A Good Way with Women

I WAS sitting alone in the tent, watching the others play tennis. At least I professed to be watching them. As a matter of fact, I was day dreaming. The dreams—I may as well confess it—were about Bob Chalmers and myself. He had paid me marked attention during the fortnight that he had been staying in the neighborhood.

Some one roused me by slogging a ball into the tent. When I had thrown it out and settled down again I noticed that a couple of men were talking on the bench just outside. One voice was dear old Col. Wardell's. The other belonged to a stranger—the gentleman who was staying with him, I supposed.

"Just fancy Bob Chalmers coming down here!" said the stranger. "I shouldn't have thought there was anything at Faraway to attract him." I smiled contentedly. He had seemed to find—something.

"Oh!" said the colonel. "I don't know. If he likes a country life, you see?"

"I shouldn't think it was the least in his line. He's a regular society man, knows all the best people."

"Does he? I should hardly have thought—er—"

"Well, you see his wife—" His wife! The tent seemed to whirl round me. I lost the conclusion of the sentence; also the reply. When I recovered the visitor was speaking again.

"A niece of Lord Herington," he said. "Awfully pretty woman. The belle of her season. He carried her off from a regular crowd of fellows, somehow or other. Quite a love match."

"He always had a good way with women," remarked the colonel, with a laugh.

He had a "way" with one woman I knew.

"A jolly good fellow," declared the stranger, emphatically. "I can understand anyone liking him."

I heard them walk away and join in the Babel of merry voices. Some one came into the tent and asked me to make one in the next game, but I pleaded a headache. The excuse was true, I think; but I wasn't sure about the headache or anything. "How could he have been so cruel!" I kept thinking to myself. He had seemed so frank and open. It was part, I supposed, of his "way" with women.

I decided to go home and avoid meeting him until I had recovered a little, but before I could carry out my resolution I heard his quick step upon the gravel path. I set my lips and made another resolution. He should not have the satisfaction of thinking that I cared.

"Why!" he cried, with his merry laugh, "there isn't anything wrong with the ground after all. I thought it looked awfully uninteresting till I saw this side of the tent."

I smiled and made room for him.

"I wonder," I inquired, "whether you really think that I believe all your pretty speeches? Come now, do tell me."

"Don't I say them as if I mean them?" He tossed his cap into a corner and stretched himself lazily.

"Oh, dear me, yes! You have an admirable 'way' with poor, helpless woman. I heard some one say so the other day, do you know."

He pulled his mustache dubiously.

"I should be satisfied if one woman thought so." He looked down upon me with a smile. He is big, even when he is sitting.

"Only one?"

"Only one."

"Of course you say that to all of them. It is part of the 'way.'" He folded his hands across his knee and considered the matter.

"Would you like me to record a solemn affirmation upon the subject?" he inquired.

"More of the 'way!' Really, Mr. Chalmers, you are excellent." He regarded me carefully and grew rather grave.

"I am afraid," he remarked, at length, "I have done something to displease you." I looked at him innocently. It hurt me to meet his eyes, but I did not flinch.

"The weak spot of man," I pronounced, "is his vanity. He considers all his doings of interest—pleasing or displeasing—to others."

"To his particular friends," he corrected.

"Am I honored by inclusion in that category?" Yesterday the question would have appeared needless. To-day it seemed absurd.

"It is a matter which requires two persons to settle. So far as I am concerned—" He paused and glanced swiftly at me. "Possibly you would say it was only part of the 'way' if I finished the sentence?"

I studied the tennis carefully.

He rose hastily to find a wandering ball. I was glad to see him throw it so savagely. It was a little consolation to hurt his vanity.

"You are—impossible—this evening," he remarked, with his usual good humor, when he had returned.

"I am sorry, because—do you know I was thinking that I am myself for once?"

"You are not a bit like yourself," he contradicted.

"Really! Am I such a simple 'self' that you have learned all about me in a few days' acquaintance?" I asked, scornfully.

"I didn't mean that, of course," he said, slowly. "No doubt there are more charms to discover, impossible as it seems." I bowed mockingly. "But one infers from the known to the unknown."

"Supposing there is a 'known' to infer from," I suggested. He looked at me in astonishment.

"Do you mean to say that, after our pleasant fortnight?"—I raised my eyebrows. "Of course, I speak only for myself."

"I concede the 'pleasant,'" I said, with a smile that was not intended to look genuine.

"Do you mean that we haven't shown most of our real selves? That we have just played a play?"

"You know we have," I said with an air of frankness. "It has been great fun. I really have enjoyed it immensely. But I am not such a practical actor as you, and I am getting a little tired of pretending." He drew his breath sharply. It occurred to me that perhaps he really had cared a little.

"I do not understand," he said. "Surely you don't mean—you can't mean—that you have merely been pretending to be good friends with me?"

"Of course not," I said, lightly. "We're excellent friends, I hope. But friendship has certain limits." The night before he had held my hand ever so tightly in the dusk, and when we parted he tried to—he almost—Oh, well, I'll tell the truth. He kissed me.

"Is it absolutely impossible for friendship to grow—" He touched my hand, and I drew it sharply away.

"It depends upon persons and circumstances, of course," I replied, coldly.

"Do you mean," he said, sternly, "that you have no thought for me beyond mere friendship? If so, you are the most heartless—" I drew myself up stiffly.

"Really," I said, frigidly, "you carry the 'way' too far, Mr. Chalmers. There is a point at which it becomes an insult."

"Insult!" He stood up and towered over me. "Insult! That I love you. That I—oh, I am a fool to tell you!"

"Foolishness," I said, meaningly, "is pardonable. Some things are not. Deceit is one of them." He looked down at me for a moment. Then he smiled a wintry smile.

"Deceit," he agreed, "is one of them. I do not think I shall ever be deceived by a woman again."

He looked so angry that it seemed to me that perhaps, after all, he had really fallen in love with me a little. It was wrong, wicked, inexcusable; but I was glad, glad, glad! I must find out, I resolved.

"Tell me honestly," I demanded, "if you can drop pretense for once—"

"You have no right to speak to me like that," he interrupted, furiously.

"Have I not? Have you not known perfectly well, all along, that you would never, never be anything more to me than a friend?"

"I think," he said, "that you are the—" He stopped abruptly. "I don't like to say hard things to a woman," he stated, after an interval. Then we were silent.

There was a sudden burst of conversation when the game came to an end.

"They will be making up another set," I said. "Won't you join them?"

He took a quick step to the opening of the tent. Then he turned.

"For God's sake, Eve," he implored, "tell me that it isn't your real self that is speaking this evening. If you knew how much I cared for you, if you understood—"

"I understand," I said, quietly.

"Haven't you down in the bottom of your heart just one little bit of love for me? When I love you so much—my dear?"

I tried to say "No," but I couldn't. I clenched my hands fiercely and bit my lips to keep from crying out aloud. Oh, he should never, never know! After a few seconds, that seemed an age, the others came to the tent.

"Ah, Miss Eve," said the colonel, "I knew that you were hiding here, but I wouldn't disturb you. Let me introduce another Mr. Robert Chalmers, the cousin of our big friend here." I rose mechanically. "He is coming to settle down here with his wife and—Why, what is the matter, my dear?"

"I—I—feel faint," I said, feebly. I dropped back in a chair, and everything grew misty. Some one ran for water, I think, and the two Robert Chalmers lifted me, chair and all, into the open air.

I soon recovered. Then they lifted me back again into the tent, out of the cooling breeze. They insisted upon carrying me, though I knew I could have walked. Then I began laughing and talking, and they went off one by one, till only Bob—my Bob—was left. He sat down on a chair some distance from me, and looked out through the opening and didn't speak.

I thought of several things to say, but they didn't seem the right ones. So I waited a few minutes for him to begin, but he didn't. He looked so hurt that I felt I couldn't wait any longer.

"It is awkward," I remarked, feebly, "that you and your cousin have the same name."

"It is not unusual with cousins," he answered, indifferently.

"No—o, but—" I looked at him appealingly.

"I don't see why it matters."

"People might mistake one for the other."

"Yes. Do you mean—has anyone—"

"No—o. At least—Do you know your cousin's wife?"

"Of course! One of the jolliest little women in the world. He is devoted to her."

"People might think that you were—"

"Eve!"

"Were married, I mean."

He stared at me for a moment, then he jumped up. * * * It was a good thing that I was sitting right at the side of the tent.

When he had spoiled my hat and crushed my blouse he demanded an explanation. So I explained. I expected that he would be dreadfully cross, but he wasn't. He just put his arm around me and * * *

As I said, he has a good way with—me.—Madame.

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The news of both hemispheres—in The Weekly Oregonian.

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ARCTIC EXPLORERS.

Efforts Made to Recover Those Who Were Lost.

The Latest Expedition to Return Without Some of Its Members—Duke of Abruzzi Will Return for Them.

It was announced recently that the duke of the Abruzzi would return to Franz Joseph Land next spring in the hope that he might succeed in rescuing the three men from his expedition who were lost during his recent sojourn in that far northern land. In the brief report of his discoveries, and of the remarkable sledge journey of one of his parties which attained the highest latitude ever reached, nothing was said of the great misfortune which befell the expedition. The facts have been made known only since the expedition returned to Italy. It will be remembered that the first sledge party which the duke sent north from his vessel, the Stella Polare, when she was frozen in the ice in latitude 81 degrees 33 minutes, was a failure, owing to the frightful cold, the temperature falling to 52 degrees Celsius. It was late in February when this expedition returned to the ship. On March 14 a fresh attempt was made. Ten men and many dogs started northward. After ten days' march Lieut. Gaurini, of the Italian navy, the Norwegian machinist Stocken, and the Italian Alpine guide Ulle, declined to go any further, and were sent back to the ship with the sledge and ten dogs, says the New York Sun.

They never returned to the ship and no trace of them could be found. All the other members of the party, with the ship's doctor as leader, advanced for 20 days to beyond the eighty-third parallel and returned safe and sound to the ship. It was the third expedition that later made the highest northing.

Searching expeditions were sent out for the lost men, but all in vain. Two depots of supplies were left for them at places which it was thought they might reach if they were alive. After the return of the expedition to Italy an official marine inquiry was held as to the disappearance of the three men. Seven members of the expedition were examined. None except the duke of the Abruzzi thought the men could possibly be alive. Dr. Cavalli, who was with the party when the unfortunate men turned back, testified that the ice was weak in many places and covered with new snow, and he believed the party had fallen in and were drowned. There was no danger, he said, of their losing their course on their way back to the ship, for they knew perfectly the route to steer. A rescue expedition would be impossible in the dark season. Other witnesses expressed the belief that the men had either succumbed to snow storms or fallen through the ice.

The duke of the Abruzzi alone said he believed there was hope that the men had reached one of the supply stations, or, at least, had found refuge on some island where they might be able to live, as Nansen did in the same region, upon the game they killed. He at once hired another vessel, the Stella Polare being too badly used up for further arctic work, and in the spring he will make his way with a new crew across Barents sea to the archipelago where he spent last winter. He will lead a forlorn hope, but he has nobly determined to undergo all the hardships necessary to ascertain whether his lost comrades are still alive in the frightful arctic waste where they were swallowed up.

PRAYERS FOR A STIPEND.

French Abbe Who Has Made a Town Prosperous by a Novel Traffic.

There is a small village in the department of the Sarthe, in France, that has arisen from poverty to affluence by means of prayer furnished on demand for a consideration. The cure of the village, a certain Abbe Buguet, was as poor as his flock. But he was not content to stay that way and, being a man of imagination, he looked around for some means by which he could better the condition of his people and incidentally his own. He finally hit upon an idea, says a London exchange. He learned to set type, bought a secondhand hand press and set up, printed and published a leaflet in which he discoursed upon the efficacy of prayer. Then he made a business proposition to his flock. He would pray for them, for their children and for their dead for an annual subscription of one sou. In other words, he would take charge of all their prayers for one sou a year. The idea appealed to his parishioners and all of them subscribed. With the little sums thus acquired he printed more leaflets and distributed them throughout the neighboring country and every leaflet seemed to bring in a new subscriber.

Today he has many thousands of subscribers who live in all parts of the world, and Montligeon, which was once little more than a collection of hovels, is a prosperous town. It has a church that is a cathedral. It has wide streets lighted by electric lights, a post office, waterworks and cab service. And in the center of the town is a large white building where Abbe Buguet, with eight almoners, 15 interpreters, 80 secretaries and a crowd of clerks, proceeds with his work of supplying prayers. More than 1,500 letters come each day, each of them containing at least the required sou, and most of them having a much larger sum. A part of these letters ask for prayers and these are divided among various needy priests in the neighborhood, who thus are able to add considerable to their meager incomes. All the voluntary offerings go into the general treasury and are used for the benefit of the town and the valley in which it is situated. The mayor of the town is the cashier and the principal councillors are the secretaries or chief accountants and Abbe Buguet is manager of all. It is the most profitable prayer factory in the world.

Exercise.—Book Agent—"I suppose you don't get much exercise?" Adam Upp—"Well, I'm running up and down columns of figures all day, if that counts for anything."—Baltimore American.

ELOPING PRINCESSES.

Some Have Run Away with Men Far Beneath Them.

Notable Instances of the Susceptibility of Royalty to the Darts of Cupid—Tragedies That Have Resulted.

Even royalties are not immune from the darts of Cupid, and, although under the laws of all European nations princesses are forbidden to wed husbands of inferior rank to their own, many have surrendered to a handsome face or a dashing manner even though their possessors were men of plebeian birth, says a London exchange.

Princess Isabella, grandaunt of the present king of Spain, eloped with the Polish Count Gurowski. One dark night the count repaired with a carriage to Enghien, near Paris, where his inamorata lived. Leaving her house by means of a rope ladder, she soon joined him, and the couple escaped safely to this country, where they were married. Alas, the glamour soon faded, for after awhile the pair quarreled and a separation ultimately ensued.

Even more romantic was the elopement of her sister, Princess Josephine. A certain Senor Renede, a poet of promise and a journalist attached to a Havana paper, asked a rich planter for his daughter's hand, with the result that he was ignominiously shown the door. Furious at this treatment, the young poet swore that he would show the world his worth by marrying a princess.

Quitting Cuba, he journeyed to Madrid, where, after years of want and suffering, he gained a reputation as a poet. At last his genius attracted the notice of Princess Josephine, to whom he had dedicated several of his effusions. The royal lady made his acquaintance and became enamored with the poet. Her love was returned, the pair eloped to Paris. On hearing the news the princess' family were aghast and strove by every means to have the marriage annulled. Their efforts were, however, futile, and, common sense at length prevailing, the poet and his royal bride were forgiven and taken into favor.

Some six years since Princess Elizabeth, a granddaughter of the emperor of Austria, fixed her affections upon Baron Otto Von Seefried, a young infantry lieutenant. Her relatives' efforts to prevent the mesalliance were of no avail, for one morning the lovers escaped to Genoa, where they were married. Another Austrian royalty, Princess Elvira, likewise contracted a runaway marriage by eloping with a Bavarian count, while the mother of the present queen of Italy eloped with an artillery officer, who, on the union turning out unhappy, committed suicide.

Some two years since a desperate duel was fought between Lieut. Geza De Matachich and Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg, in which the latter was wounded. This encounter was the outcome of the action taken by the prince's wife, Princess Louise, eldest daughter of the king of the Belgians, who, driven to desperation by her husband's cruelty, had, after vainly appealing to her father for protection, thrown herself upon the honor of the Hungarian officer of hussars, with whom she fled to Spain.

An elopement that failed was that planned by Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of Nicholas I. of Russia, and Lieut. Bariantinski. At the last moment the lover's courage failed and he made a full confession. The princess was promptly married to Prince Charles of Wurtemburg, while the treacherous officer received such rapid promotion as to attain the highest rank in the army before he was 30.

Count Louis Batthyany, who was shot in the market place of Buda-Pesth by the imperial troops for his complicity in the rising of 1848, might have escaped his tragic fate had he consented to desert his wife and family and elope with Archduchess Maria, who was madly in love with him.

"Hamlet" by Deaf Mutes.

Very useful work is done by the adult deaf and dumb institute in Manchester in keeping up a link of association and interest among deaf-mutes scattered over a large area. Some travel great distances to take part in a reunion in Manchester, that has now become an annual event. This year it took place at the Hulme town hall, where a tea party in the evening was followed by a performance of "Hamlet," by deaf-mutes. Probably the feeling for dramatic representation is as strong in them as in others, but to those who can hear and speak it is difficult to imagine that it can be fully satisfied by signs and gestures, more especially when they are trammeled with the rapid and complicated movements of the finger language. The performance was, however, a great success. Last year the same "actors" gave "Romeo and Juliet," so that the success was not altogether due to novelty. The dressing of the play was effective, the scenery was good, and there was spirit in the acting, and the audience, judged by their attention, felt a real concern in the development and the incidents of the play.—London Lancet.

Measuring the Earth.

After nearly 30 years of constant effort and the expenditure of nearly $500,000, scientists have succeeded in accurately measuring the earth. They have learned that its diameter through the equator is 7,926 miles; its height from pole to pole, 7,899 miles. The earth, therefore, is flattened at the poles; and, while this fact has long been asserted, the actual measurement has removed the question from the domain of doubt.—Science.

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, June 9, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ada L. Simpson, of Albany, county of Linn, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5777, for the purchase of the N. W. ¼ of sec. No. 25, in Tp. No. 10 S, Range No. 4 E. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the county clerk of Linn county, at Albany, Oregon, on Monday, the 25th day of August, 1902.

She names as witnesses: John T. Simpson and L. M. Crowder of Albany, Oregon, L. T. Hennese, of Gates Oregon, and J. E. Welch, of Minto, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 25th day of August, 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land office, Oregon City, Oregon, June 10, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Ella T. Noble, of Portland, county of Multnomah, state of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 5779, for the purchase of the S. ½ S. W. ¼ & S. ½ S. E. ¼ of Sec. 8 in Tp. No. 11, S., Range No. 2 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of September, 1902.

She names as witnesses: Clark Gaines of Larwood, Oregon, M. N. Yoeman, of Lacomb, oregon, Ralph Hyde[illegible] of Portland, oregon, and John Helvie, of Mulino, oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 2nd day of September 1902.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, May 21, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Oregon City, Oregon, on July 21, 1902, viz: Augustine E. Watson, H. E. 11672, for the Lots 9, 10, 15 and 16 of Sec. 1, T. 10 S., R. 4 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: T. S. Hensley of Gates, Oregon; [illegible] D. McInnes, [illegible] and W. [illegible] W. Hedges, [illegible] Gates, Oregon.

CHAS. B. MOORES, Register.

[illegible]

Scio, Oregon, May 16, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the Bank of Scio, a corporation has sold its one-half interest in the Scio Roller Mills to Henry Miller and the partnership existing between the Bank of Scio and G. W. Phillips is now dissolved.

Also, that on the 20th day of January, 1902, its bank building and personal property was sold to T. J. Munkers, and its other assets to J. F. Gaines, and that its business is now closed and the corporation dissolved.

BANK OF SCIO.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has this day filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, her final account as administratrix of the estate of Hannah Brenner, late of said county, deceased, and that said court has fixed Saturday, the 9th day of August, 1902, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., as the time for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

Dated July 9th, 1902.

ELIZABETH BILYEU, Administratrix.

Hewitt & Sox, Attorneys for Administratrix.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed in the county court of Linn county, Oregon, their final account as administrators with the will annexed of the estate of W. W. Richardson, late of said county, deceased, and that said court has fixed Saturday, August 9th, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. as the time for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

MARY E RICHARDSON
M. N. RICHARDSON,
Administrators.

Hewitt & Sox, Attorneys for Administrators.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of Peter S. Brenner, deceased, has filed his final account in said estate matter with the County Clerk of Linn county, Oregon, and the County Court has fixed Saturday, the 9th day of August, 1902, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. of said day for the hearing of said account and the final settlement of said estate. Any and all persons having objections thereto are hereby notified to be present and present the same.

Dated this 9th day of July, 1902.

Wm. BRENNER, Administrator.

J. N. Duncan, Attorney for Administrator.

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THE MASTICATION CURE.

A German Scientist's Remedy for Indigestion on the Gladstonian Principle.

Mastication is the latest cure for the ills which afflict mankind, says a writer in the Brooklyn Eagle. A German scientist has discovered that indigestion and all the complaints arising from it can be either prevented or cured by obliging patients to bite up thoroughly everything that enters their mouths. Even liquids, such as water, must be chewed to some extent, and soup must receive as much mastication as if it were composed of dry bread crumbs. According to the scientist who advocates this method, 85 per cent. of the stomach troubles of mankind are caused by improper methods of consuming food and drink. The human mouth, he points out, is neither a mere receptacle for food, nor is it designed solely for tasting. It is as much a digestive organ as the stomach itself. More than half of the process of digestion, he says, should take place in the mouth. It is when the work which should have been performed by the teeth is thrown upon the stomach that indigestion and other troubles ensue. Animals do not have indigestion, says the German discoverer, because those which have been given ruminant teeth never think of bolting their food, as mankind does. The dog bolts its food and does not suffer from indigestion simply because nature has provided it with a digestive apparatus which renders chewing more or less superfluous. Nature, however, stopped with the animals. No man yet investigated has been found to possess the dog's digestive abilities.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

First Business Man—"What did you do while you were up in the country with your wife?" Second Business Man (gloomily)—"Penance."—Sommerville Journal.

Miss Gotawad—"Charley, how do you know you love me more than anybody else in the world?" Mr. Saphedde—"I know it because you have money."—Ohio State Journal.

The Shasta Route.

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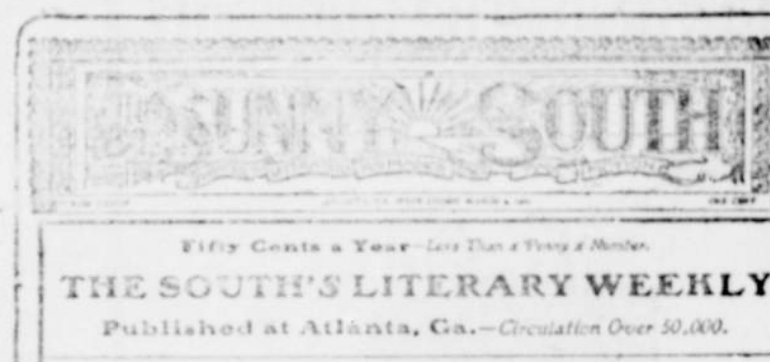

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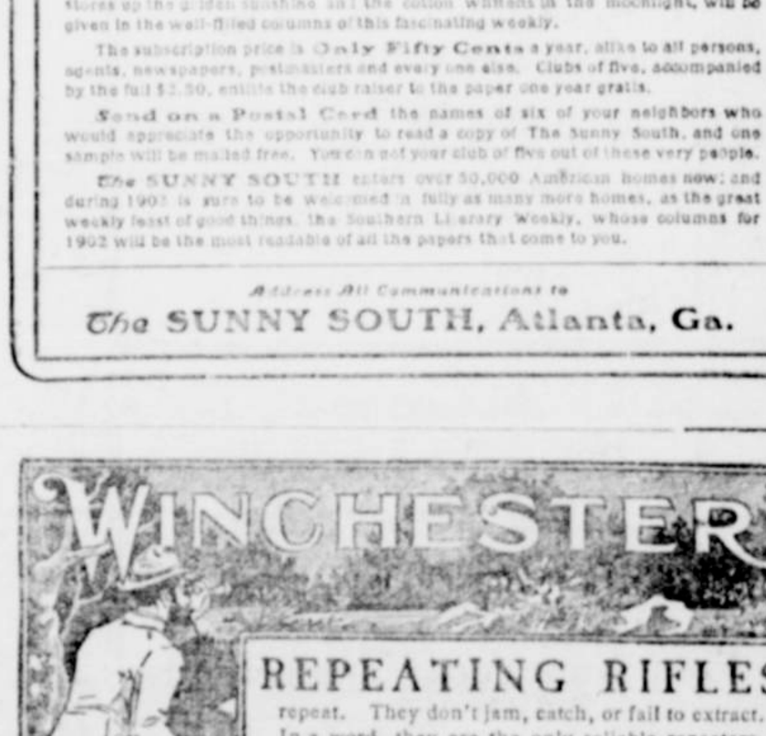
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