The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.... November 20, 1914

SUMMARY OF THE OREGON NEWS

The Rapid Reader's Review of Recent Reports Rewritten

Portland's tax levy for 1915 is to be 7.5 mills.

Pendleton was visited by a 60-mile gale and a number of dwellings were blown down.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Bar Association was held in Portland November 17 and 18.

Articles of incorporation for a clam, fish and fruit cannery, to be located in Seaside, have been filed with the secretary of state.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Dairy Association will be held the first week in February at the Oregon Agricultural College.

The date for the fourth annual irrigation congress of Oregon is January 7-9. The sessions will be held at the Imperial Hotel in Portland.

Martin Bros. Milling Company, of Klamath Falls, is utilizing the parcel post for the shipment of five tons of seed oats to California customers.

The taxable property in the city of Albany is valued at $3,364,710, according to figures completed by County Assessor Earl Fisher for the 1914 roll.

Complete election returns from every county except Malheur indicate that the measure to abolish capital punishment in this state has carried.

The Monroe waterworks and the home of the water master nearby were destroyed by fire. The fire threatened the business section of the town.

Under contract with the French government to furnish 5000 cavalry horses, Robert Jones of Weiser, Idaho, opened buying headquarters at Baker.

With some of the best cattle and hogs in the state among the entries, and with 23 babies in the eugenics contest, the Hermiston Dairy and Hog show is in progress.

Preliminary plans for the reorganization of the Oregon branch of the American Poultry association were made at the meeting of the Oregon poultrymen at the commercial club in Eugene.

The completion of the assessment roll for Baker county for the year shows that the total property valuation in the county is now $18,067,155. This is slightly under the assessed valuation for 1913.

October was the largest month for auditing warrants in the history of the secretary of state's department. A total of 2300 were issued, 853 of them going through the industrial accident commission.

That corn as good as that produced in any of the states can be grown in Marion county and, in fact, the entire Willamette Valley, was demonstrated when the first corn show ever held in Salem was opened.

Senators Chamberlain and Lane expressed themselves favorably on a proposal that congress enact a law providing for the allotment of 70,000 acres of tribal land belonging to the Umatilla Indians.

Wholesale forgeries are alleged to have been found in the petitions filed to bring about the recent Portland recall election and District Attorney Evans has brought the subject before the Multnomah county grand jury.

Ray Bunch, 19 years old, confessed that he robbed Frank Kuhn, an aged and ailing settler of Loon Lake, after beating him severely and subjecting him to torment in forcing him to reveal the hiding place of his money.

Next Saturday a Portland city ordinance will go into effect which requires that all rags used for wiping purposes shall be sterilized before being given to employes for use and before being sold as old rags after use.

J. L. Winters of Medford, an expert violin maker, after extensive experiments announces that Oregon white fir properly treated makes an ideal violin wood and he predicts it will replace the special woods heretofore supplied by Germany.

Portland has landed the biggest job of ship repairing ever undertaken on the Pacific Coast. Repairs to the Grace liner Santa Catalina, badly damaged by fire October 18 while bound up the Columbia river to Portland, are to be made in this port.

The Consolidated Contract company which is constructing the Columbia Highway in Columbia county, was temporarily enjoined by United States Judge Bean from blasting, building any more walls, or dumping material on the right of way of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle railroad, the complainant.

W. A. T. Bushong, treasurer of the R. A. Booth campaign committee, has spent $2575.36 in the recent state campaign, according to a statement filed with Secretary of State Olcott. The Linn county committee also interested in the election of Booth, spent $598.63. C. J. Smith, democratic candidate for governor, spent $425, according to his statement.

Mrs. Belle Barker, indicted for child-stealing, was discharged from custody in the circuit court at Dallas when District Attorney Bibley moved for an order dismissing the indictment. Mrs. Barker immediately filed an action in the circuit court against J. M. Grant the sheriff of Polk county, and J. Teacher, Jr. representing the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society, for $5000 damages.

The Rivals

They Were an Old Bachelor and a Young Sailor

By F. A. MITCHEL

When John Gorman died he left his daughter Helen an orphan with no income. Richard Hunter, a bachelor friend of Gorman's, had lent him $3,000, taking a mortgage on his farm for security. Hunter did not ask for the security; Gorman insisted on giving it.

Helen Gorman was but seventeen years old when her father died and knew nothing about his affairs, but Gorman had talked with his friend about her.

"Dick," he said, "Helen at my death will have nothing but the farm, and you hold a mortgage on that for pretty near all it is worth. There's only one thing that would give me any comfort at leaving her, and that's out of the question."

"What is it?" asked Hunter.

"If I could see you and Helen married before I die I wouldn't feel worried about her."

A faint flush came over Hunter's face and a light of pleasure in his eye, but it was transient.

"That can't be," he replied sadly, "on account of the difference in our ages. Helen is but sixteen, and I'm thirty-eight."

"That's not an impassable barrier. But there is another reason why I can't see my little girl provided for as I would like. She's given her heart to a young sailor."

Hunter looked grave at this and asked if the lover would not be able

SANK ON HER KNEES BY HIS BED.

to take care of Helen. Whereupon Gorman told him that the youngster was wild, without ambition and would not be likely even to take care of any one, not even himself.

Gorman died without again referring to the matter. Helen had the good sense to send for Hunter and ask him to take charge of her affairs. There being no funds, he provided for her immediate wants out of his own pocket, concealing the fact from her. After her father's funeral she consulted Hunter as to what she should do. He told her that there was no income for her, but said nothing about the mortgage he held. That was at a time when the fields for self support for women were not open to them as they are now. Helen looked very much troubled.

"It seems to me," said Hunter, "that you had better be married. Isn't there some one you would like to marry?"

"Yes," was the reply, "there is. But he couldn't support a wife just yet. Besides, he is at sea all the while, and I should be left alone."

"It is a pity that I am so much older than you. I would be only too glad to provide for you as my wife."

Helen made no reply to this, and Hunter left her. At the end of every month he gave her $50. She asked him if the property had produced the amount, and he told her that it might produce the total during the year, but the income was not regular. This was saved from being a falsehood only by the word "might."

Since Brackett, the sailor, did not return—and there was nothing to be expected from him when he did—Helen made up her mind to marry Richard Hunter. He was kind to her—she did not know how kind—and she took comfort in having him for a protector. She also felt companionable with him. But she had built up an imaginary idol out of the sailor boy, and it would not crumble. Her decision to give herself to Hunter was therefore made reluctantly and after a copious flow of tears.

Hunter flushed with pleasure when she told him that she would marry him. She had made a resolution to banish young Brackett from her mind and acted a lowerlike part toward Hunter so well that he was deceived into thinking that she was quite content, if not possibly happy, in her decision. But he did not hurry her, preferring that she should have plenty of time to be off with the old love before taking on a new one.

As time wore on Helen seemed to grow more and more satisfied with her decision, and at times Hunter thought he could perceive a glimmer of true love in her treatment of him. Indeed, so encouraged was he that he asked her to name the day. She did so quite willingly.

Hunter, though not sheering off so far from the truth as to leave it entirely convinced her that she was living on her own income and when the wedding day was fixed contrived to make her believe that a windfall had come to her property, which would pay for a trousseau. This was especially pleasing to her, for nature has not yet produced a woman who would be indifferent to this accessory to her marriage. Helen made her purchases and went to work with a will in the construction of a wardrobe.

Suddenly there came a thunderclap from a clear sky. Bob Brackett returned from his voyage with a fine sum of prize money, his share of the salvage of a disabled ship that his vessel had towed into port. He burst in upon Helen, not knowing of the change that had come over her, with the news, finishing with the words, "Now, sweetheart, let us be married at once."

When Hunter heard of his rival's return he went to Helen and said to her:

"I wish you to consider yourself released and to feel perfectly free to marry the man who has returned to you."

"I have given you my promise," was the reply, "and I will keep it."

But Hunter saw that her heart was not in her words. He asked her to tell him truthfully whether he or the sailor possessed it. She tried to evade the question, but Hunter would not be put off. At last he forced her to tell the truth. Her heart had been given to Brackett, and she was unable, if she would, to take it back again.

Hunter at once withdrew in favor of his rival. With an effort he succeeded in concealing from Helen what a crushing blow had fallen upon him in his loss. One matter puzzled him. Now that another was to be her husband the fact that Hunter had been supplying her with the wherewithal to live, that he had deceived her in the matter of the windfall for the trousseau, that he held a mortgage on her farm for all it was worth, must come out. How should he break the fact to her?

Hunter was a very sensitive man. He was much broken by his disappointment, and, though he had been resolute in giving up his bride expectant, he was vacillating in the matter of how to let her know that instead of possessing property she was a pauper. Worry made him ill, and he was confined to his bed.

Helen, who, importuned by the sailor, had accepted her release and agreed to marry Brackett before he sailed again, went on with the preparations for a wedding in which there was to be a change of grooms. She seemed to regret the disappointment she had occasioned Hunter, and Brackett in order that her break with his rival should be complete proposed that a transfer of the care of her property should be made to him. Helen reluctantly consented.

Brackett went to see Hunter, whom he found in bed, and asked for an accounting of Helen's estate. Hunter was too ill to invent any more subterfuges and was obliged to make a clean breast of the matter. Brackett returned to Helen with the information that she had nothing and that all she had received had been given her by Hunter.

"I believe," added Brackett, "that the fellow has contrived to get your property into his own possession."

Helen looked at him like one dazed. Then suddenly, without a word, she went out and strode rapidly in the direction of Hunter's house. Brackett, who did not know what action she would take, watched her till she had passed out of sight, then went into the house to await developments.

Hunter was lying alone in his misery when suddenly the girl he loved hurried into his room, sank on her knees by his bed, put her arms around him and moaned:

"Forgive me."

Renewed vigor ran through the sick man's weakened body. He sat up, took the girl in his arms, and there were caresses such as had never passed between them before.

"Send some one," she said presently, "to tell him to go away."

An hour later Richard Hunter, walking with a tread that had received a powerful stimulus, appeared at Helen Gorman's home. Brackett, who was awaiting Helen's return, saw him coming. Having left Hunter a short time before ill to bed, he wondered. A dread took possession of him. Hunter came up to him and said:

"I am commissioned by Miss Gorman to tell you that she has come to a final decision between you and me and in my favor."

Brackett was thunderstruck. He made no reply for some time, then said:

"If Miss Gorman will say that to me or write it I will accept it as the truth."

Hunter drew a bit of paper from his pocket and handed it to the sailor. He read it, tore it into bits, turned on his heel and left the house.

On the evening that Hunter married Helen the returned sailor spent the prize money he had brought home in an orgy and the next day went on another voyage.

The first we know of the naval orange, which is very valuable not only on account of its fine quality and taste, but also because of its being seedless, is of a single tree that was found growing on the northern shore of the Mediterranean sea. This was about the year 1565. Grafts of this tree were taken to Spain by the Moors several hundred years ago, and from Spain the trees were carried to South America by the Spaniards.—St. Nicholas.

A French scientist who has been continuously experimenting for eighteen years to ascertain the effects of low temperatures on fish and animals has found that common shells can withstand the greatest amount of cold

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and got caught out in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.

A Conversion

A Story For Labor Day

By SARAH BAXTER

"Talk about the dignity of labor," said Helen Forsythe to her friend, Lois Gregory. "I don't see any dignity in it. No one can do manual labor without getting dirty hands, chapped hands, unclean hands."

"There are worse things than dirty hands," replied Miss Gregory.

"What, for instance?"

"A dirty soul. How many rich men's sons who have not the incentive to labor have become worthless and contemptible?"

"I dare say, my dear, there is truth in what you say, but for me I would rather marry a poet than a mechanic."

"Even a poet has his uses, but for me he is altogether too ethereal. I would prefer an engineer whose profession deals directly with labor. What is there more splendid than the spanning of a river by an enormous bridge, the building of a cathedral, the tunneling of a mountain?"

"These are planned by one brain."

"Granted, but of what use would that brain be without the workmen to carry out its plan?"

"Well, Lois, marry in the field of labor if you like. I prefer the fine arts. Give me an artist."

"I shall marry the man I love, whatever be his occupation."

These young ladies were both of the well to do class, but they were very

HELEN WATCHED HIM WHILE HE WORKED.

different. Helen Forsythe was disposed to begin where her father left off. When he had been experimenting in overalls she was too young to know much about what he was doing; now that he was living on the royalties he received from a machine he had contrived, with all the refinements a fine income brought, she had little sympathy with what had produced his good fortune.

Lois Gregory, on the contrary, had never known either wealth or poverty. A laborer herself, she sympathized with the cause of labor. She made her living by teaching, and being accustomed to using her brain constantly it became stronger with exercise, and she was enabled to distinguish between what was of intrinsic and what was of fictitious value. She had come to the conclusion that the attaining was intrinsic, the attainment fictitious. In other words, there is no stimulus in an accomplished work except to produce something better.

The country seat of the Forsythes was situated in a beautiful valley, through which ran a stream that afforded a fine water power. A mile below the place was a large factory. One day Helen Forsythe's automobile broke down, and a request was sent to the factory to send a man to fix it. He appeared in overalls with a bag of tools, and Helen took him to the car to show him the break.

There was something about this man that arrested Miss Forsythe's attention. He was some twenty two or three years old and strongly built, and character was plainly written in his face. Helen pointed out the break, though this was unnecessary, for the young man was a skilled mechanic and took it to himself at once. Helen watched him while he worked, asking him questions about the trouble, how serious it was and how long a time would be required to make the repairs. She noticed a British intonation to his speech, but not the misuse of the letter "h" common with the English lower classes.

"Do you like mechanical work?" she asked.

"I certainly do. I was born with a taste for it," was the reply.

"But don't you think it very dirty?"

"Not as dirty as some other kinds of work."

"You mean shoveling earth, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. I love to dig in the dirt."

"You mean handling ashes?"

"There's dirtier work than that. My brother does it every day."

"Your brother!"

"Yes. He's in politics."

This quite took Miss Forsythe's breath away. Surely this young man was very odd. She presumed the brother he referred to was a political heeler in a district where the people were of the lowest class.

"Tell me," she said presently, "what it is that interests you in mechanics."

"I like to fashion things. The mechanic, if he is a good one, may always find a field in his labor for more or less use of the inventive faculty, and the mechanic is free to exercise it. Besides, there is an opportunity in mechanics for a man to climb up the ladder that leads up to fortune without using dishonorable means. No man need be happier than the laborer who has all the work he can do. His mind is on what he is doing, and he has no time to worry about imaginary griefs. When he has finished his day's work he enjoys his leisure. How much better off he is than the man whose time is all leisure, who never experiences the comfort there is in rest because he is always at rest."

Miss Forsythe was surprised to hear this from one whom she considered doomed to a life of toil. She was about to inquire of him where he, a laborer, had picked up such ideas when he finished his job, gathered up his tools and, putting them in his bag, bade her adieu and went away.

And yet for Miss Forsythe he did not go away. He was with her the rest of the day as if he were still working on her auto and she listening to his words. "I can understand," she said to herself, "Lois marrying a man like that. There is a healthfulness of body and mind about him that positively rests me. He doesn't seem to be striving for anything. I do believe that he wouldn't give up his present work in exchange for a fine social position, while I—why, if I'm not invited to every swell function I'm miserable."

It was not long before some of the water pipes in the Forsythe house got out of order, and Miss Helen, being, on account of her father's absence and her mother's bad health, the director of the establishment, telephoned to the factory asking for a man to repair them and requesting it to send, if possible, the workman who had repaired her car. He came with his bag of tools, and Miss Forsythe, as before, showed him the break. She left him, but now and again returned to see how he was getting on. When noon came he had not finished, and she invited him to partake of a luncheon she ordered to be prepared for him. While he was eating it she asked him:

"How is it that you, who have never known what is called high life and have no experience as to the cares and disappointments it brings, are so well satisfied with your humble lot?"

He had finished eating when this question was propounded and, rising, stood facing Miss Forsythe, looking at her intently.

"You seem to be interested in this matter," he said, "and I am going to give you a confidence I have given no one else in America. I am the son of an English gentleman. My father designed me for the army or the church. My brother is in parliament. I have watched that silent revolution which is bringing labor to the front. We see it everywhere. People of refinement are sensible of it. Whereas a hundred years ago to make money in manufacture or trade was not considered respectable, now titled persons are going into both.

"My preference is for a life in manufacture. I have no confidence in attaining success in manufacture without ever having been a manufacturer myself. I have preferred to begin as any other laborer begins. If any of them beat me in the race it will not trouble me. If I become a leader I prefer to know the feelings, the necessities, of the men I manage. As to wealth bringing me happiness if I attain it, I have no confidence that it will. My happiness is in my daily labor. I believe that I get the same pleasure in repairing the pipes in this house that the manager of a large factory derives from his more extended duties."

Miss Forsythe was astonished. She had been surprised to meet a laborer who realized that he was happier in his work than if he were a globe trotter, but this man, who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and had voluntarily stepped on the lowest rung of the labor ladder to climb or remain a fixture, as the case might be, was something more than she could at once understand. Nevertheless she was deeply impressed.

It occurred to her to invite him to dinner to see how he would appear. He accepted the invitation and with clean hands. He was invited again and again, and a year after Miss Forsythe had first met him she wrote Miss Gregory that she had been converted to her friend's ideas as to the dignity of labor and had been induced to marry a laborer.

The bride endeavored to persuade her husband to accept capital from her father with which to start a factory of his own, but he declined. He said that the happiness he derived from labor was in labor and not in management. Nevertheless he was rapidly promoted in the factory where he worked and made a manager in spite of himself.

Each of the girls who conversed upon the subject of marriage failed to do in the matter what they said they would do. Miss Forsythe, who said she would marry an artist, married a laborer. Miss Gregory, who declared that she would prefer one who builds material structures, married a literary man.

THE NEW LEAF.

The improvement to come in any life from "turning a new leaf" is not to be based upon turning the leaf so much as upon the constant and resolute filling of the new page by dint of unremitting and often strenuous effort. An evil habit is not changed in a moment, but is supplanted by the good which is cultivated into a habit.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

AN ESCAPADE IN ADVERTISING

How an Auto Was Sold

By GEORGE FREDERICK WILSON

Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

When the price of automobiles became such that their purchase became common among men of means Harvey Williams bought a single seat runabout.

During the first year of possession he made almost constant use of the machine. When the novelty of the thing wore off, and in the five following years, he seldom rode in it. After that the modern and speedy touring car became the vogue. Harvey once more came under the spell of the automobile craze and quickly decided that he must have a touring car.

Rich as he was, he concluded that his was not the wealth to foster two motors. He was determined to sell the runabout.

So Harvey advertised it for sale and awaited a purchaser. He waited two weeks, and yet none came. The end of the third week brought a probable buyer.

"Now, what I want in a machine is speed," this individual began. "I can't

OTTO HOWARDSON'S SYMPATHETIC EARS HE POURED HIS STORY.

afford the price of a new machine, but none the less I want speed in the secondhand affair I buy. What speed do you claim this runabout is capable of making?"

Harvey wavered between truth and a possible sale. If he gave its speed as fifteen miles an hour truth would triumph, but the opportunity of a sale would be lost.

"Well—er—you know our city ordinance is very strict as to speed, and I have never given the auto a trial on the country roads. But, say, it makes the city limit speed of ten miles very easily. Oh, yes, very easily!"

"Um! Then you don't know its exact speed?"

"It—it was guaranteed to make thirty miles easily in an hour," Harvey replied in a very weak tone of voice.

"Prove it and I'll take the auto off your hands," said the man. "You've got to show me."

"How can I prove it to you? Do you want to take a trial spin?"

"No. I haven't the time. Bring me absolute proof of its speed and I'll take the machine without further ado."

The three days following this conversation Harvey spent in vain attempts to hatch some scheme that would successfully deceive the probable purchaser. As mentioned before, the attempts were in vain, and on the night of the third day he gave up in despair.

On the morning of the fourth day he met a friend in the street, and the friend inquired about his success in disposing of the runabout. Harvey told him all.

"Why," exclaimed the friend, "I know the very man that can put this sale through to a successful finish. Robert Howardson is his name, and he is a specialist extraordinary in advertising. His office is in the Bearinger building."

Harvey found the office and the man. Into Howardson's sympathetic ears he poured his story.

"What price do you ask for the automobile, Mr. Williams?" Howardson inquired after hearing Harvey through.

"One thousand dollars."

"He is willing to pay this price for a secondhand automobile?"

"Perfectly willing. Says the old machines have the material in them; they wear better."

"I am not qualified to pass judgment upon his assertion. Now, Mr. Williams, how much are you willing to pay me if I succeed in selling your runabout?"

"Mr. Howardson, my fighting blood is up. When I first decided to sell I was anxious to sell. Now I am determined to be rid of the thing. I will give you 50 per cent, or, to put it plainly, $500."

"I would consider myself a robber were I to accept this amount. If I succeed I will ask for $150. Is this satisfactory?"

"Indeed, yes."

"Very well. Now, can you spare a couple of hours tomorrow forenoon?"

"I think I can arrange it."

"Good! Call for me here at 9 o'clock in your runabout."

Promptly at the hour designated Harvey drew up before the Bearinger building, and Howardson clambered into the seat beside him.

"What is the thing's absolute limit of speed, Mr. Williams?" Howardson inquired.

"It will make eighteen miles in an hour, but it is an awful strain on the engine."

"Take a given speed of eighteen miles per hour and a policeman to determine the speed, and his imagination will make it thirty miles. Now, when I say the word give it the limit."

They rode throughout the business district for a half hour, and then, when the streets were thickest with traffic, Howardson gave the order, and Harvey pushed the lever to the last notch.

Up and down the main thoroughfares the machine sped, creating turmoil in its wake. Policemen shouted their warning, but the men heeded them not.

Harvey would have liked very much to comply with the city speed ordinance, but Howardson argued against it. Finally one policeman, with the city's interest more at heart than any they had yet met with, ran out to intercept them, dodged in time to save himself, then ran on behind, secured the license number and jotted it down in his notebook.

It was then that Howardson shifted the speed.

"Take your rendezvous some one, Mr. Williams, and keep both it and yourself under cover. When a policeman calls to place you under arrest your wife must tell him that you are not at home. You will get a letter. Bring it to me before you take further action."

The policeman called at noon, and Mrs. Williams observed her husband's instructions.

This afternoon mail brought Williams a letter from the chief of police. With trembling fingers he tore open the envelope, read the letter through and then dressed for the street. A half hour later he stood before Howardson.

Howardson smiled.

"Mr. Howardson," Harvey began, "how did you know that I would get a letter from the chief of police?"

"It is evident that you were never arrested before for speeding. They always follow this course when a prominent person is not found at home when the policeman calls. Let's read what it says."

It opened with the usual salutation and proceeded:

"You are under arrest for breaking the city ordinance relative to the speed of automobiles. I have in hand all necessary evidence to prove that you were in the automobile at the time and acting as chauffeur. You were going at a speed of not less than thirty miles per hour, and this, too, in the heart of the city's business district. You can avoid further trouble by remitting at once the amount of your fine, $25."

"Excellent, excellent," Howardson exclaimed in a tone of delight. "If he had not been so particular as to estimating the speed we would have been put to the necessity of demanding it of him. Call the estimable gentleman over the telephone and tell him that you will send the check by the next mail."

Williams did so.

"I have already notified the probable purchaser to call here, and if I mistake not this is he at the door."

The door opened, and the probable purchaser walked into the room. After a few moments of desultory conversation the chief's letter was handed to him, and he read it through.

"The noon edition of the News contains an account of this escapade," he remarked. "I'll take the runabout."

Williams had come to the office in the motor, and the purchaser, having written out a check to Harvey's order, took immediate possession of the machine.

"Mr. Howardson, you are indeed a specialist extraordinary in advertising!" Williams cried, holding out his hand when they were once more in Howardson's office.

"Thank you, Mr. Williams. Let me assure you that you need have no uneasiness regarding our little stratagem. Our friend will not dare speed above ten miles within the city and twelve in the country. I doubt if he has much relish for the paying of fines. However, should he ever have occasion to test the auto's speed and find it not above eighteen miles per hour you can truthfully say that you had always thought this speed was its limit until the chief of police informed you differently. Write a check for $25, payable to the order of the city, and I will type a letter to the chief to go with it."

This is the letter that fairly dumfounded the chief of police:

"Your communication received. I am unable to state at which I am the more surprised—your charge that I was speeding over the limit or the fact that the old auto would go over eighteen miles per hour, a fact of which I was heretofore doubtful. I have disposed of the auto, and as speed was the first and most essential requisite I was able to produce unimpeachable evidence that the machine possessed this quality. Thanking you for the unsolicited favor, I take great pleasure in handing you the inclosed check in full payment of my fine."

Harvey Williams put $2,500 with the money paid him for his runabout and purchased a machine that would do fifty miles an hour when pushed to its utmost. The first time he went out in it he was so delighted with its performance that he gave every other auto on the road his dust. Coming to a curve, he failed to slow up sufficiently, skidded down a bank, ruined his machine and was thrown into a muddy stream, thus getting his deserts for his dishonesty.

Why, Indeed?

The Doting Mamma (after the brilliant piano solo)—My daughter has been practicing for six years. The Grouchy Caller—But why should she practice in public?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

New Hampshire.

New Hampshire was first called Laconia, or Lacedaemon, a scholar among the New Englanders remembering that the Peloponnesus, the home of the Spartans and Argives, was mountainous; so was a portion of New Hampshire, hence the propriety of the name. John Mason, however, who held a patent for the district, called it New Hampshire after his native country in England, and then the name Laconia was transferred to the hilly district near Lake Champlain.

Cured of Indigestion.

Mrs. Sadie P. Clawson, Indiana, Pa., was bothered with indigestion. "My stomach pained me night and day," she writes. "I would feel bloated and have headache and belching after eating. I also suffered from constipation. My daughter had used Chamberlain's Tablets and they did her so much good that she gave me a few doses of them and insisted on my trying them. They helped me as nothing else has done." For sale by all dealers.—Advertisement.