

GRAUSTARK

From Page Four

several hours he reveled in her company, sitting beside her in that roomy bungalow. Aunt Yvonne opposite, exchanging to her the many places of interest as they passed.

Their dinner was but one more phase of his fascinating dream. More than he feared that he was about to see to find bleak unhappiness where his site joy had reigned so gloriously. He drew to an end a sense of depression came over him. An hour at most all that he could have with her. The clock was drawing nigh with its wails, its longings, its desolation. He tried to retain the pleasures of the present until, amid the clanging of wheels and the roll of car wheels, the disconcerting future began. His intention to accompany them to the station was exposed as they were leaving the table. He had begun to say goodbye to him when he interrupted, self-consciousness making the words hurriedly and distastefully from his lips:

"You will let me go to the station with you. I shall—er—deem it a pleasure."

She raised her eyebrows slightly, but looked him and said she would consider it an honor. His face grew hot as his heart cold with the fancy that she was in her eyes a gleam which said "I pity you, poor fellow."

Withstanding his strange misgivings and the fact that his pride had suffered quite a perceptible shock, he went with them to the station. They got to the sleeping car a few minutes before the time set for the train's departure and stood at the bottom of the car, uttering the goodbyes, the good-byes and the sincere hope that they would meet again. Then came the activity of the trainmen, the hurrying belated passengers. He glanced only at his watch.

It is 9 o'clock. Perhaps you would prefer to get aboard," he said, and proceeded to assist Aunt Yvonne up the steps. She turned and pressed his hand before passing into the car.

"Adieu, good friend. You have made me very pleasant for us," she said sweetly.

The tall, soldierly old gentleman was going to assist his niece into the car.

"First, Uncle Caspar," the girl said, Lorry happy by saying, "I can come up unaided."

"I can assist her," Lorry hastened to add, giving her a grateful look.



"Adieu, my American!"

As she could not misunderstand, the uncle shook hands warmly with the young man and passed up the steps. She was following when Lorry

"Will you not allow me?"

He laughingly turned to him from

the steps and stretched forth her hand.

"And now it is goodbye forever. I am so sorry that I have not seen more of you," she said. He took her hand and held it tightly for a moment.

"I shall never forget the past few days," he said, a thrill in his voice. "You have put something into my life

that can never be taken away. You will forget me before you are out of Washington, but I—I shall always see you as you are now."

She drew her hand away gently, but did not take her eyes from his upturned face.

"You are mistaken. Why should I forget you—ever? Are you not the ideal American whose name I bought? I shall always remember you as I saw you—at Denver."

"Not as I have been since?" he cried. "Have you changed since first I saw you?" she asked quaintly.

"I have, indeed, for you saw me before I saw you. I am glad I have not changed for the worse in your eyes."

"As I first knew you with my eyes I will say that they are trustworthy," she said tantalizingly.

"I do not mean that I have changed externally."

"In any other case my eyes would not serve," she cried, with mock disappointment. "Still," she added sweetly, "you are my ideal American. Goodbye! The man has called 'all aboard!'"

"Goodbye!" he cried, swinging up on the narrow step beside her. Again he clasped her hand as she drew back in surprise. "You are going out of my land, but not out of my mind. If you wish your eyes to see the change in me, you have only to look at them in a mirror. They are the change—they themselves! Goodbye! I hope that I may see you again."

She hesitated an instant, her eyes wavering beneath his. The train was moving slowly now.

"I pray that we may meet," she said softly at last—so softly that he barely heard the words. Had she uttered no sound he could have been sure of her response, for it was in her telltale eyes. His blood leaped madly. "You will be hurt if you wait till the train is running at full speed!" she cried, suddenly returning to the abandoned merry mood. She pushed him gently in her excitement. "Don't you see how rapidly we are moving? Please go!" There was a terror in her eyes that pleased him.

"Goodbye, then!" he said.

"Adieu, my American!" she cried quickly.

As he swung out ready to drop to the ground she said, her eyes sparkling with something that suggested mischief, her face more bewitching than ever under the flicker of the great arc lights:

"You must come to Edelweiss to see me. I shall expect you!" He thought there was a challenge in the tones. Or was it mockery?

"I will, by heaven, I will!" he exclaimed.

A startled expression flashed across her face, and her lips parted as if in protestation. As she leaned forward, holding stoutly to the handrail, there was no smile on her countenance.

A white hand fluttered before his eyes, and she was gone. He stood, hat in hand, watching the two red lights at the end of the train until they were lost in the night.

(Continued)

A Type.

This paper speaks of a man as a bourgeois, pop. What is a bourgeois?" "He is a type, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fatal Touch.

The pen is mightier than the sword, But mightier the rust Which touches both and crumbles them Into forgotten dust.

—San Francisco Bulletin.

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