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..., 1906

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The Return to Grace

By HENRY LINSLEY DOOLITTLE

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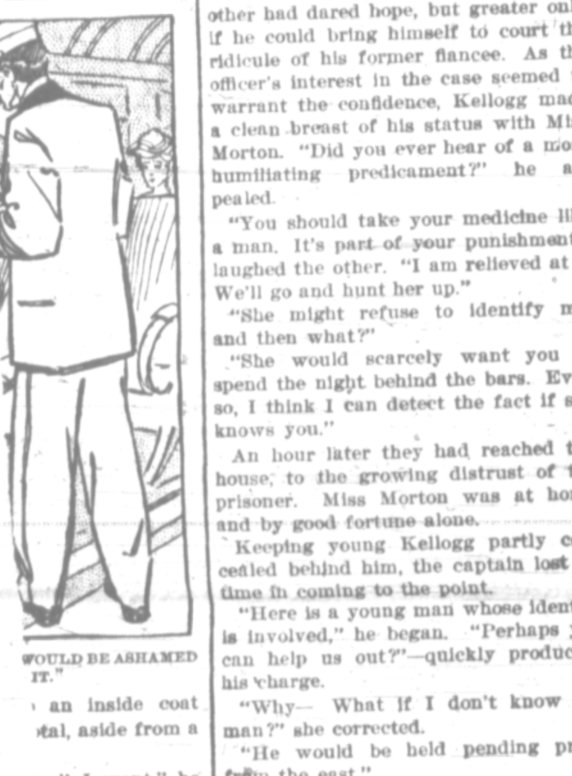
FOR the past year Kellogg has been kept busy refuting exaggerated stories of his mistaken identity. To his friends, therefore, the first true account should be of deep interest. In reviewing his last evening at the exposition he remembered having taken in a fair share of the Pike. The Tyrolean Alps, Creation, Hereafter, the Cliff Dwellers—he had seen them all, good, bad or indifferent. Thus far he had proceeded on his loose change.

And then he had come to the Naval ...ttle and to the end of his quarters. ...ving into his hip pocket, his hand brought forth not the expected ...t, but a paper of chewing tobacco. ...urprised for utterance, he saun... ...ack to the now deserted plaza to ...is assets in silence. An emer...



...WOULD BE ASHAMED ...IT."

... an inside coat ...tal, aside from a ... all I want," he ...ly. "Tomorrow ...rt back to New ...vens, his ticket ...The single fare ...say nothing of ...route. The for...pense with, he ...ty hours with...was he talking ...uld not even ...aphed his fa...tter, always ...es, would ...letter of ...least a ...he was ...bence. ...ping ...ers. ...ds

...THINK YOU'... TO OWN ...15, planned to ... was the sum to ...ts. ...well, I've seen ...ed philosophical ... expecting to sta... anyway." ...w York? Good hea... been stolen too! ... more than $20, to ...eeper and meals on ...r luxury he might dis... ...wly conceded, but the ...t food—pshaw, what ...bout? His ... ...uy him a ticket. He might have telegr... ...ther for a loan, but the ...inko ... suspicious of ... doubtless cautious ... confirmation. ... forty-eight hours' ... due in New York ... A new thought ... senses—the cut ... They might supp... means.

Next morning ... made a dicker f... the Big Four, ... route. A dollar ... mained.

Safely aboard, ... of relief. He ... criminal while ... the gate. "Re... Charles A. Wint... ker's parting ins... The conductor ... long in passing ... ly every passen... the return portio... sion ticket, whic... inspection to see ... and transit limits ... "Tickets, please" ... Kellogg sleep... buff slip. "Charles ... your ...

...A ... ...days ...ed his gr... ...icket brok... ...need within ... ...case in hand, he ...through ticket via ...apeake and Ohio ...eighteen cents re... K...ellogg heaved a sigh ... I felt almost like a ... owing his ticket at... ...member your name is ...er," had been the bro...truction. ...seemed interminably ...rough the car. Near... ...er was traveling on ...a of a limited expr... ...h meant a ... ...that the ...ate's ...were co... ...alidation ...rect.

...y produced the long, ...A. Winter—um. Is that ...name?" He nodded.

"Well, I should think you would be ashamed to own it."

"What!" Kellogg sat up, electrified. "Isn't my ticket good?"

"Oh, yes; it's good enough to get you into Indianapolis, all right," assented the other. "I reckon they can give you a free bed for the night, too, as far as that's concerned."

"But I don't understand. What have I done?"

For answer the conductor fished forth a copy of a New York "yellow" and began turning the leaves.

"Yes, here it is all right enough," he announced, with satisfaction. "Charles A. Winter wanted for bigamy. Black hair and eyes, very dark complexion, five feet ten. You're it all right. Wife No. 1 offers $500 reward for your return, wife No. 2 promises as much, wife No. 3"—

Kellogg seized the paper, to be confronted by a quarter page picture of his alias.

"And do you think I resemble that scoundrel?" he demanded. "Why, this account says I'm thirty-six!"

"Looks are mighty deceiving," grinned the other, "and newspaper prints are never any too good. I've noticed these smooth fellers who can deceive a half dozen poor, trustful women into believing they're the only one always look young and innocent."

"But I tell you my name is Frank Kellogg," asserted the frightened passenger. "See, here are the initials in my hatband and on my suit case. As my wallet was stolen, I had to return on a cut rate ticket."

"That's what they all say."

"Take me through to Cincinnati if you won't believe me. I've friends there who can establish my identity."

"Huh! I suppose you know I don't go in that direction and think you can work a smooth game on the next conductor. No, sir; Indianapolis is plenty good enough for such as you."

Thenceforth Kellogg was guarded at every station. It was a most ignominious experience for one who had never known the force of being a suspicious character. At times he felt almost guilty of some awful crime, and jail staring him in the face for at least a night. It was maddening. This was what came of relying upon his own resources.

But had he exhausted every resource? Reluctantly he recalled a rumor that Miss Morton had recently moved west to Indianapolis. His mind wandered back to that evening three years ago when she had all but literally thrown their engagement ring at his head. She had declared that she would never speak to him again, and she had a most mulish way of keeping her word. It had been so foolish of her to fly at him for merely remonstrating with her over the attentions of another fellow. No, he concluded hotly to himself, rather than that his name should have to stand on the Indianapolis police records.

* * * * * * *

After a minute's study of the documents in evidence the captain turned his scrutiny to the prospective prisoner. He was a kindly old man, far different from the officer of Kellogg's imagination.

"Now, let's hear your side of the case," he said presently.

The young man recounted his troubles from the finding of the substitution. He glossed nothing over; he blamed no one but himself.

"Personally I believe your story," the captain declared at the close of the narration; "officially I do not dare. But, since I cannot hold you on the charge of using another man's ticket, no such alternative charge having been made, you will be set at liberty if you can identify yourself to my satisfaction."

This was greater clemency than the other had dared hope, but greater only if he could bring himself to court the ridicule of his former fiancee. As the officer's interest in the case seemed to warrant the confidence, Kellogg made a clean breast of his status with Miss Morton. "Did you ever hear of a more humiliating predicament?" he appealed.

"You should take your medicine like a man. It's part of your punishment," laughed the other. "I am relieved at 8. We'll go and hunt her up."

"She might refuse to identify me, and then what?"

"She would scarcely want you to spend the night behind the bars. Even so, I think I can detect the fact if she knows you."

An hour later they had reached the house, to the growing distrust of the prisoner. Miss Morton was at home and by good fortune alone.

Keeping young Kellogg partly concealed behind him, the captain lost no time in coming to the point.

"Here is a young man whose identity is involved," he began. "Perhaps you can help us out?"—quickly producing his charge.

"Why— What if I don't know the man?" she corrected.

"He would be held pending proof from the east."

The situation was too good for instant spoiling. "What is the charge?" she queried further.

The officer heeded not an appealing little tug at his coat sleeve. "He has been passing under the name of Charles A. Winter, who is badly wanted by three wives about New York city."

"The last time I knew anything about him he was a bachelor of the name of Frank Kellogg," she commented, "and he came from that selfsame city."

"That is sufficient. Thank you for the information. Good evening." Turning to the open door, the captain vanished into the night.

For a full minute they stood facing each other in silence. A three years' breach is not to be bridged in as many seconds. Kellogg was the first to speak.

"Won't you shake hands, Grace?" he asked, extending his own.

Miss Morton laughed a delicious, ...voking little laugh. "For getting out of a scrape or for the sake of ...imes?" was the counter question ... hand rather doubtfully met his

... you've conceded one point ... ignoring the query. "You de... ...never speak to me again," ... as emphatically asserted ...er give me the chance,"

...explained that it re... ... ...ad he remarked: ...returned to Grace, ... invite me to sit ... minutes?" ... if he's looking ...y!" she medi... ... her trailing ... room. ... too hard," ... Vell, I'll ...unced. ...n the ... five ...the ...d

...pr... you ...old ... as he... halfwa... "Well, anyway," ...clared you'... "While you ... that you'd ne... she retorted. He might hav... ...quired the police ... him to it, but inste... "Now that I've ... aren't you going to ... down and stay a few ... "Heavens, I wonder ... for a fourth wife alrea... ...tated aloud, gathering up ... skirts as if to flee from the ... "Now, that's rubbing it in ... grieved the other ... Miss Morton considered. "... tell you what I'll do," she ann... "First of all, we'll go out and sit ... porch, where it's cool. Then if in ... minutes you can show me how in ... name of creation you happened to ... here under the arm of the law and can ... prove that you haven't been up to any ... monkey business with those other three ... wives—why, I'll see."

"Five minutes' Grace anyway," murmured he, with a faint attempt at wit as he followed her out to the vine clad porch.

"Well, I feel stranded now. I can tell you," rattling 52 cents, his total assets. "You might go back to the station house and demand your Mormon ticket," suggested she, curious to find what course he would pursue without an offer of assistance.

"No, thank you. I might run up against another amateur detective."

"Indianapolis is rather an expensive place to live in for any length of time on 52 cents," was her provoking comment.

"I'll set out and walk to Cincinnati," savagely. "I've friends there"—heavy accent—"friends."

"Yes, it isn't much more than a hundred miles," she considered. "When do you start?"

"As soon as I can find"—

"Because if you care to wait till tomorrow I might take you there in my auto," she concluded, with honeyed sweetness.

The northeast wind had suddenly veered to the west. Frank began sounding to see if port lay ahead—or rocks.

"Then you really aren't provoked with me for coming round tonight?"

"Of course not"—port in sight. "It was all too big a joke to see you—the worthy Mr. Franklin Reville Kellogg—hauled in by a police captain"—rocks ahead. "Why, one would have thought I had out a search warrant for breach of promise, the way you were landed here."

"You like to carry a joke a good way?"

"Yes; that's why I decided to take you to Cincinnati," was the ready rejoinder.

Nothing was to be gained in that direction. "Do you know, those three years have seemed an awfully long time," he began on a new tack.

"Dear me! Have you found them so, with three wives for entertainment? I've never had such a dandy time in my life."

Reaching out, he seized her left hand and felt for any telltale rings.

"But you're not engaged," he returned as she jerked away her hand.

"Well, what if I'm not?"

"Oh, nothing. I was afraid you might be, seeing it's leap year."

"We're even now," she admitted. "I was beginning to fear you had lost your old time brilliancy. No; I am not engaged—yet. The idea of your supposing any engaged girl would be sitting here in the dark entertaining you! Why, it would be infinitely worse than kissing poor Cousin Tom goodby."

"Then he was your cousin?" asked Kellogg slowly, painfully. He breathed hard at the recollection of all he had said before, not knowing.

"A first cousin about to set out for the Philippines. Poor boy, he died there last year."

"You might have told me," he grieved.

"You did not give me a chance. Besides, I felt too hurt at your circumstantial judgment to care to defend myself."

"Won't you forgive me now, Grace?"

As he leaned eagerly toward her the street light sifting through the honeysuckle caught and reflected the diamond that sparkled on his little finger.

"Why didn't you pawn that for a passage home?" she queried irrelevantly, indicating the ring.

"When I put it there three years ago I determined that there it should remain until there was a change of heart somewhere. I suppose you would call it pigheadedness not to part with it under the present conditions?"

"No," Miss Morton considered thoughtfully; "it is sentiment that keeps the world on the move, though it does not pay one's transportation," she added. "But I don't see where the change of heart was to come in if three wives could not effect it."

"I say, couldn't I pawn it with you?" he suddenly asked.

"Gracious! What could I do with it pending its redemption?"

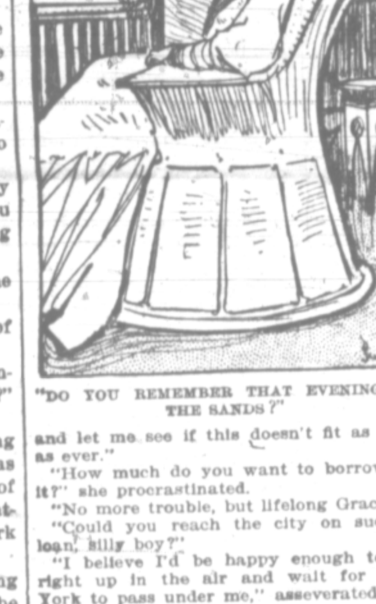
"Why, wear it, I suppose," hopefully. "You used to know how."

She gave way to a perplexing little laugh.

"Diamonds are worth more than they were three years ago," he urged.

"Do you mean to insinuate that because I am older I stand a smaller chance of getting a ring?" she challenged.

"You stand the greatest chance in the world, if only you will forget that evening



"DO YOU REMEMBER THAT EVENING ON THE SANDS?"

and let me see if this doesn't fit as well as ever."

"How much do you want to borrow on it?" she procrastinated.

"No more trouble, but lifelong Grace."

"Could you reach the city on such a loan, silly boy?"

"I believe I'd be happy enough to fly right up in the air and wait for New York to pass under me," asseverated he.

"You are sure you would never get mad if I jollied you about those other three wives?"

"Never!"

She laughed mischievously.

"And you would never try to get even by asserting that I used my leap year prerogative to win you back?" she catechised further.

"Never, honor bright."

There was a silence.

"Do you remember that evening—down on the Jersey sands—full moon, just like tonight? Couldn't we begin over again from that time?" he pleaded.

"The Jersey sands—don't!" she cried. "You will have me crying in a minute. I'm so homesick for a glimpse of the ocean. The middle states are all well enough for those who are born and brought up here, but I—oh, take me back with you!" she cried, raising her ring finger in token of surrender.

What more they may have said was lost to the fragrant air, while at home the police captain, student of human nature, sat pondering the romantic possibilities of a cut rate ticket.

Poultry Points.

Eggs being 74 per cent water, the hens need plenty of this article every hour in the day.

Peas and oats are a good all around food. Oats furnish gimp; they make a horse trot, a hen cackle and a rooster crow to beat the cars. This food contributes to the albumen in the white.

Have plenty of oyster shell grit, and a dish of slaked lime should be set near by.

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Kerosene combined with carbolic acid should be used every Saturday to clean the roosting devices.—American Cultivator.

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...e... anc... try ... to th... animal ... and so ... protein ... winter egg ... profitable to the ... feed it to the ... through the bon... pay so well as ... attention to laying

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
United States Land office,
The Dalles, Or., June 16, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that Otis B. Messinger, of Moro, Oregon, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz. Homestead Entry No. 15072, made April 10th, 1906, for the E½ SW¼, SW¼ SW¼, Section 29, and NE¼ NW¼, Section 32, Tp 1 S, R 16 E.W. M. based on residence and improvements on the NW ¼, Section 33, Tp 1 S, R 16 E. W. M, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at the Dalles, Oregon, on July 31st, 1906. Said proof is made under the provisions of the Act of April 19, 1904.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: H S McDanel, L Barnum, J W Messinger and L L Peetz, all of Moro, Oregon.

MICHAEL T. NOLAN, Register

6tje22jy27*]

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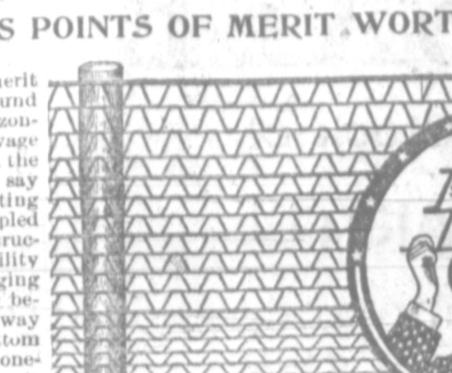

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ATLANTIC EXPRESS for the East via Huntington.	8.15 p.m. no stop.	7.15 a.m. flag
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1.20 pm	0	.....Biggs.....	11.50 arve
1.40	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.19
1.44	7.0	.....Sinks.....	11.10
2.04	9.8	.....Wasco.....	11.00
2.17	14.1	..Klondyke..	10.45
2.23	16.1	...Summit...	10.40
2.40	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	10.24
2.41	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.22
2.53	23.9	...DeMoss...	10.05
3.04	27.0	.....Moro.....	9.55
3.13	30.4	..Erskinville..	9.37
3.44	38.5	.Grass Valley.	9.20
4.00	45.8	...Bourbon...	8.55
4.16	52.5	.....Kent.....	8.40
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Regulator Line

Portland, The Dalles and way points

Steamers leave Portland and The Dalles daily except Sunday at 7 a. m. arriving at about 5 p. m., connecting at Lyle with the

Columbia River & Northern Ry Co

For Goldendale and Klickitat valley points. Train leaves Goldendale at 5:30 a. m. daily except Sunday, arriving at Lyle at 7:30 a. m., connecting with down river boat for Portland and intermediate points.

Leaves Lyle for Goldendale on the arrival of the up river steamer.

Good Accommodations for Teams and Wagons.

For any further information write or call on the nearest Agent, or the General Office at Portland.

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

Is The Only Double-Track Railway between the Missouri River and Chicago

The Chicago-Portland Special, the most luxurious train in the world. Drawing-room sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car (barber and bath). Less than three days Portland to Chicago.

TWO Through Trains

to Chicago are operated daily via the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, Oregon Short Line Railroad, Union Pacific Railroad and Chicago & North-Western Railway to Chicago from Portland and points in Oregon.

Daily and personally conducted excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco, through to Chicago without change.

R. R. RITCHIE, Gen'l Agt., 617 Market St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
A. G. BARKER, Gen'l Agt., 153 Third St., PORTLAND, ORE.

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