

Personal Talk With You

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AN ADMIRABLE SERVANT

When on the first of July Henry Auchincloss left his business to spend his vacation with his mother, he was somewhat anxious as to how he should...

"Cornelia looked so respectable," said Mrs. Auchincloss, "that I hesitated about employing her. But she has kept her place, done her work splendidly and never has any complaint."

"This son was delighted and resolved to give the new maid sundry tips by way of encouragement. She went on the table, and at dinner on the evening of his arrival he looked her over carefully. She occupied herself, her hands and her eyes with her work, and he was far as Henry could see was indifferent to all else."

"Mother," said Henry one day at dinner when speaking of the capital and labor question, "what was the name of the league organized in the eleventh century against the robber barons?"

"Mrs. Auchincloss didn't know, and Henry was about to go to the library to hunt for information."

"I can give you the name of the league, Mr. Auchincloss," said the maid demurely.

"Both mother and son looked up at her in astonishment."

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry.

"The Hanatic," said the maid.

"There was a silence for some moments. When Henry looked at his mother and said, smiling:

"Mother, does it require a cyclopedia to run this house?"

"What surprises me," replied the mother, "is that a cyclopedia can run it and run it so well. I supposed it required a domestic."

"What is your other name, Cornelia?" asked Henry.

"Yale," said the maid.

"Is she your college of that name?" asked Henry with a serio-comic tone and expressing her servant's demerit.

"Very well, Miss Yale. I'll not permit one who knows more than I do to wait on the longer. It is more fitting that I should wait on you."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Auchincloss.

"Place! This is no place for you!" from Henry.

"I should like to keep my mouth shut," said Miss Yale lugubriously, "but when I saw you about to take trouble for information that I could give you I yielded. Now I have spoiled it all."

"You've spoiled nothing," said Mrs. Auchincloss. "Come, tell us what is this mystery."

"Not without joining us at table," said Henry, rising and drawing a chair for her. Miss Yale declined until Mrs. Auchincloss peremptorily ordered her to take the proffered seat.

"I am simply a student of college. I had funds to carry me through my junior year, but no farther. Hearing of the high wages paid to servants, I thought that field the best and chose to take a little money to help me through my senior year."

"And very wisely," remarked Mrs. Auchincloss.

"And if we hadn't got discussing the robber barons," said Henry, "you might have pulled through. But we are the worst sufferers. You have revolutionized this house and saved mother from collapse."

THE COUNTY WEDDING GUEST

By O. HENRY.

Copyright, 1908, by the S. R. McClure Co. One evening Miss Conroy and Andy Donovan went to dinner at his second evening boarding house.

Mrs. Scott introduced him to a new boarder, a young lady, Miss Conroy. Miss Conroy was small and unobtrusive. She wore a plain, dusty brown dress and bestowed her interest, which seemed languid, upon her plate. She lifted her diffident eyelids and shot one perfunctory, judicial glance at Mr. Donovan, politely murmured his name and returned to her mutton. Mr. Donovan bowed with the grace and beaming smile that were rapidly winning for him social, business and political advancement and crossed the stuffy brown one from the tablets of his countenance.

Two weeks later Andy was sitting on the front steps, enjoying his cigar. There was a soft rustle behind and Andy turned and looked at her. She was standing on the street in a shiny, smooth, black dress, not a speck of white or a spot of color about her dress anywhere. Her rich golden hair was drawn, with just the faintest suggestion of a knot low on her neck. Her face was plain rather than pretty, but it was now illuminated and made almost beautiful by her large gray eyes that gazed above the houses across the street into a shining, smooth, black dress, not a speck of white or a spot of color about her dress anywhere.

"Gather the ideas, girls—all black, you know, with the preference for crepe de chine, crepe de chine—that is all black, and that said, far away look and the hair shilling under the black veil (you have to be a blond, of course), and try to look as if, although your young life had been blighted just as it was about to give a hop, skip and a bound over the threshold of matrimony in the park might do you good and be sure to happen on the door at the right moment, and—oh, I'll fetch 'em every time. But it's fierce, now, how cynical I am, isn't it, to talk about matrimony?"

"Miss Donovan suddenly remembered Miss Conroy upon the tablets of his consideration. He threw away the remaining inch and a quarter of his cigar that would have been good for eight cigarettes and, with a sigh, he walked to the center of gravity to his low cut patent leather shoes."

"It's a fine, clear evening, Miss Conroy," he said, and if the weather bureau could have heard the confident emphasis of his tones it would have hoisted the square white signal and natted it to the mast.

"To them that has the heart to enjoy it, it is, Mr. Donovan," said Miss Conroy, with a sigh.

"Mr. Donovan in his heart cursed fair weather. Heartless weather! It should hail and blow and snow to be consonant with the mood of Miss Conroy."

"I hope none of your relatives—I hope you haven't sustained a loss?" ventured Mr. Donovan.

"Death has claimed," said Miss Conroy, hesitating, "not a relative, but one who— But I will not intrude my grief upon you, Mr. Donovan."

"Intrude!" protested Mr. Donovan. "Why, no, Miss Conroy. I've only lighted that is, I'd be glad—I mean I'm sure nobody could sympathize with you truer than I would."

Miss Conroy smiled a little smile. And, oh, it was sadder than her expression in the park, where the center of gravity took the air, they strolled and found a quiet bench.

"I have learned that, Mr. Donovan. I have no friends or acquaintances in the neighborhood, and I don't see kind to me. I appreciate it highly."

He had passed her the pepper twice at the table.

"It's tough to be alone in New York," said Miss Conroy, "but I don't mind it. I know better. Can't I tell you go get her if you want her. What is it?"

"It's nothing much, Maggie. 'Yes, it is, and I want to know. I'll bet it's some other girl you are thinking about. All right. Why don't you go get her if you please? Take your arm away, if you please."

"I'll tell you then," said Andy wisely, "but I guess you won't understand it exactly. You've heard of Mike Sullivan, haven't you?"

"No, I haven't," said Maggie. "And I don't want to if he makes you act like this. Who is he?"

"He's the biggest man in New York," said Andy almost reverently. "He can do anything he wants to do with money or any other old thing in the political line. He's a mile high and as broad as the East River. You say anything against Big Mike and you'll find yourself in a bad way."

"Well, Big Mike's a friend of mine. I don't more than deuce high in the district as far as influence goes, but Mike's as good a friend to a little man or a poor man as he is to a big one. I met him today on the Bowery, and what do you think he does? Comes up and shakes hands. Andy's says he's been keeping cases on you. You've been putting in some good looks over on your side of the street, and I'm proud of you. What'll you take to drink? He takes a cigar, and I take a highball. I told him I was going to get married in two weeks. Andy says he'll keep in mind of it, and I'll come to the wedding. That's what Big Mike says to me, and he always does what he says."

"You don't understand it, Maggie, but I've had one of my hands out for to have Big Mike Sullivan at our wedding. It would be the proudest day of my life. When he goes to a man's wedding there's a 'guy' being married. That is why I am in mourning. My heart, Mr. Donovan, will remain forever in his grave. I guess I can't copy Mr. Donovan, but I can't take any interest in no one. I should not care to keep you from getting and not care to keep you from getting and not care to keep you from getting."

"Three days ago I got a letter from Italy, forwarded from P'kipes, saying that Fernando had been killed in a candy store. That is why I am in mourning. My heart, Mr. Donovan, will remain forever in his grave. I guess I can't copy Mr. Donovan, but I can't take any interest in no one. I should not care to keep you from getting and not care to keep you from getting and not care to keep you from getting."

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"Now, girls, if you want to observe a young man hustle out after a pick and

showed just tell him that your heart is in some other fellow's grave. Young men are grave robbers by nature. Ask any widow. Something must be done to restore that missing organ to weeping angels in crepe de chine. Dead men certainly got the worst of it from all sides.

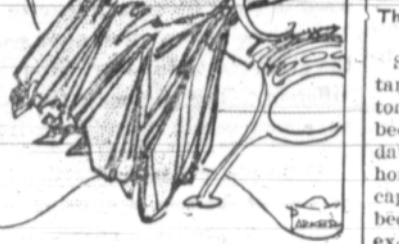
"I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Donovan gently. "No; we won't walk back to the house just yet. And don't say you haven't no friends in this city, Miss Conroy. I'm awfully sorry, and I want you to believe I'm your friend and that I'm awfully sorry."

"I've got his picture here in my pocket," said Miss Conroy after wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. "I never showed it to anybody, but I will to you, Mr. Donovan, because I believe you to be a true friend."

Mr. Donovan gazed long and with much interest at the photograph in the pocket that Miss Conroy opened for him. The face of Count Mazzini was one to command interest. It was a smooth, intelligent, bright, almost a handsome face—the face of a strong, cheerful man who might well be a leader among his fellows.

"I have a larger one framed in my room," said Miss Conroy. "When we return, I will show you that. They are all I have to remind me of Fernando. But he ever will be present in my heart, that's sure thing."

A subtle talk confronted Mr. Donovan, that of supplanting the unfortunate count in the heart of Miss Conroy. This his admiration for her de-



She turned him poor company, Mr. Donovan.

termined him to do. But the magnitude of the undertaking did not seem to weigh upon his spirits. The sympathetic but cheerful friend was the role he essayed, and he played it so successfully that the next half hour found them conversing pleasantly across two plates of ice cream, though yet there was no diminution of the sadness in Miss Conroy's large gray eyes.

Before they parted in the hall that evening she ran upstairs and brought down the framed photograph wrapped lovingly in a white silk scarf. Mr. Donovan surveyed it with inscrutable eyes.

"He gave me this the night he left for Italy," said Miss Conroy. "I had the one for the pocket made from this. 'A fine looking man,' said Mr. Donovan heartily. 'How would it suit you, Miss Conroy, to give me pleasure of your company to Coney next Sunday afternoon?'"

"A month later they announced their engagement to Mrs. Scott and the other boarders. Miss Conroy continued to wear black."

A week after the announcement the two sat on the same bench in the deserted park, while the rattling leaves of the trees made a dim kinetoscopic picture of them in the moonlight. But Donovan had worn a look of abstract gloom all day. He was so silent tonight that love's lips could not open to ask the longest questions that love's heart propounded.

"What's the matter, Andy, you are so solemn and grouchy tonight?"

"Nothing, Maggie."

"I know better. Can't I tell you go get her if you want her. What is it?"

"It's nothing much, Maggie. 'Yes, it is, and I want to know. I'll bet it's some other girl you are thinking about. All right. Why don't you go get her if you please? Take your arm away, if you please."

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course. But it's no reason why you can't smile at me."

"Maggie," said Andy presently, "do you think as much of me as you did of you—as you did of the Count Mazzini?"

He waited a long time, but Maggie did not reply. And then suddenly she leaned against his shoulder and began to cry—to cry and shake with sobs, holding his arm tightly and wetting the crepe de chine with her tears.

"There, there, there!" soothed Andy, putting aside his own trouble. "And what is it now?"

"Andy," sobbed Maggie, "I've lied to you, and you'll never marry me or love me any more. But I feel that I've got to tell. Andy, there never was so much as the little finger of a count. I never had a bean in my life. But all the other girls had, and they talked about ten, and that seemed to make the fellow like me more. And, Andy, I do, I look well in black—you know I do. So I went out to a photograph store and bought that picture and had a little one made for my pocket and made up all that story about the count and about his being killed so I could wear black. And nobody can love a liar, and you'll shake me, Andy, and I'll die for shame. Oh, there never was anybody I liked but you—and that's all."

But instead of being pushed away she found Andy's arm folding her closer. She looked up and saw his face cleared and smiling.

"Could you—could you forgive me, Andy?"

"Sure," said Andy. "It's all right about that. Back to the cemetery for the count. You've straightened everything out, Maggie. I was in hopes you would before the wedding day."

"Andy," said Maggie, with a somewhat shy smile, after she had been thoroughly assured of forgiveness, "did you believe that story about the count?"

"Well, not to any large extent," said Andy, reaching for his cigar case. "Because it's Big Mike Sullivan's picture you've got in that pocket of yours."

HOMELESS JUDGE TAFT

The Republican Presidential Nominations Is Used to Being on the Move.

Since he resigned his post as secretary of war and gave up his Washington residence William H. Taft has been, as he himself put it, "a candidate without a job, a man without a home."

The residence in the nation's capital which for some years past has been pointed out as the home of the ex-war secretary is a substantial looking and well appointed house, but it is not at all palatial. Judge Taft himself is not a rich man, for he has been serving his country since early manhood in posts of responsibility and importance, the income from which was little if any more than sufficient to support the incumbent and his family in a manner becoming their station.

The Tafts have always regarded Cincinnati as their home city, but it is a long time since Judge Taft has kept up an establishment of his own there. It is over eight years since he first went to the Philippines, and Manila was his headquarters for more than four years thereafter. Ever after he became secretary of war he was on the jump from one part of the world to another, to solve the problems connected with the insular possessions of the government or the Panama canal.

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TWO FAMOUS WOMEN

Personality of Mrs. Leavitt and Mrs. Longworth Contrasted.

BOTH VISITORS AT DENVER.

Marked Points of Difference Between the Daughters of Mr. Bryan and President Roosevelt—Reached Conventual City Almost at Same Time. Mrs. S. Holmes, Detective.

Two young women whose presence at the Democratic national convention led to great and beauty as well as measure of grace and intelligence to reach Denver recently, and happened to have it, within a few minutes of each other.

One the daughter of a presidential possibility and the other a daughter of a president, they are the direct antithesis of each other. From the great came Mrs. Ruth Bryan Leavitt, primed for the sensation of her life, the excitement of seeing the power of her distinguished father, William Jennings Bryan, in the Democratic national convention. Out of the east, for a genuine vacation and a good time, arrived Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, formerly Alice Roosevelt.

The trains on which the women traveled during the week were not the distinguished visitors did not. President Roosevelt's daughter was hurried in a special cab to an isolated corner of the railroad yards to await the arrival of an automobile to take her away from the curious gaze of the masses. The daughter of the commoner stepped lightly from the train unassisted and walked briskly to a plain, everyday street car at the nearest corner. In personal appearance she is as unlike as it would be possible for two women to be, and is characteristic, in training, in ambition, there are no parallels.

Mrs. Leavitt is taller than the average woman, slender, dark, with the brownest of brown eyes and the manners of a diplomat. Her speech is of a factious manner, has plenty of good sense and is a good talker. Her mother's gentle manner and her father's quickness of repartee have given her both charm and wit. Apropos of this she says a lovely thing: "I don't care about the political phases of the gathering—but I love a crowd, and I love the waving flags, and I love the enthusiasm which a meeting of this kind provokes and I think, too, that I love Colorado."

Mrs. Longworth is shorter than the average woman, slender, dark, with the brownest of brown eyes and the manners of a diplomat. Her speech is of a factious manner, has plenty of good sense and is a good talker. Her mother's gentle manner and her father's quickness of repartee have given her both charm and wit. Apropos of this she says a lovely thing: "I don't care about the political phases of the gathering—but I love a crowd, and I love the waving flags, and I love the enthusiasm which a meeting of this kind provokes and I think, too, that I love Colorado."

Ever since she was fifteen years old Mrs. Leavitt has contributed articles to her father's newspaper, the Commoner. Her writings afford evidence of maturity of mind and rare power of reasoning.

According to her own statement, it was during a week's performance at a Denver playhouse that Mrs. Leavitt threw up her hands and exclaimed to her girl companions: "Fahaw, how perfectly foolish! I could write a better sketch than that myself."

It so happened that one of the girl companions rather liked the little sketch they had just witnessed, so she said, "I bet you couldn't, Ruth." The latter, being the daughter of William Jennings Bryan, who does not take dates for granted, started to say that she went home and rattled off a one act playlet entitled "Mrs. S. Holmes, Detective."

Ruth evidently won the bet, for the playlet has been on the boards of a Denver stock exchange, and the critics were kind and even indulgent to it.

Mrs. Leavitt does not like to be called a politician, although she is enough of the diplomat to be one. She votes, as do a great many Colorado women, but there never has been any special activity in time of campaign. It is tacitly understood that Mr. Bryan has given strict instructions to his daughter to keep out of partisan conflicts and to be as inconspicuous as possible. Mrs. Leavitt is president of the Jane Jefferson Democratic club, but while abroad and in western Colorado she absented herself from its councils for months.

Instead of trading on the name of her father, Mrs. Leavitt has battled for individual distinction and has relegated society to the background, while she struggles to find her place in the general scheme of things. Mrs. Longworth, who has been called "Princess Alice" by the press, is a tall, light complexioned, plump, blond, with great animated blue eyes and pretty ways. She is the pet pampered child of fortune, not affected, because she is first of all an American girl, but a woman who appreciates attention and expects it by virtue of being the daughter of her father.

About the same age as Mrs. Leavitt, she looks no younger than the daughter of the commoner, but is the type of girl on whom trouble weighs lightly. She has all the light-hearted gaiety within her own nature to get pleasure out of everything that comes her way, and not only to get it for herself, but to extend it to others.

While at the White House before her marriage Mrs. Longworth used to amuse her girl friends immensely by doing acrobatic stunts for them after dinner while waiting for the men to finish their cordials and cigars in the dining room. Out in the middle of a floor she would go and do a wheel-lance or a gymnastic feat, such as putting her foot on the back of her neck or some other equally difficult proposition. When the men, hearing the shrieks of laughter coming from the dining room, would hasten in to look on, she would send Mrs. Alice sitting at the piano rattling off a con song or gay chanson. Mrs. Longworth is quick as lightning at repartee. One night at a diplomatic reception at the White House she was talking with a young German attaché. The diplomatist was replying in a gorgeous uniform, his chest covered with decorations, the significance of which Mrs. Alice was inquiring into. Naming them over, he pointed to one and said in his broken English, "Zat is an order of six seven leaves." Quick as a flash she answered, "I'll give you ten for it." But the German was not a true sportsman and did not take her up.

The Royal Box.

The kaiserin does not wear birds, but most of her hats are trimmed with ostrich plumes.

Her majesty Queen Alexandra has lately conceived a great liking for fencing and is now taking lessons from one of the best known fencing masters in England.

Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who by the death of King Oscar has become crown prince, is an ardent sportsman and loses no opportunity to further the interest of the ancient Norse athletic games.

The dowager Queen Margherita of Italy has just sold all her horses and carriages and transformed her stables for use by motor cars only. This is the first royal household in Europe to make so sweeping a change.

A Wonderful Voice.

At the peace jubilee in Boston, 1820, Mrs. Parepa Rosa's voice was distinguished above 12,000 singers, an orchestra of over 1,000 instruments and in a hall where the audience consisted of 40,000 people.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

The Co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the Drug Business known as Morrison & Co., Oregon, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts outstanding whether due or not, should be settled immediately hereon, and no other settlement. All liabilities of the firm will be settled upon presentation of account to either of us.

W. E. Dull, Plaintiff.

To Alice A. Dull, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the 1st day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 4th day of September, 1908, and if you fail to appear and answer the complaint filed against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion, as set forth in the complaint, and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Oregon County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance of an order of the Hon. Wm. H. Hines, County Judge for Sherman county, made on the 20th day of July, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 24th day of July, 1908.

W. E. Dull, Plaintiff.

Frank Richardson, Plaintiff.

Mary Richardson, Defendant.

To Mary Richardson, the above named defendant.

In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit, on or before the 1st day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 4th day of September, 1908, and if you fail to appear and answer the complaint filed against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of desertion, as set forth in the complaint, and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

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