

A Frost In July.

By C. B. Lewis.

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When Miss Mary Cleves, forty years old and aunt of Eileen Cleves, not yet quite half those years, accepted the responsibility of acting as chaperon to the young lady for a few weeks' stay in the Berkshire hills she determined to do her duty at all costs.

They had scarcely reached the hotel selected when that duty confronted her. Paul Clifford, the artist, crossed their path. The young people had many mutual friends in town, but had never been introduced.

In any hotel in the Berkshires, the Catskills or on the seashore a handsome young girl and a bachelor artist of note, with romance still leashed in his soul, are bound to meet sooner or later if given half a show.

Such meetings come about by accident, or Providence takes a hand, and the first thing they know they have introduced themselves to each other and are talking about art and motor trips through Europe.

Aunt Mary understood this; also that she was there to prevent it. She would insist on formality to the bitter end. She did insist. Even when she and Miss Eileen in walking out one day were suddenly confronted by a snake as much as nine inches long and screamed and the artist came running up and saved their lives from the monster she stood on formality and insisted that her charge do the same. The artist hero was dismissed with a formal bow and went his way with an odd sense of their ingratitude gnawing at his heart.

Three or four days later, however, a family with whom he was well acquainted in the city arrived, and a formal introduction took place. This made things all right in one way and all wrong in another.

He was now privileged to lift his hat and say good morning, but the old maid looked upon him as a possible lover and added many precautions. She was polite, but she was also vigilant. The artist probably hoped, as another man would in his place, that in time she would thaw out, and he held himself ready day and night for more heroic deeds.

Around the second story of the hotel ran a veranda, and the three parties in the case had rooms opening on to this promenade. One afternoon as the aunt was parading up and down the veranda she noticed that the artist was in his room writing a letter. She at once suspected that it was a note to be passed to Miss Eileen at the first favorable opportunity.

The chaperon was disturbed, but determined. She promenade'd clear around the house, and upon her return she beheld a sheet of note paper lying on the floor. She also saw that the artist had stepped out of his room. A draft had caught up the letter he was writing and drawn it through the open window.

Aunt Mary was a woman of the sternest principles. She reasoned it out in a moment that she had no moral right to that note. It was for her to ignore its existence and continue her promenade, but at once her stern principles took a tumble.

She stooped, seized the sheet and fled to her room, which was next to that of her niece. Even then it was not too late to save her lifelong principles unharmed. She could have torn the sheet into fragments before reading the lines written thereon. She could, but she didn't. She read even to the last word, and a moment later she was in the room of her niece, saying: "I suspected it from the first! He is a cold blooded wretch!"

"Who is, auntie?" was the natural query.

"Mr. Clifford! I have found him out just in time. Oh, the perfidy of it! Oh, the insults heaped upon us! Read that. No, let me read it."

And, holding the half finished letter in her left hand and using the right forefinger to punctuate the air while she held her figure in tragic pose and spoke from the depths of her indignation, she read:

"Dear Jim—I have seen both of them. The old one is no good and badly out of repair. Wouldn't take her as a gift. Guess she was one of the first ones made. The other is a beauty, with heaps of go in her. Decided bargain, and I shall close the deal at once. Climbs the steepest hills around here like a cat, and you ought to see her scot on the level! The old one—"

That was as far as the artist had written when he left the room, and the breeze came in and toyed with the sheet and sent it to the feet of the woman who had a duty to do. She finished reading and maintained her pose for half a minute and then solemnly said:

"I found it on the veranda. The wind brought it to me. It came from his room. I saw him as he was writing it."

"Do you mean that Mr. Clifford wrote this?" asked the young lady.

"I do. Was ever villainy more completely unmasked! He has seen both of us. The old one is no good and badly out of repair. I am the old one. I am badly out of repair."

"But, auntie—"

"Don't interrupt me. Wouldn't take her as a gift! Guess she was one of the first ones made. This about me—about your own aunt! Oh, the crafty, sneaking villain!"

"But why should Mr. Clifford write such things about you? He is surely a gentleman, and there must be a mistake somewhere."

"And he refers to you," continued the aunt without heeding the question—

"He refers to you as a clipper with heaps of go in her. You are a decided bargain. You climb hills like a cat. You scot on the level! The man ought to be driven from the hotel."

"He never wrote it!" exclaimed the girl. "He never meant you nor me. There is some awful mistake here. I never saw his handwriting, but I'll—"

"Wait right here!" hoarsely commanded the aunt. And, with the letter in her hand, she went down to the office to consult the register. She was absent ten minutes, and during this interval Miss Eileen heard a man's steps on the veranda and peeped out

to see the artist looking about as if he had lost something. When the aunt returned she had the light of victory in her eyes.

"The writing is the same," she announced. "He would be convicted in any court in the land. I am an old one and badly out of repair, and you are a clipper and climb hills like a cat. If he doesn't leave the hotel this evening we shall start for home in the morning."

"But I won't go until we are sure about it," replied the young lady, with a smile.

"Oh, we'll be sure enough about it. Meanwhile at dinner tonight we'll give Mr. Paul Clifford the coldest snubbing a man ever received. If you don't assist me I'll telegraph your father. We'll see if he will put up with his daughter being called a cat and a decided bargain. I will do the snubbing, and you simply maintain your dignity. Out of repair, am I? We'll see if he isn't worse off."

The artist missed his half finished epistle, made a search for it and finally indited another and mailed it away. He came down into the parlors ten minutes before dinner, hoping for a word or two with Miss Cleves.

She blushed at sight of him and blushed still harder as he advanced, but she stood on her dignity—that is, she turned her head away—and in some confusion he passed the girl he would have found her pose as dignified as before, but a look of something like pity in her eyes.

Mr. Clifford did not enter the dining room. Frostbites take away a man's appetite. He went out into the dusk and sat down on a bowlder and imagined that he was Sherlock Holmes, and after an hour or so he figured things out.

Then he sent a telegram to a friend in the city—a friend who knew the Cleves family well. That night he was missed from parlors and verandas. He could play and sing and recite, and there were many inquiries for him. When they were addressed to Miss Cleves her reply was:

"Excuse me, but I don't know the party."

There was a new arrival at the hotel next forenoon. He was closeted with the artist for half an hour, and then he hid him forth and found Miss Cleves seated in a grotto, still wondering how any man on earth dared to write to another that she was an old one. The interview which followed was hot for the first fifteen minutes. Then it gradually cooled off, though at regular intervals for the next half hour the woman in the case rose to her feet and exclaimed:

"Yes, but how dared he write that the old one was no good and out of repair? It's shocking, sir. It's dreadful! It's something that I cannot forgive."

"But you know, Miss Cleves—"

"And how dared he speak of my dear niece as climbing a hill like a cat! And how dared he refer to her as a scoter on the level! Think of it, sir—a scoter!"

"But you now understand?"

"Why, if her father come to know that she had been called a cat, and a scoter and a bargain, I should tremble for the consequences!"

Nevertheless, when a man has explanations that explain and when he goes over those explanations often enough, even an indignant old maid must be convinced at last. So it was with Miss Cleves. She finally melted, drew a breath of relief and, seeing Miss Eileen striding toward them, she called to her:

"Oh, dearie, it appears that we have made an awful mistake. It transpires that Mr. Clifford was writing to Mr. Gaston about a couple of autos that the latter had asked him to look at. Therefore I am not an old one, and you don't climb hills like a cat. If you can find Mr. Clifford bring him here, and I will apologize."

Any artist who didn't pursue his advantage after that deserved to be left behind in the race.

If any one has come across a young man with a lop shoulder and a pair of bow legs and answering to the name of French, please forward particulars at once. His heartbroken father is here at the Gulch and wants to know



A YOUNG MAN WITH A LOP SHOULDER AND A PAIR OF BOW LEGS.

What has become of him. If any of the cowboys around here hung him for horse stealing, forward particulars just the same. It will ease the father's mind to know that his son was not drowned in some river or smothered in a snowdrift.

Numerous subscribers are writing us to ask what candidate we propose to support at the coming presidential election. As postmaster of Giveadam Gulch we wish to hold our job, and we shall be in no hurry to come out and swing our hat. Bread and butter first, patriotism next.

Colonel John Sloat of Big X ranch called on us the other day and insisted that the Kicker pick a fess with Japan. Because we refused to do it he stopped his paper and went away mad. We have had to gently shoot the colonel three different times in the last four years to keep him in the harness, and it looks as if we should have to bore him again.

The Helio Opera House closed its season last Saturday night with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was a dramatic close. The boys shot out all the lights, three actors had their shoe heels shot off, and the company started the next morning to walk the distance to Florence. We are a theatrical people at the Gulch, but sometimes we grow most too enthusiastic.

Some of the papers in this territory are making fun of our presidential boom and asking where it is. Don't sweat your collars, gentlemen. We have started out to be president of the United States, and though it may take a little time we shall get there in the end if we don't catch the measles. Wait for the dark horse.

Mr. Buffalo Johnson, who imagines himself a holy terror, was notified by the vigilance committee last Sunday evening to leave the Gulch within six hours. He got out with five and a half hours to spare, and the tracks he made in going were five feet apart. When it's up to a western man it's beautiful to see him hustle.

One George Henderson of Utah got into his head that it was his duty to remove us to another sphere, and on Monday morning he called in at our sanctum to do the little act. After he had fired five shots at us we took a hand in the game, and George is now in the hospital and a doctor is looking for the bullet in his shoulder. He anticipated an easy victory and a crown of laurels and is somewhat disappointed at the outcome.

Jim Helio, which is us, does not hold fourteen different elective and appointive offices, as some of the papers announce. We hold only seven, and we don't know where on earth to scare up another. Some newspaper men may think it a duty to edit their papers from the porchouse, but we don't belong to the bunch. When we work for the country at large we expect to get our dollar a day and board and lodgings.

The money stringency that struck the country last fall has had no effect whatever on Giveadam Gulch. There was only a dollar or two in the town, and that has been circulating from hand to hand to give everybody a fair show. Another dollar is expected next month, and then we shall probably have a real estate boom.

Mr. Charles Harrison, a representative of a waterworks system, returned to Chicago yesterday after a stay of four weeks in the town. He came to see about putting in waterworks, but as he saw only one gallon of water used during his stay he became discouraged and went his way.

We had nothing against Mr. Thomas Weed, but when his wife gave a birthday party and left us out in order to administer a social snub we communicated with a sheriff in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Weed went back east last week to flush the balance of his term in prison. We are not a cantankerous crew, but we are the head of society in this town, and any attempt to rub it in on us will witness the departure of some well known citizen.

Mr. George Bates of Lone Jack has lost his third wife and has our congratulations. She has eloped, like her predecessors, and if he doesn't overhaul her may count on being rid of her for good and all. If he takes a fourth he ought to get one lame in both legs that she can't skidoo. As to divorces and all that, George is not a man to let them bother him.

In shooting at Jim Cummings the other day an individual from Montana named Waterford killed a valuable broncho belonging to Silas Williams. The man is in jail, and even if he pays the price of the broncho the jury will want to know by what right a critter like him is carrying a gun around. No wonder Arizona is refused steehead.

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M. M. KISSER, Administrator.

Chas. N. Clarke, Hood River, Oregon

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Wasco County, on June 13, 1908, regularly appointed the undersigned administrator of the estate of the late John J. Tucker, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of the deceased, are hereby required to present them with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned at the office of John Leland Henderson, Administrator, at Hood River, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated this 24th day of June, 1908.

M. M. KISSER, Administrator.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, May 12th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that WILLIAM L. BHOOTH, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on April 13th, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 461, for SW 1/4 of Section 22, T. 2 North, Range 10 East, Lot 4 of Section 5, Lot 1 and SW 1/4 of Section 6, T. 1 North, Range 10 East, Williams Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the above described land, before the Register and Receiver, at the Dalles, Oregon, on the 22nd day of July, 1908.

The claimant names as witnesses: W. Ross Williams of Hood River, Oregon; Thomas Collins of Hood River, Oregon; Geo. E. Williams, of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Robert W. Culbertson, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on April 13th, 1908, made Timber Application, No. 461, for NE 1/4 of Section 22, T. 2 North, Range 10 East, Williams Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the above described land, before the Register and Receiver, at the Dalles, Oregon, on the 14th day of July, 1908.

The claimant names as witnesses: E. E. Lyons, of Hood River, Oregon; W. Ross Williams, of Hood River, Oregon; Geo. E. Williams, of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at the Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that MARY L. BHOOTH, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 13, 1908, made Timber and Stone application No. 462, for NE 1/4 of Section 22, T. 2 North, Range 10 East, Williams Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the above described land, before the Register and Receiver, at the Dalles, Oregon, on the 17th day of September, 1908.

The claimant names as witnesses: Henry F. Marshall, James W. Harrison, William H. Davis, John West and Caroline Culbertson, all of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at the Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Caroline Culbertson, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 13, 1908, made Timber and Stone application, No. 463, for NE 1/4 of Section 22, T. 2 North, Range 10 East, Williams Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the above described land, before the Register and Receiver, at the Dalles, Oregon, on the 17th day of September, 1908.

The claimant names as witnesses: Henry F. Marshall, James W. Harrison, William H. Davis, John West and Caroline Culbertson, all of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at the Dalles, Oregon, June 23, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will receive bids at his office in the city of Hood River, Oregon, up to July 13th, inclusive, for Three Thousand Dollars, to be used for the purchase of land in Wasco County in any way affecting real estate situated in Hood River County, and transcripts to be prepared in record books to be furnished by Hood River County. Bids should specify the amount per acre of one hundred words for transcribing and indexing such records separately. A bond in the amount of \$1000.00, to be given to the undersigned to insure the full performance of the contract. The right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

A. J. KERBY, County Judge of Hood River County.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (ISOLATED TRACT.)

Public Land Sale, Serial 029.

The Dalles, Oregon, Land Office, July 2, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior, Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved April 29, 1864, Public Law No. 281, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 11:30 o'clock a. m., on the 13th day of August, 1908, the following tract of land, to-wit:

NE 1/4 of Section 22, T. 2 N., R. 10 E., W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

Louis H. Anderson, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at the Dalles, Oregon, June 23rd, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that E. E. Lyons, of Hood River, Oregon, who, on June 23rd, 1908, made Timber and Stone sworn statement No. 868, for NW 1/4 of Section 22, Range 10 E., W. M., has filed notice of his intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, at the Dalles, Oregon, on the 4th day of Sept. 1908.

The claimant names as witnesses: John White, Harry W. Wheeler, Clark Stauffer, all of Mosier, Oregon, and O. L. Walter, of Hood River, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

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