

# "Old Ben Bolt"

By MYRA NORTHCLIFF.

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His name wasn't "Old Ben Bolt," but everybody called him that, and strangers accepted it on the spot as singularly appropriate, for Captain Jim Staybolt's honest, kind blue eyes, his brown face and closely curling hair and his masterful yet good natured mouth made him indeed seem the embodiment of the famous "Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale."

He wasn't old at all, though he thought himself aged and beyond all the dreams of youth because he had just turned thirty-five. But then he had always had an abnormal modesty about his own masculine charms.

His head, albeit of pepper and salt, was filled with practical good sense that had brought him up from fisherman to superintendent and part owner of the Grantson company's big fleet of smacks.

He had his office in the cubby of a water stilled shanty at the end of the pier, and its window looked directly across at a certain young woman named Kate, dealing out candy, oranges and cheap cigars to the rolling crews of the boats.

There was a standing joke among the boys how the smoking habit took hold of everybody after he saw Kate.

It never got to her ears, though, for, notwithstanding the candy and cigars, there was a fine little line of reticence about the girl over which no one ever stepped, not even Hank Raynor, the vainest and most impudent fellow that ever trod a schooner's deck. But her pretty blushes and shining eyes gave the clew to her preference, and Raynor, who frequently consumed his entire wait buying a cigar, could not have been said to discourage the impression.

It is true the boys joked, but the majority of them swore as well, for the handsome Raynor bore no immaculate reputation among them.

"Cuss it!" said Dick Pearsall, mate of the Osprey schooner, savagely one night. "Why is it a woman can never see an inch from her nose when she's daffy on a man?"

"Marryin' takes that out of 'em, though," laughed old Captain Brown, who was on honorable drydock after fifty years of cod and halibut.

"Marryin'!" sneered the mate of the dandy Burgess built smack Lucinda V. "Marryin'! Raynor looks like a marryin' man, don't he? I ain't no masher myself, but I tell you that smarty is just tryin' to show off before us fellows. Marry her! Even if he wanted to he ain't fit to wipe her old shoes on!"

Nobody dissented. There were tongues in the fishing port that did not hesitate to declare that Raynor's skill as a fisherman was far inferior to the art with which he could wreck coasters for a living when the owners got tired of paying insurance and decided that it was time to collect some instead.

"All the same, he told me it was fixed up between 'em," insisted Captain Brown. "That's tellin', I s'pose, but he didn't say as there was anything private about it."

Unnoticed by the men, Captain Jim Staybolt had come up in time to catch the last words. He stopped a moment in the shadow of a column. When he moved on his face looked gray and drawn in the uncertain light.

"Get ready to take the Osprey and the Lucinda out next tide," he said evenly. "We'll have 'em unloaded in three hours more and ready for sea again."

He went back, and the group broke up. Pearsall, as he turned, caught a glimpse of his superior's face and wondered vaguely if "the boss" were ill.

With a fine sense of honor, Captain Jim himself had refrained from a look or word that might compromise Kate, but the memory of a chance touch of her fingers once when she passed back his change still sent a thrill over him. Since that day she had grown under his eyes to be the one desirable thing of his life.

He knew enough of Raynor to despise the man. Time and again he had all but prayed he might get actual cause for interference. Now the shattering of the dream seemed less his blunder than a crime.

A week afterward Kate's old father was struck by a falling block and laid on his bed, helpless for life. Her mother fell ill of typhoid. The superintendent saw the bloom fade from the girl's cheeks, to return only when Raynor appeared, and that in a nervous flush. He grew hot and cold alternately at the air of careless proprietorship the latter had lately assumed. Then suddenly the man announced that he was going away.

"Hank has got a ship," Captain Jim heard Kate confide to another girl. "It's a schooner running out of South Amboy for Norfolk, and the owners have promised him a raise in a few months, and then, if father and mother are able to be moved."

Captain Jim lost the rest, but a sharp thrust went through him, whether of anguish or relief he could not have told. A month later came news of a shipwreck on the New Jersey coast.

The dispatches said openly that there were suspicious circumstances about the wreck, but as the captain, Hank Raynor, was announced as among those drowned it was impossible to do much investigating.

On that very day Kate failed to appear at the pier.

Day by day for a blank, wretched

week Captain Jim faced the empty stand opposite his window. Then he went down to the waterside street and found there destitution, at once pitiful and reassuring.

"It isn't your love I am asking for, dear," he said to her gently as at the end of a half hour he found himself holding her trembling fingers and smoothing her hair. "I couldn't expect that. But if you will give me what is left, the right to take care of you and yours, God knows it will be a precious trust."

He felt himself more than ever before to be "Old Ben Bolt" as he said this.

Captain Jim had no fine phrases, but months of effort had made him a marvel of self control. He stood quite still, though every nerve was tense with longing to clasp the slim little figure to his breast. In fact, he hardly dared breathe when at last Kate dropped her head against his arm for acquiescence and broke into soft sobbing. A guess at what was in his heart, he told himself, would have frightened her out of his reach forever.

The six weeks that followed were a mixture of paradise and purgatory to him. It was hard, indeed, to play the decorous, fatherly lover when his whole soul cried out for the touch of her lips on his and every swish of her dress against him set his pulses throbbing. But he did it, and well.

His paradise proved a fool's, however. Walking along the main street one evening, with Kate on his arm, Hank Raynor's unmistakable self passed the two almost at elbow touch. There was a livid scar along the apparition's cheek. Kate did not see him, but a pang like death went through "Old Ben Bolt." The sight of that handsome, devil-may-care face seemed to sound his doom.

During the next four and twenty hours Captain Jim worked out his bitter problem. Cost what it might to his own self respect, he would tell Kate the truth as he knew it concerning Hank Raynor. He could do that if she had been his young sister, but in honor he must free her from her promise to himself.

He had thought of a way out of her financial difficulties, but it was not necessary she should know that yet or, indeed, the cost to his own heart of these last few months.

"I have come to give you back what I asked that first night, Kate, but I must tell you something it will be hard for you to bear," he said to her hoarsely as he stood in the little parlor, whose very plainness had grown dear to him.

A flush ran into Kate's cheek, but it died there, leaving a white line around her lips. "Old Ben Bolt" gripped the back of the chair in front of him.

"I suppose you have seen Raynor?" he went on.

Kate's color rushed back in a rosy flood. Her eyes drooped for an instant; then, shy, but brave, she looked straight into Captain Jim's own.

"Yes, I have seen him and—his wife," she answered, with a little laugh. "He brought her from Philadelphia. It—it was a good thing I had found out before that—that I didn't care most for him, after all, wasn't it, you dear 'Old Ben Bolt'?"

The room reeled round Captain Jim. Out of its chaos Kate's face grew flushed and smiling still, but with suspiciously luminous eyes. Then did this "Ben Bolt" give a great gasp as the truth burst upon him. He took two long strides with outstretched arms, and a second later Kate was quite lost in the big, warm embrace her dark hair had taught her was her heart's true haven.

Wife—My husband came home from the club last night with such a swelled head that I haven't been able to arouse him today. Neighbor—Why don't you try pouring a pitcher of water over his head? Wife—I did that very thing, but the only thing he did was to call out for an umbrella.—Flegende Blatt.

Love Taps.  
Mrs. Jawback—I suppose you consider your judgment far superior to mine. Mr. Jawback—No, my dear. We proved the contrary when we chose to marry each other.—Cleveland Leader.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Redfield, July 27, a boy.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Circuit Court for the state of Oregon, in and for Umatilla County, and to me directed and delivered upon a judgment, rendered and entered in said Court of the 18th day of March 1909; in favor of John Bergevin, plaintiff, and against Walter Cameron, defendant, for the sum of \$3000 and for the further sum of \$90 damages; at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 18th of March, 1909; and whereas by said judgment it was further adjudged and decreed that the herein after described real property—to-wit:

The Northwest quarter Southeast quarter or Lot Ten (10) Section Fifteen (15) Township Three (3) North, Range Thirty-five (35) E. W. M. be sold to satisfy said judgment and all costs. I will on the 28th day of August 1909, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day in front of the Court House door in the City of Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, sell the right title and interest the said Walter Cameron, had in and to the above described real property, on the 26th day of July, 1909 or since then has acquired, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the proceeds to be applied in satisfaction of said execution and all costs: Dated this 26th day of July, 1909:

T. D. Taylor,  
Sheriff.

By B. C. Wilson, Deputy.

## RESOLUTIONS.

The following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted last Sunday at the Baptist church:

Whereas, there is to be in our town of Athena today, this Lord's Day, July 25, an exhibition and a show, known as "DeLoss M. Webb's Bucking Broncho Exhibit," which is certainly detrimental to the best interests of our community, in that by the utter desecration and disregard of the Lord's Day, it not only tends to undermine the foundation principles of our country, but it also grossly dishonors God, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members and congregation of the First Baptist Church of Athena, now assembled for worship do hereby place ourselves on record as most emphatically protesting against such aforesaid, and all other like desecration of the Lord's Day, also be it

Resolved, That having received assurance from the City Park Commission that the aforesaid exhibit shall not take place in the city park, we hereby express our appreciation of their action; also be it

Resolved, That we request our Mayor and City Council to use their power and influence to prevent in future such indignity being heaped upon the fair name of our city, and such dishonor to God. Also be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the church records and one copy sent to our City Council and one to the Athena Press, with a request for its publication. Signed, Chas. Bettes, Church Clerk, Herbert E. Ryder, Pastor.

Voted upon and carried unanimously this 25th of July, 1909.

## RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, A Backing Broncho Exhibit was advertised to be given in the Athena City Park, Sunday, July 25, and

Whereas, the committee of the park, N. A. Miller, Fred Boyd, David Taylor, H. O. Wortington and Jerry Stone, upon learning of said intention, refused the use of the park for such purposes upon the Lord's Day,

Be it Resolved, that we the members of the Church of Christ of Athena, Oregon, do commend the above-named gentlemen for their action in this matter, and

Be it further Resolved, That we as a church desire to go on record as being opposed to anything that tends to the desecration of the Lord's Day or to the moral degeneration of the community.

Done by order of the Church of Christ, Athena, Oregon, this 25th day of July, 1909.

Signed, George R. Gerking, Clerk.  
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### SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.  
Lela C. Lewis, plaintiff, vs. A. T. Lewis, defendant. To A. T. Lewis the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, within six weeks from date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear to answer the complaint or plead within that time the plaintiff for want thereof will apply to the above entitled court for the relief demanded in her complaint filed in said suit, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff, Lela C. Lewis and the defendant, A. T. Lewis.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Circuit court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, made in open court on the 16th day of July, 1909, the first publication is made on Friday, July 23rd, 1909, and the last on September 3rd, 1909.

Homer I. Watts,  
Attorney for plaintiff.

### Notice of Final Account.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County.  
In the matter of the estate of Madeline LaCourse, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Madeline LaCourse, deceased, has filed his final report and account therein, and that the county Judge of Umatilla county, Oregon, has set the time for hearing said settlement on Saturday the 14th day of August 1909, at the county court house in Pendleton, Oregon, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at which time said settlement will be allowed except there be valid objections thereto.

Dated at Athena, Oregon, this 16th day of July 1909.

Moses Taylor,  
Administrator.  
Watts & Neal,  
Attorneys for Administrator.

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10:08 a. m.	Walla Walla - Pendleton Special	10:08 a. m.
4:15 p. m.	Fast Mail for Pendleton, LaGrande, Baker City, and all points east via Huntington, Ore. Also for Umatilla, Heppner, The Dalles, Portland, Astoria, Willamette Valley, Polaris, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	4:15 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	Pendleton - Walla Walla Special	5:50 p. m.

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