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THE GAZETTE-TIMES, HEPPNER, OREGON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1923

HER FATHER

By JANE GORDON

1882. Wastern Newspaper Union.)

Tillie stood before the old-fashioned in her next but quaint bedroom and looked at the picture. She ooked at this photograph often-as often, that is, as her querulous sunt's demands left time.

Tillite's time was, for the most part, taken up with mixing eggnogs and cooking tempting muchs for her inwalld, harrying out to market and hurrying back again-anxiously fearing that Aunt Susan might have needed her in the meantime.

Perhaps if Miss Susan Bixby had really been Tillie's sunt she might have had more kindly consideration for this tireless nurse and companion. But the name "sunt" was merely by adoption.

The picture she loved to gaze at was a picture of the handsome irresponse ble father who had long ago left her to Miss Susan's care. How often had Tille been forced to listen to the complaining tale!

"And when your poor, silly young mother died, Tillie, there was that ne'er-do-well left with a child he didn't know what to do with. And because I had been kind in sending Jellies and things to your mother, who, goodness knows, had little enough to do with, he brought you over to me. 'You live alone, Miss Susan,' says your father, 'and little Tillie will be company for you. When I find the right work I'll send you maney from time to time."

"Guess," Miss Susan would add dryly, "he never found "the right WORK

"But he did come to see me," Tilly would put in timidly; "every year father came. And he was always far away. "Yes, and went on again without in-

viting you to go with him," Susan would reply, "though you adored the man, just like your mother did." Tiliy had secretly adored the good-

natured big father; always with tears in her tired eyes, she recalled the threadbare shabbiness of him-the love in his dark eyes as he bade her THOM: HY

In later years the roving father wrote less and less frequently. Then his letters ceased altogether and Tillie was unable to locate him. "Dend, probably," Aune Susan un-

sympathetically supposed. Tillle's brown hair had tinged with

gray in her devoted service. But Tillie's life had not been altogether coloriess. Sometimes she sang a cheery song about her work-if Aunt Susan's four were closed to the sound, or if her invalid's chair had been pushed out into the garden. And sometimes when Aunt Susan was carefully wrapped up for slumber Tillie would tuck a red flower in the waist of her gray dress or add a soft collar of lace. And she was never too tired to greet David, when he came to call, with a smile.

David deserved all the comforting companionship that Tilly could give It was because of his love for binn. her that he had remained through the disappointing years of his youth in the narrow confines of the tiny village leaving for others the greater work that he would have chosen in an outer world; measuring success only as he succeeded in brightening the days of the woman whom he loved and who

David had no cause for affection toward the invalid. Jealously was his presence forbidden; coldly his overtures of friendliness received. But each year Miss Susan grew more de

offer of the position of French teacher n the local high school. But the first burst of enthusiasm over that had passed. Now she was asking herself whether it were wise to settle down in other girls made. her home town. The cheery greeting of a young man

interrupted her thoughts. He vaulted over the fence opposite, covered the space between them in three steps and sprawled himself at her feet. "Hello, old bookworm," he smilled. "I hear you've landed a position. Congratulations."

Mabel Turner nodded. "Walt, Horeres I was just debating whether it weren't ambitionless to take the first offer-and that here at home." "Why get city ambitions, Mabs? This may lead to something else," the roung man suggested. "I've landed a ob, too. Old Uncle Harvey is to inithate me into his woolen business.

Pretty soft." "I hope you'll settle down, then," she scolded. "You never took life serious-

"Which reminds me of my errand. Maha," Horace interrupted, sitting up, als arms about his knees. "Tve fallen in love.

"And you just out of college? When, pray, did you fall?"

"Almost overnight. You know Aimee Dupont, the fittle French girl was here inst summer? She's nick, visiting her nunt. She's bowled Surprised?" e. over.

"Rather. And where do I come in?" "Your French. The language and 1 arrel. Almee chatters in it most of the time, and I haven't told her my predicament. Can't you teach me the essential-conversation? I know the grammar. Come!"

'Are you sure she isn't after the oney your father left you?" Mabel asked candidly.

Horace frowned. She knew she hurt ulm, but it was for his good. She utted his shoulder then and picked up

e French book. "The key to love," she laughed. "I'll my best as a locksmith.

The lessons began next day-the ast disquieting lessons maid ever

ave to man. When Horace stumbled, bel's eyes softened. She watched his face when he spoke, missing his ronunclation.

Sometimes he would return her glance with the old boy-look crouching in his eyes, then turn abruptly away with a jest

One evening he sent word that Aimee wanted him. The lesson must walt

When Mabel asked for Almee the next day in her best conversational French, Horace replied in the curtest possible Einglish. He accused Mabel of being peevish, and she told him he was out of sorts. He was, and showed it. Mabel missed his tensing, too-the surest proof of their good fellowship. Aimee absorbed him. Mabel was a re-

bellious means to the end. When the lesson was to begin that evening, Horace was surprised when Mabel threw the book on the table. "Are you disgusted with my stupidity?" he asked.

"I am disgusted with everything," Mabel confessed "We are wasting our time, Horace. Why not give up the perons?"

"This is a new side of you, Mabel, I never knew this side in college. Never really knew you. It's like getting ac quainted with a new girl.'

"Woman, you mean, Horace," Mabel corrected, frozen a little by his formal use of her name. "You knew the girl at school."

"I'm a bit afraid of the woma She's so-elusive. It's almost as if a man could never offer you anything worth while enough to hold you away from the heights. Such a contrast! "To whom?" She half he would say by the flood of warmth that gladdened her. Horace evaded. "I might have been engaged to Aimee this minute if it hadn't been for you. She tried hard enough to lead me on, I have learned to 'count time by heart throbs' rather then to murmur 'par lel'; to carry away the memory of your eyes, the tone of your voice rather than 'je vis en espoir,' as I thought I did for Aimee. Mabs, dear, is there the ghost of a show for a poor clumsy chap like me? Or are your ambitions beyond marriage?" Mabel wondered if Horace could bear her heart singing. "Maybe, after all, women are made to fill a sphere that men can't," she admitted. "Woman holds her place even though she doesn't speak in congress or discover a new mineral. Children are crying all over the world for love, tenderness and a home. That is woman's placeto open her arms and take them in. My ambition is high enough, but when I look around. I'd rather be queen in my own home, reigning over my fam-ily, than be president of all the confederations in the world." "In that case," Horace conceded. "Til loan you to the school for a lit-tle while. But," taking her hands, "don't teach them what you have

hair, the light in her eyes and the near trimness of her black dress. Besides, she was "some" waitress ! She could make two orders to every one that the

Neal liked the unconventionality of Norris'. He found it pleasant to sit at his accustomed table in the corner by the window, to watch Maisle move deftly in and out among the tables with her trays, and to have her come at last to wait on him. Sometimes I happened that Maisle stayed too long among the other tables and Neal had to give his order to one of those frowsy-looking girls. Then, between jealousy and disappointment, he lost his appetite and went back to his counter in the haberdasher's with the feeling that the bottom had quite fallen out of things. But this did not happen often. Gen

erally, Maisle made it a point to wait upon Neal. He noticed it-and was satisfied with himself. Malsie was beginning to like him

He took to brushing and wetting his hair and changing his collar before going to Norris'. He thought he detected a more personal gleam in Malsie's smille after that. Sometimes she lingered a little longer than necessary at Neal's table.

There never was time to say much Neal even forgot, sometimes, just the exact words that Maisie had said, but the fact that she had spoken to him at all thrilled him with a strange for For the rest of the day he lived a sort of ethereal existence-talking and grinning cheerfully to himself behind

of his order-slip, and starting off for home at five o'clock without his hat. Then Neal saw Malsie one night at

a theater, sitting two rows in front of There was a man with her. He was lanky, with a long nose that turned up ridiculously at the end. Neal

wanted to laugh at him ; at the same time he was jealous. He wondered at Maisle. At Norris' things went as usual, ex-

cept that Maisle seldom lingered to talk. She was always very busy, A week later he saw Malsie again at another theater. She had the same

companion; Neal could tell when the light fell across that ridiculous nose! Then he began to doubt-his selfsurety ebbed little by little. Andhe blamed Maisie. Perhaps, after all, she was just like the rest of those girls at Norris'-frivolous, flirty. Why had she encouraged him at all, then, to behave like this?

Neal's final conviction came one night when he met Maisle and her

secort again-on the street, gazing city paper into a furniture store window. Their arms were locked. Maiste was laugh ing. She turned just as Neal went by saw Neal lift his hat, looked calmly at him, and passed on without a word A moment later her laugh came drifting down the street to Neal.

For a week after that Neal did not go to Norris'. But the hardest thing to hear was the eclipse of his own self-When Maisle deliberately "swapped him over" for this lanky fellow with the upturned nose-he began to wonder at his own eligibility Those seven days were miserable.

ris'. At least he would tell Maisie she couldn't treat him like this. He took his seat by the window. It was Maisie who came to walt on him. She blushed slightly when she saw him and walted while Neal gave his order. When she had brought it she lingered a moment Then she asked:

"Why didn't you come this last week? Have you been thi?" Neal did not answer at once. Then he said abruptly : "No-I saw you the other night."

Maisle looked bewildered. "Me You saw me?"

Neal spoke deliberately, "Yes saw you; three times with a fellow with a turned-up nose. Once I saw-Malsie's sudden laugh interrupted

"Is-is that why you've stayed away? That wasn't me. That was She's my twin sister, and Daiste. that was Jimmy she was with. Ain't his nose funny. But he's a nice fellow, an' he an' Daisie's going to be married next month. Ain't it funny you thought it was me !"

The sudden pressure of her hand between Neal's fingers cut short her happy confession. Then, with a laugh of relief, she freed her hand and disappeared among the tables.

THE BRACELET

By JANE GORDON

(@. 1923, Western Newspaper Union.) Grant, sitting before the fire in the village inn, reflected pleasurably upon his adventurous afternoon. This, perhaps because he had been forced to ride in a saddle instead of the customary automobile. And because in the woodland path he had met a charming maid clad in a scarlet cape. Aunt Martha, the erratic and uncer-

the far wood in search of an old ho which she had seen advertised in the She had made known her intentio

of leaving Grant her helr. She wanted this Walden house she explained, as a refuge from friends

"I can go and come there as lease," she told her favorite nephev "and I hope, Grant, that you will find the place as promising as the adver nent rends."

Grant had found the isolated com try beautiful, even in the winter's first fall of snow. Then, as though in answer to his wish for direction, the young woman of the scarlet cape appeared. She came to view from b hind an evergreen tree and the hood of her cape, falling back, disclosed golden-brown hair, ruffled and wavy. The girl's brown eyes, meeting his were startled-wide like a child's. But Grant's question she merely stretched forth a white arm to point the way, and before she had withdrawn the arm into the fold of her cape his attention was attracted to a

strange black bracelet that she wore Finshing from its center was a great white stone, Silently the girl hurried on. Bu

her image stayed with him as he rode toward Walden house, and Grant had gone on smilling at the romance,

An elderly woman gave him en-trance to the house at the end of the wood. She was a friend of the new owner, she told him, occupying the place with her until such time should be sold. Grant decided, after a view of the quaint, well-kept rooms, that the house would exactly suit his aunt.

Returning in the early twilight of the winter afternoon he felt a thrill of anticipation at the possibility of a

second vision of the woodland maid And she had passed him again, re-turning from her walk. Her arm waved a parting salute to him. Grant saw the flash of the black bracelet as the moon same to light the darkening way.

"Walden house?" the innkeeper an swered his question-"Oh, yes, I know it well. The place came to the present owner through a legacy. It's quite a story. Belonged to Miss Patience Walden long years ago. Patience had a lover when she was young, and he gave her a bracelet-so they say-a queer black bracelet with a stone in it. Then they quarreled just before the wedding, and the lover married another woman. Folks said it was

tain, had sent him upon this errand to

her well. But one day when she was wearing the bracelet her sunt had loaned her as a treat—well, Daisy lost It along the woodland path and that terrible old woman in her rage accused her niece of stealing the trinket -and Daisy was sent away. We read in the city papers later of her mar-riage in the home of the relatives who

had taken her in. "Aud still later, when Daisy had a little girl of her own, her tender heart forgave the lonely old woman in Walden house, and she wrote a lover say-ing that she and the baby, Patience, would come to her sunt for a visit. But old Patience still hugged her spite and would have none of them. "Then, home came Jennie Wells, who

had been away since the time of her marriage many years before, And when Jennie heard about old Patience and her long spite, Jennie told all in-nocently, of a bracelet she'd found before she went away and thought nothing of its value-it was somewhere among her trinkets-so she found it and took it to Patience.

"In her remorse Patience drew up a will leaving all she had to Dalsy's young daughter-the black braceled with the rest. And only now Daisy Walden's daughter comes on to claim her legacy and to sell the property. "But I," added the innkeeper with an ominous shake of his head, "would rather not see that black bracelet of

misfortune upon that sweet young creature's arm." Grant rode again that night down the narrow path of the wood. An un-

controllable impulse carried him there and though he was engerly hoping, yet he was not expecting to see-her there. At the crosspath she stood as though waiting-the elder woman of

the big house was with her. His wood land maid smiled. "We were on our way to the inn to consult with you regarding Walden house, Mr. Dacre," she said.

It was when Grant's Aunt Martha was installed in the house and young Patience had happily agreed to remain as her companion that Grant again saw the black bracelet upon the arm of his fiancee. She laughed at his

glance of disapproving concern. "Why, dear," said Patience, "this is my bracelet of good fortune. Had I not come all this way to claim it. should I have found you?"

Supoprts for Overloaded. Fruit Trees Wooden props for holding up overload-ed fruit tree branches are less reliable ried shother woman, Folks said it was because of the black betrothal brace-let that he had given Patience.
"As years passed Patience grew lonely and sent for a filece to come and live with her. Dalsy Walden was a happy singing creature, I remember
a happy singing creature, I remember
ed fruit tree branches are less reliable than masts and wiring as they may get out of position or fall. If limbs are loaded to he breaking point some sort of support is essential. Forked saplings cheapest but call for great care to prevent wounding the branches.—O. A. C.



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oth social and charitable.

The next week he was back at Nor

pendent on Tillie's care; more exact-ing her demands. "Tillie!" her voice called now sharply. The woman re-placed the photograph she had been lovingly regarding. David had brought the mail from the post office. In the chilly hall he dared to linger.

"The postmark on the letter is stamped 'Nebraska,"" he said.

"I am anxious to hear if you have word from your father, Tillle." She sank down on the lowest step

of the stair and deliberately read her letter, though the invalid's dominating tone still summoned.

David watched her tenderly. Tillie's cheeks grew softly pink, her

blue eyes looking up startled, brought forth his question :

"What is it, dear? Your fatherdead?-but we have thought that for a long time, Tillie!" She had pressed the letter into his hand.

"Why, my dear," he said slowly, unbelievingly-"my dear, it is like a story. Yet it must be true; a lawyer's letter. It seems that your father bought this land in Nebraska years ago, when first he left you.

"Now, on this land, barren and far from a city years ago, they wish to erect a great apartment building. "Tillie! do you realize? You will

be rich !" Sudden realization shadowed David's face-"While I-" he added sadly, and

stopped. Tillie came to draw her arm through

his. "We may be rich, David." she cor-

rected gently, "for I could have no wealth of any kind apart from you." Together they entered the invalid's

room. Like a reigning queen she sat among her pillows. "My father," said Tillie, and the old

loving pride was in her tone, "has left us a lot of money, Aunt Susan. You shall live with David and me to enjoy it; we will find a kind nurse for you -and we shall all be happy together. "It is so father would have wished,"

added the loyal daughter. And for once Miss Susan had no

reply.

AMBITIONS

By RUTH LONG

(@, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Hyndicate.)

The alluring promise of fall caught at the heart of a young woman swing-ing lasily in a hammock under the trees. A book of French studies lay open on the ground.

That morning she had received an

tsught me." "We don't teach love." Mabel smlied. "It just reaches out and takes posses

And that is what Horuse did. too.

Contraction of the Contraction of the



voice, "What will you have, sir?" and that as a result he had hopelessly mixed his order-and she had laughed Maisie's laugh was wonderful. It showed the whiteness of her teeth, and the dimple in one cheek. But then, Neal thought everything about Maisle was wonderful-the way she did her

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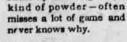
These are the Facts disclosed by Remington's Ballistic Tests

Sales .

A-A given weight of the same kind of powder doesn't always give the same velocity, pattern or penetration

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