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 Hevington," 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.

"Have 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.

What Uncle Sam's Troops Will Have to Contend With.

Many Beardless Boys Sent from Spain Who Never Return to Their Homes—the Army Classified.

Spain's forces in Cuba are classified as follows:

First—Regular infantry. This force is composed exclusively of men born in Spain. One can have only feelings of pity for these poor boys, for most of them are barely 20 years of age. As regiment after regiment goes marching past, one will look at thousands of youthful faces before seeing a grizzled veteran. These boys are clean-looking, neat and well-behaved. "Toughs" and rowdies among them are almost wholly unknown. They care nothing about Cuba. The island might sink into the sea, and they would merely roll a fresh cigarette and dream of the blue hills of old Spain, so very, very far away. They are dragged from their peaceful, quiet homes to fight for Spain. That is all they know about it, and it is all they care. Poor boys! One could only pity them, as they kept always coming, coming to Havana, and never going back. It would be a pity to mow down these inoffensive lads with machine guns and steel-jacketed bullets.

Second—Regular cavalry. This is practically little more than mounted infantry. The men are of Spanish birth. If one did not know that their horses came chiefly from Texas, the inference would be irresistible that the cavalry mounts were the direct descendants of Rosinante of blessed memory. The average cavalry horse of the Spanish forces in Cuba recalls the old story of the man who was driving along a village street somewhere in Connecticut with a horse that was apparently saved from total disintegration only by the harness.

"Hello!" said a friend on the sidewalk. "Going to have a new horse?"

"What d'ye mean?" demanded the other.

"Why, I thought you were going to have a new horse. I see you have the frame up!"

When the Spanish cavalry horse becomes too weak and decrepit for active service he is sold to the bull fighters, who prop him up while the bulls gore him to death.

Third—Guardia Civil—infantry. This is really an admirable body of men. It is the pick of the Spanish troops in Cuba. To be eligible for service in this corps a man must be of good character and some education. As the name implies, it is a civil guard, detailed chiefly for service in cities and other places where an intelligent, well-behaved force is required. The men are not mounted. They are of Spanish birth, and they take pride in the good name of their corps.

Fourth—Guerrillas—cavalry. From the name, this force is supposed by most Americans to be composed of lawless bands of ruffians roaming about, without method or discipline, in search of throats to cut and hen roosts to rob. This is an error. The guerrillas are regularly enlisted men, properly officered, and subjected to army discipline. The detestation in which they are held arises from two circumstances: First, they are mostly native-born Cubans, fighting for pay against the freedom of their own country; second, in their capacity of scouts and rural patrol they come in contact with the insurgents more frequently than any other Spanish force. When captured by insurgents a guerrilla receives no quarter. He is either hacked to death with a machete or hanged to the nearest tree. By reason of his intimate knowledge of the country the guerrilla is more feared and hated than all the rest of the Spanish troops combined. When captured by insurgents, the Spanish-born soldier is treated humanely, and put to work raising vegetables for the use of his captors. The captured guerrilla, however, is killed like a wild beast.

Fifth—Volunteers—infantry. This was Weyler's pet force. It is composed chiefly of Spanish residents of Cuba who hold themselves in readiness for active service when called upon in times of emergency. Its fighting ability is supposed to be confined to volleys of selected epithets delivered at long range.

Sixth—Mobilizados—infantry. This is an irregular force for defensive purposes only. It is composed of both Spaniards and native-born Cubans. It is to all intents and purposes a force of night watchmen serving without pay or with pay, as circumstances provide. Each fortified town is supposed to provide a certain number of mobilizados to do guard duty at the blockhouse forts guarding the place. The citizens usually take turns at this duty. By obtaining a special permit from the authorities the owner of a plantation may arm his workmen or may hire men as guards to protect his property against bandits.

Seventh—Orden Publico—infantry. This is a city guard similar to the Guardia Civil. It was with men from this force that the United States consulate general in Havana was guarded.

The Spanish troops are armed with the Mauser rifle, which is a small-bore weapon of high power, flat trajectory and great penetration. It will kill at a distance of a mile and a half. The Springfield rifle, with which the New York national guard is armed, is no match for the Mauser. Many of the insurgents have Remingtons of the same caliber and length of chamber as the Mauser, so that captured Spanish ammunition may be used in rebel guns.—N. Y. Tribune.

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Leaves Corvallis	11:30 "
Arrives Albany	12:15 P M
No. 3. For Detroit—	
Leaves Albany	7:00 A M
Arrives Detroit	12:05 P M
No. 4. from Detroit:	
Leaves Detroit	12:45 P M
Arrives Albany	5:55 P M

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Ore. May 2, 1903.

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 County Clerk Linn Co., at Albany, Oregon, on June 17, 1903, viz: WILLIAM H. McPHERSON H. E. No. 12935, for the W ½, N W ¼ & W ½ S W ¼ Sec. 34, T. 12 S., R. 1 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: H. B. Spencer, Stephen Powell, O. G. Weaver and Charles Hobson, all of Berlin, Oregon.

ALGERNON S. DRESSER, Register.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, as the administrator of the estate of John Y. Crocker, deceased, and any and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to the undersigned at his residence near Scio, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof duly verified as by law required.

Dated this 29th day of May 1903.

W. E. ARNOLD, Administrator.

Weatherford & Wyatt, Att'ys for Administrator.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of A. D. Woodmansee, deceased, has filed her final account in said estate with the County Clerk of Linn County, Oregon, and the judge has set the 6th day of July, 1903 at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m. and the county court room of said county as the place for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

[illegible] WOODMANSEE, Administratrix.

H [illegible] and L. L. Swan, Attorneys.

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