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THE MISER OF HAVELOCK

Continued from first page

tricated her foot from the ruined hat. She noticed that it was not a new hat, but a panama head covering of the season before.

Sally had almost reached Aunt Jane's house when she murmured:

"How white he was. He must have a frightful temper. And all about a last year's hat!"

But she dismissed the unpleasant incident for the time because Aunt Jane was frantically preparing for Agatha Trent's wedding.

For several days Sally Birch evinced an unusual restlessness. No longer was she content to sit on the vine draped piazza and read or embroider. To Jane Gray's disgust Sally took to walking.

"My dear," fussed the little woman. "I can't follow you about the country, over hill and dale, and it really isn't safe for you to go alone."

"I always take Caesar along," protested Sally.

"Caesar is all very well," retorted Jane, patting the French bull pup. "but after this don't go any farther than the pine woods."

Sally agreed, blushing hotly, for how could she explain to Aunt Jane, narrow minded and prejudiced, that the Havelock pine woods had been the Mecca of her daily walk? Aunt Jane could not be made to understand that Sally felt that she owed James Worth, the "miser of Havelock," an apology for her rudeness.

So Sally and Caesar went to the pine woods once more, and for the first time since that May morning when she

had slipped through his hedge she met the "miser of Havelock."

He was standing under the pines listening to the song of a wood thrush. He was bareheaded, and Sally remembered, with a guilty pang, Aunt Jane's idle gossip that the "miser" had taken to going bareheaded about the countryside.

He heard Caesar's pattering tread on the pine needles and turned his head just as Sally came to a pause, looking like a lovely picture in her pink frock. The sunlight slanted down and touched her brown hair with golden lights. Her eyes were as blue as the unclouded sky.

"Good afternoon," he said gravely, and without waiting for an exchange of courtesies he looked up to the topmost twig of a pine where the thrush was silhouetted against the sky.

"Mr. Worth," began Sally timidly, "I've been wanting to see you—to tell you I'm sorry about the hat."

His eyes looked so surprised that Sally's heart jumped oddly, just as if he had said: "Why, this girl is much nicer than I thought! She isn't such a barbarian, after all!"

He smiled, too, and ten years vanished. Surely he was not more than thirty. He looked very boyish.

"Pray don't trouble about the wretched hat," he said. "I'm sorry I acted so panic stricken over it, but"—he laughed outright—"it was a very serious matter."

"I am sorry. I was very rude about it and about the flowers," she added.

"Would it bore you if I told you why I am called a miser?" He hesitated.

A lovely look came into Sally's eyes. "I would feel honored by your confi-

dence," she said quite humbly.

He found a seat for her on a fallen log, and, sitting down on the pine needles, he stuffed his pipe into his pocket and began.

Sally listened, fascinated, to a story of how a man, his father, had failed in business, in the crash carrying to ruin a number of his customers, men of small means who had trusted him.

Almost immediately he had died, and on his deathbed his son had promised to pay back every creditor and clear his father's name. To him it was a sacred trust, and he had paid up the debts, denying himself luxuries and even necessities. Dick Havelock had been his college chum, and last year Dick had offered his friend the use of the country house, with the privilege of selling fruits and flowers, while he saw that the place was kept in repair.

James Worth was a writer who was struggling toward success. He had just completed a novel, it had been accepted by publishers, and a substantial check was in his pocket.

"I am happy today," he concluded frankly. "This check will pay off the last indebtedness against my father's name."

"I am so glad for you," said Sally softly, "and thank you for telling me. I wish every one knew that the 'miser of Havelock' is a nobleman in disguise."

"Oh," he cried, in embarrassment, "I only told you because I—I didn't want you to misunderstand. Any decent chap would have done the same thing."

"You will be going away?" she asked.

He nodded. "Tomorrow. Wait a moment, please." He disappeared

among the trees.

Sally waited ten minutes, and then he returned, bearing a small bunch of lilies of the valley.

"These have been coming into bloom in the darkest corner under the hedge," he explained. "I was hoping I would see you again. I was saving them for you."

Sally pinned them at her breast. "I felt so mean about the others," he confessed. "But I got \$25 for that bouquet, and it helped a lot. You understand now?"

Sally smiled. "I understand," she said and gave him her hand in farewell.

"Good luck," she wished him.

"Oh, I shall be coming back to see you!" he said.

And who can blame Sally Worth if she does call her husband the "Prince of Havelock" sometimes? Usually, though, she calls him "Jimmy."

Not Comforting.

"Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved.

"Indeed, he didn't!" was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."—London Telegraph.

SORROW.

We never have any more than we can bear—nothing that has not been borne before, and bravely. There is not a new sorrow in the world.