

FROM THE CABBY'S SEAT.

Tale of a Brief Wedding Trip With a Joke on the Groom.

By O. HENRY. (Copyright, 1908, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

The cabby has his point of view. It is more single minded perhaps than that of a follower of any other calling. From the high, away seat of his hansom he looks upon his fellow men as nomadic particles of no account except when possessed of migratory desires. He is jehu, and you are goods in transit. He is jehu, and you are goods in transit. He is jehu, and you are goods in transit.

When time for payment arrives, if you exhibit a familiarity with legal rates you come to know what counts. If you find that you have left your pocketbook behind, you are made to realize the mildness of Dante's imagination.

It is not an extravagant theory that the cabby's slowness of purpose and his concentrated view of life are the result of the hansom's peculiar construction. The cock of the roost sits aloft like Jupiter on an unsharable seat, holding

your fate between two things of inconstant leather. Helpless, ridiculous, confused, bobbing like a toy mandarin, you sit like a rat in a trap—yes, before your fate between two things of inconstant leather. Helpless, ridiculous, confused, bobbing like a toy mandarin, you sit like a rat in a trap—yes, before

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and must squeak upward through a slit in your peripatetic sarcophagus to make your feeble wishes known.

Then in a cab you are not even an occupant, you are contents. You are a cargo at sea, and the "cherub that sits up aloft" has Davy Jones' street and number by heart.

One night there were sounds of revelry in the big brick tenement house next door but one to McGary's family cafe. The sounds seemed to emanate from the apartments of the Walsh family.

The sidewalk was obstructed by an assortment of interested neighbors, who opened a lane from time to time for a hurrying messenger bearing from McGary's goods pertinent to festivity and diversion.

The sidewalk contingent was engaged in comment and discussion, from which it made no effort to eliminate the news that Norah Walsh was being married.

In the fulness of time there was an eruption of the merry-makers to the sidewalk. The uninvited guests enveloped and permeated them, and upon the night air rose joyous cries, congratulations, laughter and unclassified noises born of McGary's obligations to the hymeneal scene.

Close to the curb stood Jerry O'Donovan's cab. Nighthawk was Jerry's name, but he never closed his doors upon late and November violets. And Jerry's horse—I am within bounds when I tell you that he was stuffed with oats until one of those old ladies who leave their dishes unwashed at home and go about having expressions arrested would have smiled—yes, smiled—to see him.

Among the shifting, sonorous, pulsing crowd glimpses could be had of Jerry's high hat, battered by the winds and rains of many years; of his nose, like a carrot, battered by the frolicsome, athletic progeny of mill-hooves and by contumacious fares; of his brass buttoned green coat, admired in the vicinity of McGary's.

It was plain that Jerry had usurped the functions of his cab and was carrying a "load."

Indeed, the figure may be extended and be likened to a bread wagon if we admit the testimony of a youthful spectator who was heard to remark, "Jerry has got a bun."

From somewhere among the throng in the street or else out of the thin stream of pedestrians a young woman tripped and stood by the cab. The professional hawk's eye of Jerry caught the movement. He made a dash for the cab, overturning three or four onlookers and himself—no; he caught the cap of a water plug and kept his feet. Like a sailor shinning up the ratlines during a squall, Jerry mounted to his perch in a twinkling. Once he was there McGary's liquids were batted. He scowled on the millenarian of his craft as safe as a steely-jack rigged to the flagpole of a sky-scraper.

"Step in, lady," said Jerry, gathering his lines to his professional nest. The young woman stepped into the cab, the door shut with a bang, Jerry's fare

franced, and breathed deep the clean, wholesome odors of grass and leaf and bloom. And the wise beater in the shafts, knowing his ground and kept to the right of the road.

Habit also struggled successfully against Jerry's increasing torpor. He raised the hatch of his storm and vessel and made the inquiry that cabbies do make in the park.

"Like shtop at the Cas-sino, lady? Geizzer 'n' freshma, 'n' lish'n the music, Ev'body shtops."

"I think that would be nice," said the fare.

They reined up with a plunge at the Casino entrance. The cab doors flew open.

The fare stepped directly upon the floor. At once she was caught in a web of ravishing music and dazzled by a panorama of lights and colors. Some one slipped a little square card into her hand on which was printed a number—34.

She looked around and saw her cab twenty yards away, already lurching in its place among the waiting mass of carriages, cabs and motorcars. And then a man who seemed to be the driver of the cab stepped forward, and next she was seated at a little table by a railing over which climbed a jasmine vine.

There seemed to be a wordless invitation to purchase. She consulted a collection of small coins in a thin purse and received from them license to order a glass of beer.

There she sat, inhaling and absorbing it in the new colored, new shaped life in a fairy palace in an enchanted wood.

At fifty tables sat princes and queens clad in all the silks and gems of the world. And now and then one of them would look curiously at Jerry's fare.

They saw a plain figure dressed in a pink silk of the kind that is tempered by the word "fourard" and a plain face that wore a look of love of life that the queens envied.

"Well," one old lady remarked very audibly to the other one, "I never knew before that Dr. Holmes was a negro."—Success Magazine.

Simply because Benjamin Franklin associated electricity with lightning and that most people are more or less afraid of lightning electricity is believed to be a dangerous factor in fire hazards. This is not true, for it has been proved time and again that electricity causes fewer fires than a hundred other things about the house or office.

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ly's whip cracked in the air, the crowd to the gutter scattered, and the blue hansom dashed away cross-town.

When the top spry horse had bedged a little his first spurt of speed Jerry broke the lid of his cab and called down through the aperture in the voice of a cracked megaphone trying to please.

"Where, now, will ye be drivin' to?" "Anywhere you please," came up the answer, musical and contented.

"'Tis drivin' for pleasure she is," thought Jerry, and then he suggested as a matter of course:

"Take a trip around in the park, lady. 'Twill be elegant cool and fine."

"Just as you like," answered the fare pleasantly.

The cab headed for Fifth avenue and sped up that perfect street. Jerry crossed and swayed in his seat. The bounciness of McGary were disquieted, and they sent new fumes to his head.

He sang an ancient song of Killis bawn and brandished his whip like a baton.

Inside the cab the fare sat up straight on the cushions, looking to the right and left at the lights and honours of the show, her eyes above like stars at twilight.

When they reached Fifth street Jerry's head was bobbing and his reins were slack. But his horse turned in through the park and he saw the old fare leaning back, and—

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took it and called the number. Only three hansom stood in line. The driver of one of them went and routed Jerry, who in his effort to get away

climbed to the captain's bridge and steered his craft to the pier. His fare entered, and the cab whirled into the cool freshness of the park along the shortest homebound route.

At the gate a glimmer of reason in the form of sudden suggestion seized upon Jerry's bewilderment. One or two things occurred to him. He stopped his horse, raised the trap and dropped his pneumatic voice like a lead plummet through the aperture:

"I want to see 't before ye get any further on 't' trip. Have ye got 't' dough?"

"Four dollars!" laughed the fare softly. "Dear me, no! I've got only a few pennies and a dime or two."

Jerry shut down the trap and alighted, his out fed horse. The clatter of hoofs struggled but could not drown the sound of his profanity.

He shouted choking and gurgling cries at the starty heaves; he cut viciously with his whip at passing vehicles; he scattered ferns and ever changing odors and impressions along the streets, so that a late truck driver, crawling homeward, heard and was

abashed. But he knew his recourse and made for it at a gallop.

At the house with the green lights beside the steps he pulled up. He hung wide the cab doors and tumbled heavily to the ground.

"Come on, you," he said roughly. "His fare came forth with the talismanic smile still on her plain face.

Jerry took her by the arm and led her into the police station. A gray mustached sergeant looked keenly across the desk. He and the cabby were strangers.

"Sergeant," began Jerry in his old rancous, martyred, thunderous tones of complaint, "I've got a fare here that—"

Jerry paused. He drew a knotted hand across his brow. The fog set up by McGary was beginning to clear away.

"A fare, sergeant," he continued, with a grin, "that I want to take home to ye. It's me wife that I married at old man Walsh's this evening. And a devil of a time we had, 'tis true. Shake hands wid 't' sergeant, Norah, and we'll be off to home."

Before stepping into the cab Norah sighed profoundly.

"I've had such a nice time, Jerry," she said.

"The ice man likes June."

"People have an idea that we ice men make a small fortune during July and August," said a big ice dealer, "but in reality we barely clear expenses during these two months. They are no better for us than winter. The loss from melting very appreciable. Then fully half of those persons who are good customers are away during the whole of the two months, while the rest are away at least part of the time. Business thus falls off fully half, while it is carried on at greater expense because of the melting. In the winter, on the other hand, there is practically no waste, but many people do not take ice at all, while those who do have not the need for so much. The best months for the ice man are May, June, September and October. In these it is warm enough to make ice, but not so warm as to melt it. The best months for the people are in the city. A piping hot May or a warm October are fine for us, for then we do a tremendous business. In the winter, we can afford a little melting."—Philadelphia Record.

Spies Everywhere. "Everything blazes," said Emerson. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said Moses. "The secret is not revealed, and hid that shall not be known," said one wiser than both. All are statements of the natural law of exposure. Every illustration in history, every secret set a hundred tongues wagging. Dead men do tell tales. What is done in darkness is exposed in the glaring light of publicity. The right hand does find out if the left is concealed, and vice versa. Everything is headed for the surface. Nature is full of detectives who spy on us night and day, who peer within and without and in the end make full publication of what they find.—Detroit News Tribune.

New Light on Holmes. Two old ladies wandering about the Public Library building in Boston the other day entered Bates hall and gazed intently at a bust of Oliver Wendell Holmes in black bronze.

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AUCTION SALE.

At the old Wm. Rose farm, 7 miles east of Moro, I will sell the following described personal property at Public Auction on Monday Jan 31, 1910, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M. Lunch will be served at noon.

- 1 5 year old gelding
1 5 year old mare,
3 4 year old geldings,
2 3 year old geldings,
2 3 year old mares,
5 yearling mare colts,
1 yearling horse colt,
2 yearling heifers,
1 calf,
2 wagons and racks,
1 iron truck wagon,
1 cook house,
1 combine and hitch,
1 corrugated roller,
2 2 bottom 14 inch plows,
1 3 bottom 12 inch plow,
1 Superior drill,
12 head of hogs,
3 harrows,
1 harrow cart,
1 vitroling trough,
1 watering trough on wheels,
1 Jones header
1 round wagon tank,
1 low down pump and hose,
1 garden cultivator,
4 or 5 sets of harness,
3 saddles.

And many other things too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE: All sums under \$20, cash in hand; all sums of \$20 and over payable by approved bankable notes on 8 months time bearing 10 per cent interest. 5 per cent off for cash. All purchases must be settled for before goods leave the farm.

C. F. COE, Owner. O. P. HULSE Auctioneer. L. BARNUM, Clerk.

PUBLIC SALE Wednesday Feb. 2 At The H.A. Thompson ranch TWO MILES SOUTH OF Moro, - - Oregon. SALE TO BEGIN AT 10 O'CLOCK, A M Lunch Will be Served at Noon. The following described personal property: 16 head work horses, being 1 3 1-2 inch truck wagon; 8 geldings and 8 mares; 1 3 1-4 inch truck wagon; 5 set of work harness; 1 3 1-4 inch high wheel wagon with wheat rack complete; 1 set of hack harness; 1 wagon with header bed; 1 16 foot wood harrow; 1 light hack; 1 3-bottom 12 inch plow; 1 disc; 1 2-bottom 12 inch plow; 1 rightlap; And many other useful things too numerous to mention. TERMS OF SALE: All sums under \$20 cash in hand; all sums of \$20 and over, payable by bankable notes bearing 10 percent interest, and due October 1st 1910. 5 per cent discount for cash. All purchases must be settled for before goods leave the farm. J. E. BLUE, Owner. G. G. HULS Auctioneer. Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CO., Sunset, Ocean and Shasta Route EAST via SOUTH Overland Express trains for Salem, Roseburg, Astoria, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Stockton, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and East. Leaves Portland Union Depot, 8:45 p. m. Arrives 7:25 a. m., daily. Morning train connects at Woodburn daily except Sunday with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, Wendling and Natom. Leaves Portland Union Depot 8:30 a. m. arrives 6:55 p. m. Engine passenger connects at Woodburn with Mt. Angel and Silverton local. Leaves Portland Union Depot 4:15 p. m., returns 10:35 a. m., daily. Corvallis passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 7:30 a. m., arrives 6:30 p. m., daily. Sheridan passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 4:50 p. m., arrives 8:25 a. m., daily. Forest Grove passenger leaves Portland Union Depot 10:45 p. m., arrives 1:00 p. m., daily except Sunday. PORTLAND OSWEGO SUBURBAN SERVICE AND YAMHILL DIVISION Depot, Foot of Jefferson Street. Leaves from Jefferson street depot for Dallas and intermediate points daily, 4:15 p. m. Arrive Portland, 10:15 a. m. The Independence-Monmouth Motor Line operates daily to Monmouth and Arlie, connecting with S. P. Co's train at Dallas and Independence. Tickets to Eastern points and Europe, also Japan, China, Honolulu and Australia. CITY TICKET OFFICE, Corner Third and Washington, Phone Main 721. Portland, Or. C. W. STINGER, Wm. McMURRAY City Ticket Agent. Gen. Pass. Agt. LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE A FAMILY LIBRARY The Best in Current Literature 12 COMPLETE NOVELS YEARLY MANY SHORT STORIES AND PAPERS ON TIMELY TOPICS \$2.50 PER YEAR; 25 CTS. A COPY NO CONTINUED STORIES EVERY NUMBER COMPLETE IN ITSELF