

# Taming A Shrew

With an Interruption That Brought a Climax.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Pretty Kitty Clyde was not really a shrew. She had merely been born imperious and had grown up absolute monarch of an adoring family.

Until she was rising eleven Douglas Norton had been also of her subjects. Fate whisked him away then to inherit an uncle's fortune and go racing about the world, thereby giving Kitty her first realization sense that things could happen otherwise than according to her will.

The process was unpleasant. By a curious mental atrophy Kitty unconsciously stored the unpleasantness as a grudge against the absent Douglas.

So when he came home ten years later and fell openly and instantly a victim to her charms she was in two minds as to what to do with him, and she yielded in favor of the mind that advised her to do something unpleasant.

He was a dear fellow, suiting her exactly in some of her moods. In others—but in those others nobody suited her, least of all herself. Those other moods would probably have made her send Douglas about his business if he had not had the lucky misfortune to have the Ackroyds for friends.

The Ackroyds, whom Kitty loathed, gave up days and nights to warning Douglas against her. The warnings were not wholly disinterested. Though the two Miss Ackroyds were quite old enough to be his mother, there was Lena Shotwell, their niece, over in Kiltredge town, for whose establishment they were most anxious.

Given the facts, the temperaments and the situation, the resulting engagement follows logically. Kitty excused herself to her conscience for it with the special pleading that it would chagrin the Ackroyds and that if she finally broke the engagement the making of it would save Douglas from worse.

Of course she would not think of marrying him for years. Meantime she would revel in the Ackroyd discomfiture. Then her people were so happy over the prospect. That really meant a lot to her.

Dimly at the bottom of a very warm heart she felt that, on the whole, she had not made them as happy as she might have done.

So altogether she was not ill content with the estate in life wherein she now found herself until Douglas obstinately insisted upon her naming the day.

"Go away! The role of impatient lover does not fit you in the least," she said to him with the most fetching pout. "You know you'd be dreadfully upset if I agreed to anything so insane. We can be married when we are too old to care for tearing about. When you are thirty-five I shall be thirty-two. That will be quite time enough to do the Darby and Joan act. Until then—well, we shall stay as we are."

"We will not!" Douglas asserted, seizing both her hands. "Understand, I'm going to be a married man before the year is out!"

"I dare say you can get Lena Shotwell—or somebody like her—all on a sudden this way," Kitty interrupted, trying to pull away her hands.

Douglas held them tight. "I'm going to marry you—nobody else," he said. "Make up your mind to the fact, lady-kin, and give up gracefully while there is time."

"Of all impertinence!" Kitty flashed out at him. "Let go my hands so I can take off your rubbishy ring! I won't marry you—now, never nor next day. I won't even speak to you ever again if you hold me a second longer."

"What a peaceful home we shall have!" Douglas murmured, letting go her hands, but catching her in his arms. He pressed her close and went on, with his lips against her pink ear: "Little darling, I ought to want you to be sensible, but the fact is—I don't. It is ever so much more thrilling to take you thus in spite of yourself. You have never even let me kiss your hand. No matter when we married, this would have to come some time. You know you need mastering, but I'm too generous to ask you to admit it. Come along. I want you to hear me tell daddy all about it. Mother Clyde has already agreed with me that the wedding had better be on your birthday."

Then Kitty forgot herself, her years, her grown-up estate. She screamed. He did not pay any attention. She became so angry that she tried to claw his cheek, but none of her efforts or shrieks availed.

He lifted her as if she were only five years old and carried her into the sitting room, where her father rose in affright. Mrs. Clyde, pallid, but more composed, stood beside him, her hand laid detainingly upon his shoulder.

"It is hard to bear, mighty hard," she whispered. "We—we ought to bear it for the child. Spoiling her so is our work. But for heaven's sake keep still! Her whole future depends on it. Douglas is the man of men for her, and she will throw him over if she has the least chance."

"Daddy! Oh, dear daddy!" Kitty panted, trying to reach out appealing arms. Douglas plinked them fast and went close to Major Clyde, saying, with a laugh that was not quite easy: "Major, this girl you gave me is be-

having so badly! I think you might throw in one of old Flossy's pups to even up the trade."

At that Kitty screamed afresh. The major's breath came hard, his face grew apoplectic, but his wife's hand, closing and unclosing convulsively, warned him not to interfere.

He tried to assume a judicial air and say, "The case admits of argument," but at the second word the door opened to admit Miss Alicia Ackroyd, who usurped and abused privileges of intimate neighborliness.

The Ackroyd house stood just across the road. The two sisters had been on watch in the front windows ever since they saw Douglas ride through the Clyde gate.

They had heard the screams and had made their incursion. "Somebody must be killing somebody over there. I'm going to find out who," Miss Alicia said to Miss Patricia, not even stopping to snatch at a bonnet as she sped through the front door and down the walk.

After one started "Oh!" she stood still, staring at Douglas, who had loosed his hold of Kitty, but kept her hand. Kitty had been in a white rage.

Now she flushed brilliantly and looked at the intruder with her most infantile smile. "Dear Miss Alicia, did I really frighten the neighbors?" she asked. "I'm so glad. Do say I did. We have just had an impromptu rehearsal. Douglas, wretch that he is, insists that I can't act, that he is not depriving the stage of a great ornament in marrying me, and I was bound to prove him in the wrong."

"Oh!" Miss Alicia said again, this time with a mighty different inflection, yet one that still lacked something of conviction. Miss Patricia, fully bonneted, here panted in.

When the stir of settling her ended Miss Alicia returned to the charge. "You ought to have called in a bigger audience, dear Kitty," she said in the suave voice that always meant mischief. "But do tell me what the play was. I don't seem to recall."

"Of course you don't. I belong to the new school," Kitty said brightly. "The new school exists, you know, to prove that until it came nobody ever played Shakespeare quite right. Maybe it's because of my name, but I've always felt that I could give a new rendering of Katharine, you know, in 'The Taming of the Shrew'."

"She did do it and was most convincing," Douglas interrupted gratefully. He had been going hot and cold, wondering if there were any escape from the valley of humiliation open before them. He knew that only by a miracle could the Ackroyd tongues be stopped.

"So convincing!" he went on. "I see I must marry her right away. Miss Alicia, Miss Patricia, will you come to the wedding? It's to be just three weeks from now."

"You are a wretch, an ingrate!" Kitty said to him half an hour later when the Ackroyds had reluctantly taken themselves away. "I saved you and in doing it trapped myself beyond escape. What punishment do you not deserve, sir?"

"Nothing short of imprisonment for life," Douglas said. "Kitty, darling, you showed yourself a genius and a heroine. In reward you shall go on having your own way."

"I don't want it—except sometimes," Kitty answered, racing away to kiss the major and Mrs. Major and at last to pet old Flossy's precious puppies.

**National Forest Timber.**  
In 1905 the timber sold from the national forests aggregated 95,000,000 board feet, which brought the government no more than \$85,000. In 1913 more than 2,000,000,000 feet brought in contracts amounting to \$4,500,000. Not all this money was received in any one year, because national forest timber is sold on contracts which range from one to twenty-five years, and it is paid for as cut.

### PRACTICAL HEALTH HINT.

**Treating Pain.**  
Pain has its uses. By means of it the physician is often helped to his diagnosis. He cannot take the patient's word for the severity of the pain, for what one person will bear with comparative equanimity another will describe as intolerable anguish. The doctor notes the patient's attitude, his facial expression and, above all, his pulse rate. Real pain always makes the pulse rapid, and, as a rule, the more severe the pain the more rapid is the pulse. That is a good rule to remember. Physicians often detect malingerers by their entirely normal pulse rate, and mothers can with safety use the same test to determine the reality or severity of the pains of which their children complain. It is not always wise or kind to give instant relief, even when the suffering is great. In certain intestinal disorders, for example, an anodyne will quickly change the victim's groans to quiet, heavy sleep. But the symptoms are only masked, and the trouble that caused the pain may progress until it is too late for the operation that might have meant a cure. The safest means of relieving pain until the doctor comes is the application of either heat or cold. For some pain there is nothing like a hot water bottle. When there is much congestion the same bottle filled with ice water will give more relief.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS

E. C. Maddock was in Heppner this week.

C. B. Sperry of Ione was in the city Monday.

George Lund is in the city, after an absence of several months.

E. E. Rugg and wife, of Rhea creek, were in the city Monday.

Dave Brown and wife of Blackhorse, were in the city Monday.

S. P. Devin was down from his Willow creek farm on Saturday.

W. P. McMillan, Lexington business man, was in Heppner Monday.

Ed Musgrave was down from his home near Hardman the first of the week.

W. W. Gillette, well known Pendleton resident, was in Heppner last Sunday.

Born—On Friday, Oct. 9, 1914, to Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Mikesell, of Heppner, a son.

Robert Allstott was in town from his home in the Eight Mile section on Tuesday.

Henry Johnson and sons have purchased the red R. C. H. car from Clyde Wells.

Lou Davidson of Rock creek, transacted business in Heppner several days this week.

C. W. Lawson, prominent farmer of south of Heppner, was trading in our town on Saturday.

Mrs. Ralph Becket and children were in the city from their Rhea creek home on Monday.

John Kilkenny, extensive sheepman, transacted business in Heppner several days this week.

Omar Stanton and family and Fred Ashbaugh were down from the Hardman Section on Saturday.

Jack Hyd, of Cecil, and his brother W. G. Hyd, of Sand Hollow, were Heppner visitors over Sunday.

J. B. Coxen and wife of Lexington, passed through Heppner Monday. Mr. Coxen is the barber at Lexington.

W. G. Scott, of Lexington, banker and business man of our neighboring town, was in the county seat on Saturday.

Mrs. Fred Elder returned home from Portland Monday, after visiting with relatives in that city for some time.

Nels Magnusen returned from McDuffee Springs this week. He says he had a fine time and feels greatly improved in health.

A. B. Grover, prominent resident of the Ione section, spent Sunday evening in this city, returning to his home Monday morning.

Guy Huston, prominent farmer of Eight Mile, was in the city on Monday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Huston and the children.

E. Jay Merrill, progressive farmer of the Hardman section, was a Heppner visitor on Friday last, returning home with a load of supplies.

House For Rent.—Good residence property, large enough to accommodate fair sized family. Also good barn on premises. Inquire at this office.

Nine million bushels of grain is tied up in Portland, awaiting the arrival of boats. The shortage of boats is attributed to the war in Europe.

Miss Viva Jones has accepted a position with the R. M. Hart confectionary store, to fill the vacancy made by Dave Wilson, who has entered High School.

Your attention is called to the new adv. of the City Meat Market in this issue. J. Frank Hall is now the sole proprietor of this shop where you will find everything first-class in the meat line.

G. H. Hayden and wife, of Spray, were in Heppner on Sunday. These people were residents of this county at one time, Mr. Hayden being engaged in the saw mill business near Hardman.

Albert Hahn has taken a five-year lease on the Holt farm on Balm Fork, and moved onto the same with his family this week. He has been farming for the past two seasons near Lexington.

Mr. Lee, the man who keeps things nice and clean for the First National Bank and Patterson & Son, returned Monday evening from Portland, where he had been visiting with relatives for several days.

W. A. Richardson and wife departed for Portland last Sunday morning where Mr. Richardson goes as a delegate to the grand lodge convention of the Knights of Pythias. They will spend the week in the metropolis.

# Big Shoe Sale At the Fair Store

FOR the entire week we will offer a reduction in prices of **The STAR Brand Shoes** in Mens' Womens' and Childrens'.

- 5.00 Mens' Shoes, The PATRIOT, for - 4.50
- 4.50 Mens' Shoes - - - - 3.50
- 3.50 Mens' Shoes - - - - 2.95
- 2.50 Mens' Shoes - - - - 1.95
- 4.50 Ladies' Fine Shoes for - - - 3.50
- 3.50 Ladies' Fine Shoes for - - - 2.75
- One Lot of Childrens' Shoes, \$2 quality, 98c.

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M. H. KAPPLE, Prop.

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