The Observer.

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FRIDAY ....Oct. 30, 1908

Personal Talk With You.

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MISS PECK'S GUIDES

Famous Woman Mountain Climber's Experiences With Them.

HER TRIP UP MOUNT SORATA.

Story of How Her Faint Hearted Aids Tried to Frighten Her by Striking For More Pay—Prime Requirement For a Mountain Climber—Lack of Confidence Cause of Most Accidents.

Miss Annie S. Peck, who astonished mountain climbers the world over by announcing recently that she had climbed 25,000 feet toward the top of Mount Huascaran, in the Andes, is a native of Providence, R. I. She began her career as a mountain climber in 1885 while studying in Athens. That year, with a number of her friends, she ascended Hymettus and Pentilicus, and the experience so thrilled her that she became a life convert to this form of sport. Miss Peck has been professor of Latin in Smith college and has spoken on art and archaeology before the American Geographical society, the National Geographical society and many colleges and institutions all over the country.

Miss Peck's mountain climbing costume comprises a heavy pair of leather shoes, with iron nails in the soles and heels; a heavy knit sweater and a pair of man's knickerbockers. Her hat is always tied down by a veil. She carries a heavy iron pointed stick.

One of Miss Peck's favorite stories is of the time when her guides, becoming faint hearted, but not wishing to show it to a woman, fixed up a deal to ask for increases of wages so great that she could not pay them. Then they struck and refused to climb further.

"It was on my trip up Mount Sorata, in Bolivia," she said, "that my guides struck. With me were two Spanish-Americans and five half breed Indians. We pushed up until the 5,000 foot limit was reached, and then one of the Spanish-Americans turned coward and left us. I then found that the other one was half witted. The Indians were growing discontented as we continued.

"They delighted in telling the story that those who looked from the summit turned to stone. They wanted to frighten me so I would not go up any farther. Nevertheless we went on. Then at the 17,500 foot point the guides struck for more pay. I offered them double, and even then they were not satisfied. Then I made it treble, but that did not satisfy them. At last they refused absolutely to go farther, and we had to return, although within a few hundred feet of the top. The top of Sorata reached 20,500 feet into the clouds.

"A second attempt, made within three months, on this same mountain got me no farther toward the summit for the same reasons. The guides quit. They were afraid of something, just what I could never determine. I did want a couple of good old Swiss guides. You can rely upon them."

Miss Peck in 1896 delivered an address in Infantry hall, Providence, in which she told of the desire born in her to climb mountains, which, she said, came to her in the early eighties when she was within sight of the Matterhorn. She told her story as follows:

"When I first came in sight of the summit of the great Matterhorn I was seized with a desire to climb to the top and look out over the great expanse of earth that I knew must be visible from such a height. Ever since the day I first looked up at its peaked top I intended to climb up there despite the fact that people laughed at me when I told them about my desire.

"So it was, notwithstanding letters advising me not to try from many other mountain climbers of reputation, I went there one day determined to get to the top, or, rather, to get as near the very top as it was possible.

"I went to Switzerland just for the purpose of climbing the Matterhorn, and, as you see, I have climbed it and am back here to tell you about it. But now maybe you think I wasn't afraid to start. Well, I wasn't exactly afraid, but I tell you I was skeptical.

"Before I started up the mountain I picked out the spot where I wanted to be buried provided I was to die on the trip and my body found. There is a little English cemetery in Zermatt, and I told those about me that I wanted to rest there if I was never to return to my home. Many predecessors were buried there, mountain climbers who had been overwhelmed upon the sides of the great Matterhorn.

"The prime requirement for a successful mountain climber must be determination, accompanied with a strong heart and physical strength. One must have good lungs and a steady head, and a person who will become dizzy under any circumstances should never try to climb a mountain.

"It is also necessary for a person to be able to climb for fifteen or eighteen hours a day steadily over the hardest kind of climbing one can imagine.

"Most of the accidents are due to lack of confidence or too much confidence and seldom from anything else. Folly, of course, and bravado lose many lives a year, but among the experienced climbers the accidents are comparatively few."

Reports 371,089 More Pensioners.

An increase of 371,089 pensions issued, with a saving of $1,343,666 out of the reduced appropriations for the maintenance of the bureau during 1905-8, covering Commissioner of Pensions Warner's administration, as against the period of 1901-4, is announced in a compilation of figures given out at the interior department.

VANITY AND SOME SABLES

By O. HENRY.

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WHEN Kid Brady was sent to the ropes by Molly McKeever's blue black eyes he withdrew from the Stovepipe gang. So much for the power of a colleen's blanderin' tongue and stubborn true heartedness. If you are a man who read this, may such an influence be sent you before 2 o'clock tomorrow; if you are a woman, may your Pomeranian greet you this morning with a cold nose—a sign of dog health and your happiness.

The Stovepipe gang borrowed its name from a subdistrict of the city called the Stovepipe, which is a narrow and natural extension of the familiar district known as Hell's Kitchen. The Stovepipe strip of town runs along Eleventh and Twelfth avenues on the river and bends a hard and sooty elbow around little, lost, homeless De Witt Clinton park. Consider that a stovepipe is an important factor in any kitchen and the situation is analyzed. The chefs in Hell's Kitchen are many, and the Stovepipe gang wears the cordon bleu.

The members of this unchartered but widely known brotherhood appeared to pass their time on street corners arrayed like the lilies of the conservatory and busy with nail files and penknives. Thus displayed as a guarantee of good faith, they carried on an innocuous conversation in a 200 word vocabulary, to the casual observer as innocent and immaterial as that heard in the clubs seven blocks to the east.

But off exhibition the Stovepipes were not mere street corner ornaments addicted to posing and manicuring. Their serious occupation was the separating of citizens from their coin and valuables. Preferably this was done by weird and singular tricks without noise or bloodshed, but whenever the citizen honored by their attentions refused to impoverish himself gracefully his objections came to be spread finally upon some police station blotter or hospital register.

The police held the Stovepipe gang in perpetual suspicion and respect. As the nightingale's liquid note is heard in the deepest shadows, so along the Stovepipe's dark and narrow confines the whistle for reserves punctures the dull ear of night. Whenever there was smoke in the Stovepipe the tasseled men in blue knew there was fire in Hell's Kitchen.

Kid Brady promised Molly to be good. Kid was the vainest, the strongest, the wariest and the most successful plotter in the gang. Therefore the boys were sorry to give him up.

But they witnessed his fall to a virtuous life without protest, for in the Kitchen it is considered neither unmanly nor improper for a guy to do as his girl advises.

Black her eye for love's sake, if you will, but it is all-to-the-good business to do a thing when she wants you to do it.

"Turn off the hydrant," said the Kid one night when Molly, tearful, besought him to amend his ways. "I'm going to cut out the gang. You for mine, and the simple life on the side. I'll tell you, Moll—I'll get work, and in a year we'll get married. I'll do it for you. We'll get a flat and a flute and a sewing machine and a rubber plant and live as honest as we can."

"Oh, Kid," sighed Molly, wiping the powder off his shoulder with her handkerchief, "I'd rather hear you say that than to own all of New York. And we can be happy on so little!"

The Kid looked down at his speckless cuffs and shining patent leathers with a suspicion of melancholy.

"It'll hurt hardest in the rags department," said he. "I've kind of always liked to rig out swell when I could. You know how I hate cheap things, Moll. This suit set me back sixty-five. Anything in the wearing apparel line has got to be just so or it's to the misfit parlors for it for mine. If I work I won't have so much coin to hand over to the little man with the big shears."

"Never mind, Kid. I'll like you just as much in a blue jumper as I would in a red automobile."

Before the Kid had grown large enough to knock out his father he had been compelled to learn the plumber's art. So, now, back to this honorable and useful profession he returned. But it was as an assistant that he engaged himself, and it is the master plumber and not the assistant who wears diamonds as large as hailstones and looks contemptuously upon the marble colonades of Senator Clark's mansion.

Eight months went by as smoothly and surely as though they had "elapsed" on a theater programme. The Kid worked away at his pipes and solder with no symptoms of backsliding. The Stovepipe gang continued its piracy on the high avenues, cracked policemen's heads, held up late travelers, invented new methods of peaceful plundering, copied Fifth avenue's cut of clothes and neckwear fancies and comported itself according to its lawless bylaws. But the Kid stood firm and faithful to his Molly, even though the polish was gone from his finger nails and it took him fifteen minutes to tie his purple silk ascot so that the worn places would not show.

One evening he brought a mysterious bundle with him to Molly's house.

"Open that, Moll!" he said in his large, quiet way. "It's for you."

Molly's eager fingers tore off the wrappings. She shrieked aloud, and in rushed a sprinkling of little McKeevers and Ma McKeever, dishwashy, but an undeniable relative of the late Mrs. Eve.

Again Molly shrieked, and something dark and long and sinuous flew and enveloped her neck like an anaconda.

"Russian sables," said the Kid pridefully, enjoying the sight of Molly's round cheek against the clinging fur—"the real thing. They don't grow anything in Russia too good for you, Moll."

Molly plunged her hands into the muff, overturned a row of the family infants and flew to the mirror. Hint for the beauty column: To make bright eyes, rosy cheeks and a bewitching smile—recipe, one set Russian sables. Apply.

When they were alone Molly became aware of a small cake of the ice of common sense floating down the full tide of her happiness.

"You're a bird, all right, Kid," she admitted gratefully. "I never had any furs on before in my life. But ain't Russian sables awful expensive? Seems to me I've heard they were."

"Have I ever chucked any bargain sale stuff at you, Moll?" asked the Kid, with calm dignity. "Did you ever notice me leaning on the remnant counter or peering in the window of the five and ten? Call that scarf $250 and the muff $175 and you won't make any mistake about the price of Russian sables. The swell goods for me! Say, they look fine on you, Moll."

Molly hugged the sables to her bosom in rapture, and then her smile went away little by little, and she looked the Kid straight in the eye sadly and steadily.

He knew what every look of hers meant, and he laughed, with a faint flush upon his face.

"Cut it out," he said, with affectionate roughness. "I told you I was done with that. I bought 'em and paid for 'em, all right, with my own money."

"Out of the money you worked for, Kid? Out of $75 a month?"

"Sure. I been saving up."

"Let's see—saved $425 in eight months, Kid?"

"Ah, let up!" said the Kid, with some heat. "I had some money when I went to work. Do you think I've been holding 'em up again? I told you I'd quit. They're paid for on the square. Put 'em on and come out for a walk."

Molly calmed her doubts. Sables are soothing. Proud as a queen, she went forth in the streets at the Kid's side. In all that region of low lying streets Russian sables had never been seen before. The word sped, and doors and windows blossomed with heads eager to see the swell furs Kid Brady had given his girl. All down the street there were "ohs" and "ahs," and the reported fabulous sum paid for the sables was passed from lip to lip, increasing as it went. At her right elbow sauntered the Kid, with the air of princes. Work had not diminished his love of pomp and show and his passion for the costly and genuine. On a corner they saw a group of the Stovepipe gang loafing, immaculate. They raised their hats to the Kid's girl and went on with their calm, unaccented palaver.

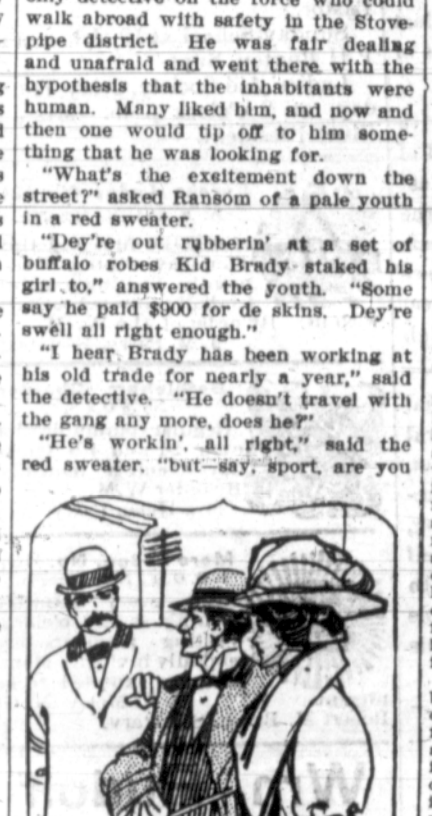
Three blocks behind the admired couple strolled Detective Ransom of the central office. Ransom was the only detective on the force who could walk abroad with safety in the Stovepipe district. He was fair dealing and unafraid and went there with the hypothesis that the inhabitants were human. Many liked him, and now and then one would tip off to him something that he was looking for.

"What's the excitement down the street?" asked Ransom of a pale youth in a red sweater.

"Dey're out rubberin' at a set of buffalo robes Kid Brady staked his girl to," answered the youth. "Some say he paid $900 for de skins. Dey're swell all right enough."

"I hear Brady has been working at his old trade for nearly a year," said the detective. "He doesn't travel with the gang any more, does he?"

"He's workin', all right," said the red sweater, "but—say, sport, are you



"Let me see you a moment, Brady," he said.

trailin' anything in de fur line? A job in a plumbin' shop don't match wid dem skins de Kid's girl's got on."

Ransom overtook the strolling couple on an empty street near the river bank. He touched the Kid's arm from behind.

"Let me see you a moment, Brady," he said quietly. His eye rested for a second on the long fur scarf thrown stylishly back over Molly's left shoulder. The Kid, with his old time police hating frown on his face, stepped a yard or two aside with the detective.

"Did you go to Mrs. Hethcote's, on West —th street, yesterday to fix a leaky water pipe?" asked Ransom.

"I did," said the Kid. "What of it?"

"The lady's $1,000 set of Russian sables went out of the house about the same time you did. The description fits the ones this lady has on."

"To Harlem with you!" cried the Kid angrily. "You know I've cut out that sort of thing, Ransom. I bought them sables yesterday at"—

The Kid stopped short.

"I know you've been working straight lately," said Ransom. "I'll give you every chance. I'll go with you where you say you bought the furs and investigate. The lady can wear 'em along with us, and nobody 'll be on. That's fair, Brady."

"Come on," agreed the Kid hotly. And then he stopped suddenly in his tracks and looked with an odd smile at Molly's distressed and anxious face.

"No use," he said grimly. "They're the Hethcote sables all right. You'll have to turn 'em over, Moll, but they ain't too good for you if they cost a million."

Molly, with anguish in her face, hung upon the Kid's arm.

"Oh, Kiddy, you've broke my heart," she said. "I was so proud of you—and now they'll do you—and where's our happiness gone?"

"Go home," said the Kid wildly. "Come on, Ransom. Take the furs. Let's get away from here. Wait a minute—I've a good mind to—no, I'll be derned if I can do it. Run along, Moll. I'm ready, Ransom."

Around the corner of a lumber yard came Policeman Kohen on his way to his beat along the river. The detective signed to him for assistance. Kohen joined the group. Ransom explained.

"Sure," said Kohen. "I hear about those saples dat vas stole. You say you have dem here?"

Policeman Kohen took the end of Molly's late scarf in his hands and looked at it closely.

"Once," he said, "I sold furs in Sixth avenue. Yes, dese are saples. Dey come from Alaska. Dis scarf is vort $12 and dis muff"—

"Biff!" came the palm of the Kid's powerful hand upon the policeman's mouth. Kohen staggered and rallied. Molly screamed. The detective threw himself upon Brady and with Kohen's aid got the nippers on his wrist.

"The scarf is vort $12 and the muff is vort $9," persisted the policeman. "Vot is dis talk about $1,000 saples?"

The Kid sat upon a pile of lumber and his face turned dark red.

"Correct, Solomonski!" he declared viciously. "I paid $21.50 for the set. I'd rather have got six months and not have told it. Me, the swell guy that wouldn't look at anything cheap! I'm a plain bluffer. Moll, my salary could not spell sables in Russian."

Molly cast herself upon his neck.

"What do I care for all the sables and money in the world," she cried. "It's my Kiddy I want. Oh, you dear, stuck up, crazy blockhead!"

"You can take dose nippers off," said Kohen to the detective. "Before I leaf de station de report come in dat de lady vind her saples—hanging in her wardrobe. Young man, I excuse you dat punch in my vace—dis von time."

Ransom handed Molly her furs. Her eyes were smiling upon the Kid. She wound the scarf and threw the end over her left shoulder with a duchess' grace.

"A gouple of young vools," said Policeman Kohen to Ransom. "Come on away."

HOW TO WALK.

Proper Carriage and Stride to Be Maintained—Tip on Breathing.

Some useful directions to be followed in walking for health or pleasure are given by Professor Richard F. Nelligan of the department of hygiene at Amherst college in an article contributed to Country Life In America for July. Professor Nelligan says that it is surprising how little is generally known about the proper carriage, stride and breathing in this form of exercise. The carriage and stride on a level country road differ, of course, from those that are best for a hilly country, and differences in build make it impossible for all to walk alike, yet certain fundamental rules should be followed as far as possible. These the writer proceeds to give in brief as follows:

For ordinary walking on city streets or good, level country roads the front upper chest should be raised in order to give full play to the lungs and heart. Persistent attention to this position of the chest, combined with deep breathing, will secure the formation of a most desirable habit and will naturally assist in keeping the shoulders in their proper place. By this method a natural but not constrained position of the shoulders can be acquired.

The stride should be shorter and slower in long distance walking than in short, lest too long and fast a stride cause exhaustion and destroy both the pleasure and profit of the exercise. For ordinary walking the military stride of thirty inches and 120 paces per minute is about right for the average man and is the result of much experience. For tall, active men and for speed purposes the military stride is too short and slow, and the pedestrian must use his own judgment and learn from experience. In races of from one to ten miles the writer, who is five feet eleven and three-fourths inches in height, frequently strode three feet nine inches at the rate of 175 steps per minute.

Some writers claim that the body should be inclined forward even when walking on level ground, for the reason that this favors speed, giving the Indian's gait as an example. Others claim that walking is a series of falls from one foot to the other, and therefore for speed purposes it is necessary to lean forward. Such writers seem to forget that the momentum gained while going at the rate of five miles an hour is considerable, and if at the same time the body is inclined forward it brings an undue strain upon the muscles which were intended to hold the body erect. The best argument against this is that the erect position favors a longer and faster stride when walking on level ground than is possible in the bent position, and, furthermore, the upright position is less tiring. The best long and short distance walkers in the world, with very few exceptions, carry the body erect.

The principal reason in favor of the upright position, Professor Nelligan tells us, is the lessened strain on the large muscles in the back and the consequent saving of energy. Women especially should maintain this position to obtain the best results. Bertha von Hillen, the greatest woman walker, was perfectly erect. To quote further:

The main difference between the long and short distance walkers is in the position of the leg as the heel strikes the ground. In long distance walking there is more action at the knees and less movement at the hips, and this results in a shorter stride. The knee is slightly bent in some cases as the heel touches the ground, while in others the knee is bent just after the straight leg touches the earth. Either method of bending the knee relieves the jar and also the nervous strain caused by speed walking.

For short distances at the greatest possible speed, as in athletic competitions, the leg in all cases must be straight and the knee stiff as the heel touches the ground, and the knee must remain stiff throughout the stride until the heel of the following foot is placed for the next stride. There is also a peculiar hip action, known among racing men as the roll, which is very exhausting. The shoulders and arms are swung violently forward and upward, and the whole gait is purely artificial and tiring, requires long practice, is not at all pleasing to witness and is apt to degenerate into a very awkward run. The distinction between walking and running is that in walking the heel of the forward foot must be placed in position before the toes of the rear foot leave the ground, while in running both feet are off the ground at the same time.

His Apprenticeship.

"Yes," said Mr. Pater, with ill concealed pride, "my youngest boy makes some smart remarks at times. Only recently he asked me what it meant to be an apprentice. I told him that it meant the binding of one person to another by agreement and that one person so bound had to teach the other all he could of his trade or profession, while the other had to watch and learn how things were done and had to make himself useful in every way possible."

"What did he say to that?" asked one of the audience.

"Why, after a few minutes the young rascal looked up at me and said, 'Then I suppose you're apprenticed to mother, aren't you, dad?'"—London Answers.

Lewis Carroll's Humor.

An English magazine gives some amusing pieces of Lewis Carroll's humor from the forgotten pages of Oxford pamphlets. During the election at Oxford in 1865 he gave vent to the following Euclidean definition: "Plain superficiality is the character of a speech in which, any two points being taken, the speaker is found to lie wholly with regard to those two points." A note is also given on the right appreciation of examiners: "A takes in ten books and gets a third class; B takes in the examiners and gets a second. Find the value of the examiners in terms of books, also their value in terms when no examination is held."

The Wooing of Wilhelmina.

By Cecily Allen.

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Of Wilhelmina's taste in dinner giving and the quality of her hospitality there could be no question. The first was above reproach; the second, like that of mercy, was not strained.

Of Wilhelmina's ability as an artist, however, there was very grave question indeed. Those who had no desire to defer to her dinners were very apt to pronounce her pictures daubs, which will explain why Dobson drew Remington aside and reviewed the situation. Dobson was taking Donald Remington, who had just returned from a year in England, to enjoy one of Wilhelmina's Sunday night dinners.

"You see, she hasn't had a fair chance yet, but she's awfully ambitious, and we all have hopes."

Remington nodded understandingly. He knew the type of artist, though the rosy colors in which Dobson had painted the dinner prospective had rather confused him.

"They lived on a farm—her folks had all kinds of money, blooded stock and all that—and they sent her to boarding

"I WANT TO BE YOUR TEACHER," HE SAID GENTLY.

school. You know how those finishing schools kill one's style."

"From finishing school to studio, eh?"

"Not much. You mustn't make any mistake. She isn't exactly a spring chicken. She'll never see thirty again. But we call her Wilhelmina because she likes it—makes her feel as if she was one of us."

"So does art defer to appetite," murmured Remington as he lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Well, you wait. She went back home from school and took care of both the old folks till they died, three weeks apart. Then she sold out everything in Indiana and set up her studio here in New York. She's brought along a lot of the family heirlooms, mahogany, hand woven stuff and all that, and it's the greatest spot ever"—

"How about her pictures?" interrupted Remington good humoredly.

"Well, say, you want to be careful about those. She took the correspondence course in art after she went home, and you know what that means. She's an impressionist, and"—

"Never mind harrowing details. I am prepared for the worst."

Three minutes later he was standing, stricken dumb, in a most gracious presence. As he looked into her clear gray eyes, well set beneath a broad white forehead, he remembered having seen just one such face in his busy life. It was the face of an Englishwoman of title, whose peculiar gifts as a mother had made her greatly beloved of men.

"Did any one ever tell you how much you resemble the Countess of W.?" he demanded suddenly.

Wilhelmina flushed faintly and shook her head.

"You are so English that you don't seem to belong here at all!"

"Oh, but I do belong here, and I'm every inch American. I have a latchkey of my very own—and no English girl has that."

All during dinner Remington watched his hostess curiously. She seemed so utterly out of place among her guests, harmless, irresponsible chaps, hanging on the ragged edge of art's prosperity, ungroomed girls with enormous mops of hair and yellowed fingers which spoke of the cigarette habit.

"Looks like a Madonna among a bunch of dime museum freaks. It's a shame to spoil a good house mother to make a poor artist. Gad, what taste she had in hangings and fittings!"

For Remington was an architect and a good one. He could size up the refinement and true artistic instinct as stamped on a home, irrespective of cost or pretense, and he knew that so far as homemaking was concerned Wilhelmina Stevens was an artist.

Perhaps that was why, when he caught his first glimpse of her canvases, he almost groaned aloud.

"Those birches are wonderfully true," he heard Dobson explain, and he knew that the boy had picked out the one best point in what he felt was a landscape gone on a Saturday night's spree.

The pathos of her pose was to him fairly fascinating. Often after that he came to the studio, and always his heart sank within him as he realized how absorbed and determined was this lovable, young-old woman. She reminded him of a family friend who would sit enraptured at grand opera or concert and yet who could never strike a single true note or carry a tune and who wept because singing her babies to sleep was a boon denied.

Remington dropped in to see Wilhelmina oftenest when he was sure of finding her alone. He avoided her dinners and teas and chafing dish suppers. He found Wilhelmina's society a real inspiration in his work, for Remington had a mission. He wished to transplant to the suburbs of New York the love of old English architecture which he had absorbed during his year in the English provinces. And Wilhelmina not only appreciated English architecture, but she seemed instinctively to grasp its fundamental principles.

Remington had not dared to tell her how much he had depended upon her working out his plans for the cottage contest in the "ladies' round the year guest." That was why, with triumph lightening his heels and brightening his eyes, he rushed into her studio one stormy March day, the letter of supreme importance held aloft. And Wilhelmina sprang up abruptly from the mass of pillows on her divan and tried bravely but ineffectually to hide her tears.

Remington stopped, joy freezing on his lips at sight of her obvious grief.

"Wilhelmina, what has happened? Tell me at once."

"Daniels sent me home—told me to pack up my brushes and go away. His class was not for such as I."

The wretched truth was out. Daniels, whose special course at the academy was for the chosen few, the few with money to pay, had turned her out, money or no money. Like many a genius, he declined to teach those who gave no promise.

And Remington realized bitterly that the blow had been doubly hard because of the false hopes raised in this woman's heart by those who had feasted at her board.

Like a flash from the skies came his inspiration.

"I am sorry if you are disappointed, dear girl," he said, drawing her gently down on the divan and gripping her hand firmly in his, "but it gives me the courage to tell you what I wanted to say for a long time. Will you drop still life and the figure, oils and studio life—and dig hard into architecture and interior decoration? That's your gift. I've known it ever since the first night I stepped into this room and studied your hangings. And she who helps to build a home is as great as she who paints pictures for its walls. Will you?"

"Do you think I could really?"

His words had been balm to her aching ears. She raised those wonderful gray eyes to his brown ones, and her lips curved into a smile pathetically brave and womanly. And again Remington did the thing he had not anticipated. He bent over deliberately and kissed the lovely lips.

"I want to be your teacher," he said gently. "Not for a few weeks or months, but always. Why, you know we've done those cottage drawings together and won! Here's the letter. We'll build one of these very houses on the site I was showing you last week. In the attic we'll have our studio. Think of the houses we can plan there, with the whole of New York harbor to inspire us! And some day when Daniels wants us to design a house for him we'll laugh and turn him down."

"Donald Remington," she said, sternly suppressing the dancing light in her eyes, "do you call this a proposal of partnership or matrimony?"

"Look me in the eye and ask that question again," he said.

Her glance fell before his.

"I am thirty-four tomorrow," she murmured faintly.

"You are the loveliest woman in the world and the only one for me. I knew that the first time I saw you. Besides, I am of age myself. Will you marry me tomorrow?"

"I will not!" gasped the astonished Wilhelmina.

"Why not?" argued Remington.

"Because I give a dinner tomorrow night to a crowd—and there is no time to call it off. It was to celebrate the coming of Daniels."

Just for an instant the shadow of regret fell upon her lovely face, and Remington, seeing it, took her in his arms.

"Bless the old bear! If he'd pronounced you a genius where would I have been?"

His Position.

"What is your name?" asked the justice.

"Leggitt Fergrubb, your honor," answered the prisoner, a red nosed specimen of the genus hobo.

"You are charged with vagrancy, having no visible means of support and being a common nuisance in the neighborhood. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"I hain't got no visible means of support, your honor, but that ain't my fault. I'm out of work."

"Have you tried to get work?"

"I couldn't begin to tell you, your honor, how hard I've tried."

"I suppose not. How long is it since you have had any occupation?"

"'Bout a year, or it may be two years."

"What was your last job?"

"I had a position in a barber shop."

"A position? What kind?"

"Juxtaposition, your honor. I was next."

"Six months in the workhouse!" roared the police justice. "Call the next case!"—Chicago Tribune.

For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. Correct any constipation by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

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CLEANING A CLOCK.

How to Put It In First Class Running Order.

It is very simple to clean a clock, which may sound very absurd. For an amateur it is not always necessary to take the clock to pieces. With a little care and patience and using some benzine, a clean white rag, a sable brush and some oil a clock can be cleaned and put in first class running order. The benzine should be clean and free from oil. You can test benzine by putting a little on the back of the hand. If it is good it will dry off, leaving the hand quite clean, but if any grease remains on the hand it is not fit to use.

The oil should be of the very best that can be procured, says Popular Mechanics. Vegetable oils should never be used. Clock oil can be procured from your druggist or jeweler.

All loose dirt should be removed from the works by blowing with a bellows or a fan or dusting with a dry brush. In the latter case great care should be exercised not to injure any of the parts. Dip the brush in the benzine and clean the spindles and spindle holes, and the teeth of the escapement wheel. After washing a part wipe the brush on the rag and rinse in the benzine. This should be repeated frequently until no more dirt is seen.

When the clock has dried oil the spindle holes and the teeth of the escapement wheel. This can be done with a toothpick or a sliver of wood cut to a fine point. Oil the tooth of the escapement wheel slightly, using a fine brush.

How to Clean Black Lace.

Black lace should not be washed unless it is decidedly dirty, but should be well shaken to remove as much dust as is possible and then dipped in a solution of deep blue gum water. When the lace has become dirty and brownish in color, the best plan is to wash it in soapsuds and then rinse and stiffen it in deep blue water to which the gum water has been added. The deep blue water will help to restore the lace to its original black. The lace should be all rolled in an old cloth for a short time and then pinned out with the cloth between it and the sheet, as it imparts a blue stain which it would be necessary to remove from the sheet. When the lace is quite dry remove the pins and place a piece of tissue paper over it. Iron it with the paper between it and the iron. If the iron is placed directly on the lace it will leave a gloss on it which is not pretty and which stamps it as washed lace.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs Ada L Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom hotel, Vaughn, Miss, says: "For months I suffered with a severe cough, and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles effected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer, is world wide. Sold at Moro Pharmacy, 50c and $1; trial bottle free.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, In and for the county of Sherman.

Vida M Johnston, Plaintiff, vs. Paul B Johnston, Defendant. } Summons.

To Paul B Johnston, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit, on or before the 4th day of December, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree first, that the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant be forever and absolutely dissolved; second, that the plaintiff be thereby granted the custody and complete and exclusive control of the said children, Esther Johnston and Loris Johnston, and for such other and further relief as to this court may seem just and meet in the premises.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county duly made on the 21st day of October, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23rd day of October, 1908.

H. M. Esterly, Attorney for Plaintiff

7to23d4-314

SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

Etta Woolsey, Plaintiff, vs. F. E. Woolsey, Defendant.

To F. E. Woolsey, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, towit: on or before the 4th day of December, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit, for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of desertion; and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in The Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 21st day of October, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23rd day of October, 1908.

A Hansen, Attorney for Plaintiff

7to23d4 314

SUMMONS—

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon county of Sherman.

Marie E Lutz, Plaintiff, vs. William H. Lutz, Defendant

To William H Lutz, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, to-wit: on or before the 4th day of December, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself, on the grounds of wilful desertion for more than one year, and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for the period of six successive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation, published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 21st day of October, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 23rd day of October, 1908.

Geo P Lent, Attorney for Plaintiff

7to23d4-314

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12.55	5.4	Gibsons	10.35
1.00	7.0	Sinks	10.25
1.15	9.8	Wasco	10.15
1.30	14.1	Klondyke	10.00
1.40	16.1	Sandon	9.55
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
1.55	19.9	McDonalds	9.35
2.10	23.9	DeMoss	9.20
2.25	27.0	Moro	9.10
2.40	30.4	Erskinville	8.55
3.10	38.5	Grass Valley	8.35
3.35	45.8	Bourbon	8.10
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SUMMONS.—In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Sherman County.

Maud E Schofield, Plaintiff, vs. John W Schofield, Defendant

To John W Schofield, 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 last day of the time prescribed in the order of publication, towit: On or before the 30th day of October, 1908, and if you fail to so appear and answer, plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint filed herein against you, to wit: For a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and yourself on the grounds of habitual gross drunkenness, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem equitable and just.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for a period of six successive weeks in the Sherman County Observer, a weekly newspaper of general circulation published in Sherman county, Oregon, in pursuance to an order of the Hon Wm Henrichs, County Judge for Sherman county, duly made on the 16th day of September, 1908, and the date of the first publication thereof is the 18th day of September, 1908.

W. D. Fenemen, Attorney for Plaintiff

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