

Personal Talk With You

If you do not read The Observer Why Not? We should like to have you take...

Mystery of a Lost Ring

The main incident of this story was given me for a fact.

The loss of Sophie Brock's engagement ring was a mystery. Less than a week after Clarence Howes had given...

There was no evidence of burglary except that the slash of a window in Sophie's room, which had been found in the morning...

As to the theory of the theft by a servant, it was impossible, for the maid leading from Sophie's room and Winifred's room were locked and bolted...

When Sophie told her lover of her loss she indicated that she believed that some unknown reason Winifred had coveted the ring and had yielded to a temptation to take it off her finger...

What we are apt to bring to pass. Howes was a manly fellow, and the moment suspicion, which he considered unjust, was thrown upon Winifred he became interested in her...

Winifred was not a mystery to her. She passed on without a word, and the result of the encounter was a new complication. Sophie was now sure...

Of all social conditions the most exasperating is one involving a woman known and not suspected of being on terms with Winifred that were not acceptable to his fiancée.

On the surface Howes and Sophie were lovers; under the surface Winifred and Winifred were fast friends drawn together by an irresistible sympathy...

Howes received a brief note from Sophie breaking her engagement without giving any reason. It drew color to his cheek and a flash to his eye.

While Winifred lay awake she thought of the loss of the ring and in some way connected with this somnambulism. Might not her cousin have dropped the ring in the room or out the window?

This was in midsummer. One day in October the gardener was pulling up some withered vegetable stalks in the kitchen garden in the rear yard...

The explanation came too late to effect a reconciliation between Sophie Brock and Clarence Howes. He married Winifred Loomis.

Miss Sarah's Proposal

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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MISS SARAH DOWNS moved about her little parlor with flushed cheeks and tightly compressed lips.

There was no gladness of the morning in Miss Sarah's faded face and tired eyes. These were only bitter despair.

The stuffy little room looked bright and clean and very homelike in spite of the hideously patterned carpet and the peacock blue and red plush chairs.

Thus the little room had looked on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons for twenty-five years when Miss Sarah Rider in the evening.

Next to the fear of losing her lover Sarah Downs suffered most acutely from the meagreness of her income.

His curt letter had arrived the night before. Sarah had read it with misgivings and a shudder.

From the top of her light hair to the scalloped hem of her blue dress her eyes traveled in all the dainty accessories of her costume.

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He was a comic writer and asked her to be his wife. He proposed as seriously as a humorist could, and she laughed.

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise. "Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"You did not. I mean it." "You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship and marriage?"

"Well, er—yes—but— I should never have said that. I write for a living, and I know how to write about love, courtship and marriage."

"But my dear Angelina, I should never have said that. I write for a living, and I know how to write about love, courtship and marriage."

"Why, I— I have my antipathies and may look round in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people than the neighbors." "The horrid Misses Saffleton?"

"That's a fact." "And the stuck up folks over the way?"

"No, I am yours." "The Great Seal of England." The great seal of England consists of a large mass of sterling silver, measuring about six and a quarter inches in diameter by one and a quarter inches in thickness.

His Epitaph. Hilary Harkness was a politician of the lowest type, and unscrupulous to that degree that he devoted to the payment of a half million dollars to his wife, who spent thirty-seven years vainly seeking a \$5,000 office.

Why, asked the good man's wife, "are you so thoughtful? You look as if something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to feel as I do about it. My cotemporary has raised a question for the purpose of making me so." "And are you sorry it isn't large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very necessary for me, and I shall be cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

It is very good of you to say that in that way, my dear, I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and he placed was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."

Would Have Done the Same. Rev. George B. Macdonald, a Wesleyan clergyman, was Kipling's maternal grandfather. It is related by this bright Macdonald that in the days when he was courting the parlor wifely he was an aged Methodist, with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough to one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair.

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HEADACHE Versus HEARTACHE

By GRAHAM BOYD

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Neil noticed the girl as she came to a stop. She was undeniably pretty, though her clothes were a little low pronounced in color and cut, and her hair was distinctly "faded."

"I don't think that I care to go to the 'Troaders,'" she said, adding meaningfully: "I was there this afternoon for lunch. I met some of the girls, and they insisted upon my going with them."

"I don't blame you for not speaking," he said, with a short laugh. "But why didn't you send the waiter for me? I would have come over to your table."

"I seemed a pity to disturb you," she said. "You two seemed so much interested in each other that I did not like to interrupt. You told me on the telephone that it was a business engagement."

"That was not the engagement," explained Vance. "You see, I was to lunch with old Mr. Bingham to talk about that infringement case. I was on the car on my way to get him, and a blockade brought us to a halt."

"I don't know me at first, but I told you who I was, and she accepted my invitation to go to lunch, so I slipped in and excused myself to Bingham and took her over to the Troc."

"You seemed well pleased yourself," suggested Neil maliciously. "Why not?" asked Vance. "That was Webster, the girl who could and did tell me all about that Myrtle case. We'll win that now, and it means that we live in our own home instead of in a flat. That's why I want you to come and celebrate."

"I was not exactly jealous," sobbed Neil, seeking the refuge of his shoulder to hide her flushed face. "But I could see that she didn't know you, and a man in the seat in front said it was a flirtation, and— I was so miserable."

"Neil threw her arms about his neck and kissed her. "I was very near the end, but when at last the information had been conveyed to him that an interviewer was below he rallied."

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Woman for lunch. The thought was impossible. Probably his conscience smote him and he wanted to compromise with it.

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Cured of a Severe Attack Of Bronchitis by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

"On October 18th last, my little three year old daughter contracted a severe cold, which resulted in a bad case of bronchitis," says Mrs. W. G. Gibson, Lexington, Ky.

"I was there about her, and they insisted upon my going with them."

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Advertisement for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, including a testimonial and product information.

Advertisement for Wm. McMurray, including contact information and services offered.

Advertisement for Columbia Southern, including route information and schedules.

Advertisement for Southern Pacific Co., including route information and schedules.

Advertisement for East via South, including route information and schedules.

Advertisement for Forest Grove passenger train, including route information and schedules.

Advertisement for Independence-Monmouth Motor Line, including route information and schedules.

Advertisement for City Ticket Office, including contact information and services offered.

Advertisement for C. W. Stinger, including contact information and services offered.

Advertisement for Fanny Ross, including contact information and services offered.

Advertisement for Alexander Beal, including contact information and services offered.

Advertisement for J. C. Stanger, including contact information and services offered.

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