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MORO - - OREGON.

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"In the first place, because I like to talk to
an intelligent man.""In the second place, because I always like to
hear an intelligent man talk."
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Wm. Rudolf, N. G.
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pected to be present. By order of the
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St. Martin's
Summer

By VIRGINIA L. WENTZ

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It was that most gracious season of
all the year perhaps—St. Martin's sum-
mer—when the spirit of ripeness which
seems to have descended once more holds
the land with its intoxicating breath. The
fields were studded with tiny Michael-
mas daisies, and the hedgerows were
brilliant with early goldenrod, but
somehow you fancied you smelled the
scent of the roses and magnolias as well.There was quite a group of people
out on the small hotel veranda, and
most of them were gossiping. Spinn-
ing up the popular shaded country road
was a smart little trap. Across the
fence the occupants were plainly
visible. They were James Walsh and
Mrs. John Burgess."I say, girls," cried one of the group
on the veranda, "it's a crying shame to
let that elderly person out on out with
the richest man we have up here—
crying shame, that's what it is! And
I don't think any of us has an atom of
grit or go or we'd take the wind out
of Mrs. Burgess' sails!""Why she must be all of a hundred!"
exclaimed another."They say that Mr. Walsh knew her
years ago. Wonder where he picked
her up. In the ark, I guess.""Oh, my dear, long before that!"
drawled another mockingly. "Long
before Noah's time women had ceased
to do their hair in that absurd fash-
ion."Then the quiet girl with the em-
broidery on her lap spoke softly:
"She has a lot of hair, anyhow, and
it's beautiful, and the way she dresses
it suits her features. She reminds me
of Albert Durer's Madonna.""Who's that, Miss Tyson?" inter-
rupted a young fellow in tennis
duds, suddenly appearing in the door-
way. "Who's Durer's Madonna?""We were speaking of Mrs. Burgess,"
answered Miss Tyson, without even
looking up from her embroidery."Madonna? Fiddle!" cried the oth-
er girls in concert. "She's a plain,
quiet poke of a woman, and a design-
ing one at that. She's encouraging
her friends.""You see, Miss Tyson," observed
Billy, the young chap in flannels, "we
get only one or two big matrimonial
catches a season up here. It's a waste
of time and energy to listen to the im-
pudent ardors of early youth. Con-
sequently—"Billy's words were ambiguous
enough, but the comprehensive little
sweep which he made with his gloved
hand and sun-browned head, including ver-
anda, girls and all, was inimitably
droll. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed
appreciatively.They were such nice understanding
gray eyes, that the comprehensive little
sweep which he made with his gloved
hand and sun-browned head, including ver-
anda, girls and all, was inimitably
droll. Miss Tyson's gray eyes laughed
appreciatively.The fancied likeness between Mrs.
John Burgess and the Madonna of
Durer was not without some basis.
There was, indeed, a similarity in the
features, more interesting than
beautiful, and in the dolorous, some-
what constrained grace of the stately
figure.Mrs. Burgess was a woman of forty-
five. Her manner, her aspect, was that
of one who had long since ceased
wishing to attract. In point of fact,
she was almost repulsive. Since her husband's death, which had
occurred ten years previously, she had
never worn a color. It is to be sup-
posed that Mr. Burgess had loved her.
His had been her first and only offer
of marriage, but in her girlhood her
heart had been given to another.Most people who knew Mrs. John
Burgess thought of her as the mother
of her children. She had a son in the
west who was making great ventures
in cattle and horses, and she had a
married daughter in Paris who was
writing her constantly of her social tri-
umphs and prosperity. Yes, her chil-
dren were full of their own plans and
projects, and once or twice lately Mrs.
Burgess had been a bit surprised to
find herself feeling a little lonely and
forgotten—a child prodigy of the au-
tumn winds of life. Her summer, in-
deed, had flown.Then, just at the correct psychologi-
cal moment, he came—the man to whom,
as a girl, she had given her heart.
Ah, where were the chill autumn
winds now? It was St. Martin's sum-
mer instead!James Walsh was a middle aged,
poorly rich man and a widower. He
had married somewhat early in his car-
eer a noted beauty. A fortnight of
wedlock had convinced him that he and
his bride had not a single taste in com-
mon; but, being a businesslike man, on
his return from his tour de force he had
altered the matter up in this practical
fashion:"Twas the pink chiffon dress at the
Van Duyers' ball which was responsi-
ble. Only, why wasn't it?" But the
wife, in this case, hadn't worn a pink
chiffon dress, nor had she been at the
Van Duyers' ball.Mr. Walsh had been a widower now
for three years, and he still sighed with
a half abashed sense of relief."No more matrimonial ventures for
me," he'd say to himself, with a laugh,
although he had reason to believe thathe could lay successful siege to several
feminine hearts—that he was still quite
capable of victory.He had been spending August alone
up in the mountains, and he had en-
joyed a month of fishing, tramping and
dreaming to his heart's content. On
his way home he'd stop for a week or
two at a certain little hotel reported to
be good cuisine and rest a strained
nerve before going back to business.Glancing casually over the hotel reg-
ister, he saw the name of Mrs. John
Burgess. There arose in the man's
breast a curious sensation, but he pulled
himself together."How absurd!" he upbraided himself
as he walked away from the desk. "As
if there were not hundreds of John
Burgesses. Why, I might even have
coined myself into believing that I re-
membered her handwriting!"An hour or so later, however, he met
her on the lawn. Their eyes unexpect-
edly encountered one another."Can it be?" cried he, with boyish
incredulity. She extended her hand.
"It is," she answered, with that
little half smile on the corner of
her pure lip which he remembered so
well.Mrs. Burgess had escaped the half
kittish challenge of the middle aged
woman who was not a young coquette.
She did not move to the shade of the
tree nor even open her parasol. She
stood precisely where she was, with a
streak of harshly revealing sunlight
playing havoc with such loveliness as
time had left to her. After awhile the
warmth of the sun or some other
warmth she knew not of brought into
her pale cheeks that glow which James
Walsh's first roses had brought, oh, so
many years ago.That night time and again Mr. Walsh
drove away the memory of the woman
smiling half smile, yet it returned to
haunt him with all its old sweet
allurement. Finally he fell asleep and
dreamed of her.The next morning at breakfast he
found himself unaccountably agitated.
She was not in the room when he ar-
rived, and all the other boarders, even
the pretty young girl with the quiet
gray eyes, seemed to him like so many
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dreamed of her.WHEN THE
FLOOD
CAME

By DARNLEY ROYSTER

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman

Jennings sprang forward as the pas-
senger entered at the Fulton street
station. In the first moment of glad-
ness at seeing Neil Preston again he
did not even recall that his letters had
been returned without explanation
three months before and that since
then his communications had been re-
turned unread.Neil passed him without a glance of
recognition, and as he followed her
down the car a hand shot out and
caught his collar. "See here, you
dude," ejaculated a husky Irish voice.
"You can't do any mashing in this car.
You keep away from that lady."Jennings cast a look of appeal at the
girl, but she gazed at him with a po-
lite but impersonal interest. Clearly
she would not interfere to clear him of
the charge, and he sank back into a
corner of the car and sought to shield
himself from a newspaper from the
fitters of the crowd.The car filled at the bridge stop, and
this helped a little, but he felt as
though those already in the car were
telling the new arrivals of his conduct,
and he rested on stolidly.In his confusion he did not notice
that the train was slowing down until,
with a jolt, it came to a dead stop.
Then he glanced out of the window,
but to his surprise there was only the
blank wall, so he settled himself more
comfortably in his seat and resumed
his pretense of reading.He did not see the printed page. He
had not read a line since he opened
the paper. His mind was busy with
schemes for inducing Neil to listen to
him. If she went back to San Fran-
cisco he could not hope to reopen cor-
respondence, and he could not endeavor
to speak to her again with that husky
Irish errand keeping guard across the
aisle.If he only knew how he had angered
her he might be able to explain, butHE TOILED ALONG FOR A BLOCK BEFORE
HE COULD SPEAK.It never would do to let her get away
now. He did not know where she was
staying or how long she would be in
town. His only hope lay in following
her and endeavoring to outwit the self-
constituted champion.His mind was still busy with the
problem when he became aware of
trouble in the car. The press around
the door was heavy, and now he caught
the voice of the guard raised in protest,
and presently Jennings spoke again."I am afraid that you will not get
that train tomorrow, either," he said.
"What is the matter?" she asked, rous-
ing herself from the lethargy that had
been induced by the fumes from the
flood."I'm going to marry you tomorrow,"
he explained."Yes, dear," she agreed, "if we ever
get out of this."He pointed ahead to where the lights
of the station gleamed through the va-
por. "It's not far now to home and
happiness," he said."Happiness with you," she murmur-
ed as she raised her face to receive his
kiss. "I'm glad I was caught in that
flood."Jennings' "The Colleen Bawn."
The speed with which Dion Boucicault
worked is illustrated in this story of
"The Colleen Bawn" in "Famous
Actors Families in America," by Mon-
trose G. Moore."The Colleen Bawn" followed by
Laura Keane, proved to be a failure.
The actress had thereupon turned in
disgrace to the dramatist. "What have
you put in its place?" she had queried."Nothing," came the reply. But that
night Boucicault stopped at a bookstore
and purchased the above mentioned
volume, which he read from cover to
cover through the early morning.He wrote in all haste to Miss Keane:
"My Dear Laura—I have it! I send you
seven sets of engravings of scenes around
Killarney. Get your scene painter to
work on them at once. I also send a book
of Irish melodies with those marked I
eye on you. He's a wise boy all right.
Now you behave, Gussie, or some one
will speak you."The burly form swung down off the
car. Deprived of the protection of
most of the men, the women left inthe car grew nervous, and most of
them crowded about the guard asking
questions.With growing irritability he explained
that something had broken and had
flooded the subway, but he did not
know what it was or how long it
would last.Neil sitting unnoticed in the center
of the car, grew more and more nerv-
ous. Most of the women who had
congregated about the guard settled
themselves near the door. It appeared
to give them a feeling of greater se-
curity to be close to the exit. Occa-
sionally one would slip out to the
doorway and, returning, report the in-
crease of the flood.With each recurring report Neil grew
more restless, and at last she came
forward uncertainly and sat beside the
others. They ignored her completely
in their excitement, and so she turned to
the guard.His patience, already sorely tried,
gave way, and with a curt remark
that if she had been listening she was
already in possession of all the infor-
mation he possessed he turned into the
other car.Tremblingly she turned back, and as
she passed him Jennings sprang up.
"Don't be alarmed," he said. "I don't
suppose that there is anything much
the matter. They have been opening
the sides of the subway along here for
ventilators, and I suppose that the rain
has softened the dirt and caused a
water main to snap. If there was any
real danger they would probably
come after us. I suppose it merely
means a veritable delay.""Mother will be so worried," she
said plaintively. "I went downtown
to see about some business for her.
We were to have started home to-
night.""I am afraid you will have to wait
over until tomorrow," he said quietly.
"They will have to bring down pumps
from the yards at the other end of the
line. It will take some time to clear
the tunnel. If you want me to I think
I can fix it."Jennings stepped into the next car.
"Which is the nearest station?" he
asked. "Worth or Canal?""Worth, I guess," was the noncom-
mittal response. "Better go that way
if you want to make the trip. That's
pretty deep now.""I'll chance it," was the easy an-
swer. He stepped back into the other
car and beckoned to Neil. "We can
make the trip if you don't want to re-
main here," he suggested."I could never have thought of all that
water," she shuddered."I can carry you," he explained.
"We will go to the rear car, and I'll
drop off, then catch you and carry you
back to Worth street. It is just a short
trip.""I thought you were told to keep
away from that lady," snarled the
guard, who seemed the prospect of a
fight if only to relieve his feelings."This gentleman is an old friend of
mine," said Neil. "Please go away."The disappointed guard settled back
in a seat, and they passed on. At the
rear of the train Jennings dropped off,
then raised his arms."Take it easy," he warned, and a mo-
ment later he had her safe. The water
was above his knees, and from its sur-
face rose a thick, foul steam that
was almost stifling. He toiled along
for a block before he could speak. Then
he looked down into the pale face rest-
ing against his shoulder."Why are you angry?" he said.
"What have I done?""The last time I read," she said
slowly, "was written to another girl
and in an assumed hand. I did not
think that you could be so base."

"A letter to Grace?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she assented.

"That's why Jimmie Belding doesn't
hear from her any more. We thought
it funny we both should get in trouble
at the same time. The letters got
mixed. No more writing in my rooms."They went on in the darkness, and
presently Jennings spoke again."I am afraid that you will not get
that train tomorrow, either," he said.
"What is the matter?" she asked, rous-
ing herself from the lethargy that had
been induced by the fumes from the
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get out of this."

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.

Reduced Round Trip Excursion Rates
To Pacific Coast in 1907.During the summer season of 1907
reduced round trip excursion rates
will be in effect from The East to the
Pacific coast, Montana, British
Columbia and Arizona points.