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THE WAITER WHO SERVED WITHOUT PAY

By MINNIE B. CARTER.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

A man calling himself Giovanni walked into an Italian restaurant in New York and, addressing the proprietor, Antonio Mancini, asked that the waiter be dismissed. Giovanni told the waiter that he was a waiter himself, and that he was tired of waiting for nothing. He said that he had been waiting for a waiter to come and serve him, and that he was tired of waiting. He said that he had been waiting for a waiter to come and serve him, and that he was tired of waiting.

Soon after Giovanni's employment the custom of the establishment dropped off, and the proprietor, instead of discharging the waiter, began to disburse wages. He told Giovanni that there was no hope for him to secure pay and he was welcome to leave as soon as he liked. To this Giovanni replied that he was making a living from the tips he received and this was far better than nothing.

But the attendance at the restaurant continued to decrease. Mancini, who was an excellent cook, went himself into the kitchen and even invented new dishes with the most delicate ingredients he had. But it was of no avail. His old customers did not come back to him, and new ones were not attracted. He was paying a high rental, and his expenses were mounting. One day he called his few remaining employees to his office and said to them:

"I am expecting the sheriff to levy on what remains here. Until recently I was making money. Indeed, I possessed \$20,000. I was about to sell out my business and return to our beloved Italy to spend a comfortable old age. Instead of that I am a beggar in a foreign land. Go and secure new places. As for me, I know not what to do."

All expressed sorrow for their employer and went away, except Giovanni. He stood alone with Mancini after the others had departed.

"Why do you remain?" asked the proprietor.

"To tell you the cause of your misfortune."

There was something in the man's eye and the tone in which the words were spoken that arrested his employer's earnest attention. He looked at Giovanni for an explanation.

"You wonder, sir," said the latter, "why I, to whom you have never paid a cent, have stood by you to the last."

"I do."

"I am not only a countryman of yours, but I came from the same district as you, the lake region of Italy."

"Oh!"

"I was a smuggler engaged in running dutiable goods across Lake Como to a region where it was a custom to dispose of them. You know that the lake is controlled by the customs officers and there is great risk in carrying goods across. Indeed, it is practically impossible to do so without detection. Well, I divided my profits with them, and they took care not to pay for a farm and was about to purchase one, marry the girl I loved and turn farmer when a misfortune occurred to me. A customs officer I had been bribing made it his business to see me while smuggling. I was arrested and imprisoned."

Mancini sat spellbound by the story, every moment growing paler. Giovanni kept his eye fixed on him intently.

THE QUEST OF THE RED SLIPPER.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

An hour after dinner on that first Saturday evening Dicky Ames left his comfortable chair in the smoking room and made his way to the great entrance hall, where the younger guests were gathered about a roaring drift-wood fire.

He leaned against the high chimney-piece and from his shadowy corner watched the light and sparkle of Kitty Austin's lovely dark face. Once her soft eyes his wistful glance, and she threw him a smile that set his heart beating heavily.

"Kitty says she shall not dance until her slipper has been found," laughed Edith Bolter, with a mischievous glance at Dicky.

He leaned forward and glanced down at the hearth, where a little red slipper rested lightly on the fender. The other foot was hidden amid the soft cushions of Kitty's red skirts.

"Where did you lose it?" asked Dicky eagerly.

"Miss Austin won't tell," drawled Chambers lazily. "But it is a fact that she has not stirred from her chimney corner since dinner."

A laugh went around the circle, but Dicky winced at the remark. He drew a long breath and turned away.

"I will find the slipper," he said, coloring boldly.

"And Kitty shall give you the first dance," said Edith.

Dicky paused. "I will be honored," he said stiffly. "But the service is its own reward."

The men stirred uneasily, and Chambers half rose from his seat.

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BY SPECIAL ACT.

Crissy's Appeal and the Explanation That Came Afterward.

By BELLE MANIATES.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Well, Crissy, what can I do for you?" asked the judge of his fair young daughter as she stood in the doorway of his outer office.

"You know," said Crissy gravely. "I died an application with you several weeks ago for an increase in my disturbance fund. I called to see what you have done with my claim."

The judge's eyes twinkled. He looked at his watch.

"I am so sorry, but I have a pressing engagement. I'll turn your case over to Charles," glancing at an adjoining desk.

The brown, manly face flushed slightly as he met the dancing eyes.

"I refuse to be turned over," said Crissy firmly. "I applied to you, and I shall await your pleasure at your desk—until you return."

"Very well," replied the judge. "I leave you in possession."

When he had left the room the two remaining inmates were conscious of the silence. The girl cast surreptitious glances toward the young attorney, but he kept doggedly at work.

The first day that Charles Dumont had entered the law firm as a junior partner he had seen a wonderful vision—a very lovely face, with eyes of heaven, and a smile that was like a ray of sunshine.

Crissy had been very well lately, but she had been very happy lately, nearly as happy as old Barney. His good pension, \$12 per month, and a good bit of back pension. It came through special act. It seems Crissy is a congresswoman.

"Yes, I know she did," he replied, with a bitter recollection of the day it was written.

"George Quacklesworth married Crissy," said the judge.

"He is married!" exclaimed Dumont joyfully.

"Yes," replied the judge. "He wouldn't have left if it hadn't been for a quarrel between him and the girl he married, and in the joy of reconciliation he offered to do anything she ever asked him. By the way, hadn't you better go and see Crissy?"

But the young man had already started toward the door.

Something Struck Him.

A motor was tearing along a country road the other day when a policeman suddenly loomed into view on a crossway and held up his hand.

The driver, feeling himself guilty of exceeding the limit, slowed up, with a grunt of vexation, while visions of police court proceedings and "40 shillings and costs" flashed upon him.

MY QUEER PARTNER.

By BELLE C. WARREN.

(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

When I was twenty-five years of age I was sent to St. Paul by the firm I was with to establish an agency for their goods. I soon discovered that there was a concern in Minneapolis which was selling the same grade of goods and always underbidding me.

I went over there to see if I could make a scale of prices with the underbidding firm.

I found a young man even younger than myself. He was not acting as agent, but for himself. I started my business, to which he listened attentively. I argued that if he continued to underbid me, I would begin to underbid him, and one would thus ruin each other's trade, whereas if we made prices together we could both succeed.

"What guaranty have I that you will keep your agreement?"

Surprised at such a question, I replied: "The same guaranty I have that you will keep yours."

"There is no doubt whatever that I will keep any agreement I shall make," he replied, with some hesitancy.

If struck me that he should go to some university for a course of logic. I persuaded him to let me make a list of minimum prices with me and left him well pleased with the result of my visit.

We became very good friends as well as competitors, and finally, when I concluded to set up my own concern, he concluded, in order to save expenses, to form a partnership. I offered to give him first place in the firm name but he insisted on taking the second, so we styled ourselves Graves & Elliott.

I found my partner a queer mixture. For a time I was virtual as well as nominal head of the firm, but just as I was in a very odd way. A man came into our store to buy a large bill of goods on credit.

The profit would be large, and I was very anxious to get the business. In order to save expenses, to form a partnership. I offered to give him first place in the firm name but he insisted on taking the second, so we styled ourselves Graves & Elliott.

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Health is More Expensive.

Then any cure.

The country is now filled with people who migrate across the continent in all directions, seeking that which gold cannot buy. Nine-tenths of them are suffering from throat and lung trouble or chronic catarrh, resulting from neglected colds, and spending fortunes vainly trying to regain lost health. Could every sufferer but under the past and cure that first neglected cold, all this sorrow, pain, anxiety and expense could have been avoided. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of colds, and can always be depended upon. Use it and the more serious diseases may be avoided. For sale at More Pharmacy.

REFRIGERATOR SALE OF REAL PROPERTY.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, in pursuance of an order of said court, the 15th day of November, 1909, do hereby sell at public auction, to wit: on the 15th day of January, 1910, said real property, to wit: the following described real property, to wit: All of Section twenty-two (22) in town thirty-six (36) north of range sixteen (16) east of the Williams meridian in Sherman county, state of Oregon.

For full information call on or address Wm. McMurray, Portland, Oregon.

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