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Two Innocents Abroad.

(Original.) Push is indigenous to the Yankee race. That is what has made it the most prosperous race today on the face of the earth. The trait descends from father to son and from mother to daughter. Singularly enough, our British cousins, who carefully keep within the limits of their own classes, seem to like us—that is, the men do. The women consider our girls who go over there unobtrusively forward.

Two American girls recently graduated, whom we shall designate as Susie and Annie, were sightseeing in an ancient British town. There was a twelfth century castle there in tolerable repair. At any rate, its owner, the Duke of G., lived there—that is, when he wasn't somewhere else, which he was the principal part of the time, for he was in politics and spent most of his time at the capital.

The girls walked forth without escort and, dancing along through the narrow streets, their skirts fluttering in the wind like a pair of yachts "going about," presently found themselves at the castle entrance. The drawbridge was down, and the portcullis was up, so the two American girls concluded to storm the castle while the warden was open. A man stood at the entrance.

"We would like to see the castle, if you please," said Annie, the spokeswoman.

"The castle is o-o-o-o." He was trying to get out some word beginning with the letter o, but got stuck.

"We won't hurt anything," said the younger girl, Susie.

"I o-d-d-d." This time he got stuck on the letter d.

At that moment a man, with an ax over his shoulder, passed by within the inclosure and, seeing two pretty girls, approached and asked if he could be of any service.

"We want to see the castle," said the spokeswoman. "If we wait till he tells us whether we can or not I'm afraid it will be too late."

The man smiled and said that he would show them the castle. Leaning his ax against a wall, he put on his coat, which he had carried on his arm, and led the way.

"I guess he's in charge when the duke's away," said the older girl to the junior.

The inference was natural, for the man opened doors wherever he liked without knocking and took them everywhere, explaining as he proceeded.

"This is the square tower," he said. "It was blown up during the war of the roses."

"I didn't know roses ever quarreled," said the younger girl, with surprise.

"Were there many of them in the tower when it was blown up?"

"Quite a number. They were red ones. Their blood stained the walls."

"The perfume must have been delicious."

"This is the banquet hall," their guide continued, opening a door into an immense apartment around which were ranged dummies wearing armor. "The table reached from end to end."

"What did they eat those days?"

"Oxen, hares, calves, deer—anything that could get. They were hard eaters, hard drinkers and hard fighters."

"Oh, the ducks ate, drank and fought harder than any one else. They were an ignorant set. Scarcely any of them could read or write."

"Good gracious!"

"This party the guide went on, "was sacked by the roundheads. Here was the chapel," opening a door. "They destroyed the altar and got away with the silver service."

"What kind of heads did you say they had?"

"Round—round as a bullet. Their trousers were always out at the knees."

HEART of GOLD

A St. Valentine's Day Story By HOWARD FIELDING.

Copyright, 1906, by Charles W. Hooker.

I PAUSED outside the door of Austen's studio and fixed a dollar bill so that a corner of it would stick out of my waistcoat pocket.

There was no use asking him whether he needed money. He would always repel the insinuation, even when he hadn't had any luncheon since he was caught by an open display of coin or bill, but if a bit of money was in sight and Austen didn't know that the owner thereof was aware of it he would betray his need by occasional glances full of gentle and pathetic longing.

Let me hasten to say that Austen was not a failure in the ordinary, old-fashioned way. He used to make a good living from illustrations, to be sure, but he was a better kind of poet than general, but he had a serious illness, and while he lay unconscious some of his friends became over-anxious and called in two such medical talents in the present state of the case. Austen might better have died perhaps, than have contracted such a heavy debt. He paid it and hadn't a penny with which to begin work.

Conditions have changed in the last few years, and capital is so essential to the artist. Life presses him so hard that he can't both work and live unless he has money in the bank or enjoys some form of special favor from those who have. (Otherwise he will be like a swimmer in an undertow—the best that he can hope for is to keep his nose above water.)

When I entered the studio, Austen was admiring the last fruit of his own toil. It was a little thing in oil, a girl looking like a better kind of device of a heart of gold and an acroll in which one could discover the date Feb. 14.

I took it to be a cover design for a February issue of a magazine or for some special purpose incident to St. Valentine's day, and I deplored the waste of time. It was then the tenth day of the shortest month, and this thing could not be used by anybody until next year.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "It's a beauty," I replied. "You'll sell it if you live."

"No, I won't," said he, with decision. "I didn't make it to sell."

My mouth was open to reply that he shouldn't make anything for any other purpose when the picture itself checked me. A flash of memory illumined my understanding.

"Isn't that the girl—I saw her only once—the girl who—"

"Yes," he interrupted. "It is the girl who makes all other girls look like—like the crude and meaningless objects which I usually draw when I try to draw girls. But this is different, isn't it?"

"My boy, you are right," said I. "This is the only genuine, and all others are base imitations. What are you going to do with it?"

"I shall commit the gross absurdity of sending it to her as a valentine," said he. "Which I could afford a frame, but I can't. The express charges will wind me up. In fact—"

His eye at that moment lighted upon the green half protruding from my waistcoat pocket, and he gave a little gasp as a man sometimes will when his stomach is empty.

"However," he continued, "she won't be bound to go to the expense of framing it. She'll be better to let it go in the back collar just as it is and work."

"Tell him to come down here and see me," said the editor.

"He won't," said I. "He's got something else on his mind."

The editor drummed on his table and whistled softly. I was afraid to say a word more and instantly took my departure.

I went across the square to those "friends" and the little tailor and also thanked Providence that I had mentioned to him. There I found, of course, another magazine's art editor, and to him I told the same tale. Then I met a good fellow on the street who knew Austen, and I prevailed upon him to carry my story into two other publishing houses.

About luncheon time the next day I went to the building where Austen has his studio and nearly ran into my friend and art editor No. 1. They were going out to luncheon together on the A. B.'s treat, which he would subsequently work up into an expensive bill. I dodged behind the elevator shaft and then followed cautiously. When I had trailed them to a restaurant, I ran over to get art editor No. 2 and prevailed upon him to do the same.

"By jingo!" I whispered as we came in. "That accounts for it."

He looked across to where Austen and art editor No. 1 were sitting, and then he drew a long breath.

"I'm glad you put me on to this," he said. "Austen must be right in it. This is the first time in a year that I've seen him with his trousers pressed. I blossomed myself for my visit to the pawnbroker and the little tailor and also thanked Providence that I had put a two dollar bill into the pocket of the trousers. Otherwise Austen might have pawned the suit again when the tailor brought it around to the studio."

About 5 o'clock that afternoon I dropped in upon Austen. He was smoking a good cigar and sketching a woman in charcoal on a canvas.

He shut his teeth hard upon the cigar and looked at me with half shut eyes.



"I'M GLAD YOU PUT ME ON TO THIS," HE SAID.

now adopt when we speak of the rich. I honestly thought that it would be a double error for Austen to send this remarkable valentine to Miss Copeland. In the first place, he couldn't afford to do so, for the picture was amazingly good, and with a slight suggestion of the likeness would certainly be saleable some time. In the second place, it could not fail to evoke an answer from Miss Copeland and thus revive an acquaintance which could only result in pain and disappointment to my friend.

"Billy," said I, "you mustn't commit this folly. Here's the best thing you have ever done, and you ought to work it so that you can set yourself on your feet again."

"Yes," said he. "How hard do you suppose the express company will swindle me to take this out to Morrow?" And again he eyed the corner of my dollar.

I argued the case with him, but I might as well have addressed my words to the jointed dummy of wood which he used as a model. The best I could do was to persuade him to hold the picture two or three days before sending it. He had intended to ship it right away, in fear lest the landlord might do something disagreeable in the way of padlocking the door or otherwise attempting to collect the rent by violence.

I lent Austen the dollar, and while he was holding it in his hand and contemplating it with a trance-like stare I deftly picked the inside breast pocket of his waistcoat, which he had fastened to the bookcase with a thumb tack. From that pocket I drew an envelope containing all that was left of Austen's pawnable possessions, and I succeeded in getting the ticket for a fine suit of clothes which he had bought just before his illness. Then, having restored the envelope with the remainder of its contents, I departed hastily.

After visiting the pawnbroker's and a little tailor's shop I called upon the art editor of one of our leading magazines, and, having justified my visit by the fact that the stars on the seal of the United States are five pointed, but that the stars on the seal of the seal of the house of representatives, and, further, to the six pointed stars on the obverse of the half and quarter dollar coins and the five pointed stars on the reverse. The reverse of these coins is a copy of the great seal with the eagle and stars omitted. So far as known, the six pointed stars come from copying the colonial coins made after the manner of English heraldry, which sanctions that star. The stars on the flag are copied from the Washington coat of arms—YOUTH'S COMMISSION.

"I always wear that suit I had made in London on a dark night."

"What's the idea?"

"If I am attacked, they are so loud they can call for help."

"Every man turns English when he has been to the marriage altar," said the grumpy old bachelor.

"What do you mean?" asked the bright boy.

"Whenever he speaks of the marriage altar he uses an 'h,'" said the grumpy old bachelor.

"Through With Both."

"I understand you have broken with Jack."

"Yes, for good."

"That so? Did his money run out so soon?"

"Certainly Not."

"Would you want to be rich?"

"No."

"What is your objection?"

"If I were rich I shouldn't want to die."

Modest.

"Each of my hens lays an egg a day."

"They must be professional."

"No; lay men."

No Gentlemen.

"Well—a well! He offered cash too. If I hadn't just eaten a full meal the temptation would have killed me."

"Good clothes sustain a man, too," said I, and he grunted at me.

"Markham was in luck," said he. "He was very easy."

Markham was one of the men whom my misery had seen.

"And you didn't sell?" I asked.

"Not for a million dollars. Sell her? I guess not. I agreed after considerable persuasion—and he got something else for the gentlemen. They agreed to pay cash—because they thought I didn't need it, shiver their blasted timbers!"

"But the valentine goes," he added. "Nothing can stop that now. Heart of gold! The dress of this world cannot

buy my poor tribute which I shall lay at her feet. And a little—just a wee little bit—of hope will go with it now."

"There was a moment's pause. Then he softly repeated the word 'dress,' which he had uttered with a fine scorn, and at the same time he put both hands into the side pockets of the coat which I had redeemed, and when he pulled them out they were full of money.

However, lest I should seem to be taking credit to myself for the success of a man now widely praised and greatly envied, let me explain that my friend was attempting to collect the rent by violence.

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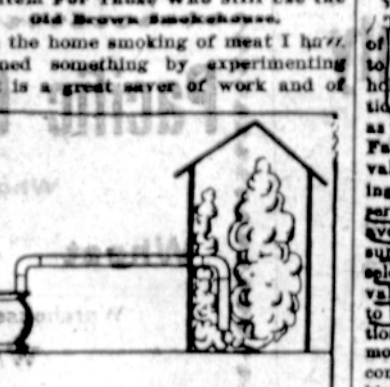
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NO HEAT, NO DANGER OF FIRE.

the most serious consequence—keeps the heat in better shape during the smoking process. I used a low smokehouse, and handle the little necessary fire as best I could. It would sometimes heat the meat more than was good for it. I had the fire covered in a little pit in the center of the smokehouse. Then I tried a pit outside several feet from the building with an underground flue, but all the heat generated in that went into the smokehouse, so it was unsatisfactory.

I placed an old heating stove, with the legs taken off, on the ground about eight feet from the side of the smokehouse, put an elbow on the stove and ran a pipe in through the side of the smokehouse. Then I started a little fire in the stove, and as the smoke poured from the funnel it occurred to me to turn the smoke down, so I put on an elbow with mouth pointing down, and that worked all right I put a length of pipe on that and watched to see what the smoke would do. In a moment it poured from the pipe right down near the ground. The end of the pipe is four or five inches from the ground and nearly on a level with the bottom of the stove. It works finely. The cooled smoke rising from the ground conveys no heat to the meat, though quite a little fire is kept in the stove. The fire needs but little attention, as the stove is kept closed all the time. It is very satisfactory.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the right of invention in the use of the object to the allowance of the same, should file their claims or objections in this office on or before the 15th day of October, 1907.

C. W. MOORE, Registrar.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 7, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that on July 9, 1907, the State of Oregon, by its duly authorized agent, in due form, filed in this office a certain claim, to-wit: Homestead Entry No. 10474, made December 16, 1904, for the lot 7, 8, and 12, of section 19, and lot 19, of section 19, township 12 north, range 15 east, W. M., and that said claim and said entry will be made before the Register and Receiver at The Dalles, Oregon, on September 25, 1907.

He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: James Stewart, William Taylor, William C. Spoons, Wesley Brock, all of Monkland, Oregon. C. W. Moore, Registrar.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Department of the Interior, Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, August 7, 1907.

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Of interest to Women. To such women as are not seriously out of health, but who have exacting duties to perform, either in the way of household cares, or in social duties, and find themselves seriously taxed their strength, as well as nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has proved a most valuable supporting tonic and invigorant. It is a scientific and accurate remedy for all the ailments of women, and its use, much more serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would be dispensed with, if every woman employed in the most arduous household duties, were supplied with this medicine. It is a most reliable and safe remedy, and its use, much more serious sickness and suffering may be avoided. The operating table and the surgeon's knife, would be dispensed with, if every woman employed in the most arduous household duties, were supplied with this medicine. 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