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Meets the first and third
Thursday evenings of each
month. Visiting members
cordially invited to meet
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each 2d and 4th Thurs-
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By order W. M.
Mrs. F. J. Meindl, Secy.

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I. O. O. F., Moro, Oregon.
Meets every Saturday
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Visiting members are
cordially invited. Members
are expected to be
present. By order of the
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THE DALLES OREGON

IN
Ward Seven.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

"Nurse," piped the small boy in cot
3, "the doctor's dead stuck on you."

"Hush," said the nurse and bent over
him and tucked him up.

Her cheeks were very red as she
went out of the ward, and when she
was alone in the diet kitchen she said
under her breath, "The idea."

That afternoon she carried a wee
bunch of violets to the small boy and
planned them on his little white night-
gown. "Look at them in the yard," she
told him. "Spring is coming, and I
saw a robin on the lawn."

The small boy eyed her adoringly,
and when the doctor came he whis-
pered, "The nurse gave 'em to me—the
pretty one with the blue eyes."

"Nurse Isabelle" asked the big, fair
haired doctor.

"Yes," said the small boy, "the one
you're stuck on."

The doctor stared at him through his
thick eyeglasses. "The idea!" he said,
then with the red coming into his face,
"Don't talk, Jimmie, it's bad for you."

But when he had tended the poor lit-
tle throat and the boy lay weak and
pale on his pillow the doctor whispered,
"May I have a violet, Jimmie?"

And the small boy nodded, and the doctor
laid the little blue flower carefully in
his pocketbook between the prescrip-
tions and the unpaid bill.

Unpaid bills were the reason that, in
spite of his thirty-five years, the doctor
had not indulged in romance. Notwith-
standing his success in his profession,
the expenses of city living and a mort-
gage on his mother's farm kept him in
a state of chronic insolvency, with a
consequent constant shabbiness.

At the door Nurse Isabelle helped
him on with his rusty overcoat.

"There's a button off," she told him.
"I'll sew it on if you will wait."

And as she took the stitches the doc-
tor looked down at her white capped
head. From beneath the cap little
black locks curled against her round
throat.

"Jimmie's right," he said aloud, and
when Nurse Isabelle said "What?" in
a startled way he stammered: "Oh,
nothing. Let me know how the boy
is," and went away.

That night he took an account of
ways and means and found that it
would do. There was a big balance
yet to be paid on the mortgage, and
he must still travel the path of loan-
lessness.

"Oh, I say," Jimmie informed him a
week later, "you ain't did it right."

"Aw, you ought to bring her a rose
or some violets," Jimmie told him.
"She likes 'em."

"I haven't time for foolishness," the
doctor stated briefly, and Nurse Is-
abelle, coming up, heard him.

With her head held high she helped
him examine Jimmie, and after the
doctor had gone the small boy said
shyly:

"Well, anyhow, I'm dead stuck on
you, nurse, dear." She kissed him with
her cheeks blazing.

That night she telephoned to the doc-
tor, "Jimmie is worse."

When he came, the small boy was
fighting for breath. "Tell me about
the robin," he begged feebly, and Nurse
Isabelle bent over him and sang softly.

"The robin is dressed in his feathers and
down, with warm, red breast and his wings
of brown."

And then she stood back that the doc-
tor might see him.

"She knew that things were very
wrong," the doctor gave orders quick-
ly, and she followed them, and for
hours they fought with death.

At midnight they thought that the
end had come. Jimmie lay very still
with his little face gray in the shaded
light.

Isabelle, bending over him, began to
weep silently at first, then hysterically.

"Oh, why can't you save him?" she
gasped. "Why can't you save him?"

"Hush!" the doctor warned. "Hush!"
But she was worn out, and the sob
came faster and faster as with shaking
hands she tried to hold Jimmie up.

The doctor took the boy from her.
"Go and get me hot water," he or-
dered. "Plenty of it. I'm ashamed of
you."

When she came back, he had his coat
off and his sleeves were rolled up.

"It's the last chance," he said, and she
helped him lift Jimmie into the bath.

The tears ran down her cheeks and
dripped into the tub. Once she looked
at the doctor. "I am so ashamed of
myself," she whispered. "But I have
not many people to love me." And she
smiled under her breath.

The doctor's hair was wet, his face
was red, and his shirt was open at
the neck, showing the cords of his
strong neck. He lifted the little stein-
ing body in his arms and held the boy
while Nurse Isabelle enveloped him in
a heated blanket.

Jimmie opened his eyes as they laid
him on his little cot. "Tell me about
the robin," he murmured dreamily and
the doctor, holding tight to Nurse
Isabelle's finger.

The doctor, warm and ruffled, looked
at the two.

"You haven't any business nursing,"
he said to Isabelle.

"If I had anything to offer you," he
replied abruptly, "I'd marry you."

"Oh!" Nurse Isabelle tried to rise,
but Jimmie's thin fingers held her.
"Please, don't," she begged.

"Don't disturb my patient," was the
doctor's imperious command. He ran
his fingers through his hair. "If I
wasn't so dead poor," he murmured.

"A woman who breaks down at such an
important moment isn't fit to be in
a hospital," he continued. "She ought
to be in a home where the tenderness
would not be wasted."

He came around to Nurse Isabelle's
side. It was very still in the big room.
The screen around Jimmie's bed hid
them from such awkward patients as
might be in ward.

"In my home it would not be wast-
ed," he said softly.

Jimmie stirred slightly. Nurse Is-
abelle rose and bent over him. When
she straightened up, she was within the
circle of the doctor's arm.

"Oh!" she gasped, all pink and white
and beautiful.

"You're such a little thing to take
care of yourself," the doctor whis-
pered. "And I'll never let you go."

As she raised a radiant face Jimmie
opened his eyes and took in the sat-
isfying situation.

"I told you he was dead stuck on
you," he chuckled weakly.

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How the Months Got Their Names.

The months of the year obtained
their names from widely varying
sources. January was named from the
Roman god Janus, the deity with two
faces, one looking to the east and the
other toward the west. February comes
from the Latin word februa, to purify.

It was the ancient Roman custom to
hold festivals of purification during
that month. March owes its name to
the old god of war. Among the Sax-
ons this month was known as lenst,
meaning spring, which was the origin
of our word Lent. It is claimed by
some that April was named from the
Latin word aperire, open, in signifi-
cance of the opening buds. In Sax-
on days it was called eastr, in honor of
Easter, the goddess of spring, from
which comes our word Easter. May
was named after Maia, the Roman
goddess of growth, of increase, and
of love. June was from the Latin juvenis
young. Julius Caesar himself named
July in his own honor, and August was
likewise named by Augustus Caesar.

September is from the Latin word sep-
tember, meaning seven, it being the sev-
enth month of the year according to the
old Roman calendar, and October,
November and December likewise re-
tain the names they were known by in
the old Roman calendar.

The Saddle.

The heavy man should be most par-
ticular about his saddle and that it
shall be not only broad seated, but long
in the tree, that his weight may be dis-
tributed over as large a surface on the
horse's back as possible and should ex-
ercise great care that not only is it well
stuffed, especially about the withers,
but that the stuffing is constantly
worked light and kept from cakeing or
becoming lumpy anywhere. Neglect of
these precautions will inevitably lead to
chafing and bruising of the back or
painful pinching and bruising of the
withers, this latter injury leading
very possibly to further complications
in the way of fistula, etc., which may
result in permanent and very severe
complications. The individual of light
or weight is more fortunate in these re-
spects, as he is not so likely to injure
his mount severely by the mere amount
of weight he represents, but even he
must be duly careful not only upon the
grounds of self interest, but upon those
of ordinary humanity.—F. M. Ware in
Outing Magazine.

The French For "Kittie."

If you attempt to coax a French kid-
den by calling "kittie, kittie, kittie,"
the animal will stare at you with al-
most indifference or shrug its shoul-
ders and walk away. The dictionaries
and phrase books will give you no
help, one and all ignoring the theme.
It took me months to discover the
proper call. When I asked, "How do
you call it?" the natives always re-
plied, "Un petit chat." If I continued,
"What do you say when you wish it
to approach you?" they respond, "Je
voudrais en voir un." I have heard of
hear a little girl summoning her pet.
She said, "Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi, mi,"
and "kittie" came running to her as obedi-
ently as could be. Of course all was
pronounced "me."—Travel Magazine.

Francis Cadmus had been ambitious
for his daughter. He had always
frowned upon Jimmy Dorval's suit,
while admitting that he was a
fine young fellow and bound to make
his way in the world.

Ben Tibbetson's daughter had mar-
ried a baronet. There was a chance
to administer a smart coup to Tibbet-
son who had boasted of his titled son
in law ever since. So when young Dorval
began to show signs of insubordination
Cadmus had hired private detectives.

The events in Philadelphia had proved
the value of this move, for Dorval and
Margaret had planned an elopement.

Meg's mother came from one of the
old Philadelphia families, and her
aunts had insisted upon a visit that
they might shine in reflected glory of
her engagement to the duke. Cadmus
had sent her over in a private car
and had arranged that she should
come back the same way. The gate-
man had not caught her reference to
the private car when she came back
from the telephone office, and by mis-
take had directed her to the regular
train just pulling out.

"It's a dispensation of Providence,"
declared Dorval when she had ex-
plained the situation. "There are his
dukelets, the detectives and your re-
spected parent cooped up, waiting for
the other train, and here we are, to-
gether, and with a Pennsylvania Rail-
road in my pocket. If we can be mar-
ried before we cross the state line—
will you, dear?"

"Of course I will," she declared
briskly. "I don't want to marry the
duke, and I do want to marry you. Is
there a clergyman on board?"

"I'll get you one," offered the brake-
man, who had been standing at hand,
in expectation of a tip. "There's an old
guy with white whiskers, two cars
back."

He darted out while Jimmy gave Meg
his seat and stood beside her. The

In Spite of
His Grace.

By GRACE HENDRICK.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"The special car for New York?" de-
manded Margaret.

"Track 12," came the response.
"Hurry up! They're just closing the
gates."

With a little shriek of excitement
Margaret dashed down the concourse
and slipped through the gate just in
time. She paused uncertainly, looking
for the private car. A brakeman dart-
ed forward, half pushed her upon the
rear platform and the train began to
move. There was a clamor at the
gate, evidently from the people who
had missed the train, and Margaret
smiled contentedly as she realized by
how narrow a margin she had caught
the train herself.

The friendly brakeman looked puz-
zled when she spoke of a special car,
but at last a light dawned upon his
face.

"That was to be attached to the
Washington express," he explained.
"The train is twenty minutes late."

"And I'm on the wrong train," she
cried.

"It's all right if you want to go to
New York. We'll get there about the
time they do."

"Then may as well stay on," Mar-
garet moved forward to the Pullman's
stewardess. She had just entered the first of the parlor
cars when she felt a tug at her sleeve.

"Jimmy!" she cried in astonish-
ment.

"What are you doing here?"

"Beating defeat back to New York,"
he explained. "I got the license, and
tried to get word to you, but it seems
that your father took the precaution
to put a couple of private detectives on
guard. One of them had me arrested
for disturbing the peace when I tried

to see you. I just got out in time to
learn that you were on your way back
home."

"That was horrid," she said. "I
was not like father worked so hard
that he wants to land the match."

Meg frowned as she always did
when reminded of her approaching
marriage. An English duke with vast
estates and an influential family
had asked her hand in marriage, and
her father had given assent in her
name.

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for his daughter. He had always
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