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THE DALLES OREGON

A Self Annihilated Suitor.

By Jeannette Walden.
Copyright, 1907, by G. D. Daniels

"A man must be willing not only to sacrifice himself, but to blot himself out of existence if necessary for my sake," Jean Boyce made this statement without hesitation, driven to it by the sheer earnestness of his love.

It was the third time that she had been called upon to give her reason for not acquiescing in Maurice Ankeney's belief that they were made for each other, and this time she wanted it to be the last. They had just turned the corner into her home street. Jean hastened her steps as she spoke, with a little laugh of impudence.

Maurice Ankeney looked at her first with disappointment in his frank blue eyes, then speculation and at last amusement. "Could you care that much for any one?" he asked coolly. "Oh, no," her tone was matter-of-fact. "I couldn't! It isn't in me."

"Oh, I see. You demand it as a complementary quality in others." He continued his scrutiny of her face as a smart trap with a man and woman in it rounded the corner. The woman—a stonish blond with a mountain of lavender plumes on her head—was driving.

The warm color that came to Jean's cheeks as she returned the man's recognition deepened as the trap rolled past, for she knew that Maurice was watching her, and she felt the new, strange tenderness in his gaze.

As for Ankeney, his expression suddenly became a mixture of calmness and stern determination. "I'll do it," he exclaimed. And for this apparently eccentric remark he was rewarded by an electrifying look of inquiry from a pair of dark eyes.

"Do what?" "Face—I mean extinguish—myself by getting him for you." The dark eyes became inscrutable. "If you want Harold Buckley, you shall have him," he continued precipitately as they mounted the steps of

his splendid machine as they went bounding over the road with a red October sunset in their faces. Another automobile came tooting up behind them and passed them on the road. It was occupied by Madge Racer and Maurice Ankeney. The vague depression that had been haunting Jean became poignant. She felt misty.

"Queer taste he has," she observed, with a curl of her lip. Then to hide her pique she conjured a spirit of daring. "Oh, let's pass them! Do, do!" Harold Buckley, ready to please her or possibly for reasons of his own, entered into the sport and put on power with great abandon.

Jean was almost delirious with the excitement of swift motion. "How joyful!" Then came a sudden jolting and a desperate adjusting of brakes. They were stuck in a rocky place in the road. Before Harold could slow up Jean was almost shaken from her seat. The sun's rays, on a level with their eyes, blinded them. There was a loud report, a scorching of sparks, and the car's auto, which they had grazed in stopping, and they toppled over into a shallow ditch, with an extra tire hanging to one of their wheels.

Jean felt a sharp pain in her arm as she picked herself up, then the diversion of what followed made her forget herself. The blond herself followed up her screams by an attack upon Harold, who had just extricated himself whole from the ditch.

"Mr. Buckley, this is a great way to drive," she cried in her high voice with its slightly foreign accent. "Why don't you look at your road?" But she was instantly mollified by Harold's apologetic and shook her hands with him quite sweetly.

Maurice, who had got to work without loss of time, had almost finished putting on a new tire when Jean felt so faint that she had to sit down on the grass. The pain was coming back into her wrist.

It was just then that Maurice Ankeney happened to look over his shoulder. He burst out roughly to Harold, who was still busy with the tire. "Don't you get it in a hurry?" He got to her first, but in a second they were all heading over her. She assured them that it was only a sprained wrist.

Maurice gave Buckley his handkerchief, bawling him to bandage the injured arm tight, and flew back to work again at the tire. Jean received a feverish impression through her pain that there was a change in the air. Maurice seemed to be out of patience with everybody, and the dress played him a close second. Jean couldn't see all the time, but she heard Madge Racer's voice, and she saw the car's wheels. "No, Mr. Buckley must take the back seat with Miss Boyce. I'll ride in front."

But Mr. Buckley said that some one must stay with the disabled machine. It came hardly to Jean that he suggested Maurice as the one to do this. At this Madge Racer insisted that they take Buckley's auto in tow.

After what seemed hours to Jean she felt herself lifted into the automobile. When he was ready to leave her at home, after the sprain had been cared for and the color was creeping back into her cheeks, he stood over her couch and asked humbly:

"I think you are," she laughed. "But I'd like you to be sure," he insisted. "I am sure," declared Jean, and the look that came into his blue eyes told her that he was satisfied.

Trespass Notices.
"Here is a curious notice which appears on a sign near Saddleworth church, known to fame as the burial place of the victim of the Billa of Jack's murder," writes a Manchester correspondent. "It is a bold attempt to escape the conventionalities that impose itself on other property owners. The law comes down with a heavy penalty on any person found trespassing on this land."

It is only a verbal improvement on the time honored falsehood, "Trespassers will be prosecuted." We prefer the authoritative announcement that appears in the grounds at a certain learned judge's country place in the last century. It ran: "Trespassers are to be prosecuted unless they pursue some course or do willful damage. But reasonable force may and will be used to remove trespassers, and they are liable to an action at common law."

It is said that she noticed, displayed at various points on the judge's frontiers, so terrorized the countryside that for years there was not so much as a beef tin or an old newspaper caught on the wrong side of the fence.

London News.

Cupid and the Committee.

By CARROLL GORDON.
Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

"Do you draw up resolutions and things?" asked Kate Masters eagerly. "No," scorned Mattie. "You send a committee to the boss and tell him we won't work any more."

"I'd rather write," declared Grace Kelso. "I'd be scared to death to go in there and talk to him." "Writing isn't half so good," declared Mattie. "You just tell him what the matter is and that we'll go on strike if he doesn't dismiss him."

"All," repeated Kate. "I should think I'd be enough. The idea of going right in to Mr. Temple and telling him that we're not going to work any more unless Bromley is sacked. I'd be so scared I couldn't speak."

"I'm not afraid," said Mattie disdainfully. "I vote that we make Mattie Lester a committee all by herself," suggested Grace, and the motion was unanimously carried without the formality of a seconding.

"No, you don't," cried Mattie. "I'll do the talking, but we want a lot of girls for the committee. It has a good effect."

In the end a committee of five was appointed, and it was agreed that the next morning, at the beginning of the next morning, and as the noon hour approached the excitement grew more intense. Every girl in the room left her lunch untouched to accompany the committee on its errand of protest and left them only at the beginning of the short hall at the end of which was Edward Temple's office.

The departure of the escort seemed to have a bad effect on the others, for as Mattie rapped on the door and the door opened, the other four girls right about faced as by common impulse and fled down the passage way.

For a moment Mattie watched them, disconcerted. Then with a firm hand she turned the knob and entered the room. In place of the gray haired man she expected to find the room was tenant.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered. "I thought that this was Mr. Temple's room."

"It is," he responded briskly, "and this is Mr. Temple. Only it happens that my father did not come down this morning. Anything I can do for you? I am Frank Temple."

"I don't know that you'll do," she said dubiously. "You see, I'm a strike committee," she corrected.

"A strike committee is rather unusual," he smiled. "Do I understand that you represent the factory?" "The finishing room," she explained. "There were five of us, but the rest ran away."

"I see," he said gravely, though his eyes twinkled. "And may I ask the nature of the demands to be made?" "It's that horrid Jim Bromley," she exclaimed. "We don't want more money or anything, but we want a foreman. He's just as mean as can be. He wouldn't have these Bradley's machine fixed the other day, and when it broke down and hurt her hand he docked her for the time she was away. He's always finding us for every little thing, and he's that mean."

Mattie paused spoke volumes, and her eyes added to the story. Temple grinned. "I shall have to look into this," he said. "Take a chair, please." He left her to herself, but presently he came back with another young man as clean cut as himself.

"Mr. Everett will look into the matter," said Temple. "Just tell him about the mean Mr. Bromley."

"Now you're laughing at me," said Mattie indignantly. "Far from it," he denied. "Grievance committees should be treated most seriously."

"And this is serious," she declared.

turning to Everett. Her sense of wrong sustained gave her eloquence, and her eyes snapped as she recited a long tale of Bromley's wrongs. Everett listened attentively, though at times he and Temple exchanged sympathetic glances as some quaint turn of speech caught their sense of humor.

"This is a matter that most certainly should be looked into," he said. "I do not believe in fines except as a last resort. Suppose you help us get at the bottom of the trouble."

"I'm telling you all about it now," she cried. "I know," he agreed, "but to get Bromley right we shall have to wait. Now, if you will explain to the others that the matter will be properly settled if they will go on as they have been doing for a week I think we can hand a very unpleasant surprise to the enterprising Mr. Bromley. It appears from the books that few fines have been turned in. On account of the number of employees the envelopes are made up several days ahead, and the foreman of each department takes out the fines. Now, on Saturday make a note of all the fines, bring the envelopes to me, and we will have the matter straightened out."

Mattie looked him squarely in the eye. "Do you really mean that?" she demanded. "Most certainly," he assured. "Shake hands on it," she demanded. Everett blushed as his fingers closed over the smaller hand—and lingered there.

Mattie went back to the room with a sense of importance. Word was passed along that it was all right and to meet on the corner after the factory closed. There was a babel of voices as the plot was unfolded, and when at last the impromptu meeting adjourned Everett was lingering there.

"I saw the crowd forming," he laughed as he fell into step beside Mattie. "and I wanted to hear the outcome."

She tucked her hand through the proffered arm, and together they went down the street. The next night Everett was waiting again, and so on until Saturday, when at the noon hour the girls were paid off. There were the usual heavy lines marked on the envelopes, and Mattie formed a line and marched off to the office. Bromley had already turned back to the cashier the fines he had collected, but a rapid computation showed that the envelopes and the statement to the cashier developed a discrepancy of more than \$10. The foreman had been detained in the office on a pretext, and when he left the building it was in company with a blue coated official, and the girls lingered on the corner until a jubilee over the downfall of their enemy.

"Who's going to be cashier now?" demanded one of the celebrants. Mattie grew red.

"I'm to be in charge for a little while," she said. Everett arranged that last night.

"That's too bad," said one of the girls. "Why, please?" demanded Mattie hotly.

"We won't have any one to speak for us when we want to go on strike against you."

"That's so," laughed one of the others. "All the other girls on the committee ran away."

"I guess I shall not be in charge long enough for you to get sore on me," said Mattie importantly. "I'm to be married in a month."

This was news indeed, and the girls crowded eagerly about her. For a moment she fought off their questioning, but at last she faced them defiantly. "I'm going to be married to Mr. Everett, if you have to know," she said.

"That's what you get for being on the committee," said one of them enviously. "Well," reminded Mattie, "there's four of you that can't say you didn't have a chance, and I don't mind telling you that I'm glad you didn't take it. Jim Everett is worth interviewing the president himself for."

Dumas' "Camille."
Dumas' famous play "Camille" is a dramatized novel. The book is called "The Lady with the Camellias," and the author, Alexandre Dumas, Jr., based his central character on Marie Duplessis, a Parisian actress, to whose kindness and patronage he owed much of his early success. He stopped one day, through missing a train, at a common little inn at St. Germain, frequented by laborers and carters. The idea of the story struck him while there, and he began it, writing on a corner of the inn table. He remained there three weeks, and when it was finished, the first publisher of the story gave the young author \$240 for the privilege of printing two editions, aggregating 2,700 copies. When Dumas proposed a third edition he was told to go about his business, which he did, making an immense sum for himself and his next publisher.

Two Odd Blunders.
There stands in Westminster abbey, London, a splendid monument of Cromwell in riding attire. The spurs which adorn his high boots are upside down, showing that while the man who created the statue was an expert in the line he was totally unfamiliar with the art of riding. These reversed spurs are not always noticed by visitors, but those who know about them find them one of the most interesting features of the monument. One of the famous words welded to that warrior, the Black Prince, is to be seen in a window in the same building. It is a painted window on the landing leading from the floor of the palace to the committee rooms above. On the weapon held in the hands of the prince may be read an inscription in which the words "Prince of Wales" figure prominently.

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