

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Alfred Haglund and wife to John Mearle 55 acres in a 7 1/2 20 r 12 \$2700.

Stephen Gallier, Sheriff to C A Metlin lots 13, 14 blk 14 South Marshfield \$900.

Chas W Stewart and wife to G F Sypher 1-2 of lot 8 block 23 Brown's add Myrtle Point \$500.

John Grant and wife to M H Nay lot 6 blk 3 Ferndale \$450.

Mary C Edwards and husband to J A Sawyer lot 1 blk 2 Allaghamy \$600.

Thos Barklow and wife to Grace M Bonewitz 10 acres in a 18 and 3 acres in r 17 20 r 12.

L J Simpson and wife to J C and C C Johnson lots 2 and 3 blk 22 Yarrow \$300.

Wm T Pollock and wife to Howard F McNair 71 81 acres in a 11 1/2 20 r 12 \$10.

U S to Knut Nelson sec 4 of nes 2 of tet sec 4 of sec 6 725 r 10 100 acres.

L J Simpson and wife to Geo Rhoda lot 4 and 5 blk 22, Yarrow \$300.

J D Wimer and wife to G W Wimer Jr. 1-7 int in 5 acres in a 25 28 r 13 \$350.

Chas A Johnson and Minnie Johnson to Geo Wulff and Anna Wulff 1-2 int in two tracts in Marshfield, \$3500.

John F Hall adm'n of estate of Wm Hall dec'd to L Heisner, lot 6, block 8 E B Dean & Co's Marshfield \$275.

H N Lorenz and wife to Elizabeth E Pomeroy lot 4 blk Koonitz add, Bandon \$100.

Chas. F Doe to Jas Denholm 1 1/2 int in w 2 of sw 4 s 21, e 2 of sw 4, s 21 e 2 of sec 20 1 28 r 14 \$950.

L J Simpson and wife to Andrew Fredrickson lots 12 13 14 25 blk 24 Yarrow \$300.

L J Simpson and wife to Wm Vaughn lots 2 3 16 17 block 13 North Bend. \$5.

Wm F Kennedy to Flora E Quick a 24 feet of lots and a 26 ft of lot 3 blk 10 North add Coquille City. \$110.

L J Simpson and wife to Frank Ayotte lot 21 22 blk 19 Yarrow, \$350.

L J Timpon and wife to John H Kolter lots 14 15 blk 20 lots 9 blk 19 North Bend \$400.

L J Simpson and wife to Marie L Brown lots 10 21 block 20, lots 16 17 block 26 North Bend, \$275.

L J Simpson and wife to Annie Ayotte lot 18 block 19 Yarrow \$150.

Luther G Emerson to Chas E Bailey sec 2, nes 14 lots 3 and 4 s 30 e 2 of sw 4, sec 30 all in 1 28 r 6, 554 84 acres lots 1 and 2 e 2 of nes 14 lots 6 and 7 e 2 of sw 4 s 6 20 r 9 326 62 acres \$9370 49.

E W Hermann and wife to M H Dement 12 acres in a 20 1 20 r 12 \$600.

Ston Danielson and wife to Arthur R Ellingson, tract in a 25 1 28 r 15 \$200.

Stephen Gallier, Sheriff to Board of Commissioners for sale of School and University lands, w 2 sec 4 of sw 4 s 22 e 2 sw 4 of sec 21, ne 4 of nes 4 s 28 lots 1 and 2, s 27, all in 1 27 r 13 322 10 acres, tide land fronting lots 1 and 2 s 27 1 26 r 13 22 acres \$2081 10.

Stephen Gallier Sheriff to Board of Commissioners s 2 of nes 4 of nes 4 w 4 of sec 21 1 28 r 12, 160 acres \$403 35.

Stephen Gallier Sheriff to Board of Commissioners nes 4 of sw 4 lot 2 w 2 of sec 4 s 11 1 30 r 15, 150 80 acres \$2687 35.

Stephen Gallier, Sheriff to Board of Commissioners nes 4 of sec 4 lots 6 and 7 s 31 1 28 r 13, 204 1-2 acres \$1257 90.

Stephen Gallier Sheriff to Board of Commissioners s 2 of nes 4 w 2 of nes 4 s 28 1 29 r 10 100 acres. \$474 12.

GREGSON'S POLICY

[Copyright, 1905, by A. S. Richardson.]

Franklin Howard regarded the group on the porch with a curiosity which was returned with interest. He was the latest arrival at Stony Brook farm, and the other summer boarders looked upon a newcomer with satisfaction.

Howard was a big, clean faced fellow, with clear eyes and an alert air that was lacking in most of the stoop shouldered young men who had left their desks in the steaming city to spend their year's savings at a boarding house where their two weeks' stay was more costly than three months in the city.

Naturally the women regarded him with favor, especially those who had passed the first flush of youth. The only drawback was that he did not respond readily to their overtures. He was courteous, but they excited only amusement.

The only one upon whom he looked

and naturally enough she was the most unapproachable. The father, Henry G. Gregson, was rather more disposed to be sociable. A cigar was his overture, and as the two men talked Gregson led the conversation to the city.

"Stay here long?" he asked curtly. He was not given to waste of words. "Only two weeks," replied Howard. "I wanted four, but the boss said he couldn't spare me from the shop, so I took what I could get."

"Good policy," commented Gregson. "Always do that. I can't stay here fooling. City wants me. You care for my daughter?"

"How do you mean?" asked the astonished Howard. "I admire Miss Gregson immensely, but—"

"Nonsense," ejaculated the other. "I didn't ask if you loved her. You look after her. Keep those infernal small boys away. You are a man at any rate. Box of cigars do?"

Howard intimated that he did not require the bribe to induce him to act as a squire of dames.

"Come over," said the other. "Helen," he continued when they had approached, "this is Mr. Howard. He will look out for you when I go back to town. Get acquainted." And he left them to engage the former landlord in conversation as to the crops. Gregson was "carrying" more wheat than the farmer probably realized was raised in one summer.

Howard got on famously with Miss Gregson and by the end of the first week was her inseparable companion. They roamed the country over and at last one day, reverting to childhood, built a dam in the little creek which flowed at the bottom of the meadow. It was not much of a dam as dams go; still it served to break the last barrier between them. They were children again, and when at last they had induced most of the water to run over the top instead of between the stones they regarded their accomplishment with admiration.

He gained possession of her hand, unrebuked till a pressure warned her to withdraw it. It was too late then. Hot from his lips rushed the words of love. Those ten days of close companionship had had their influence upon both. The building of the dam had completed the work. They had controlled the waters of the creek, but their love ran free and unchecked. When the dinner horn brought them back to earth again, they were betrothed, and Helen admiringly regarded the ring which had once been his mother's.

The next three days were all their own. Then Howard had to return to town. He presented himself before the head of the Gregson family, who seemed a little surprised. "Back, eh? Come for the cigars?"

"No," said Howard evenly. "I have come to ask for your daughter." Gregson's face purpled.

"You unstart!" he finally managed to ejaculate. "You mechanic! You want my daughter? No?"

"I am no mechanic," responded Howard.

"You said shop," urged the other.

"Well," retorted Howard, "I didn't say I was a mechanic. You jump at conclusions. I told you that I had to get back to the shop in two weeks. I didn't say it was a machine shop."

"Machinery, dry goods—all the same; one as bad as the other," Gregson was rapidly reaching the stage described as being too full for utterance. Howard seemed to enjoy the situation.

"I lived several years in England," he explained. "There shop is any place where you work. My shop is the Blue Star Transport line. My father owned two-thirds of the concern when he died. Now I am learning the business, and this is the rush season."

Gregson was appeased, but still unsatisfied.

"All the same, you had no business getting engaged. I never told you you could have Helen."

Howard smiled.

"I admit I should have asked permission first," he said, "but you advised it."

Gregson jumped from his chair.

"I never!" he shouted, then sank back.

"You will remember our conversation of two weeks ago," Howard explained smoothly. "That is evident from the fact that you have already referred to things I said then. I told you I wanted four weeks, but had to take two instead, and you told me to take all I could get."

Gregson was vanquished. "Take her, my boy," he said weakly, a shade of awe in his tones. "You would take her anyway, and I may as well consent. But you make a mistake staying in the steamer business. Be a lawyer and still follow my policy."

FRANK A. CHESWICK.

For Two Reasons.

Neighbor—Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors and windows?

Farmer—He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures I refused to let him do it.

Politics.

"You can never tell what will turn up in politics," observed the ward heeler.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it," rejoined the ex-candidate. "You can never tell who will be turned down."

Chicago News.

"AFTER SCHOOL. AFTER COLLEGE"

[Original.]

She knew that she was a foundling; that she was far above the old woman whose cows she milked and whose chores she did. To know this she had but to look in the glass and see the shapely figure, the refined features. Only the hands, that were being turned from their fine molding by labor, showed that she was not living in her proper station.

The farm was worked to supply the table of a rich man. In summer he, with his family, occupied the great house down by the water, so shut in by tall hedges that the vulgar could not look in to envy the comforts of those it enclosed. He drove occasionally to the farm to inspect his vegetable gardens or his cows or his chickens, and sometimes brought his son, a boy of fifteen, who would talk to the foundling while she milked the cows or wiped the dishes.

Then the boy began to take his father's orders to the farm, riding a small thoroughbred mare, and would always spend more time with the foundling than with the farmer.

"What shall we do, boy?" said the latter one day when the boy had been talking to the girl out in the arbor. "When his people find it out, they will blame us. We shall lose our home and our means of living."

"We must get rid of her."

They were too late. Already the boy, too young to realize the wrong he was doing, had told the girl that "after school, after college," he would come to the farm and take her away. It seemed a long while to her to wait, to work at menial duties for which she had an inherited aversion, but in woman there is patience, and she did not complain. She never doubted that when all was ready he would come for her. She did not know that preparations were being made to send her where he might not find her, where her work would be harder than ever.

The next spring when Horace Brayton came to the country he found her gone. In an agony he begged the farmer's wife to tell him where, but she would not. "You'll forget it all in time," she said. "It's not for you, a wealthy gentleman's son, to be keeping company with a little working girl, and a foundling at that." Horace went away with the first great pain his young heart had ever known.

The foundling had become a kitchen-maid in the city. When she left the farm, she took with her a baby's dress with the letters "A. T." embroidered on it in silk. This was the only hope she had—that some time this dress would be the link to a different life. One day her hope was fulfilled. A carriage respectful of its trappings and the livery of its coachman and footman drove up to the house. A lady came up the steps, and the foundling knew that the dream of her life was realized.

After an interview between the lady and the mistress of the house the foundling was sent for. She took with her the baby dress. When the lady saw it and the embroidered letters, she folded a daughter in her arms and wept.

Six years later Alice Townsend, the foundling, remembered her farm chores only as a nightmare, her boy lover as a delightful dream. She had spoken to her mother of the family of the rich man who owned the farm, but had been informed that they were not in the gilded circle. "We," she said, "have the blood of all the Howards in our veins, besides boundless inherited wealth. They made their money in rags and paper."

Alice made her debut in society. She was the success of the season. In the cotillon she was loaded with favors. Men with fortunes, men with prospective fortunes, vied with one another for the prize of her hand. She listened to none of them. She was thinking of the words "after school, after college, I will come for you." One June morning she took up a paper and read the names of the graduating class at a prominent university. His name was among them.

Horace Brayton went from college straight to the country home of his father. The newly opened foliage, the sweet smelling country, the balmy June days, were in contrast with his feelings. He strolled away from the house in the twilight, passed under an arch cut in the hedge and went to the farm. He did not enter by the gate, but climbed the fence in rear of the house, then made his way to an apple tree under which he had promised the foundling to return for her. He could plainly see a window where he used to watch for her. Oh, that they might again be children and she would come out to meet him!

He fancied he saw a figure where she used to stand to watch for him. No; it must be fancy, for on looking a second time it had gone. A rear door by the wellhouse opened, the door through which she used to come to him, and a woman emerged, a maid perhaps that the farmer's wife had got to help her. The figure came straight on, and in a moment a vision of loveliness stood before him.

"You are"—

"The foundling."

"Can I be dreaming?"

"No. You promised 'after school,

after college,' you would come and relieve me of my drudgery. I wished to know if you would keep your promise."

"But this transformation?"

"There is no transformation, except in my dress and surroundings. I am the same."

Society was much surprised the next winter at the announcement of an engagement between the aristocratic Miss Townsend and the son of old Brayton, the "ragman."

F. A. MITCHELL.

OLD COATS.

Sack Shapes of Zibeline and Paper Goods.

The sack paletot abounds in many charming shapes. It is made in delicate green zibeline cloth trimmed with hanging green and white tassels. This is lined with delicate brocade and closes right up to the throat.

Equally alluring is a long evening coat of pastel pink zibeline. It is very full sack in form and is stitched with



DINNER DRESS OF PINK CRAPE.

bands of pink satin and finished about the shoulders by a width imparting double cape.

A half sack coat of heavy fawn corduroy is strapped with shaped upright lines of face cloth defined by braid, the whole lined through with scarlet satin.

Gowns are becoming more and more elaborate, especially those for evening wear. They are fairly incrustated with fine lace and embroideries. The dinner dress here shown is of pink crape trimmed with a raised embroidery of hydrangeas worked in chenille over black and white lace. The gown is in two pieces, but simulates a princess dress with its long lines of trimming opening over a full shirred underskirt of chiffon.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Stage in Green.

That "make believes" of the stage are not so easily detected now as in the days when Mr. Joseph Jefferson was beginning to earn his reputation as an actor is shown by this story of dramatic "business" in the earlier days of the Walnut Street theater in Philadelphia. There was a scene in the course of which a servant was to enter with lights.

"In those days," said Mr. Jefferson, "sea island cotton was stage ice cream, just as molasses and water was stage wine, sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses. The actors were seated at the table where they had been enjoying such viands as these, and their dialogue was making the very best sort of an impression on a crowded house.

"Then in came that maidservant with the wabbliest sort of candleabra. The scene was so engrossing that she was scarcely noticed, but when she set down her burden on the table and one candle toppled out and put the ice cream in a blaze—well, the entire audience burst into a laugh, and the curtain had to be rung down."

Billion and Trillion.

There are two systems of numeration in use at the present day, commonly called the English and the French systems. In the former the billion is a million of millions, a trillion a million of billions, and each denomination is a million times the one preceding. In the latter, which is the system used in the United States, the billion is a thousand millions, and each denomination is a thousand times the preceding. Therefore, according to the English notation, a trillion is the product of a million involved to the third power, or the number represented by a unit with its eiphers annexed; according to the French notation, the number expressed by a unit with twelve eiphers attached. A billion according to the French method is the number represented by a unit with nine eiphers and according to the English method with twelve eiphers annexed.

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