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The Romilly Pride

By JANE OSBORN

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A HIGH-POWERED but dusty automobile slowed down on the main street of the little village of Brompton. The driver called to the only citizen who happened to be in sight, Bob Thorold.

"Say, young feller," called he, "what sort of a place is it out there on the turnpike? Can you get a decent meal, hey?"

"On the turnpike?" queried Bob Thorold.

The driver-owner consulted the guide book. "White house at first turn to right on Turnpike after leaving Brompton," he read slowly.

"Why, that would be the Romilly house. Are you sure that is what the book says?"

"Those are the words."

"That's surprising," murmured Thorold. "It can't be right—"

"Drive on," came a voice from the tonneau.

Bob Thorold, who kept up his ancestral home in Brompton and spent his vacations there, walked on and presently encountered Mr. Jenkins, postmaster of Brompton.

"Funny thing," said Bob; "I met some people who spoke about having meals at a white house at the first turn to the right on Romilly turnpike after leaving Brompton. That's the Romillys, isn't it?"

"Sure," quoth the postmaster. "You've heard how 'tis, han't you?"

"They haven't sold the place, have they?" inquired Bob.

"Sold nothing. The how and the wherefore is, so folks say, that they've lost their money—every durned cent of it, and Miss Jane had to open up the place as a kind of roadhouse for motorists."

Bob Thorold spent the afternoon in a long, slow ramble through the woods around Brompton. Toward the close of the afternoon he turned his steps toward the Romilly turnpike, and up the pathway that led to the Romillys imposing white house built by the Romillys four generations ago. The door stood open and the screen was unhooked. Within he could see that small tables had been arranged in the front and back drawing rooms—ten or fifteen in all. Of these five were occupied.

Bob entered and took his seat at a small table. Presently a white-clad waitress approached him with a list of dishes offered for that day's dinner. Bob took it with a queer thrill—it was unmistakably written by Jane Romilly. The solitary meal followed, but Jane Romilly did not appear. After it was over Bob offered his card to the maid and asked her to take it to Miss Romilly. He wished to see her.

The answer was that Miss Romilly would see him in the old dining room across the hall. This, thought Bob, was quite in keeping with the proud spirit of the Romillys even in the hour of their misfortune. Jane was alone in the old dining room. She rose from her desk and came swiftly to him with outstretched hand.

"How amazingly well you are looking!" Bob exclaimed.

"Yes," laughed Jane. "The work seems to agree with me."

"But why didn't you tell me? I might have helped you."

"Oh, but it was too late by the time I found out," said Jane. "Besides, it's been a wonderful experience. Aunt Susan's very foolish, now she keeps to her room with her attendant and really doesn't know. And the work and the people keep me from loneliness, I really don't know how it will all end—"

Bob Thorold shuddered.

"Don't talk about such things," he burst out. "Jane, Jane—if this had only come sooner, I was in love with you—I always have been, but I never dared to ask you, because I was afraid of your money and your pride. I know you are still proud—"

"No, Bob, I confess the Romilly pride is slipping away. I've learned a lot in ten years, and this little business venture, which really has been absurdly profitable, has taught me that people are pretty much the same wherever you find them. No, Bob, the Romilly fortune has remained and I'm adding to it, but the old Romilly pride—"

"Then you didn't lose your money?" gasped Bob Thorold.

"Why, that's the joke. People don't think I lost my money, do they? Well, that makes it all the more interesting. No, some one of the editors of the Guide Book just made a funny mistake. Probably thought our house looked like a roadhouse and assumed it was. So the people began to come, and they were hungry, and it was such

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The Romilly Pride.

sun-tanning them and so hard to explain the mistake every time that I just started in. I wanted to see if I had any of the Romilly hump for business. Imagine those inquisitive old Brompton natives just making it up out of whole cloth that I'd lost my money—

"I never would have come to see you if I had not believed them," said Bob.

Jane Romilly leaned forward and placed a fair, capable hand over one of Bob's.

"Perhaps I could manage to lose it—"

"You really are—glad then I come back?" stammered Bob.

And Jane said that she really was.

Additional Local

Friday morning and suffered severe bruises when the stage accidently struck a parked car near Morgan. At first Mrs. Cochran did not think she was badly hurt but after reaching her home at The Dalles found that her injuries were more serious than she had thought.

Mrs. John Farris and her sister, Miss Beryl Clark, visited last week in Portland. While in the city they were guest of Mrs. Farris' sister, Mrs. Lillian Pidcock.

Mrs. M. C. Cochran was a guest last week in the home of her niece, Mrs. T. E. Grabbitz. Before coming to Ione Mrs. Cochran had visited at Condon, Lore Rock and Heppner. She was an out-going passenger on the stage.

See Bristow and Johnson's Saturday and Monday Specials

Miss Elva Balsiger, has reorganized her class in swimming. This year she is taking the children to the pool at Heppner for instruction. Ione is indeed fortunate to have so competent a swimming instructor for their young folk.

Cook with Gas.
See Bert Mason

Ed Holmquist who has been spending ten days among old friends here departed Tuesday for The Dalles.

M. M. Saunders of Walla Walla has been in Ione and vicinity for the past week following his chosen profession of piano tuner.

Lyle Baird, recently elected instructor in the Ione high school has resigned and the school board is seeking another man to fill the position.

Bees Act as Ventilators
In every hive are bees whose duty it is to keep it ventilated by fanning their wings.

IONE BOYS IN CAMP

Sleeping in tents, rolling out at 5:45 for Reveille and turning in at 10 o'clock have worked wonders for the boys on whom the United States has expended an average of \$80 each in its scheme of training for citizenship and national defense.

Morrow County is represented by Maurice W. Edmondson, Joe D. Swendig, Earl W. Thompson, Rodrick S. Thompson and Carl C. Wehmeyer of Heppner and by Dorr G. Mason and Norman E. Swanson of Ione.

In the final tests in rifle firing, Swanson received a rating as an expert rifleman and Mason as a sharpshooter.

Bates Steel Mule Tractor is now on exhibition at Paul G. Balsiger's Implement Store.

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Mrs. Hiram Weston and her children arrived in Ione Tuesday, coming by stage from their home at Clarkston, Washington. They are visiting Mrs. Weston's mother, Mrs. Emily McMurry, and other relatives.

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