The Observer.

MORO, OREGON.

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Tales For a Winter Evening

Jonesy

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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"TWAS Peter T. Brown that suggested it, you might know. And, as likewise you might know, 'twas Cap'n Jonadab that done the most of the growling.

"They ain't no sense in it, Peter," says he. "Education's all right in its place, but 'tain't no good out of it."

"Oh, ring off!" says Peter. "Twenty-three!"

And so they had it back and forth. I didn't say nothing. I knew how 'twould end. If Peter T. Brown thought 'twas good judgment to hire a mess of college boys for waiters, fellers who could order up the squab in pigeon English and the ham in hog Latin, I didn't care, so long as the orders and boarders got filled and the payroll didn't have growing pains. I had considerable faith in Brown's ideas, and he was as set on this one as a Brahma hen on a plaster nest egg.

"It'll give tone to the shebang," says he, referring to the hotel, "and we want to keep the Old Home House as high toned as a ten-story organ factory. And as for education, that's a matter of taste. Me, I'd just as soon have a waiter that bashfully admitted 'Wee, my dam,' as I would one that pushed 'Shur-r-e, Moike!' edgeways out of one corner of his mouth and served the lettuce on top of the lobster from principle, to keep the green above the red."

So it went his way finally, as I knew it would, and when the Old Home opened up on June 1 the college waiters was on hand. And they was as nice a lot of boys as ever handled plates and wiped dishes for their board and $4 a week. And they made a hit with the boarders, especially the women folks. Before June was over the Old Home was full up, and we had to annex a couple of next door houses for the leftovers.

I was skipper for one of them houses, and Jonadab run the other. Each of us had a cook and a waiter, a housekeeper and an upstairs girl. My housekeeper was the boss prize in the package. Her name was Mabel Seabury, and she was young and quiet and as pretty as the first bunch of Mayflowers in the spring. And a lady—whew! The first time I set opposite to her at table I made up my mind I wouldn't drink out of my sasser if I scalded the lining off my throat.

She was city born and brought up, but she wa'n't one of your common "He, he; ain't you turrible!" lunch counter princesses, with a head like a dandelion gone to seed and a fishnet waist. You bet she wa'n't! Her dad had had money once, afore he tried to beat out Jonah and swallow the stock exchange whale.

The only trouble she made was first along, and that wa'n't her fault. I thought at one time we'd have to put up a wire fence to keep them college waiters away from her. They hung around her like a passel of gulls around a herring boat. She was nice to 'em, too, but when you're just so nice to everybody and not nice enough to any special one the prospect ain't encouraging. So they give it up, but there wa'n't a male on the place, from old Dr. Blatt, mixer of Blatt's Burdock Bitters and Blatt's Balm For Beauty, down to the boy that emptied the ashes, who wouldn't have humped himself on all fours and crawled eight miles if she'd asked him to. And that includes me and Cap'n Jonadab, and we're about as tough a couple of women proof old hulks as you'll find afloat.

One evening—along the second week in July 'twas—I got up from the supper table and walked over toward the hotel. By the gate I see a feller standing, a feller with a leather bag in his hand, a stranger.

"Good evening," says I. "Looking for the hotel, was you?"

He swung round kind of lazy-like and looked at me. Then I noticed how big he was. Seemed to me he was all of seven foot high and broad according. And rigged up—my soul! He had on a wide felt hat with a whirligig top on to it and a light checked suit and gloves and slung more style than a barber on Sunday.

"Good evening," says the seven footer, looking down and speaking to me cheerful. "Is this the Old Ladies' home—the Old Home House, I should say?"

"Yes, sir," says I, looking up reverent at that hat.

"Right," he says. "Will you be good enough to tell me where I can find the proprietor? I'm looking for a job."

"A job!" I sings out. "A job?"

"Yes. I understand you employ college men as waiters. I'm from Harvard, and"—

"A waiter?" I says, so astonished that I could hardly swaller. "Be you a waiter?"

"I don't know. I've been told so. Our coach used to say I was the best waiter on the team. At any rate, I'll try the experiment."

"But what for? You ain't short of cash?"

"You bet!" he says. "Strapped!"

I went off and found Peter T. You'd ought to seen Peter stare when we hove in sight of the candidate.

"Thunder!" says he. "Is this exhibit I, Barzilla?"

I done the polite, mentioning Brown's name, hesitating on t'other chap's.

"Er—Jones," says the human lighthouse.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," says Peter. "So you want to be a waiter, do you? For how much per?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'll begin at the bottom, being a green hand. Twenty a week or so."

Brown choked. "The figure's all right," he says, "only it covers a month down here."

"Right!" says Jones, not a bit shook up.

Peter stepped back and looked him over.

"Jonesy," says he finally, "you're on. Take him to the servants' quarters, Wingate."

Next morning we was at the breakfast table in my branch establishment—me and Mabel and the five boarders. All hands was doing their best to start a famine in the fruit market, and Dr. Blatt was waving a banana and cheering us with a yarn about an old lady that his Burdock Bitters had histed bodily out of the tomb when the kitchen door opens, and in marches the waiter with the tray full of dishes of "cereal." Seems to me 'twas chopped hay we had that morning—either that or shavings. I always get them breakfast foods mixed up.

But 'twa'n't the hay that made everybody set up and take notice. 'Twas the waiter himself. He clogged up the scenery like a pet elephant and was down in the shipping list as "Jones."

"Well, Mr. Jones," says I, soon's I could get my breath, "this is kind of unexpected, ain't it? Thought you was booked for the main deck."

"Yes, sir," he says, polite as a sewing machine agent, "I was, but Percy and I have exchanged. Cereal this morning, madam?"

Mrs. Bounderby took her measure of shavings and Jones' measure at the same time. She had him labeled "Danger" right off. You could tell that by the way she spread her wings over "Maizie." But I wa'n't watching her just then. I was looking at Mabel Seabury—looking and wondering.

The housekeeper was white as the tablecloth. She stared at the Jones man as if she couldn't believe her eyes, and her breath come short and quick. I thought sure she was going to cry. And what she ate of that meal wouldn't have made a lunch for a hearty hummingbird.

When 'twas finished I went out on the porch to think things over. The dining room winder was open, and Jonesy was clearing the table. All of a sudden I heard him say, low and earnest:

"Well, aren't you going to speak to me?"

The answer was in a girl's voice, and I knew the voice. It said:

"You, you! How could you? Why did you come?"

"You didn't think I could stay away, did you?"

"But how did you know I was here?"

"It took me a month, but I worked it out finally. Aren't you glad to see me?"

She burst out crying then, quiet, but as if her heart was broke.

"Oh," she sobs, "how could you be so cruel! And they've been so kind to me here."

I went away then, thinking harder than ever. At dinner Jonesy done the waiting, but Mabel wa'n't on deck.

"A job!" I sings out. "A job?"

She had a headache, the cook said, and Peter Brown comes to me, all broke up, and says he:

"There's merry clink to pay," he says. "Mabel's going to leave."

"No?" says I. "She ain't neither!"

"Yes, she is. She says she's going tomorrer. She won't tell me why, and I've argued with her for two hours. She's going to quit, and I'd rather enough sight quit myself. What'll we do?" says he.

All round the place everybody was talking about the "lovely" new waiter, and to hear the girls go on you'd think the Prince of Wales had landed. I was busy thinking. By 8 o'clock I'd made up my mind, and I went hunting for Jones.

"Look here," says I, "Mr.—Mr."—

"Jones," says he.

"Oh, yes—Jones. It's a nice name."

"I remember it beautifully," says he, smiling.

"All right, Mr. Jones. I'm going to preach a little sermon. My text is found in the Old Home hotel, Wellmouth, first house on the left. It's Miss Seabury," says I.

He was surprised, I guess, but he never turned a hair. "Indeed?" he says. "She is the—the housekeeper, isn't she?"

"She was," says I, "but she leaves tomorrer morning."

That hit him between wind and water.

"No?" he sings out, setting up straight and staring at me. "Not really?"

"You bet," I says. "Now, down in this part of the chart we've come to think more of that young lady than a cat does of the only kitten left out of the bag in the water bucket. Let me tell you about her."

So I went ahead, telling him how Mabel had come to us, why she come, how well she was liked, how much she liked us and a whole lot more.

"And, now, all at once," says I, "she gives up being happy and well and contented, and won't eat, and cries, and says she's going to leave. There's a reason, and I'm going to make a guess at it. I believe it calls itself Jones."

His underjaw pushed out a little, and his eyebrows drew together. But all he said was, "Well?"

"Yes," I says. "And, now, Mr. Jones, I'm old and nosey maybe, but I like that girl. Perhaps I might come to like you too. You can't tell. Under them circumstances and with the understanding that it didn't go no farther maybe you might give me a glimpse of the lay of the land. Possibly I might have something to say that would help. I'm fairly white underneath, if I be sunburned. What do you think about it?"

He didn't answer right off; seemed to be chewing it over. After a spell he spoke.

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "with the understanding that you mentioned I don't mind supposing a case. Suppose you was a chap in college. Suppose you met a girl in the vicinity that was—well, was about the best ever. Suppose you came to find that life wasn't worth a continental without that girl. Then suppose you had a dad with money—lots of money. Suppose the old fo—the gov'nor, I mean—without even seeing her or even knowing her name or a thing about her said no. Suppose you and the old gentlemun had a devil of a row and broke off for keeps. Then suppose the girl wouldn't listen to you under the circumstances. Talked rot about 'wasted future' and 'throwing your life away,' and so on. Suppose when you showed her that you didn't care a red for futures she ran away from you and wouldn't tell where she'd gone. Suppose—well, I guess that's enough supposing. I don't know why I'm telling you these things anyway."

He stopped and scowled at the floor, acting like he was sorry he spoke. I pulled at my pipe a minute or so, and then says I:

"Hum!" I says. "I presume likely it's fair to suppose that this break with the old gent is for good?"

He didn't answer. But he didn't need to. The look on his face was enough.

"Yes," says I. "Well, it's likewise to be supposed that the idea—the eventual idea—is marriage, straight marriage, hey?"

He jumped out of his chair. "Why, cuss you!" he says. "I'll"—

"All right. Set down and be nice. I was fairly sure of my soundings, but it don't do no harm to heave the lead. I ask your pardon. Well, what you going to support a wife on—her kind of a wife? A summer waiter's job at twenty a month?"

He set down, but he looked more troubled than ever. I was sorry for him. I couldn't help liking the boy.

"Suppose she keeps her word and goes away," says I, "what then?"

"I'll go after her."

"Suppose she still sticks to her principles and won't have you, where'll you go then?"

"To the hereafter," says he, naming the station at the end of the route.

"Oh, well, there's no hurry about that. Most of us are sure of a free one way pass to that port some time or other, 'cording to the parson's tell. See here, Jones! Let's look at this thing like a couple of men, not children. The way to show a young woman like her that you mean business and are going to be wurth cooking meals for is to get the best place you can and start in to earn a living and save money. Now, Mr. Brown's father-in-law is a man by the name of Dillaway, Dillaway of the Consolidated Cash Stores. He'll do things for me if I ask him to, and I happen to know that he's just started a branch up to Providence and is there now. Suppose I give you a note to him, asking him as a favor to me to give you the best job he can. He'll do it, I know. After that it's up to you. This is, of course, providing that you start for Providence tomorrer morning. What d'you say?"

He was thinking hard. "Suppose I don't make good?" he says.

"Oh, suppose your granny's pet hen hatched turkeys," I says, getting impatient. "I'll risk your making good."

"Mr. Wingate," says he, "it's a deal."

"Good enough!" I says. "Now, you go and tell her, and I'll write the letter to Dillaway."

So the next forenoon Peter T. Brown was joyful all up one side because Mabel had said she'd stay and mournful all down the other because his pet college giant had quit almost afore he started.

I went up to the depot with Jonesy to see him off.

"Goodby, old man," he says, shaking hands. "You'll write me once in awhile telling me how she is, and—and so on?"

"Bet you!" says I. "I'll keep you posted up."

July and the first two weeks in August moped along, and everything at the Old Home House kept about the same. Mabel was in mighty good spirits for her, and she got prettier every day. I had considerable fun with Cap'n Jonadab over his not landing a rich husband for the Seabury girl. Looked like the millionaire crop was going to be a failure that summer. But one morning he comes to me, excited as a mouse at a cat show, and says he:

"Ah, ha! What did I tell you? I've got one!"

"I see you have," says I. "Want me to send for the doctor?"

"Stop your foolishing," he says. "I mean I've got a millionaire. He's coming tonight too."

I managed to find out that the new boarder was a big banker from New York, name of Van Wedderburn, with a barrel of cash and a hogshead of dyspepsy.

"And I've fixed it that he's to stop at your house, Barzilla," crows Jonadab. "And when he sees Mabel—well, you know what she's done to the other men folks," he says.

"Humph!" says I. "Maybe he's got dyspepsy of the heart along with the other kind. What makes you so cock sartin?"

"'Cause he's a widower," he says. "Them's the softest kind."

"Well, you ought to know," I told him. "Bet you 75 cents to a quarter it don't work."

He wouldn't take me, having scruples against betting, except when he had the answer in his pocket. But he went away, cackling joyful, and that night Van Wedderburn arrived.

Van was a substantial looking old relic, built on the lines of the Boston statehouse, broad in the beam and with a shiny dome on top. I judged the meals at our table would be as agreeable as a dog fight.

However, 'twas up to me, and I towed him in and made him acquainted with Mabel. She wa'n't enthusiastic until I mentioned his name. Then she gave a little gasp-like. When Van had gone up to his rooms, puffing like a donkey engine and growling 'cause there wa'n't no elevators, she took me by the arm and says she:

"What did you say his name was, Mr. Wingate?"

"Van Wedderburn," says I.

"Not of Van Wedderburn & Hamilton, the bankers?" she asks, eager.

"That's him," says I. "Why? Do you know him?"

"Oh, no," she says, "I don't know him, but I know of him—everybody does."

Well, everybody did, that's a fact, and the way Marm Bounderby and "Maizie" was togged out at the supper table was a sin and a shame.

But what surprised me was Mabel Seabury. She was dressed up, too—not in the Bounderbys' style—collarbones and diamonds—but in plain white, with lace fuzz. If she wa'n't peaches and cream then all you need is lettuce to make me a lobster salad.

And she was as nice to Van as if he was old Deuteronomy out of the Bible. He set down to that meal with a face on him like a pair of nutcrackers, and afore 'twas over he was laughing and eating apple pie and telling funny yarns about robbing his "friends" in the street. I judged he'd be sorry for it afore morning, but I didn't care for that. I was kind of worried myself; didn't understand it.

And I understood it less and less as the days went by. Mabel cooked little special dishes for his dyspepsy to play with and set with him on the piazza evenings and laughed at his jokes and the land knows what. Inside of a fortni't he was a gone goose, which wa'n't surprising, every other man being in the same fix, but 'twas surprising to see her helping the goneness along. The Bounderbys packed up and lit out in ten days, and none of the other women would speak to Mabel.

And Jonadab! He wa'n't fit to live with. The third forenoon after Van Wedderburn got there he come around and took the quarter bet. And the way he crowed over me made my hands itch for a rope's end. That night I dropped a line to poor Jonesy at Providence telling him that if he could get a day off maybe he'd better come down to Wellmouth and see to his fences.

The next day was Labor day, and what was left of the boarders was going for a final picnic over to Baker's grove at Ostable. We went, three catboats full of us, and Van and Mabel Seabury was in the same boat. We made the grove all right, and me and Jonadab had our hands full, baking clams and chasing spiders out of the milk and doing all the chores that makes a picnic so joyfully miserable. When the dinner dishes was washed I went off by myself to a quiet bunch of bayberry bushes half a mile from the grove and laid down to rest, being beat out.

I guess I fell asleep, and what woke me was somebody speaking close by.

"Oh, no!" says Mabel Seabury, dreadful nervous and hurried-like. "Oh, no! Mr. Van Wedderburn, please don't say any more."

"Do you mean that—really mean it?" asks Van, his voice rather shaky and seemingly a good deal upset. "My dear young lady, I realize that I'm twice your age and more, and I suppose that I was an old fool to hope, but I did hope—I— Can't you?"

"No!" says she, more nervous than ever and shaky, too, but decided. "No! Oh, no! It's all my fault. I'm—I'm—so sorry. Please forgive me."

That night as I passed the lilac bushes by the gate somebody steps out and grabs my arm. I jumped, looked up, and there, glaring down at me out of the clouds, was Friend Jones from Providence, R. I.

"Wingate," he whispers, fierce, "who is the man and where is he?"

"Easy," I begs, "easy on that arm. I might want to use it again. What man?"

"That man you wrote me about. I've come down here to interview him."

"Oh, it's all right now," says I. "There was an old rooster from New York who was acting too skittish to suit me, but I guess it's all off. He's a hundred years old or so—name of Van Wedderburn."

"*What?*" he says, pinching my arm till I could all but feel his thumb and finger meet. "What? Stop joking. I'm not funny tonight."

"It's no joke," says I, trying to put my arm together again. "Van Wedderburn is his name. Course you've heard of him. Why, there he is now!"

"I suppose that I was an old fool to hope."

Sure enough, there was Van, standing like a statue of misery on the front porch of the main hotel. Jonesy stared and stared.

"Is that the man?" he says, choking up. "Was he sweet on Mabel?"

"Sweeter 'n a molasses stopper," says I. "But he's going away in a day or so."

He commenced to laugh, and I thought he'd never stop.

"What's the joke?" I asks after a year or so of this foolishness. "Let me in, won't you?"

He stopped long enough to ask one more question. "Tell me, for the Lord's sake!" says he. "Did she know who he was?"

"Sartin," says I. "So did every other woman around the place. You'd think so if"—

He walked off then, laughing himself into a fit. "Good night, old man," he says between spasms. "See you later."

If he hadn't been so big I cal'lated I'd have risked a kick.

A whole lot of the boarders had gone on the evening train, and at our house Van Wedderburn was the only one left. He and Mabel and me was the full crew at the breakfast table the following morning. The fruit season was a quiet one. I done all the talking there was. Every time the broker and the housekeeper looked at each other they turned red.

Finally 'twas "chopped hay" time, and in comes the waiter with the tray. And again we had a surprise, just like the one back in July. Percy wa'n't on hand, and Jonesy was.

But the other surprise wa'n't nothing to this one. The Seabury girl was mightily set back, but old Van was paralyzed.

"Cereal, sir?" asks Jones, polite as ever.

"Why—why, you—you rascal!" hollers Van Wedderburn. "What are you doing here?"

"I have a few days' vacation from my position at Providence, sir," answers Jones.

"Why, Robert!" exclaims Mabel Seabury.

Van swung around like he was on a pivot. "Do you know him?" he pants, wild as a coot.

'Twas the waiter himself that answered.

"She knows me, father," he says. "In fact, she is the young lady I told you about last spring."

Did you ever see the tide go out over the flats? Well, that's the way the red slid down off old Van's bald head and across his cheeks. But it came back again like an earthquake wave. He turned to Mabel once more, and if ever there was a pleading "Don't tell" in a man's eyes 'twas in his.

"Cereal, sir?" asks Robert Van Wedderburn.

Well, I guess that's about all. Van senior took it enough sight more graceful than you'd expect under the circumstances. He went straight up to his room and never showed up till supper time. Then he marches to where Mabel and his son was on the porch, and says he:

"Bob," he says, "if you don't marry this young lady within a month I'll disown you for good this time. You've got more sense than I thought. Blessed if I see who you inherit it from!"

Jonadab ain't paid me the quarter yet. He says the bet was that she'd land a millionaire and a Van Wedderburn afore the season ended, and she did. So he figgers that he won the bet. Him and me got wedding cards a week ago, so I suppose "Jonesy" and Mabel are on their honeymoon now. I wonder if she's ever told her husband about what I heard in the bayberry bushes. Being the gamest sport for a woman that ever I see, I'll gamble she ain't said a word about it.

Evolution of the Apple.

Apples are new in the economy of the world's use and taste. At the beginning of the last century few varieties were known, and we can go back in history to a time when all apples were little, sour and puckery—crab apples and nothing else. The crab apple was and is in its wildness nothing but a rosebush. Away back in time the wild rose, with its pretty blossoms that turn to little red balls, apple flavored, and the thorny crab had the same grandmother.

Sensible Sandy.

While passing by an old fashioned inn in Scotland the tourists were attracted by an ancient bagpiper, who was tooting atrocious sounds through an instrument that was both dilapidated and squeaky. "Great Jericho, Sandy!" exclaimed one in desperation. "Why don't you have your bagpipes repaired?" And the old man ceased playing and looked up in astonishment. "Havers, mon, ye dinna understand! If ma bagpoipes wor in good tune the inn mon winna give me 2 shillings to move on."

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A Lesson For Nellie.

Mrs. Washington was a strict disciplinarian about certain matters and among other things always required the members of the household to follow the example of her husband and dress for dinner, which was at 3 o'clock. On one occasion Nellie Custis and her cousin, Martha Dandridge, appeared at the table in their morning gowns, but no comment was made upon it until a coach was seen approaching and the visitors, some French officers of high rank and Charles Carroll, Jr., of Carrollton, one of Miss Custis' ardent suitors, were announced. Instantly the girls, in a flutter of excitement, begged to be excused in order to change their gowns, but Mrs. Washington shook her head. "No," she said. "Remain as you are. A costume good enough for President Washington is good enough for any guest of his." Needless to say, Miss Nellie never overlooked her proper garb for dinner again. — National Monthly.

The Nearest He Ever Came to It.

"Colonel," she asked, "have you ever been up in a balloon?"

"No," he spawered, "but I got to talking art to a Boston lady once, and she had me away up in the air inside of two minutes."—Exchange.

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A Queer Offer.

Cook—And sez I, "I think I'll find another job."

Friend—What did the missis say to that?

Cook—She sez, "Hedad an' Oi'll give you $25 when yes lave if yez don't go."—Brooklyn Life.

Lion Fondles a Child.

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Southbound passengr daily	Distance fr Biggs	Time tble No12 May 16 1908 STATIONS	Northbnd passenger daily
1 00 pm	.0	.....Biggs.....	12.10 arve
1.15	5.4	...Gibsons....	11.45
1.25	7.0	....Sinks....	11.40
1.40	9.8	.....Wasco....	11.25
1.55	14.1	...Klondyke...	10.20
2.05	16 1	....Bandon....	11.00
....	19.2	Hay Canon Jct	....
2.20	19.9	..McDonalds..	10.45
2.35	23.9	....DeMoss....	10.30
2.45	27.0	.....Moro.....	10.15
3 00	30.4	...Erskinville	10.05
3.20	38.5	..Grass Valley	9.45
3.50	45.8	....Bourbon...	9.25
4.05	52.5	.....Kent.....	9.10
4 20	57.3	....Wilcox....	9.00
5.00 arv	70.0	...Shaniko....	8.30 a m

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