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Moro, Sherman County, Oregon, Friday, August 14, 1908

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Chadwick's Choice. BY JANET GREGG. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

After ten years of fried bacon and salt pork the pendulum swung to its opposite extreme for David Chadwick. The goddess of fortune, whom he had long wooed in vain, now turned her face with truly feminine caprice. From bacon and corn bread Dave had advanced almost overnight to a New York hotel, where his day's board would have bought provisions for a month during his prospecting period. And still Dave was not satisfied. He did not like what he termed "fussy" foods, and the very length of the bill of fare degraded him of his appetite. Then it was that Nell Horton came as an angel of deliverance and led him to her home in the suburbs, where Dave devoured all that was put before him and rejoiced in the absence of a bill of fare. "I don't suppose that this modest meal will appeal to you," said Nell with ostentatious modesty. "We are plain people out here, and after your grand hotel it must seem skimp, but when I saw you on the avenue I said to myself, 'I'll bet that's Dave Chadwick, I'm going to ask him home, no matter what he may think.' You haven't changed a mite, Dave, since you left Lawrence."

Now, it is pleasant for a man who realizes that he is beginning to look old to be told that he does not differ in appearance after fifteen years, and for the first time Dave decided that Nell was looking remarkably young herself. He could not know that Nell had carefully studied the numerous pictures of the new Croesus in the newspapers and had haunted the vicinity of his hotel for days before she had encountered him, apparently by chance, in front of the place. The Hortons had known Dave in his early life, before he had gone west to seek and eventually find fortune. When the papers had taken up the newly made multimillionaire, as the week before they had taken up the newly born baby elephant of the circus, Nell had read all the stories and had determined that Dave and his millions should become her property. "He always was a dumb fool," she told her mother. "If we can get hold of him before the others do I'll be married."



"LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE AND SAY THAT AGAIN!" "Why, you don't even know my name!" cried the startled girl. "I'm not so forgetful of the man who gave me my first start as not to be able to trace his likeness in Cleon Blake's daughter. They told me that they did not know where you were and today when I recognized you it was that which first suggested the falsehoods they have been telling and led me to investigate the kitchen. Can you pay them back for their food, they'll be content so long as they get a lot of presents. Will you come, Doris?"

Something in his tones appealed to the girl, and she looked into the eager eyes that searched her blushing face. She had been sorry for Chadwick, and pity is akin to love. He read his answer in her eyes, and a great light of gladness came into his own as he bent and reverently kissed the tip of the dainty ear, for her face was hidden against his strong shoulder.

Schools for Animals. "You never heard of schools for animals? Well, that shows your ignorance," said the professor. "There is an elephant's school in Siam," said he. "Young elephants are taught in it to take up and carry in their trunks great teakwood logs—no easy task, for the logs require delicate balancing. They are taught to kneel to answer to the various strokes of the ankus, or goad, and, like saddle horses, they learn several gait. Pigs' schools are also held in Siam. There are schools for white mice, for monkeys, for song birds, not to mention the famous phonograph school for teaching parrots to talk that is the pride of Philadelphia. The big dealers in wild animals usually run small schools where lions, tigers, bears and leopards are taught simple tricks. Such schools are very profitable. Where an untamed lion, saleable only to some of the menagerie exhibitors but \$200 or so, a broken one will easily fetch double."

not subject if he married and established a home for himself. It was a long trip uptown, and much of his courage had oozed away when at last he found himself on the Horton's stoop. He was rather glad that the maid came to the door. It was a certain sign that Nell was not home, also she would have rushed to the door with ostentatious welcome. This little maid he decidedly approved of. "They will be back in an hour," said the girl. "They have only gone downtown on a shopping tour, and they will be so sorry to have missed you. Won't you wait?"

Chadwick hesitated and was lost in a reverie. He went into the little parlor and picked out the most comfortable chair. The girl paused at the door. "Can I get you anything before I go?" she asked solicitously. "The morning paper is upstairs. I can get it in a moment." "I'd rather talk," said Chadwick comfortably. He was hungry for congenial companionship, and the little maid was very different from Nell. Sometimes Dave grew a little tired of Nell and her bold chatter. "I can't stop," cried the girl. "It's baking day, and I have the oven full." "When Miss Horton does all the cooking," reminded Chadwick. "I shall have to investigate." He had been so frequent a caller that he knew from which door Nell was accustomed to put in an appearance, her sleeves rolled up and an adorable temper from her mother, and that ignoring the frightened protests of the little maid, he pushed his way into the kitchen. In her embarrassment Doris had forgotten that Nell had claimed the cooking for her own and that upon this talent she had counted for the winning of Chadwick. Now that the cat was out of the bag the probabilities were that Nell would turn her cousin into the street. She inherited a shrewish temper from her mother, and Doris knew that the two women would be implacable. Chadwick sniffed the spicy odors and turned to the fairy. "Who are you the fairy of the kitchen?" he said. "Nell does all the work. I just watch the things when she goes downtown," denied Doris hastily. Chadwick put one finger under the dimpled chin and raised the lids to see if he might look straight into the gray eyes.

"Look me straight in the face and say that again," he commanded. "The long lashes fell over the troubled eyes as she struggled to keep her denial convincing. Chadwick laughed at her. "Look here," he said as he released her chin. "I came out here today to ask the hand of the woman who had made me comfortable. It is not that I cared about what she had to say to eat. It is not that I came to a dinner here without having to fight three waiters and the maitre d'hotel. That wasn't what appealed to me, though they do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That sounds funny, but really a man doesn't marry just a cook. "I wanted the woman who of all the million people in this big town cared enough for old friendship to come and rescue me from the mire and the mud. It wasn't just the idea of dinner, but the home. I wanted a home of my own, and I wanted her to run it for me. But it seems that she did not tell the truth about the cooking, I guess she's content so long as they get a lot of presents. Will you come, Doris?"

Mr. Horton had nodded approvingly upon her well preserved daughter, and so the campaign was begun. They were fortunate in the possession of a dependent relative. The Hortons had an income, small, but assured, and when Cleon Blake had died penniless they had permitted his daughter, Doris, to enter their household nominally as a member of the family, but in reality as a superior cook. It was she who had cooked the dinner which had so pleased Chadwick and which brought him frequently to the little house. The men who were promoting his syndicate insisted that he must not remove from the hotel to a boarding house where his simpler needs could be suited, and it was only at the Hortons' that he could escape that terrible menu card, with its restaurant French and its overrich sauces. He did not always want steaks and roasts, and the knowledge that there were good things on the bill which he could not translate into added to his dissatisfaction.

It was after an especially trying meal at the hotel that Dave armed himself with a box of violets and sallied forth to propose to Nell. He had slowly come to the conclusion that Nell was no longer as young as she pretended to be, but she offered escape from the hotel, and he was sick of the place—sick of its cuisine, its grinning bellhops, its servile waiters and its arrogant clerks. The business operators at least could

not object if he married and established a home for himself. It was a long trip uptown, and much of his courage had oozed away when at last he found himself on the Horton's stoop. He was rather glad that the maid came to the door. It was a certain sign that Nell was not home, also she would have rushed to the door with ostentatious welcome. This little maid he decidedly approved of. "They will be back in an hour," said the girl. "They have only gone downtown on a shopping tour, and they will be so sorry to have missed you. Won't you wait?"

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HALSTEAD'S BIG FIGHT Victory of Well Known Journalist Over an Unknown. TERRIFIC BLOWS EXCHANGED Defeated Assailant Taken Off His Guard by New Tornado—Odd Actions of His Companion, Who Could Run Backward Like a Crab.

Murat Halstead, one of the leaders in American journalism for more than a century and widely known as a vigorous editorial and magazine writer, who recently died at his home in Cincinnati, said that the fiercest fight he ever had in his life he once had with a stranger. It is said he never knew what the fight was about; neither did he ever learn the name of his enemy. "This eventful fight," he said, "took place a number of years ago." He was walking up the steps of the Cincinnati postoffice and was alone. Going up he saw coming down a tall, powerful man, accompanied by a small undersized chap. Mr. Halstead said that as he advanced toward them he saw they were very much interested in his personal appearance. The tall and more powerful of the two men coming toward him was making scolding remarks. As he passed Mr. Halstead on the way down his criticisms were of such a personal nature that the editor, who had tried to keep his self control, concluded that it was better to fight than to try and contain his rage, saying a correspondent of the Pittsburg Dispatch. So he swung around on one heel in the good old Cincinnati style and struck the Ohio citizen who did not like his appearance back of the ear. Coming down with the full weight of his powerful figure upon the descending body of his enemy, the weight sent the fallen one clear over the curb into the middle of the street, where his head bounded over a few cobblestones before he came to rest. He was knocked far enough away for a moment for Mr. Halstead to turn to the smaller man. He found him with his hands in his pockets counting toward him, the little man performed a feat which I have never heard recorded in any known history of athletic feats. He ran up upon the backward up the steps without stumbling, ever keeping his eyes upon his advancing foe. Mr. Halstead says that he ran backward up the steps so much faster than he could forward that he gave his enemy no time to meet the citizen whom he had knocked below and who was now coming up the steps in good courage and good pluck, ready to destroy Mr. Halstead. "Then," said Mr. Halstead, "a fight began the equal of which I have never personally known. I had the advantage of being on the upper side. We exchanged some terrific blows. He hit me a number of times on my arms. Each blow was so powerful that it temporarily rendered me senseless, and the blow went clear through to the bone. You have no idea how it hurts to be struck on the bone of your arm in that way."

Mr. Halstead obtained the second knockdown, although before arriving at this glorious result he received four or five body blows, had one side of his back scratched well up and had generally disarranged his dress. As his opponent went to the ground, the little man, who had been dodging around behind them, again ran up the stairs backward. As the man who had been sent to the gutter twice arose deliberately to meet Mr. Halstead's partner came around the corner. He was an absentminded individual who walked the streets in those days twirling a penknife in his hands. He came running with his knife in his hand, but before he got close enough to come to the rescue Mr. Halstead's opponent was back in front of him. The field marshal said he was nearly spent at this stage of the game. He said he had just a quarter of one lung left to breathe with. The perspiration ran down his body in streams, and at times there were such acute pains in his spine that he nearly screamed. His partner cried out as he came down, coining a word which Mr. Halstead had never heard before, "Get out, you scurr!"

Whether it was the sound of this unusual epithet or not, the opponent was taken off his guard, and Mr. Halstead's huge fist struck him under the nose. The thumb of the fist went into his right eye, and the knuckle of the left finger went into the other eye. He again fell into the street. Then he arose, shook himself and started off on a dead run, as if he was thoroughly satisfied with the morning's work. Mr. Halstead was helped to his office, and it was several days before he recovered from the shock. But he never had the satisfaction of knowing what the row was about.

Sun Cure For Bald Head. A farmer north of Youngstown, O., has a new growth of hair on his head, before bald head. It came about this way: Several weeks ago the farmer went fishing and was so interested that he forgot his bare head. The sun blistered his scalp so badly that the skin peeled off, and when the new skin came on a luxuriant growth of hair came with it. Dr. Ball of Youngstown vouches for the story.

Curtailed in Summer. When a house is closed for the summer, it is better to hang lace curtains straight from frames or beams in a dark room than to fold them in chests or allow them to hang at the windows. Portieres and heavy draperies should also be hung in this way, but they should be covered with unbleached muslin into which pieces of cambric have been sewed.

TO PREPARE SOUP. Salt Never Added Until the Soup is Done. No matter how plain and simple a dinner may be soup adds to it. Poor soup is often served because too little attention is paid to it. First of all, there must be good material to start with. Cold water should always be used where meat is cooked in order to draw out the juice. Salt must never be added until the soup is done. Soup should simmer on the back of the stove instead of boiling rapidly. When the meat is well cooked, strain, add salt and set in a cold place. Skim off all grease from the surface the next day and the stock is ready for use. Clear soups are never considered as wholesome as others. There are a great variety of vegetable, meat and cream soups which are appetizing. Cream of tomato, celery and asparagus are particularly good.

A soup kettle where every bone or scrap of meat left over is thrown in is considered very essential in many households, especially where soup is served every day. One or two tablespoonfuls of cold rice is an addition to any ordinary soup, especially chicken or mutton broth. Be careful that the soup is never greasy. If the stock stands overnight all bits of grease can be removed. A cupful of tomatoes flavors a soup made of stock. In making good soup lay leaves, celery, parsley, carrots, onions, whole cloves and other herbs or vegetables are excellent for flavoring. Beans and peas make delicious soup. An excellent stock for soup is made by cooking a knuckle of veal and beef bones in cold water with six potatoes, five carrots and four turnips on the back of the stove for a day or longer, then strain and set away.

A NOVELTY IN WICKER. Unique Stand to Hold the Veranda Library. Racks and stands have been provided to hold a veranda library. These racks are made of wicker, and the most useful kind is high and narrow to take up as little floor space as possible on the small veranda floor. Some are made triangular to fit into corners against the house, others are square



HEALTH AND BEAUTY. After a dusty trip the face should be carefully washed in warm water and perhaps massaged with cold cream. If you wish to become plump, drink plenty of milk, eat starchy vegetables, such as potatoes and rice, beans, corn and the like; eat bread and take raw eggs. This cough remedy has rarely been known to fail in giving relief: Boast a lemon very carefully without burning it. When it is thoroughly hot cut it open in one end and squeeze into a cup containing three ounces of finely powdered sugar. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you. It is excellent and most agreeable to the taste.

In healthy persons the tiny sweat glands of the skin are always active, and the secretion, save when it is excessive, passes off as soon as formed; or, more exactly, immediately it reaches the surface. It does this by being changed into vapor; hence the skin never looks damp. Any fatty material on the surface of the skin will impede this evaporation and make the fluid collect in drops. Water will do wonders for one if people but realize it. As a complexion maker, for instance, it is a great beautifier used both internally and externally. An excellent tonic effect may be had by taking a face bath at least once a day in cold water. Fill a basin with the water, placing it on a stand or chair where it can be conveniently reached without too much stooping. Drawing a long breath, dip the face in and out of the cold water for about two or three minutes. When it is necessary to breathe the mouth can be fitted from the water, but immediately take another deep breath.

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