

Mosier Bulletin

Issued Each Friday

MOSIER.....OREGON

EVENTS OF THE DAY

News Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Peary has arrived at Sydney, N. S., on his way home.

Damage to crops by the Southern storm will reach \$1,000,000.

Government troops of Paraguay have been repulsed by revolutionists.

Twelve deaths are now reported from the storm which swept the Gulf states.

Dr. Cook has reached New York and received a tremendous ovation on landing.

Maxine Elliott, the actress, says King Edward is "charmingly delightful."

Claus Spreckels' sons have engaged in a legal war over the division of the estate.

Ex-Governor Pardee, of California, has started another attack on Secretary Ballinger.

The Postoffice department has ordered a 12-cent stamp. It will bear a likeness of Henry Clay.

A new tribe of Eskimos have been found on Prince Albert Land. They are very tall and resemble the North American Indian.

The cruiser Colorado had to put in at Honolulu on account of bad boilers. They have been replaced and the vessel will proceed on the Asiatic cruise.

The floor space will be divided into 20 foot squares and above the center of each square will be an arc light.

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PREPARING FOR CONGRESS.

Display of Dry Farming Products Arriving at Billings.

Billings, Mont., Sept. 22.—While farmers throughout the West are preparing samples of their products for display at the International Dry Farming exposition which will be held here October 25-29 in connection with the Fourth Dry Farming congress, the Montana board of control is rushing work on the exhibit hall where the results of dry farming operations will be exhibited in ocular demonstration of the success of intelligent application of scientific principles in practical agriculture.

For the main division of the exposition, the local committee has secured the wool warehouse, one of the largest buildings in Billings. The building is 60 by 160 feet and is located along the railroad tracks in the center of the city. Its barn like interior is being transformed from the unsanctified crudities of warehouse architecture into an attractive exhibition hall by a force of carpenters and decorators. Two high partitions will divide the room into three compartments, or large aisles, with a total of 92,000 square feet of wall space. At the base of each partition and around the walls of the entire building, shelves are being built, which will give nearly 4,000 square feet of space, making a total of approximately 96,000 square feet of available exhibit space.

The grains and grasses and other products which are to be displayed on the walls and threshed grains, roots, fruits and vegetables will be shown on the shelves. A false ceiling is being put in 14 feet from the floor and decorated with bunting and flags. The walls will have a background of black cloth. When the exhibits are in place, the gold and green of grains and grasses outlined against the black background and the red, white and blue of the national colors upon the ceiling and about the walls, will make a picture of striking artistic effectiveness.

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FAVORS CORPORATION TAX.

President Taft Says It Is Better Than Income Tax.

Denver, Sept. 22.—Making his way still further to the West, President Taft arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, and last night, in the Denver auditorium, where a year ago William J. Bryan was nominated as his opponent in the presidential race, he faced a crowd of thousands that in its noisy welcome and continuous enthusiasm recalled some of the scenes of convention week.

President Taft, switching from his purpose to discuss the conservation of natural resources, last night took up the corporation tax and defended it against the proposition to impose a direct income tax, which he said seemed likely to pass the senate when the corporation tax was devised as a compromise. The president strongly urged, however, that the states ratify the proposed income tax amendment to the constitution in order to make such a tax available in time of necessity.

The president declared that the corporation tax was in itself the best form of income tax that could be levied, and pointed out that it contained many of the best features of the income tax law of England. The president declared it would be possible to amend the corporation tax so as to include within its scope every desired feature of an income tax except the levy upon incomes derived from actual salary and professional services.

The president said he opposed direct income tax except in cases of emergency and he believed it to be a prime fault in the Federal constitution that no provision is made for a direct levy to meet wartime or other extraordinary expenses.

Hill Says Leader Is Lost.

St. Paul, Sept. 22.—James J. Hill, chairman of the board of directors of the Great Northern Railway company, said today of Governor Johnson: "He possessed many of the qualities of a leader combined with kindly disposition and a pleasant appearance. His ability was illustrated by his career, coming, as he did, from the lowest stratum of the social structure to the highest. And his life's work with its results were not matters of accident. They were due to his perseverance and ability."

Massacre Report Denied.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 22.—The report that anti-Jewish riots have occurred at Kiev is officially denied at the chancery of Premier Stolypin. The official news agency and newspapers have no word of rioting and it is thought the report is based on an incident which occurred at Slobodka. A band of 15 members of the Reactionary league appeared on the streets on that day and fell upon the promenade of Jews with cries of "here is quality for you," and began to beat them. Police appeared and the Reactionaries fled.

Former Preacher Fills Job.

St. Paul, Sept. 22.—Adolph C. Eberhart, who, by the death of Governor Johnson, becomes the chief executive of the state, was born in Sweden, 38 years ago, but came to Minnesota in 1881. He attended the public schools and was afterward graduated from Gustavus Adolphus college, at St. Peter, as a minister of the Gospel. Soon after his graduation Mr. Eberhart abandoned church work and took up the study of law.

Big Land Deal Recorded.

Merced, Cal., Sept. 22.—One of the largest land deals recorded in this section of California was completed today when the C. W. Wooster company, of San Francisco, took a bond on the Chowchilla ranch, 14 miles south of Merced. The deal contains 108,000 acres and the ranch is said to have involved more than \$1,000,000. The Wooster company plans to irrigate the tract and colonize it.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

OPENING AT LAKEVIEW.

Every Participant Sure of Securing Land or Lot.

Lakeview—The distribution of the lands of the Oregon Valley Land company, owners of the old Oregon military road grant, and the Heryford Cattle company's lands, not only is the largest private land opening in history, but it differs in many ways from land allotments made by the United States government. In the Lakeview opening every participant gets a tract of land and a town lot. There are no blanks.

Three hundred thousand acres of land are being distributed practically without expense to the public. The lands were cut into 11,992 tracts, varying in size from 10 acres to 1,000 acres, and that number of contracts were sold for \$200 each, every contract being good for a tract of land and a Lakeview lot. The purchasers live in every state in the Union, but the bulk of the contracts were sold in the Middle West. About 3,000 contracts were sold in Nebraska, 2,000 in Kansas, and smaller allotments in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Minnesota, Oklahoma and other states. Nearly 1,000 contracts were bought by Oregon and California people.

FOREST FUND IS \$33,120.47.

Oregon School Fund Is Increased by Reserve Receipts.

Salem—Congressman Hawley has received a letter from the acting secretary of the interior to the effect that under the terms of the agricultural appropriation act, for 1909, approved May 23, 1908, \$33,120.47, realized from forest reserves in this state during the year ending June 30, 1909, will be turned over to the state to be placed in the common school fund of the state.

The law provides that 25 per cent of the money received from forest reserves shall be paid at the end of the year to the state treasurer wherein the reserves are located, to be expended as the legislature may direct for the public schools and public roads of the county or counties in which the forest reserve is located.

The total amount realized from the forest reserves of Oregon during the year ending June 30 was 132,481.88. Mr. Hawley was instrumental in securing the enactment of the clause under which the public schools receive forest reserve revenues.

Filling Farmers' Warehouses.

La Grande—Over 15,000 bushels of grain are already stored in the farmers' union warehouse at Island City, although the roof on the building is not yet completed. The union is yet in its infancy in Union county, but the farmers are working together splendidly, and it is thought that before the storing season is over 30,000 bushels of wheat will be in this warehouse. The wheat is pooled and held in the warehouse for sale, and when the buyers purchase the grain it will be conveniently near the main line of the railroad for shipment.

Grows Alfalfa on Tide Lands.

Astoria—O. I. Peterson, well known farmer of this county, has grown a splendid crop of alfalfa hay on tide lands, which goes far to demonstrate the adaptability of such lands for the production of this staple feed. He planted it on May 3 and harvested it on August 4, just three months to a day, and it measures 30 inches and is full and rich and of strong color, fiber and nutrition.

Mr. Peterson is pleased with the off-hand trout he has given the staple, and is convinced that it may be utilized on tide lands here with success.

Alfalfa Brings High Prices.

Freewater—The alfalfa crop in the Hudson Bay country is almost entirely in stack. This section received its name from the fact that the Hudson Bay company in the early days of Oregon wintered their stock in this valley.

The climate is milder than that of the surrounding country. Large bands of Spokane trout in the markets are wintered here. The crop will be about 20,000 tons and ranchers are getting \$9 and \$10 a ton at the stack.

Coos Port Plans Dredge.

Marshfield—The commissioners of the Port of Coos Bay have ordered plans and specifications for a suction dredge a little larger than the dredge used on the Coos bay harbor, and also for a bucket dredge for the rivers. It is estimated that the cost will be about \$90,000. Colonel J. B. Lockwood, former engineer for the Port of Portland, advised the commission regarding the harbor work it contemplated.

Prune Crop Good.

Albany—Prune drying has begun in this vicinity, and the drier men report a good yield, with the fruit in excellent condition. The prune packing establishment is making active preparation to begin packing fruit. They expect to start the packer about the first of October under the management of La Salle Bros. It is expected that the factory will handle upwards of 100 cars of fruit this season.

Valuable Timber Land Sold.

Ashland—Eighteen thousand acres of timber land, known as the Coggin tract, lying half in Oregon and half in California, has been sold to the Northern California Lumber company. It is estimated that there are 450,000,000 feet of standing timber on the land, of which 70 per cent is sugar and white pine.

Drill for Oil Near Nehalem.

Nehalem—The Hydrocarbon Oil company is building a large drilling camp near here, a large load of heavy machinery having already been received. Actual drilling will commence very soon.

Seven Pound Potato.

Pendleton—George Dodge, gardener for the J. E. Smith Livestock company, has a potato that weighs 7 1/2 pounds. The seed was planted in March.

BIG FRUIT TRACT BOUGHT.

Eastern Capitalists Purchase 1,200 Acres in Rogue Valley.

Grants Pass—One of the largest deals to take place in Rogue river fruit lands occurred a few days ago, when representative of Eastern capitalists purchased the S. H. Riggs property, consisting of 1,200 acres. This is one of the finest bodies of land in the county, and is supplied with 2,000 inches or more of water from the Applegate river. Its former owners found much profit in raising three crops of alfalfa each year, and selling it from \$15 to \$20 a ton, but it has now become so profitable to raise fruit that three hay crops do not produce sufficient revenue to satisfy the fruit raiser. The buyer and his associates will take possession of the premises on the first day of January, and they will at that time put on a large force of men to lay out the tract in an ideal manner, with convenient avenues running in every direction, in order to make it the largest tract of land devoted to fruit alone in Rogue river valley. The entire premises will be planted as rapidly as possible in various fruits and commercial apples. This place formerly belonged to Consul H. B. Miller, but last year it was sold to S. H. Riggs, who kept it nine months, raised several hundred tons of alfalfa hay, and sold it at a price up into six figures.

Irrigation Near Vale.

Vale—D. M. Brogan, the Seattle capitalist, who is constructing a large irrigation project on Willow creek about 24 miles from Vale, is meeting with great success and encouragement in the reclamation of 30,000 acres of land just north of the project recently rejected by the government because of lack of funds. Several ranches have been purchased from settlers and three reservoirs will be constructed, the water to be taken from Willow creek and its tributaries. A railroad is being built from Vale to Brogan, the townsite of the project.

Apples Sold to East.

Milton—S. L. Dunlap, a prosperous rancher of this valley, residing a few miles north of this city at Sunnyside, is this week finishing the harvesting of his apple crop. Mr. Dunlap has three acres of fine land, all set out to apple trees, and from these trees he is this season taking 2,000 boxes of apples. All of his crop is contracted to an Eastern firm for \$2 per box, making him an income of \$4,000. Mr. Dunlap's orchard is a model of the typical commercial orchard.

Forest Ranger Examination.

Bend—The examination for the position of forest ranger in the Deschutes national forest will be held at Prineville October 16 and 17. At these examinations applicants are put through a severe test of their abilities in the various branches of forest work, from cruising to road and bridge making. One of the most important features of the work of foresters in this region is the supervision of cattle and sheep ranging in the reserve, where the herds and bands are pastured in the summer months.

Pheasants Sent to Idaho.

Corvallis—The largest consignment of Chinese pheasants ever shipped out of the state left Corvallis a few days ago for Boise. The state of Idaho is the buyer. The game birds were raised and sold by Gene M. Simpson, whose Corvallis pheasant farm is the second largest in the United States. The birds, 1,000 in number, filled the special car that was brought for the purpose by T. Livingston, deputy game warden for the state of Idaho.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 96c; club, 87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 90c; 87c; Turkey red, 87c; 89c.

Barley—Feed, \$25.50@26; brewing, \$26.50@27 per ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27@27.25 per ton.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15@16 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$17.50@18.50; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; cheat, \$13@14.50; grain hay, \$15@16.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 36c; fancy outside, creamery, 35c@36c; store, 21c@22c per pound. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2c per pound under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 32c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 16c@17c per pound; springs, 16c@17c; roosters, 9c@10c; ducks, young, 14c@15c; geese, young, 10c@11c; turkeys, 20c; squabs, 1 1/2@2 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 9 1/2@10c per pound.

Veal—Extra, 10c@10 1/2c per pound.

Fruit—Apples, 11c@2.25 per box; pears, 6c@8.25; peaches, 7c@8.25 per crate; cantaloupes, \$5.00@8.25; plums, 25c@50c per box; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 40c@1.25 per crate; Concord, 25c per basket; casabas, \$1.50@2 per crate; quinces, \$1.50 per box.

Potatoes—75c@81 per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Onions—\$1.25 per sack.

Vegetables—Beans, 4c@5c per pound; cabbage, 1c@1 1/2c; cauliflower, 7c@8c; 1c@2.25 per dozen; celery, 5c@7.5c; corn, 15c@20c; cucumbers, 10c@25c; onions, 12 1/2@15c; peas, 7c per pound; peppers, 4c@5c; pumpkins, 1/2@1c; squash, 5c; tomatoes, 5c per box.

Hops—1909 Fuggles, 20c@21c per pound; clusters, nominal; 1908 crop, 17c; 1907 crop, 12c; 1906 crop, 8c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 16c@23c per pound; valley, 23c@25c; mohair, choice, 23c@25c.

Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25@4.50; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50@3.75; cows, top, \$3.50; fair to good, \$3@3.25; common to medium, \$2.50@2.75; calves, top, \$5@5.50; heavy, \$3.50@4; bulls, \$2@2.25; stags, \$2.50@3.50.

Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75@8; stockers, \$6@7; China fats, \$7.50@8.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; ewes, less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4@4.25; fair to good, \$3.50@3.75; spring lambs, \$5.25@5.50.

The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Duponceau and I lifted the chest between us, and as silently as we had entered the woods our party of four withdrew from them. When we came to the edge we halted, and after a few whispered words turned towards the shelter of the cliff. We were some quarter of a mile from the pines at our back came a loud halloo. Almost simultaneously a man sprang out of the shadows before us, and called "Stop!"

"Run!" said Rodney, and like a football player, lunged, lantern and all, straight at the man's knees. The two went down in a heap, and the man's revolver fell without harm.

"Run, P.!" cried Charles, and I saw him jump at the struggling man and pull his free.

Duponceau and I ran, caring nothing for shelter now, but making straight for the ship. The enemy must have numbered half a dozen. There were cries behind us, and a bullet whizzed into the cliff on our left. Another shot, and we knew they were in full pursuit, with Rodney and Charles acting as our rear-guard.

Luckily the chest was not heavy, and when we came to the rocks we could scramble over them without delay. Into the water we plunged, and, reaching the side of the ship, heaved the chest on board. Then we scrambled up, dripping and we pulled our rear-guard over the side.

Another splash, and I fired straight down into the water. At the shot the enemy retreated, and cursing, took himself back to the rocks where his friends stood, a mark against the sky.

"We'll get that pirate!" one of the men called. "Where's Duponceau?"

More threats and curses followed, and then the enemy retired, promising to rout us out next day.

Rodney was the first of us to speak. "Tip anchor and off for the Spanish Main!" he cried. "I really feel like a pirate. Where's Duponceau?"

"Here!" We turned and saw our gentleman adventurer sitting on the chest. Rodney burst into a laugh. "To think that not one of them knew what it was you two carried! They must have thought that they were forcing for fool!"

We had all four come out of the scrimmage unscathed, except for a few bruises, but were too much excited to sleep. With much ceremony, we took the chest below and placed it inside of that other treasure chest for the last half-hour.

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"They're going to board the ship!" I cried, and splashed into the water. I tumbled up the side and made for the "ether bulwark," calling to Duponceau and Charles to stir themselves. As I did so two men came scrambling over the outer rocks and made for the ship, while a third held the sail-boat to the shore, and heard shouts, and saw Rodney cross the beach. He stood a moment unprotected, and that instant a bullet took him in the arm and I heard him give a cry of pain.

"It's nothing—a scratch on the flesh," he muttered as he crouched.

The two men were climbing the seaward side. I waited, and as the first reared above me I was on him and with all the force in my body hurled him back, so that he lost his hold and fell splashing. The other was balancing, had one foot over, had sprung, when Duponceau and Charles seized him, and he went, fell swinging in a circle, beside his fellow in the sea.

I crouched, for the man in the boat was firing. The two below scrambled out of the waves and scurried back to the sail-boat. Then Rodney and Duponceau kept that side of the ship, while Charles and I watched the other. There were a few more scattering shots, then the enemy made off.

In time we left Charles on guard and went down to the cabin, while Duponceau examined and bandaged Rodney's arm. Rodney was right; it was merely a flesh-wound in his fore-arm, but, slight as it was, it seemed to hurt him into our hero. It was the first blood of the war.

When the wound was attended to we went on deck, all of us aquiver with excitement, and there we four sat, each with a pistol in his hand, and warm blood beating in his veins.

Noon came, and we lunched on scraps, and tried to make out on smoking many pipefuls of tobacco. The sun slowly crossed the western heavens and commenced to drop. Suddenly I discovered that I was parched with thirst.

"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!" There's no use discussing it any longer; we'll be caught here like rats in a trap," I said. "We'd better get away before we fall to eating horse-leather."

"I have plenty of water and food in my house. I'll stand a good long siege. If any of those rascals are living in it, I'd like to turn them out. What do you say?"

"It sounds pretty good to me," assented Rodney.

Duponceau nodded, and so it was arranged that we should leave the ship. There were no two ways about it, to go or stay and be starved into surrender.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our change of base was to be made after sunset, between those hours when the darkness should first steal across the beach, and those when our enemy might expect that we would venture forth under the shade of night. We decided to leave Duponceau's chest where it was for the present, in the belief that the enemy would instantly turn their attention to my cottage, and that the box would be safer in some such place as that deserted cabin.

With night-fall we prepared, glad to be about something after eight hours of patient watching. We were to go in single file, I first, Rodney next, his wounded arm in a sling, then Duponceau, and finally Charles, with some little space between us. We cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and about 8 o'clock, when we could no longer see the sail-boat standing out against us, I bade good-by to the ship, slid over the side into the water, crossed through it, and crept over the

rocks. I turned and signalled to Rodney that the coast was clear, and saw him lower himself by one arm and find a footing. Then, with a silent prayer that no stray bullet might lodge in one of us before we reached shore, I stepped gingerly on to the beach. You have seen pictures of African warriors stealing tip-toe through the jungle, their whole bodies alert for any noise. So I went, my sense of hearing abnormally acute, my eyes straining into the twilight for peril. I could neither see nor hear, but stepped on with the precision of an automaton, hoping that in time the stretch of sand would have slipped past beneath my feet and I come to the refuge of the dunes. I did not look back, but knew that three other men were tip-toeing as silently behind me, keen as I was to break into a dash. So on and on I went, for endless time it seemed then—hearing only the sob of the ebb and flow of the tide and the soft, slurring rattle of the water as it slipped back over a stretch of stones.

I neared the cottage, had gone one-half, two-thirds, three-fourths of the way, and then of a sudden a screaming gull whirled above my head, and without thought I knew that I must break this tension. I shot forth full running for the house. I raced over the hard sand, over the soft sand, and when I came to my cottage felt panting in the wide arms of the dunes, quivering, breathless. A moment later the three others had fallen near me, and we all lay there like so many bags of meal.

"That's panic!" said Rodney. "I know now how it comes without any cause."

After a time Charles rose and stole to the kitchen window, of the way in and shook his head. Then he disappeared around the other side. "Nobody there," he presently reported.

I looked at my pistol and led the way. The front door was ajar, and without any more ado I entered my house on tip-toe, keen-eyed as a cat. The others followed, and Charles closed the door and bolted it. I went into the kitchen, found it also empty, and secured that entrance; then, with the same care, we four filed up the stairs and into my study. A man sat in a Morris-chair, smoking my meerschaum pipe. I covered him with the revolver as he looked up.

"Hello!" said he. "Never mind the gun. I'm alone in the house, and my gun's not in shooting order."

"Suppose I see, sir," said Charles, and a moment later I saw that a revolver in the man's hip-pocket and appropriated it.

"Well," I demanded, "what have you to say to breaking into a man's house in his absence?"

"The other—you could see he had a sense of humor from the way he smiled he made—leaped back and cocked his eye at me. "I heard you'd gone to sea," he answered, "and wouldn't be coming back soon."

"Ah, that's where I have the advantage of you, and a very considerable advantage. I'm back, and I'm here, and I'm over there." He looked past me at Duponceau. "I come in for gold when I capture him."

I signalled to Charles, and in a trice he had bent the man's arms tight around the back of his chair, and a rope was tied him there fast. We found his mouth securely, so that even his wry smile disappeared, and then left him.

(To be continued.)

LABELS.

They Are Mercetious Things If They Misbrand an Article.

"You can go right on talking to father, Mr. Jerrold," Midge Jerrold said, gaily, "but I want Mrs. Jerrold to see my Virot hat."

"I am sure, just because I happen to be a mere man, you wouldn't be cruel enough to deprive me of a pleasure," Mr. Jerrold retorted.

Midge dimpled, and made him a courteous, sly, and not being happy that the hat was so becoming.

"And it cost, exclusive of the label that I begged from Cousin Adelaide, exactly six dollars and seven cents," she explained, triumphantly, to Mrs. Jerrold. "Every girl I know, except one that I've let into the secret, really thinks it is a Virot."

"Why not let them think it a Roberts and get the credit you deserve?" Mr. Jerrold suggested with, beneath the light words, a gravity which Midge was too absorbed to notice.

"If that isn't a 'mere man' question," she responded. "To get looked down upon by lots of people who are a simple little label can get me looked up to! I made my suit myself, and it's as big a success as my hat—and everybody thinks it came from Hammond's. It's my good luck to have rich cousins who can furnish the labels of the swell shops. I'm quite willing to keep my talents in the background; it counts a great deal more to be stylish than to be talented. I must run now—and take my Virot to the recital. Good-by, both of you."

It was a careless scrap of talk—nothing was farther from the girl's thought than that it would influence her life. Yet only four months later, when her father's sudden death made it necessary for her to become a wage-earner, that winter evening returned to her in a way she was never to forget. She had gone to Mr. Jerrold to ask his influence in obtaining a secretaryship of which she had heard.

Mr. Jerrold was kindness itself, but he shook his head gravely.

"Miss Midge," he said, "I would rather lose a thousand dollars than say what I must say, yet I should not be fair to you if I did not say it. I cannot recommend you for the secretaryship because it is a position of responsibility, and demands a woman of irreproachable honesty and honor. It is the Virot label that stands in the way. Miss Midge, it is not that I should not trust you as far as you saw, but—I could not be sure that you would see clearly. I will do my best to help you to obtain some other position, but I could not in justice to the trust imposed upon me recommend you for this."

Two minutes later a girl hurried down the street, her cheeks burning and her eyes full of tears. But she had learned her lesson.—Youth's Companion.

Dad's Idea.

"Pa," said Mrs. Hardapple, enthusiastically, "Mandy is getting to be one of these here sure-gone artist folks. Would you like to see her wash drawings?"

"No," growled the old man, in crabbed tones. "Blamed lot of foolishness. I'd rather see her wash dishes."

You never do a good thing in your life without making an effort. There are no people who are good by accident.—Grimsshaw.