

The Observer.

MORO, OREGON: FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

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S'posin'

By E. M. MURRAY.

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It had always been Cynthia's word, and Lem felt no disposition to quarrel with it under the circumstances.

He saw himself again as he was in those days, big for his years, hands and face tanned almost a leather color with sun and wind, a shock of unruly brown hair and eyes of almost the same shade.

He would have liked to know if Cynthia was thinking of those old days in the same way as he was. He recalled that in that faraway time he used to speculate whether that simple word of the pleasurable sensations it gave him to hear it.

Something in the question made the young man's heart leap and the hot blood rush to his head. He looked sharply at Cynthia, but she appeared to be merely wondering aloud, and hope died down again.

"It seems to me, Cynthia," he said, "that perhaps without my knowing it you have always been a big factor in my life. I had taken your friendship as such a matter of course that if I thought of it at all it was as something that could not be changed.

"Thought was ever swifter than speech with Lem Minturn, and now as he stood beside Cynthia, looking down at her while she looked toward the horizon, it traveled over all the little bypaths of memory the very approaches to which he had apparently forgotten until that day a week ago when he had seen Cynthia for the first time in six years.

There she stood, looking so much like the old days that he could almost have believed they had never been separated except for the recurring thought that he knew not what associations or the

she might have formed since last he saw her. It might be that the terrible longing in his heart was never to be satisfied, and then the necessity for speech became almost intolerable.

But it was one thing to decide to speak and quite another to find the words one wanted. While he was still seeking them Cynthia said, "S'pose I begin?"

Gratefully Lem accepted their reversed positions and answered in his turn, "S'posin'."

Cynthia found a comfortable spot and sat down, while Lem threw himself at her feet. Then she began in a simple, unaffected way to tell the story, which she had so often told in the past.

"There isn't a great deal to my story, Lem," said Cynthia. "I did not know how good the old place was until we had moved away. They say that those who are left behind feel worse than those who go because new things take up the attention.

Here Cynthia paused and fell to thinking. She noted the fast changing color now, and his heart sank a little. He wondered what had roused Cynthia to the sudden determination to tell him and his hopes.

With heightened color and eyes that looked steadfastly at the far horizon, Cynthia resumed her story, apparently unconscious of the anxious scrutiny of her companion.

"I have a clerk," he remarked the other day, "and he sometimes manages to hand back a rather good one, though as a rule he is little short of stupid, apparently."

"I was sorry after I said it," he continued, "but recently he had made a most unnecessary blunder, and I lost my temper."

"A Royal Golfer," King James II. was a fine golfer in the sense of fondness for the game and in other respects too.

"Do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine is offered you?" Or, do you want to know something of the composition and character of that which you take into your stomach whether as food or medicine?

"I talked the matter over with the superintendent, who had always been a good friend, and he heartily approved. Well, a few months later I went back to my work, and during vacations I worked in the mill and got thoroughly acquainted with its needs.

"I thought I worked for you, and I arrived just the same day you did."

"That is a coincidence, is it not?" said Cynthia as Lem paused. "We are both lucky, I think, to have found things going our way. Now that you have proved your dream true are you content?"

"I thought I was, Cynthia, until the night I got back; then suddenly it came to me that there was something lacking."

started from her reverie and turned toward him. Her face looked pale and weary, as if life had lost some of its charm. It made him pause a moment but he gulped hard and spoke again.

"Cynthia, there is a reason for the failure of contentment for me. It is a



reason so old that I had not recognized it and at the same time so new that it brings more pain than joy. Cynthia, you are the reason."

He paused again and saw the blood surge up into the girl's face. Her breath came in quick gasps, but she turned toward him with a look that was partly inquiry, partly surprise and some doubt, but there was no repugnance. That encouraged him to take up his narrative where he had so abruptly stopped.

"I love you, Cynthia, but I did not know it until a week ago. I thought I was too busy to care for girls; but, Cynthia, it was because you had all my heart, and I did not know it. It was really for you that I studied and won my way to success. I was too wholly a boy when you went away to understand what gave me such pain to part with you. But even then I must have loved you."

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Grand Ronde Chief. Black stallion, 15.3, weight 1137 lbs. Record 2:34 1/2. No. 18671. SIRED BY ALMONT MEDIUM, 2:18. Sire of Prince Almont, 2:13 1/2, Lynnmont 2:23 1/2 [sire of Delmont 2:10 1/2] and eleven others in the list. First dam Ursina, by C. M. Clay Jr. 22, sire of 35 producing dams, including Tecora, the dam of Chehalis 2:04 1/2; Del Norte 2:08; and others. Second dam Mary Coleman, [dam of Linda Sprague 2:19], by Mambrino Chief, son of Mambrino Chief II, the sire of Lady Thorne 2:18; and others. Third dam, by Toronto. Fourth dam, by Keokuk, son of Imp. Truffle. Grand Ronde is a substantially built horse; the kind that can go to town and come back; has style and trotting action that he transmits; he has had but little track work, but has trotted halves in 1:09 and quarters in :33; Grand Ronde will make the season of 1908 at At my farm, six miles south east of Moro, each Monday. Grass Valley, each Tuesday Wasco, each Thursday Moro, each Friday and Saturday Terms of Service. Single service \$5, payable at time of service. The season \$12.50, payable October 1st. To insure \$17.50, payable when mare is known to be with foal. Mare and colt to stand good for services. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but will be responsible for none. Trading, selling, or removing the mare from the neighborhood forfeits the insurance and money becomes due. If mare is not properly returned it is understood to be the fault of the owner of the mare. R. T. Morgan, Owner

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