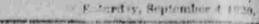
Page Six

BURNS, HARNEY COUNTY, OREGON man in Appendix a state of the state of the



know it.

Dewars of the fellow who knows

When a man begins to feel his own

Every elector votes his own con-

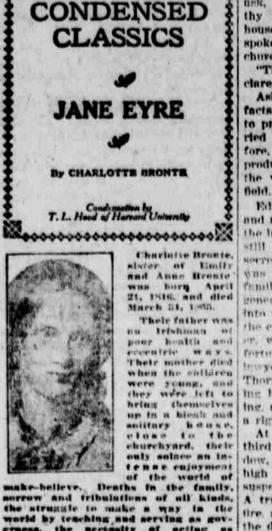
Greater than the honor of being

greatness it is time for the public to

look up another less great.

victions-or somebody else's.

U. He knows nothing and doesn



erness, the nectanity of acting on mother to the fumily, all were a part of the intense life of Charlotte. In 1846 the three staters issued a sof Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell. ames of Currer, Ellis and Acton Hell. To book was handly noticed at the ime. The three slaters each began a ovel. Emily's "Wuthering Heights" ad Aane's "Agnest Grey" found pub-labora, but "The Professor" of Char-side remained unaccepted until she ad made ber anne famous with other meks. She threw besaelf into the com-meks, She threw besaelf into the comten of "Jane Ryre," which was shed in 1847. It took the reading while by storm; the literary sensation if the day was "Who is Carrer Hell?" The answer did not come till "Shirley" ad been published in 1840, when the ther became a part of the great wild of letters. "Villette," her last the, came in 1953. The next year she married to the Rev. Mr. Nicholis; died the year after, when success happiness should have crowned her

Beginning with the life by Charbotto'n friend, Mrs. Gaskell, the three minters have been the subject of innumerable books and articles

T HER very birth Jane Evre was left in the cold hap of charity. Her nunt-in-law, Mrs. Reed of Gateshead Hall, kept the orphan ten years, during which she was city, subjected to such hard, fixed harred that she was glad enough to be packed off to Lowood school, a semi-charitable institution for girls.

Her career there was very honorward Rochester, at Thornfield Manor. she did not. There she thoroughly liked her situa-

the clorgyman's lips were unclosed to nek, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" in the gray old house of God, a distinct and near voice spoke in the silence of the empty church : "The marriage cannot go on : I de-

100

clare the existence of an impediment." Asked by the clergyman for the facts, the speaker showed a document to prove that Mr. Bochester had married Bortha Mason, fifteen years before, in Spanish Town, Jamaica; and produced Mr. Mason to witness that the woman was allve and at Thorn-

Edward Rochester confessed hardly and recklessly that he had married, as the lawyer asserted; that his wife was still living; and that he had kept her

secretly at Thornfield for years. She was mad; and she came of a mad family ; idiots and manhaes for three generations. He had been invetgled. into the marriage by hor family, with the consivance of his father and brother, who had desired him to marry a fortune. He invited the clergyman, the inwyer, and Mr. Mason to come up to Thorofield and see what sort of a bewere young, and Thornfield and see what sort of a bebring themselves ing, and judge whether or not he had a right to break the compact.

At Thornfield he took them to the churchyard, thele third story. In a room without a window, there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the celling by a chain. A trusty mold servant bent over the tire, apparently cooking something. In the deep shade, at the further end of the room, a figure ran backwards and forwards. What it was, at first sight. one could not tell; it grovelled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild antmal ; but it was covered with clothing ; and a quantity of dark, grissled hair. wild as a mane, hid its head and face. "That is my wife," said Mr. Roches

Then all withdrew.

ter.

That night Jane stole away from Thornfield. The few shillings that she possessed she gave to the driver of the first couch she saw, to take her as far as he would for the money. Thirtysix hours later he let her off at a crossronds in the moorlands. Into the heather she walked. That night she ate bilberries, and slept under a crag. Two days later, famished and drenched, she was taken into Marsh End, the house of Rev. St. John Rivers, a young and ambitious clergyman in the neighboring village of Morton. His

two sisters, Mary and Diana, were more than kind to Jane. They were soon to return to their work as governesses in a large south-of-England

St. John secured employment for Jane as mistress of the new girls' school in Morton. His plan was to become a missionary in India. He asked Jane to become his wife and go with shle; from a pupil she became a teach him. But something kept her from er. She left it to become governess of consenting ; he did not really love her ; Adela Varens, the ward of Mr. Ed- he foir the call to missionary work, but

Then he discovered for her that her unch had died, leaving her £20,000.

CONDENSED CLASSICS TRILBY

ST GEORGE DU MAURIER

Condensation by Alice G. Crozies **********************

The state

George Louis Palmella Basson Du Maurier was born in Parts in 1834, and died in England in 1896 His father, a nat-Britinh mentioned aubject, was the son of emigres nhe had left France during the Reign of Terror and settled in London. In "Peter Ibbet. sen," the first of three books

which won Du Maurier, inte in life, a reputation novellat, olmost as great as be had enjoyed as artist and humor-

ist for more than a generation, the author depicts his own singularly happy childhood.

He was brought to London when three or four years old, but vague memories of this period were suddenly exchanged, one beautiful day in June. exchanged, one beautiful day in June. for the charming realities of a French garden, and an "aid yellow house with green abuitors and mananed roots of ainte." Here at Passy, with his "gay and javis! father and his young Eng-lish mother." the boy spent seven years of sweet, priceless home life. The year 1856 found him in Paris. in the Latin Quarter, a student at "the care of the art world" of which in "Trilby" he produced a fascinating-idealistic picture, with both yes and penell.

pencil.

CHARMING studio, in the Latin quarter of Paris, sheltered "Three Musketeers of the Brush ;" Talbot Wynne, or Taffy, a big, fair, blue-eyed young Yorkshireman, who had been a soldier, but was at last following his wish to be an artist; then Sandy McAllister, or the Laird, as his friends called him, intended by his parents for a solicitor, but who was in Paris painting Toreadors and singing French ballads, with a decided Scotch accent.

"The third he was Little Billie." or William Bagot, a pleasing young Englishman from London. To live and work in Paris had been Billie's dream, and at last it was a reality, he and his two friends having taken the studio together. He often looked af these friends and wondered if anyone, living or dead, ever had two such glorious chums His absolute belief in all they said and did touched them exceedingly, and they in turn loved him for his affectionate disposition lively ways; and recognizing his quickness keenness and delicncy in all matters of form and color, they had also a great admiration for him. On a showery April day the three friends were in the studio, each occupled to his taste. Taffy vigorously swinging a pair of Indian clubs, the Laird sitting before his casel painting, and Billie kneeling on the broad divant before the great studio winflow was gazing out over the roots of Paris speculating upon the future of himself and his friends. These speculations were rudely interrupted by a loud knocking at the door and two men entered ; first a tall; bony individual of any age between thirty and forty-five, of Jewish aspect. well-featured, but sinister. He had hold, brilliant black eyes, with long. heavy lids. He went by the name of Svengall, spoke fluent French, but with a German accent. His companion was a little, swarthy young man, possibly a gypsy; under his arm he carried a fiddle and bow. Svengali at once suggested that they have some music and, seating himself at the plano, ran his fingers up and down the keys with the easy power of a master. Then he fell to playing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat, so benutifully that Little Blille's heart was nigh to bursting with emotion and delight He never forgot that Impromptu, which he was destined to hear again one day in very strange circumstances. Then the two, Svengali and his companion Gecko, made music together so divinely, indeed, that even Taffy and the Laird were almost as wild in their enthusiasm as Billie, but with an enthusiasm too deep for words. Suddenly there came another interruption, a loud knuckle-rapping at the outer door, and a voice of great volume, that might belong to any sex, or even an angel, uttered the British milkman's yodel, "milk below," and before anyone could say "entrez," a strange figure appeared framed in the gloom of the antechamber; the figure of a very tall and fully developed young girl, clad in the gray overcoat of a French infantry soldier; below this there showed a short striped petticoat, and beneath it were visible her bare white unkles, the toes losing themtelves in a huge pair of men's list slippers. While not strictly beautiful, the girl hod great charm; she was really much like a healthy young English boy. Closing the door behind her she said. wistfully: "Ye're all English, now, nren't ye? I heard the music and thought I'd just come in for a bit and pass the time of day; you don't mind?

rall."

Yes this was Trilby of the studios, artists' model, taking her noonday rest. She sat down upon the model throne to cat her luncheon and listen to the music,

When Svengall had brought the music to a close, Trilby remarked it was not very gay, and offered to sing a song which she knew, and in English, whereat she sang "Ben Bolt," and finished amid an embarrassing silence; for her bearers did not know whether it was intended seriously or in fun; such a volume of sound ensued that it wild applause and enthusiasm of an flooded the studio, but without melody or music of any kind, in fact as if the singer were tone-deaf as indeed she Wha.

With her charm and goodfellowship, Trilby won the bearts of the Three Musketeers, Billie's most of all, and it was Billie for whom she felt the deepest affection. She cooled for them at times mended their clothing, listened to their music and the wonderful talks of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." At other times she criticized their work; in inet, was quite "one of them."

A climax came one day when Billle visiting another studio, discovered Trillby posing for the "altogether." He was so shocked that he was awakened to the fact of his great love for Trilby, and rushing home to his friends, declared that he was going to Barblson to paint the forest and that he wanted to be alone.

Trilby, too, saw matters in a different light, and after much self-examination and struggle, decided that she would pose no more, but would earn her living as a fine loundress, with an old friend who had a laundry and was doing well. Poor Trilby was certainly one of the frail ones but through ignorance, rather than wrong intent; now she saw her mistake and with her love for Billie there came a new feeling, a dawning self-respect.

Nineteen fimes Billie asked Trilby to marry him, but she always refused, feeling herself unworthy. Then one Christmas night he asked her the twentieth time, "Will you marry me? If not I leave Paris in the morning never to return," and Trillby, fearing to lose him out of her life, finally answered "Yes."

Billie's mother, hearing of the intended marriage, journeyed to Paris to make inquiries about Trilby, finally deciding that she was not the wife for her son, all of which she said to Trilby, who in her great love for Billie. and thinking it best for him, promised to go sway and not see him again.

Trilhy kept her premise and Billie became very ill; when he had suffidentiy recovered he went back to England with his mother, his heart, as it seemed, quite dead

This was a sorrowful time for Taffy and the Laird, as they missed both Trilby and Billie. Years went by and Billie became a

formous painter, with a beautiful home in London and many friends.

Then the three Musketeers were to-

Her eyes on Svengall, at a signal from him, she sang without accorponniment, in a voice so immense in its softness, richness and freshness, that it seemed to be pouring itself from all around; and then her dove-like eyes looked past Svengall, straight at Billie,

and all his long-lost power of loving came back with a rush. At last-the final performance of the evening. Trilby vocalized, without words, Chopin's Impromptu in A flat; astounding, no plano had ever given out such notes as these! Amid the

immense audience Trilby had made her debut in Paris, Her debut in London was a different matter; Svengall III, and unable to conduct, had taken his place in a box exactly opposite Trilby, but his presence had no effect upon her, When it came time for her to sing she started "Ben Bolt," but sang only a few bars when the house was in an uproar of laughter, hoots and hisses. Trilly had lost the power of "singing true," She seemed to be awakening from steep, not knowing where she was. Her

old-time friends rescued her and took her home to Billie's mother. Svengall collepsed from shock and died very suddenly.

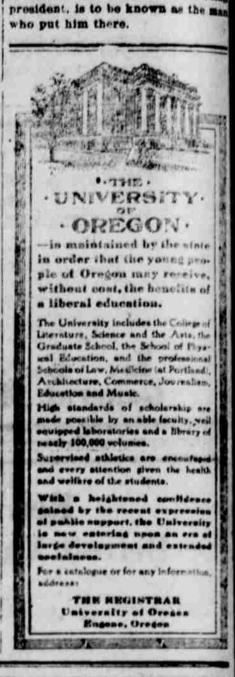
The friends learned from Gocko that "there were two Trilbys." Svengall had but to say "dor" and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble to do his bidding. So they traveled giving concerts, Svengail, Gecko, Trilby, attended by Marta, an old servant of Svengall.

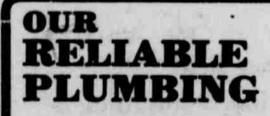
The long strain bad its effect upon poor Trilby, and she drooped and died, surrounded by the old-time friends and Billie's mother. Not long after, little Billie, ...roken-hearted, followed her.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post). Printed by permit-sion of, and arrangement with, Harpar & Bros., sythorized publishers.

The foolish man makes a big noise over a little thought. That is the reason he is foolish.

Many men prate loudly of the value of their convictions, but the market price of convictions often fluctuaton





Consider the egotism we adjective our heading with.

REAL SERVICEABLE PLUMBING

is something you seldom find because usually a patch isn't nearly as good as a confident mending or a new part.

library ; her little chamber ; the garden This was confirmed by Mr. Briggs, the with its huge chestnut tree; and the great meadow with its array of knotty thorn trees, strong as oaks.

some, heroic-looking young gentleman. heen heirs to her uncle in Madeira. She with him. But he was a sombre, moody man, with broad and jetty eyebrows, decisive nose, and grim, square month and Jaw; and in his presence the plain little governess felt sanchow happy. Yet his character was beyond her penetration; she felt a vague seaso of insecurity.

He confided to her that Adeta Varens was not his child, but the daughter of a Parisian dancer, who had deceived him, and desorted the little cirl. So much he told her; but of the strange shadows that passed over his happlest moments, of his apparent affection for Jane Eyre along with his withholding from her some secret grief, she could make nothing.

Then there came most mysterious happenings to Thornfield., One night Jane Eyre found the door of Mr. Rochester's room open, and his bed on fire She managed with great difficulty to quench the flames, and rouse him from the stupor into which the smoke had plunged him. He advised her to remain silent as to the affair.

Later a Mr. Mason, from Spanish Town, in Minutes, arrived at Thornfield while Mr. Rochester was entertaining a large party, That night Jane was awakened by a cry for help. When she reached the hall, the guests were aroused.

Mr. Rochester, candle in hand, was descending the stairs from the third floor. "A servant has had a nightmare," he said.

Thus he persuaded the guests back into their rooms. But all night Jane was obliged to attend Mr. Mason, who lay in a bed on the third floor, badly wounded in the arm and shoulder. From scattered hints Jane gathered that a woman had inflicted the wounds. A doctor was summoned, and before morning Mr. Rochester had spirited the wounded man away in a coach, with the doctor to watch over him.

Then Jane was suddenly summoned to Gatheshead, to her aunt, Mrs. Reed, who lay dying. Mrs. Reed gave her a letter. It was from John Eyre, in Madelra, asking that his niece, Jane Eyre, come to him, that he might adopt her, as he was unmarried and childless. It was dated three years back. Mrs. Reed had never attempted to deliver it to Jane Eyre, because she disliked her too thoroughly to lead a hand in liftlag her to prosperity.

When Jane returned to Thornfield. Mr. Rochester proposed to her; and hecause she loved him and believed in him, she accepted.

solicitor in London. She discovered. too, that the mother of St. John and Mary and Dinna had been her father's If Mr. Rochester had been a hand- sister, so that they too should have

Jane could never have felt at ease invisted on a division of the legacy with them. One night St. John was pressing her

for her final decision. The one candle was dying out; the room was full of moonlight. She heard a voice from sumperiore ery-

> "Jane! Jane! Jans!" Next day she was on her way to

Thornfield. In thirty-six hours she arrived at "The Rochester Arms," two miles away. With much missiving she walked up to Thornfield-to find only a blackened ruin.

Back at the inn she learned that Thornfield Hall had burned down about harvest time in the previous year. The fire had broken out in the dead of night. Mr. Rochester had tried to rescue his wife. She had climbed onto the roof, where she had stood, waving her arms, and shouting out till they could hear her a mile off. Mr. Rochester had ascended through the skylight. The crowd had heard him call, "Ber-1100.122 They had seen him approach her; and then she had yelled, and givon a spring, and the next minute she had lain dead on the payement.

Mr. Rochester had been taken from the ruins, alive, but sadly hurt; one eye had been knocked out, and one hand so crushed that the surgeon had had to imputate it directly. The other eye inflamed; he lost the sight of that also

He was now at Ferndean, a manor house on a farm he had, about thirty miles off ; quite a desolute spot. There Jane found him, sad, helpless and crippled. She married him. Eventually the sight returned to his eye so that when his first-born was put into his arms he could see that the boy had inherited his own eyes, as they once were-large, brilliant and black. On that occasion, with a full heart, he acknowledged that God had tempered

judgment with mercy. Diana and Mary Rivers were both married soon after, and alternately, once a year, came to visit Jane and Mr. Rochester, St. John Rivers left for India, to labor until called at length into the joy of his Lord.

Copyright, 1919, by the Post Publishing Co. (The Boston Post),

Wireless Telephone.

A new wireless talephone apparatus, employing a small aerial, a wave length of 375 meters and one-third kilowatt of power, can be used to talk to points within a radius of 900

tether again in Paris, where they ited the scenes of former times, at least going to the old studio, now rented to other tenants, but having still upon its wall Billie's famous drawing of Trilby's foot, protected by a covering of plaus; and beneath it some stanzas to Pauvre Trilby, ia belle et bonne et chere !"

One night they attended a concert in a large hall on the Rue St. Honore. The first violin had scarcely taken his seat before they recognized their old friend Gecko, Just as the clock druck, Svengali appeared-the conductor. Then a moment of silence, and two little page-boys each drew a silken rope, the curtains parted, and a tall figure walked slowly down to the front of the stage. The house rose to meet her as she advanced, bowing to right and left-"It was_Trilby."

WE WILL NOT PATCH UNLESS

we know that it is the best service we can give you. We get to the bottom of the trouble and repair it accordingly.

> CALL ON US WHEN YOU NEED WORK IN OUR DIRECTION DONE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY.

> > Radiator repairing a speciality

BURNS HARDWARE

The Letter You Write

MAY go astray because of some error in addressing, or it may fail of delivery for some reason or other.

If you use envelopes with your name and address neatly printed in the corner it will be returned to you and you will not be puzzling over why your correspondent does not reply

We Do All kinds **Of Printing**

The Times-Herald