control her desire to laugh. Her curious, questioning, half scornful look had softened to a smile and that gave place to a burst of laughter, so spontaneous, so delightfully feminine and infectious that Captain Jim at once felt himself a man again, and surprised himself, as well as Annie, by abruptly declaring,

"Annie, I'd go through brimstone an' fire fer you."

It was indeed, a revelation to her and what immediately followed we shall not attempt to describe. But, as Captain Tom, bethought him of the onion, and surmising the consequence of Jim's proximity to Annie, hastened to warn him. Upon opening the door and crossing the threshold, Tom discovered Annie seated at the table, and Jim in the act of bending over her, and holding her right hand, presumably to kiss it, but, by a dexterous movement, surprising in so old a man, implanted one on her lips instead.

Annie instantly sprang to her feet, turned her back to Jim, puckered her mouth, and put on a most woeful face, which prompted Captain Tom to exclaim with disgust:

"I know'd thet onion would do it, the blasted old fool," and so saying, he turned and left the room.

Captain Jim thought otherwise. He believed Annie turned her back on him out of modesty. He stood contemplating the sweentess of that stolen kiss, and unconsciously exclaimed aloud, "Milk o' the Gods be a nowhar."

Annie haughtily turned, stamped her foot, a curious habit some women have of expressing displeasure, and indignantly remarking, "you are rude," left the room.

It had been so long since Captain Jim got close to a beautiful woman that the very thought was ecstacy, and like smouldering fire, needed but a touch of breath to burst into riotous flame. It allured him on to a degree of admiration, where reason was lost in the vortex of infatuation. He found himself saying:

"I be a goin' tew do some courtin' here, I should thing so, Annie, my dear." He looked up and discovered she had gone.

"Jest a leetle shy," then he soliloquized, "by Ged, what a splendid craft. Jest the critter I've been looking out fer these ten yars, I'm sixty-one, barrin' a month or sich, but who'd a think it. She be a grass widder with three chillun, all gals tew, big incumbrance, but then thet air be a circumstance in my favor. It's jist what'll give me a powerful influence over her, and by the great horned whale she shall be Mrs. Captain Smeets, if I have to squander a few hundred a-gettin' her."

"Hello, Jim," said Captain Tom, who entered again and softly closed the door behind him.

"How be you, Tom?" replied Jim. "Rather mild for December, eh Jim." said Tom with one of his peculiar winks.

"Ya-as, pears a leetle mild, but I reckon it'll blow up sorter soakin' 'fore morning'."

Tom worked up another wink and directed it full at Jim, and followed it up by softly asking, "how air The

"I reckon her's afloat."

"Jim, Nan says she air stirlin' white."

"I reckon Nan's about right thar, Tom, her's a splendid craft, I'll allow."

"Shore," said Tom. "I say Jim," speaking confidentially, "if you like, I'll have Nan pilot Annie 'long some."

That voluntary offer, made by Captain Tom, set Jim thinking. After casting a questioning look at Tom he answered slowly "N-no, I kinder reckon you needn't inter-ude, but thank you, all the same, Tom."

"All right, Jim, the best o' feelin's, yer know," replied unabashed Tom. "Jest keep her well fixed in 'rocks,' thet's my advice."

"Don't you be a worrin' any, Captain Jim reckons he be up tew snuff, well I guess I'll look at the gals a hoppin'," remarked Jim.

"And jine our set in a reel, eh Jim?"

Jim shook his head demurely, and replied, "aint a feelin' in practice tew night, Tom."

"I confess I ain't nuther, shore I ain't," replied Tom. "Got a streak of the blues. That grocer—I say Jim, kin yer lend me a ten fer a few days?"

"No, I can't jist now, Tom," answered Jim slowly. "Never carry any change about me, as yer knows," and he passed in among the dancers, leaving Tom alone with his disappointment.

"The old miser," Tom angrily muttered. "He's got loads of money, and never lent a helpin' hand yit. All right, Jim, I opine the widdy'll soften yer up some. I'll put her on tew yer lockers, old man, an' if she don't scatter your duccats, so as to make yer har stan' up straighter than a picket fence, I'm no prophet."

(To be Continued.)

Objectionale Phrases.

To well spoken people, the custom of substituting the word "lady" for "madam" when addressing a woman is scarcely more odious than the expression "lady friend" and "gentleman friend." If you want to express the facts it must be done in separate phrases, as "I have a friend, a gentleman," or "a friend of mine, a lady;" of course, unless you feel that it is necessary to state that your friend is a lady or gentleman, you can use "man" or "woman." In fact, it has become the practice to use these titles in preference to the former almost entirely. The most perfect lady does not object to being called a woman—she glories in it, rather. As for the men—well they are just called men. How ridiculous it would be if they insisted on being called gentlemen whenever one spoke of them. It would be like Thackeray's valet in "Pendennis," who was a "gentleman's gentleman."

Caramel Cake Frosting.

Boil together a half cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of cream and a tablespoonful of butter until it threads, then beat in four tablespoonfuls of caramel (burnt sugar) and vanilla to flavor. Fill and cover the cakes with this.

Yankee Brown Bread.

One quart corn meal, one quart rye meal (not flour), one cup of molasses, one-half cup of yeast; wet soft with warm water and allow it to rise three hours. Bake in a very slow oven, or, what is better, steam it for five hours.

Same Prescription.

"These shoes, doctor," said the cobbler, after a brief examination, "ain't worth mending."

"Then, of course," said the doctor, turning away, "I don't want anything done to them."

"But I charge you two shillings just the same."

"What for?"

"Well, sir, you charged me five shillings the other day for telling me there wasn't anything the matter with me."—Tit-Bits.

POVERTY MADE HER SING

As a Child Patti Prevented Her Family's Starvation—When 7 Years Old the Great Diva Stood on a Hall Table and Sang—Her Great Wealth and How Earned.....

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI-CEDERSTROM. BARON CEDERSTROM.

THE promise of $5,000 per night has proven sufficient temptation to cause Mme. Adelina Patti, Baroness of Cederstrom, to agree to leave her home in Sweden and her castle of Craig-y-nos in Wales, in the near future and revisit this country. During the few months she will be in America it is estimated that the great diva will increase a fortune already amounting to several millions by at least half a million more.

For over forty years Patti's marvelous voice has thrilled hundreds of audiences and she has passed from one triumph to another, adding, year by year, to the fortune which she started to lay by in the earlier days of her career. And what could be more striking than the contrast between the picture of the Patti of to-day—scoring a last triumphal tour at 60—and the picture of the little girl who, at the age of 7 years, stood on a table in a concert hall and sang trashy songs to a commonplace audience? Little did the parents of the child Patti dream, when her first earnings in this way actually saved the family from starvation, that the cultivation of her marvelous voice would in after years be the means of earning vast fortunes. And now, with all her sixty years upon her, it is said that the voice of the diva retains most, if not all, of its original melody, and even at this late day has the power to earn about half a million dollars within the short limits of a six months' engagement.

The contract under which Patti comes to this country is an ironclad one. She is to sing at sixty concerts; is not to appear more than ten times in any one month. At the conclusion of each concert she is to receive $5,000. She is to get, in addition, 50 per cent of the box office money in excess of $7,500. A conservative estimate places the average receipts at $10,000 a performance; therefore, Patti's total income for each concert will, in round numbers, amount to about $6,200 and her gross receipts for the entire tour will mount up to $375,000. The balance of the box office receipts will reach another $100,000, so that it is no exaggeration to place the earning capacity of Patti's voice during her forthcoming tour at the half-million mark. During the two hours of the performance the divine Adelina will be upon the stage from a half to three-quarters of an hour—possibly an average of thirty-five minutes. This means that, all told, she will sing for just thirty-five hours, or at the rate of $10,000 an hour.

Patti, the child of Italian parents, was born in Spain, in 1843. Her first appearance before an English audience took place when she was 18 years old, at the Italian Theater, in Covent Garden, in "La Sonnambula. For twenty years she toured Europe and then, in 1881, came to America. For three years she traveled from city to city, in a triumphal tour. During this and subsequent tours Patti received $5,000 a night. A tour made to South America in 1889 was conducted on the same basis, with the additional agreement to a share of the gross receipts when they amounted to over $10,000. When the great Auditorium at Chicago was formally opened in 1889 Patti received $4,000 for singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Patti married the Marquis de Caux, a French nobleman, in 1868, but the matrimonial venture was an unhappy one and divorce followed in a few years. Her second husband was Signor Nicolini, the tenor. More recently Patti married the Baron Cederstrom, a member of the Swedish nobility, several years her junior. The union is said to be a happy one.

OIL KING'S BENEFACTIONS.

Henry H. Rogers Showering Gifts Upon His Native Town.

As the culmination of a long system of benefactions in his native town, Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil multimillionaire, is erecting in Fairhaven, Mass., a memorial church which, when completed, will be the most magnificent edifice of its size in the United States, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Architects, sculptors and contractors have been given orders to spare no expense, and the cost is placed anywhere from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000.

HENRY H. ROGERS.

Fairhaven is a quaint and quiet town located on an arm of Buzzard's bay, and, like the neighboring city of New Bedford, was once a whaling port of respectable dimensions. Curiously enough, through the medium of the very discovery that destroyed the old-time industry of the place, Mr. Rogers has been enabled to lavish gifts upon it with a prodigal hand, until Fairhaven has completely forgotten the days of whale oil, and sings only the praises of Standard Oil. The church now in process of construction is a gift to the Unitarian parish and is to form a beautiful memorial to Mr. Rogers' mother.

Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven began some eighteen years ago with the presentation of a well-equipped brick schoolhouse to the town. Next came the Millicent Library, a memorial to a dead daughter. The building is fittingly described as an architectural gem. It contains 15,000 volumes and has accommodations for 50,000.

Another gift to the place is the Town Hall, a French Gothic structure, with a tower 150 feet high. It contains everything, from a postoffice to a police station, to meet municipal needs. The town fathers transact their business in luxurious offices with big fire places of marble.

These are not all of Mr. Rogers' gifts to Fairhaven. Within a year or two a business block of granite and brick, containing a Masonic hall, was built and presented to the local lodge of Free Masons. For its public water supply, its sewerage system and its fine streets, Fairhaven is also indebted to Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Rogers was born in 1840, and after graduating from the Fairhaven High School became a clerk in his father's store. Later he tried railroading, and in 1861 became connected with the oil industry in Pennsylvania. When the Standard Oil trust was formed he became the chairman of its manufacturing committee. In a short time he was made a trustee, and for a number of years has been a well known and prominent factor in the affairs of the Standard Oil trust.

The Restored White House.

It being absolutely necessary to adapt the residence and offices of the President of the United States to increased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts of architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a period when the work could be done not only with the highest structural skill, but also in a thorough sympathetic spirit. Previous and slighter alterations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. But that the native tastes and especial training of Mr. McKim—and, it may be added, of Glenn Brown, his local coadjutor—all tended in the direction of fitness of equipment for the important work to be undertaken must be acknowledegd by every competent critic in America.—Century.

Met the Usual Fate.

"I hear that he married an actress."

"All men do."—Detroit Free Press.

It is one sign of a lack of confidence in others to enter in an account book the names of all who borrow books of you, what they borrow, and when.

When a man is buried he gets in on the ground floor, which is true at no previous time in his career.

Waiting for Instructions.

A mistress told her maid that she must not always do her own responsibility, but permission. The next day Bet ed into the parlor, and said "Please, madam, the cat is ing up the duck in the pantry drive her away or not?"—Tit

Practical Admonition.

Old Dr. Grimshaw (to med dent)—And now, remember physician humanity is divided classes.

Student—And what are the

Old Dr. Grimshaw—The poo he cures and the rich whom he —Tit-Bits.

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He—But are you sure you some other chap that you'd miserable with?

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There are good reasons for the the Penn Mutual: send for free booklet, "How and Why," Sherman general agents, Marquam building, Oregon.

Salted Popcorn.

Salted popcorn is prepared same way as salted almonds nuts. Choose the softest and kernels of popped corn, put frying pan with a little melted and dust over with salt. Let brown lightly.

Chance for Everybody.

"Oh! she's so sweet, so angelic fair," sighed Lovett Fursyth. I know I shall never succeed ning her love."

"Nonesense!" exclaimed Sharpe. "Lots of other men have ceeded. Why shouldn't you?"—Tit-Bits.

Information Wanted.

Brown—What do you know Blank?

Green—Why, he's as honest day is long.

Brown—Yes; but what's at night?

Jack Spratt.

Jack Spratt really lived and same prejudice against fat as tributed to him. Only his not exactly Spratt, but Pratt, was no less a person than an con. The rhyme orginally ran deacon Pratt could eat no fat, could eat no lean."

Popular Lecturer's Aim.

"It is your aim, of course," intimate friend, "to make think."

"No," replied the lecturer, burst of confidence, "my business make people think they rather, to make them think they think."—Chicago Tribune.

HEAD ACH

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