

## STATE PARAGRAPHS

INTERESTING BITS OF CONDENSED NEWS GATHERED FROM  
VARIOUS SOURCES IN OREGON

Following an alleged attempt to kill his wife, Fred P. Pyles, of Monmouth, a traveling salesman, was declared insane and sent to the insane asylum last week.

Deputy State Highway Engineer Cantine, of Salem, attended the meeting at Marshfield of Coos and Curry county courts and officials of the Good Roads association and discussed the proposition of bonding the county for \$370,000 for road improvements. Cantine, with Roadmaster Murdock, formerly of Portland, is making a survey of the county roads in preparation of the year's work.

George Dewey Alfred, a young married man of Dallas, was seriously injured last Saturday by falling into the gearing of a conveyor at the mill of the Willamette Valley Lumber company. The skin and flesh over the entire length of one side of his body were stripped and it will be necessary to resort to skin grafting to heal the wound. The patient is at the hospital.

Damages totaling \$4,600 was awarded Mrs. Dorothea Steel, of Turner, by a jury in the circuit court at Salem, for the death of her husband who was killed by a Southern Pacific train.

Lem Gong, the Chinese accused of being implicated in a shooting scrape in the tong war last week, was arraigned

Saturday at La Grande, on the charge of assault with intent to kill. End Chong, the injured Chinaman, is recovering.

Figures prepared by Secretary of State Olcott show the total registration at the end of last week to have been 61,180. Of this number 40,590 are republicans; 15,457 are democrats; 403 progressives; 1337 are prohibitionists; 1529 are socialists and 1864 scattered.

En route to Bremerton to test out torpedoes, the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence arrived at Astoria Monday night from San Francisco to "rest" and to take on mail and galley supplies. She left out again Tuesday morning, continuing her way north.

The Washington county newspaper men have organized themselves into the Washington County Editorial association.

Grants Pass was the scene of an outrageous murder Sunday evening, when M. D. Bousman, who has confessed, shot and killed Mr. and Mrs. Akers, ranchers near that place, while on their way to church. Housman's grievance was that Akers had complained to the county officials that his hogs were running at large. Mr. and Mrs. Akers were about 55 years of age and Bousman is 63 and unmarried.

## A Complication Removed

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"This John King," said Mrs. Haskins to her daughter Isabel, scanning a newspaper, "who is spending his money so lavishly must be the same man with whom you had that flirtation ten years ago when we were staying in Rome."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Why are you so moved; my dear? Surely there was nothing serious between you and him, and that was a long while ago."

"There was something between us, mamma."

"There was?" asked the mother in her turn, showing concern.

Isabel made no reply to the question, but after deep thought said:

"I wish to meet this Mr. King. If he is the same I met ten years ago I shall do all I can to win him."

"Why so—to secure his large fortune?"

"No; to remove a serious complication."

That was all the mother could get out of her daughter. The society news was scanned from day to day until Mr. King was mentioned as a guest at the house of one of Mrs. Haskins' friends. The lady was appealed to to bring about a meeting between Mr. King and Miss Haskins and did so at a dinner given by the mutual friend. After the dinner Isabel returned to her home with a red spot in each cheek and a spark in each eye.

"Well?" said Mrs. Haskins.

"Oh, mother, he has no remembrance of me whatever."

"Then he is the man we supposed him to be?"

"He is."

"And do you still desire to marry him?"

"Absolutely."

"Did he seem pleased with you?"

"I think so."

"Why is it not to his interest as much as yours that you and he should be married?"

"Perhaps it is."

"Then why do you not tell him of your meeting ten years ago, giving him the reasons, if he does not already know them, why he should marry you?"

"Because I loved him then. I love him now, and I wish him to marry me for love, not for any other reason whatever."

The mother was obliged to be satisfied with this statement, though curiosity was sharpened by her interest in her daughter. In time Mr. King was invited to the Haskins' to dinner. He came and set Isabel's heart wildly throbbing by saying some deliciously sweet words to her. But when later he met her at a social function she saw him chatting with another girl, and, judging from his expression, he was saying sweet words to her, causing Isabel's heart to sink as rapidly as it had risen.

A few days later Mr. King called, making as an excuse the offering of his box at the opera. Either he was the same skillful love maker he had been a decade before or he was much smitten with Miss Haskins. In his conduct were many of the indications of a sure affection.

And so the affair went on. At one time he would be devoted to her; at another she would hear that he was browsing among the prettiest girls in the social swim. What most troubled her was that he was passing into that age where a bachelor's admiration is bestowed upon girls much younger

than himself.

However, as the weeks flew by his devotion to Isabel grew more constant. He had appeared to purposely display attentions to young girls when she was present to observe them. This he was gradually giving up. Indeed, the affair between them had gone so far that his attentions to other girls ceased to trouble her. Flowers had begun to come from him to her, a sure sign that a proposal is about to be made. One evening when King followed a box of them he had sent he called, and when Isabel came down to meet him he put his arms about her, kissed her warmly and said:

"My dear wife, it is time this play came to a climax."

"Wife?"

"Yes. I knew you the moment I saw you. Immediately after that wedding which was got up between us in a youthful frolic I went to a lawyer and asked him if it could be construed into a legal marriage. He replied that if we both intended it as such it was within the law of wedlock. It was intentional with me. If it was the same with you we were married ten years ago."

"In my heart it surely was intentional."

"I resolved," continued King, "that as soon as I had accumulated a sufficiency I would ask you the question that would, if answered in the affirmative, make us one. I have since been more than fortunate. I came here purposely to find you. When I saw that you did not remember me—"

"I did," interrupted Isabel. "I supposed, however, that you did not recognize me."

"I wished to win you."

"And I wished just as much to win you."

When Isabel joined her mother she gave evidence that something momentous had happened.

"You are engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Haskins.

"No—married."

"Married!"

"Yes, we have been married ten years, but we didn't know it."

### Arabian Laughing Dove.

An extremely strange bird is the singing pigeon, or Arabian laughing dove. In color these pigeons are usually red, mottled or checkered, though they are sometimes found of a bluish color. Their voice baffles all description, being tremulous and broken, with gurgling notes, like the noise of water poured from a bottle. The utterance is varied, and, though there is a resemblance at times to the drumming of a true trumpeter, it is not so sonorous. It is frequently interrupted by one or more of the inspiratory "ahs," which no doubt gives them the name of laughers. Their cooing is soft and melodious, and both sexes take part in the song.

### Sufficient Proof.

A citizen was standing on a street corner looking a bit depressed when a friend sauntered along.

"What seems to be the trouble, old man?" solicitously queried the latter.

"I have just had something of a jolt," answered the sad one. "I was bequeathed a silver service as the solid thing a few weeks ago, and now I know that it is only plated ware."

"Sorry to hear that, old fellow," returned the friend. "But you may be mistaken."

"Oh, no, I'm not!" was the mournful rejoinder of the sad one. "The service was on the sideboard the other night when burglars broke in, but they never touched it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Great are those 25c dinners at the Ramsey Hotel dining room, Tillamook, Ore.

The Evening Telegram, daily,  
and the Cloverdale Courier, both  
papers one year for \$3.50.

THE PLUMBER GOES ON A STRIKE

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