DEAD PAST

By CARS. LOVETT CAMERON

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CHAPTER XV.

In the month of December, when the days were short and dark, and a black frost and biting east wind made winter hard to the young and unbearable to the old, Sir Hugh Grantley shuffled off this mortal coll and was buried in the family vault in Frierly churchyard by the side and seemed to be enjoying himself of all the Sir Hughs and Sir Johns and amazingly. Sir Gregorys who had preceded him. He died as he had lived, unloved and un-regretted. His selfishness stood him in good stead up to the last.

and ceremony, and Roy, his son, reigned in his stead. But poor Roy's reign was but a short and troubled one in the house of his fathers. Sir Hugh's affairs were found to have He was buried with all becoming pomp were found to be in greatest confusion. Tam going out this very minute in a hard been left overdue. Poverty stared the young heir in the face. Margaret, who had partly guessed at the state of things, stood by him, with her strong things, stood by him, with her strong mind and good common sense, to help him through his calamities.

"There is nothing for it but to let the house. You cannot afford to live in

It," she said to him.

'Let Frierly! Oh, Margaret!" "It is the only thing to be done, Roy; face it like a man, If you let it well, you will be able to live comfortably as a bachelor in London, and when you marry, you must marry well, and then you will be able to come back to your own again, pay off mortgages, put the farms in repair, and start fresh again. You see how important a good marriage is for you."

"You mean a rich wife. I am afraid that I am not at all likely to restore the failen fortunes of my family in that I was with her, and he introduced us to

"You are not, I suppose, going to remain a bachelor for ever because of a married woman!" cried Margaret, with real irritation. She could not believe it possible that he was still mourning over Kitten Laybourne-there are women to whom a steadfast faithfulness appears in the light of absolute stupidity. Was not Kitten married and safely got out of the way? What on earth possessed the boy to be thinking about her still?

But, Roy, you are the last-the very last. It is your duty to marry. The baronetcy will become extinct if you do not!" cried Margaret in despair.

"Somebody must be last, I suppose, just as somebody else must be first. You are a wonderful woman at counting your chickens, Margaret; but, to begin with, where is the rich wife?'

There is Felicia." "I am not wicked enough for her." over sundry speeches of his cousin's

which still lingers in his memory. Marfgaret looked indignant and severe. the character and manners of the young his own door, he would have received a ladies of the present day. I am afraid certain note which had been waiting for In her conversation since her father has and-so little does it take sometimes to left her so much alone."

"Exactly, and I could not marry a permoney." laughed the young man.

"Well, there are plenty of rich girls to be picked up in London, and if we tain important circumstances to himself of course, will live with me. You will suitably upon the remnant that can be saved out of the fire, together with the rent of the house. You can have your horse and your brougham, and do every- hand without looking at it for several thing that is fitting to your position. As to your food, that need never cost you whom he met in the hall. Then Brian a farthing. Whatever is mine is yours."

They went up to London, and Mar- round as he did so. garet installed herself and her household goods in a small house in Connaught Square. Here, too, Roy had his own it. A whole century of new thoughts rooms and his own belongings, and he stayed at home as much as he liked, and went away also as much as he felt inclin- life, in which those even rounded char-Nobody, either, could have said of Sir Roy Grantley that he lived the life of a woe-begone and despairing lover. Desmond to see it once more-to hold a He had plenty of friends, and his friends took care to make his life pleasant to

him. One afternoon, in the month of May, Roy found himself in a certain tiny drawing room in Mayfair, where, in these days, he was always sure of a cordial welcome. The house altogether was of the most minute dimensions, and was as thoroughly dirty and dingy as "bijou" residences within a stone's throw of Park and prayed might never again cross the Lane have a habit of being. The very door, as it was opened by the tall footman, seemed narrower and lower than other people's front doors, and the footman himself, as he preceded the visitor up the narrow wooden staircase, looked too large for the house.

One end of the room was filled completely with a wide, low sofa, across Eastern embroideries and pieces of Italian brocade-all rather dirtywere flung in careless confusion. At one end of this sofa invariably reclined a black poodle, at the other was his mis-By Mrs. Talbot's side was a small table, upon which were arranged a hand looking glass set in silver, several bottles of perfumes of different kinds, the poodle's silk bag of French sweetmeats, and the photographs of her pet admirers. To these latter Boy had been lately added in a resplendent new frame of crimson plush,

Gertrude, in her white muslin drap- not be back." eries, lay back among her embroidered. This he gave to a club messenger to

cushions and sniffed at her salts bottle. Felicia, who had found herself a small, low seat on the other side of the little table, had seized upon a Japanese fan and was agitating it violently. Roy, upon a footstool between the two ladies, was made much of by both of them,

"Nothing makes one so hot as a fan," said Gertrude. "Do keep that thing still, Felicia; you set all my nerves on

"It is deliciously cool and breezy out

"I am going out this very minute in a

"I wouldn't go with her if I were you, Roy," said Felicia, when the door had cosed upon their hostess. "Why not-will it create a scandal if

I go in a hansom with the beautiful Ger-"Don't you know-cannot you guess,

Roy, who it is she wants you to call upon? It is Mrs. Desmond." "Kitten-" A pause. Felicia would not have lifted her eyes for the world; htr glove buttons seemed to give her an

infinity of trouble. "How does she know her?" Roy asked presently, and she could hear that his

voice was altered. "Oh, it is very simple. Gertrude met Mr. Desmond in the park two days ago. way. The only woman whom I could his wife, and asked us to call on her. ever have married is lost to me." I—I would not go if I were you, Roy."

"Did she look-happy?" he asked. "Oh, yes. I suppose so; she was very well dressed. You have not got over it, I am afraid."

Mrs. Talbot came back gay and gushing; the hansom was summoned, and Felicia was driven away in her brougham. "I-I don't think I'll come with you to-day," said the young man hesitating-ly when he had helped Gertrude into the hansom.

"Oh, Roy"-She dropped the "Sir" when they were alone-"you promised; oh, do come."

"Well, I will go a little way, then," and he got into the cab. "You can

drop me, you know." "To Lowndes square," said Mrs. Tal-bot. She had no mind to drop Roy any-

And Roy went with her. "I can't help myself," he said to himself; but it was said Roy, with a little smile to himself the old story of the moth and the candle.

Brian, on leaving his wife to go out alone, intended to wend his way to his that Felicia is becoming rather reckless him there all day, three hours earlier, alter the whole history of a man's life -had he done so, it is probable that most son who was reckless, even for her of the events which ensued would have so far been changed or modified that they would not have been fraught with cermust let the Hall, we will go up to town and to others. But as he was strolling and live there. My own money will en- idly along he met an old college friend able me to take a small house; and you, who hailed him joyfully and linked his arm within his. So that it was just 7 be able then to live comfortably and o'clock when he turned leisurely up the steps of his own club.

The hall porter gave him a letter as he entered. He stood with it in his minutes, talking to an acquaintance looked, down at his letter, turning it

And suddenly he recognized the handwriting! It was years since he had seen and feelings seemed to divide him like a yawning gulf from that other far away acters had played so important a part. It was like an electric shock to Brian letter from her once again in his hands.

A letter from Rosamond! An unstamped letter, too-sent not by post, but by hand. What could it mean? He had thought of her vaguely, dimly, as a something dear, yet dangerous to his peace of mind, that was on the other side of the world. She had been to him but a distant memory of a past which was over forever, a something which he had hoped new life he had built up for himself. Often he had thought of her thus, in misty dreams, thinking that he and she had drifted apart forever, and would meet no more, save in that other world where those who have loved and despaired shall meet again under other conditions, and be perchance at last-happy!

And lo! she was here—at his very doors-in London-alive, and writing to him! He tore open the letter and read: "I have come home, and am longing to see you. I arrived late last night, and am at the Langham Hotel. Come to me as soon as you receive this. I shall not

leave the house until I hear from you or see you. ROSAMOND." He glanced quickly up at the clock It was the minutes past seven. He tore upstairs three steps at a time into the writing room, and wrote two lines to his

"Do not wait dinner for me. I shall

take to Lowndes Square, and springing into a hansom, drove rapidly away to the Laugham Hotel. He had given himself no time to think or reflect. He did not consider whether it was a wise or an unwise thing he was doing. A wild Joy possessed him. Rosamond was back, and he was going to see her! He could think of nothing else. After all the long, black, empty years they were to mee again.

She was very tired of the desolate hotel sitting room by this time—tired and weary. She had almost given him up by

now.
"He cannot be in town!" she said to herself, in despair. "I wish, now, that I had written before from Alexandria. Does he have his letters forwarded, I wonder—and will he get my note in the course of time? How can I find out?"

All at once her quick ears caught the sound of approaching footsteps along the corridor. She sprang to her feet; her hands, womanlike, went instinctively up to smooth her ruffled hair; her eyes shone, her lips parted and her heart beat. How wildly her heart beat! For he had come at last!

Through a mist she seemed to see him, a mist of her own glad tears. The love of her life, whom she had loved and had forsaken, but to whom her faithful heart had clung, through all absence and time, he stood before her at last! She reached out her hands to him; she felt the strong grip of his as he grasped them, one in each of his. He only spoke her name hoarsely and huskily:

"Rosamond And she she it was who spoke first who found the words, poor, weak, trem-bling words—that shook with the great-

ness of her joy.
"Yes; it is I-Rossmond-come back to you at last-my Brian-my only love -my heart's delight-never, never to be parted from you again. For I am free, and I am yours for ever."

Oh, why-why then did he not clasp her in his arms? Why did he not draw her to his heart, and rain such kisses upon her eager lips as she had dreamed of and thirsted for so long? Why did he stand so, and look upon her with that awful look of deepening horror and woe in his eyes? Why did his cold hands slacken thus their enger hold, and fall away at last, nerveless and helpless from out of hers?

"Brian! Brian!" she cried, with the sharp ring of a nameless terror; "do you not hear me? Do you not understand?

I am free!" "You-are-free?" he repeated slowly and painfully, bringing out each word separately with a sort of labor, as though each one hurt him to utter. "Yourhusband-is he dead?"

"Yes, yes—do you not see my clothes? I am a widow. Heaven forgive me if I am too glad, but how can I help my joy, when, from the day that he died, I knew that I might love you once more? I did my duty. I was a good wife to him, but, oh, how I suffered! But now it is all over and I have come back to you, and—Brian! Brian!" she broke out wildly, for still he stood there blanched to the very lips, and stared at her with those horror-stricken eyes. "Are you not glad? Speak to me, for heaven's sake! What is it? Why do you look at me

"When did he die?" was all he said,

in a number, dreary voice. "Eight months ago." And then he f with an exceeding bitter cry of anguish.

"Ah, it was my wedding day!" and fell prostrate before her upon his knees, burying his face in his outstretched arms. Rosamond spoke never a word. She

at her feet. Afterward she could not those first moments-only that in some vague fashion Fate was revenged upon her. Once long ago she had ruined this man's life, and now-now it was he who ruined hers!

(To be continued.) Counting the Buttons.

"Yes," said the tailor, "Councilman Crookit ordered a four-button cutaway. but he changed it to a three-button," "Is the three-button more stylish?"

asked the other. "Oh, no. But as he was going out brary funds. he saw some children on my doorstep playing that old game, 'Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,"-Philadelphia Press.

Logical Deduction.

"Ah, my friend," said the passenger with the unbarbered hair, "what can ter in the early morn, fresh from the pump."

"Water," rejoined the hardware drummer, "is certainly a good thing. By the way, are you in the milk busi-

Cintion.

piece come out and show himself cultivate it. Instead of plowing shalwhen the audience called for him? Jill-Well, you see, he'd Just been getting married, and he's got light eyes. If he went home with black eyes, he was afraid his wife wouldn't know him .- Yonkers Statesman.

One Woman's Wisdom. "Alas!" groaned the discouraged husband. "I am unable to find work, and there isn't a thing in the house to eat. What are we to do?"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed his wife, who had a short-order inspiration. 'We'll take in boarders."

His Real Love. Dya-The count is going to marry the Montana heiress. Edna (in surprise)-For the love of

goodness! Eva-No, for the love of money.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

GUIDE TO ELECTIONS.

Explaination of Complicated Primary System by Secretary Dunbar.

Salem-The adoption of the direct primary law has given Oregon such a complicated system of elections that not even the accomplished politician can carry in his mind all the details of the proceedings leading up to the general election of state, district and county officers. None of the most difficult things to ascertain and remember is the dates upon which the various steps in the nomination and election of officers must be taken. In fact, the ordinary citizen cannot figure out the dates if he has the statute before him, for the language varies and different methods

of computing time must be adopted.

The following list contains all the dates of interest to the voter and the candidate for offices as figured out by Secretary of State Dunbar:

Registration—
Registration books opened by county

clerks Tuesday, January 2.

Registration books closed for primary election April 10, 5 p. m.

Registration books opened after pri-mary election, April 25. Registration books closed for general

election, May 15, 5 p. m. Iniative petitions-Number of signers required to initiate

laws or amendments, 7,489. Last day for filing initiative petitions, February 3.

Last day for filing pamphlets oppos-

ing measures, February 5.

Direct primary election— County clerks give notice of primary election not later than March 21. Last day for filing petitions for plac-

ing names on ballot for state, congres sional and district officers, March 30. Last day for filing petitions for

county offices, April 4. *Date of primary election, April 30. Canvassing votes of primary election for state offices, May 5.

General election Last day for filing certificates of nomination for state offices by assembly of electors, April 19.

Last day for filing nominating petitions for state offices, May 4.

Last day for filing certificates of

nomination for county offices by assembly of electors, May 4.

Last day for filing nominating peti tions for county offices, May 19.

General election, June 4. It should be explained that petitions for nominations for district offices, such as circuit judge, district attorney, joint senator and joint representative must be filed in the office of the secretary of state, and not with county clerks.

ORGANIZE SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Important Resolution.

Salem - The State Library commission, composed of Governor Chamberstood erect and stiff, cold as ice, and of the State University; Miss Isom, motionless as marble; not a word broke librarian of the Portland library, and the stillness of her agony, save those State Superintendent of Schools Ackerawful choked sobs from the bowed form man, met in bi-monthy session last at her feet. Afterward she could not week, and Miss Marvin, the secretary, recall what she had felt and thought in submitted an elaborate report dealing with the work of the commission from its organization to date, and with the methods to be employed in the organiration of local ilbraries.

With regard to echool libraries, the commission decided to ask for bids for all school libraries to be submitted next June. A rule was adopted by the commission prohibiting schools from purchasing dictionaries, sets of supplementary readers and general encyclopedias with money belonging to their li-

Miss Marvin reports that several cities in the state would soon employ trained librarians to look after their libraries.

Lang Sells Big Wheat Ranch.

Pendleton-James Long has sold his wheat ranch of 2,100 acres, known as be more delicious than clear, cold wa- the old C. J. Smith place, to A. C. Friedly of this city. This place, which is one of the best ranches in this section, is located in Juniper canyon. This year 1,000 acres have been seeded to wheat and the balance was summer fallowed last year. Wheat land in this district is improving each year since Bill-Why didn't the author of the the farmers understand better how to low, they have learned that better results can be obtained by plowing deep.

Surveying Weed Road.

Klamath Falls-Some excitement was caused in Klamath Falls recently by choice, 18 @ 21c; geese, live, 9@10c; the arrival of Engineer D. D. Griffiths ducks, 14@15c. with a crew of a dozen railroad engineers and surveyors and the announcement went forth that they were the advance guard of the California Norththe Weed Railroad company, which is to receive a bonus of \$100,000 to build a railroad into the town.

Fruit Men Meet at La Grande. La Grande - The next annual meeting of the Northwestern Fruitgrowers' association will be held in La Grande 7 anuary 3.5.

SERVICE IMPROVED.

Southern Pacific Arranges New West Side Time Card.

Portland-Requests for better freight service on the Southern Pacific between Portland and Corvallis have been fruitful, for the company has arranged a supplementary timecard which will give that territory a daily freight in each direction instead of a tri-weekly

Simultaneously with the inauguration of the new train, the St. Joseph-Lafayette cut-off is opened, and this means the eight and one-half miles of track between Lafayette and Whiteson, on the Yamhill division, will not be used to any extent and may be aband-

oned entirely.

The principal advantage in the new passenger time schedule will be that residents of Dayton and Newberg can ride into McMinnville, the county seat, and return home the same day, as the trains will be operated via Dayton and McMinnville.

There are no stations on the Yamhill line between Lafayette and Whiteson, and but two spurs, so it is figured no particular harm will result if that portion of the road is torn up. The determination of the Southern Pacific to place a daily treight train on the route pleases shippers, both in Portland and along the West Side division. For some time a strong effort has been made by the shippers of McMinnville, Dayton, Forest Grove and Hillsboro to secure a better service, but this could not be satisfactorily arranged until the cut-off was completed, which cost \$43,

Good Library at Asylum.

Salem-The lack of a supply of good books for the prisoners at the state penitentiary formed the subject of comment in the report of Secretary Cornelia Marvin to the Oregon Library commission. What is true of the prison is true also of other state institutions, and Miss Marvin is leading a movement to provide the state's charges with good reading matter. At the insane asylum a large library was found, but it is used by comparatively few patients. Miss Marvin remarks upon the fact that the ineane asylum has a large library of unusually good books without great use, while across the way, at the prison, there is nothing to be used and a great demand.

Suffrage Petition Filed.

Salem-Petitions for the submission of the equal suffrage amendment have been filed in the office of Secretary of State Dunbar, with 9,985 signatures affixed. The number necessary is State Library Commission Passes an 7,489. The petitions were brought to Salem and filed by Mrs. H. W. Co. Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, Miss Gail Laughlin, Mrs. Jefferson Myers and Miss Laura Gray. Miss Laughlin said lain, W. B. Ayers, President Campbell, that the petitions were thoroughly examined and all signatures that were not thought to be properly affixed as required by law were stricken out.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 72c; bluestem, 74c; red, 68c; valley, 73c per bushel. Oats-No. 1 white feed, \$27; gray, \$26.50 per ton. Barley-Feed, \$22@22.50 per ton:

brewing, \$22.50@23; rolled, \$23@23.50. Rye-\$1.50 per cental. Hay - Eastern Oregon timothy, \$14 50@15.50 per ton; valley timothy,

\$11@12; clover, \$8@9; cheat, \$8.50@ 9.50; grain hay, \$8@9. Fruits-Apples, \$1@1.50 per box;

peare, \$1.25@1.50 per box. Vegetables - Beans, wax, 12c per pound; cabbage, 1@1%c per pound; cauliflower, \$1.25 per dozen; celery, 45 @75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50@60c per dozen; peppers, 6c per pound; pumpkins, % @Ic per pound; sprouts, 7e per pound; suash, %@le per pound;

turnips, 90c@\$1 per sack; carrots, 65 @75c per sack; beets, 85c@\$1 per sack. Onions-Oregon, \$1@1.25 per sack. Potatoes-Fancy graded Burbanks, 65@75c per sack; ordinary, 55@60c per sack: Merced sweets, sacks, \$1.90; crates, \$2.15.

Butter-Fancy creamery, 271/2@30c per pound. Eggs-Oregon ranch, 32@33c per

dozen. Poultry - Average old hens, 11 1/4 @ 12c per pound; young roosters, 10@11c; springs, 11@11%c; broilers, 12%@ 14c; dressed chickens, 12@121/c; turkeys, live, 16@17c; turkeys, dressed,

Hops - Oregon, 1905, choice, 10@ 111%c; prime, 814@91%c; medium, 8c; olds, 5@7c.

Wool-Eastern Oregon, average best, eastern Railroad company, successor to 16@21c; valley, 24@26c; mohair, choice, 30c per pound.

Beef - Dressed bulls, 1@2c per pound; cows, 3@4c; country steers, 4@4%0.

Veal-Dressed, 31/2@8c per pound. Mutton-Dressed, fancy, 6@6 1/4c per pound; ordinary, 4@5c; fambs, 7@

Pork-Dressed, 6%@7c per pound.