

The Taking of Lorena.

By ANNE HEILMAN.

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Although it was the second week in May, there were sudden and chill whiffs of wind from the north, accompanied by flying particles of ice and snow, grim warning that winter had not yet renounced its sway in the northland.

Floyd Jordan, striding down the steep mountain trail, halted irresolutely near the abrupt turning at Farrell's bluff. He appeared to be meditating deeply. Suddenly he threw up his head, squared his shoulders and hurried on, not in the direction of the boarding house in the gulch, but toward Farrell's cabin.

Farrell's cabin consisted of two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the mountain side and nestled in the gulches, but white curtains hung at the Farrell windows, and the windward side of the living room was hung with gay Navajo blankets.

The brown fur of a mountain bear was on the floor, and its mate was spread luxuriously beneath the red pillows of a couch. And, set like a torch in the south window, a geranium, potted in a brilliant Indian basket, lifted its scarlet bloom.

But Jordan felt without seeing this harmony. He was looking into the face of the girl who had opened the door. It was a face of light and shade which spoke the swift thought before the voice found words, a face to hold a man's glance in a crowd. Closing the door, she resumed her seat by the fire without replying to Jordan's genial greeting.

He seemed to fill the room. Six feet two and broad shouldered, he looked even larger in the clumsy canvas coat, corduroys and high laced boots of the prospector. He whipped his hat against his knee, evidently disconcerted by the girl's hostile attitude.

"That you, Floyd Jordan?" inquired a voice from the inner room.

"Yes, Mrs. Farrell. How're you feeling?"

"Some better, I'm glad to say. Set down and warm yourself, Floyd. 'Tain't to be wondered at that people have rheumatism in a land where there is ten months' winter. If you'll shut the door, Lorena, I'll get up and dress."

Lorena closed the door.

"Floyd Jordan, what are you coming here again for?" she burst out suddenly.

"Wouldn't be very neighborly not to drop in with your mother sick and your dad away, would it?"

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you?" she said fiercely, taking a few steps toward him. Even in that critical moment, with her eyes blazing unjust and unreasonable anger, the miner's heart throbbled acknowledgment of the tall, plant, reedlike grace before him.

"Yes, Lorena, but I have just a little hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I mean it when I tell you I've heard how you bragged to the boys at the store that you could take me whenever you got good and ready?"

"I never said it in that way. Some one has glibbed my words to suit their own purpose. Why, I've loved you from the first time I laid eyes on you. I've been thinking of building a cabin on my claim—if you'll have me, Lorena. If you won't I'll sell out and go to the States."

"You can't go any too quick to suit me," answered the girl, her voice tense with scorn. "And you can tell them loafers at the store that I'm not to be taken so easily. I'd rather die than marry you, Floyd Jordan."

"I reckon that settles it," said Jordan, rising and buttoning his coat. "Please tell your mother goodby for me," and he was gone.

"Lorena Farrell, what have you been and done?" demanded her mother, limping into the room in her stocking feet. "You know as well as I do that Floyd never said nothing to nobody about you! The Blakie girls made it all up, jealous 'cause you'd caught the likeliest young feller in the camp. You've driven him away for good this time. 'He'll keep his word—he always does—and go to the States.'"

She re-entered the bedroom for her shoes, and Lorena stiltedly opened the door and looked after her lover's retreating figure. He had almost reached the bluff. If he passed it she knew she would never see him again. Something stirred in her throat. The long stretch of trail that ran away through the dreary landscape seemed like her life, and Floyd was going out of it. Her heart yearned for him. What would her life be without him?

"Lorena, where are you?" called Mrs. Farrell, emerging from the bedroom fully shod. The girl was not in the room. Her mother opened the door and looked out, but a wall of whirling white met her vision.

"My God!" she gasped. "The child's gone after him."

She knew the risk. All morning the storm had been brewing, and now it thundered by, a veritable blizzard, the sort that swoops down on the northwest territory as late as June and as early as August. It compels the settler to string a wire from house to stables; it sets men circling in the snow; it catches little children coming home from school and buries them in monstrous drifts.

A knock sounded on the door, and Floyd entered, noisily stamping the snow from his feet.

"Thought I'd come back and have another talk with Lorena," he began.

"Oh, Floyd, she's gone after you!" cried the distracted woman, wringing her hands. "I saw her footprints pointing toward the bluff. She got sorry right after you left."

"I'll find her," said Floyd quickly. "Don't worry." And he dashed back into the storm.

When Lorena softly closed the kitchen door she could just see Floyd rounding the bluff.

"Floyd! Oh, Floyd, come back!" she

called, all her reserve gone, her fierce pride thrown to the stormy winds that blew the fringe of her shawl into her eyes.

Realizing that he could not hear her, she started after him, but by the time she had covered half the distance a sea of white swept in between and blotted him from view.

She hurried on, calling his name repeatedly, but the furious wind tore at her breath and wailed her about with dizzy clouds. She never even made the bluff.

And when she found that she had missed it and tried to retrace her steps the drift had filled her tracks. If she could only strike the trail! In desperation she turned to the right and turned to the left, but one turn offset the other.

Thus she struggled on and on and still on until in spite of the biting cold the perspiration burst from every pore. This was well enough as long as she kept moving, but when the time came that she must stop she would freeze all the quicker for her present warmth.

This, being born and bred of the northland, Lorena knew, and the knowledge kept her toiling, toiling on until her tired limbs compelled a pause in the shelter of a bluff. She leaned panting against a rock, all unconscious of a pair of eyes which glared from a willow thicket near by.

While she rested the green lights in the eyes flared brighter, a long red tongue licked the grinning jaws hungrily, and forth from his covert stole a lank, gray wolf.

Lorena uttered a frightened cry. This was no coyote, to be chased with a stick, but a wolf of timber stock, a great beast, strong as a mastiff. He emitted low snarls as he sunk in half circles across her front. He was undecided.

So while he circled, preparing for a spring, drawing a little nearer at every turn, Lorena fell back—back toward the bluff, keeping her white face always to the creeping beast.

With sudden inspiration she took off her heavy shawl and threw it, blanket-wise, over the wolf's head and then fled desperately. Once clear of the shrub she ran on, plunging through drifts, stumbling, falling, to rise again and push her flight.

Of direction she took no heed. Her only thought was to place distance between herself and the famished brute. But when, weary and breathless, she paused to rest, out of the drab drift stole the lank, gray shadow.

With a terrified shriek Lorena ran and ran and ran as the tired doe runs from the hounds. At last she stopped, spent, unable to take another step. Looking around, she saw the wolf, licking his hungry jaws, crouching for the final spring. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees and closed her eyes.

Just then two shots rang out in quick succession. Looking up, she saw Floyd Jordan, with his smoking revolver in his hand, standing over the prostrate beast.

"Floyd, oh, Floyd!" she sobbed as he came to her with eyes tender and anxious. He picked her up from the snow, wrapped her in his coat and held her against his breast.

The storm was lifting. Farrell's cabin could be plainly discerned not a quarter of a mile distant.

"I'm dead sure now I'll build that cabin on my claim," Floyd said as they started homeward.

Decline of Billingsgate.
Billingsgate, whose decline in rhetoric has already been noted, has declined also in other ways since Queen Elizabeth appointed it "an open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals and groceries wares excepted." Stow gives the list more fully, as including "salt, both fresh and salt, shell fishes, salt, oranges, onions and other fruits and roots, wheat and rye, and grain of divers sorts for the service of the city and the realm adjoining"—which suggests the contents of a village general shop. In William III's reign Billingsgate was limited to a "free and open market for all sorts of fish," and it was after this that its reputation for language grew up, alluded to by Pope:

His blundering arms by sophistry are borne,
And shameless Billingsgate her robes adorn.

—London Chronicle.

Buried Treasures in England.
There must be a good deal of treasure in the form of church plate and so forth concealed in different parts of the country, as quantities of it were buried at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries. There are two legends in Worcestershire regarding some silver bells, for instance, which have been handed down most persistently from one generation to another since the sixteenth century. One version of the story is that the bells were buried by the last abbot of Evesham, Abbot Lichfield, in a subterranean passage which formerly existed between the abbey and a house on the opposite bank of the river, while the other story has it that a peal of silver bells was buried at the same period at Atherton, a village ten miles distant from Evesham.—Wide World Magazine.

Before the Scrap.
"So that dude in the grand stand said I umpired a stiff game, did he?" questioned the vain umpire.

"Well, he didn't exactly use those words," replied the manager boy.

"But he said something similar?"

"Yes; he said you umpired like a stiff."—Chicago News.

His Days of Prosperity.
"You haven't always been a hobo, I take it."

"No, sir. I can remember the time when I could pay for a room at a hotel and had a watch and pocketbook to leave under the pillow."—New York Press.

Net Too Loud.
Mother—You should have given an alarm when that bold young Statlate kissed you last night.

Daughter (demurely)—I did give one.

Big Brother—Humph! It must have been a still alarm.—Baltimore American.

In Kidville.

The slouch skirt hits Kidville.—New York American.

Net Too Loud.

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In 1082, during the reign of Charles II., a comet appeared of extraordinary size, which was observed by Newton, Halley and other astronomers of the time. Halley followed its course among the stars and, comparing his observations with the records of previous comets, came to the conclusion that the comets of 1456, 1531 and 1907 were but different appearances of the same object. He staked his reputation on a prediction that the comet would return in about seventy-five years. True to this prediction, it did appear in 1758, when Halley had been sleeping in his grave for sixteen years. The reason that the name of Paltisch, a Saxon peasant, has been preserved to posterity is that his eye was the first to catch sight of the returning comet.—Popular Astronomy.

Six Most Powerful Men.

In the smoking room of a popular west end club the other afternoon a group of men suddenly raised the query as to which six men wield the most power in the world, and very considerable diversity of opinion was expressed. By general consent King Edward was placed at the head of the list, but it seemed impossible to arrive at any agreement as to the remaining five. After some considerable argument it was decided to canvass the whole of the members then in the building and ask them to write down the names of the six they considered the most powerful. The following was the result, with the order of voting: First, the king; second, the pope; third, the czar; fourth, the sultan of Turkey; fifth, the president of the United States; sixth, the emperor of China. Among others who were voted for very generally were the emperor of Japan, the French president and the kaiser.—London Sketch.

Hotels That Have Passed.

New York builds hotels fast, but it loses them fast as well. To the death roll of famous hostilities is added now the name of the Everett House, and this within a four year period which has seen the passing of the Morton House, the Hotel Cambridge, the Normandie, the Vendome, the Sinclair, Leggett's and the Fifth Avenue. A little further back the registers were closed finally of the old Metropolitan, the St. James, the Brunswick, the United States, the St. Cloud, the St. Nicholas and the Stevens House. The Windsor disappeared with fire and tragedy.

Some hotels remain, but not the same. The Hoffman House and the Grand are practically new. The former Grand Central, scene of the Stokes-Pisk shooting, is now the Broadway Central.—New York World.

A Hardness Meter.

A novel device for measuring the hardness of metals is called the scleroscope by Albert P. Shore and Dr. Paul Horowitz, its inventors. A steel ball weighing forty grains, made extremely hard by a special process, is inclosed in a glass tube, and the hardness is indicated by the rebound as the ball is dropped on the metal under test. A scale measures the height of rebound. On this scale 100 is the average hardness for carbon steel and proves to be the safety limit for steel tools after reheating and tempering. The instrument is valuable in making tools of standard hardness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gymnastic Burglars.

A school for burglars has been discovered by the police at Toulouse, France, and fifty-four burglars and "professionals" have been arrested. Classes were held every day, in which the burglars practiced gymnastics and were taught the various details of their interesting profession by experts, who drew comfortable salaries. All the members of the school are well known to the police, for one of the necessities of membership was a proof that the would be member had committed at least five burglaries successfully and had lived by his profession for at least three years.

Houses of Cornucopia.

In some parts of Europe cornucopias are used for building purposes. The cornucopias are collected and taken to a factory, where, heavy compresses crush and mold them into blocks of various sizes just as bricks are variously molded. These blocks are bound with wire, so as to make them hold together. They are then soaked in tar to make them water tight and are ready for use after this treatment. Of course they are much lighter than bricks, are always dry and make good houses.

Quick Relief for Asthma Sufferers.

Foley's Honey and Tar affords immediate relief to asthma sufferers in the worst stages and it taken in time will effect a cure. Clarke's Drug Store.

Absent Minded.

"Mamma say yo' I cum quick's yo' kin."

"What she wan' me fo'?"

"Ah dun fo'get."

"Will yo' bettah 'emembah, chile. She wan' watch!"

"None."

"None."

"An mah dimesh bernin'?"

"Oh, golly, now Ah 'membah. It sho'ly am, an' so's de house!"

Judge.

Do Not Injure Fruit.

Owing to the fact that there is a general impression that pine boxes are undesirable to pack apples in because the odor of the box is imparted to the fruit, the Pine Grove Box and Lumber Co., which has been investigating the matter and has written to several apple buyers on the subject, has received the following letter from Rae & Hatfield:

New York, June 20, 1908.

Mr. F. P. Friday, Hood River, Ore.

Dear Sir:—Replying to yours of the 14th will state that there is nothing in the statement made of apples taking on the flavor of pitch by reason of the fact that the material used in making the boxes might be full of pitch. It is known that to be a fact we would make it a point to use material saturated with pitch, and pack all our Ben Davis apples into them, for they are flavorless, as you know, and if the flavor of pitch could be imparted into them we might be doing a land office business in them, by reason of the medicinal qualities that they would contain.

Yours very truly,

Rae & Hatfield.

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EXPERT HORSESHOERS

We have the best up-to-date machinery and expert workmen and are prepared to do all classes of

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NR TO-NIGHT NR

If you are feeling out-of-sorts, take an NR Tablet, and you will feel better in the morning. "NATURE'S REMEDY" strengthens the stomach, liver, kidneys and purifies the blood, does the work thoroughly and pleasantly, yet it never grips, weakens or sickens—merely making the user feel stronger and better.

Better Than Pills for Liver Ills.

Take NR Tablets for Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Biliary Complaints, Liver Complaints, Skin Diseases, Pimples and Eruptions, Chills, Malaria, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Torpid Liver or Inactive Kidneys and all troubles arising from the digestive organs.

Get a 25c. Box. **Nature's Remedy** One Tablet GIVES RELIEF.

Chas. N. Clarke, Hood River, Oregon

For a Sprained Ankle.
A sprained ankle may be cured in about one-third the time usually required, by applying Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely, and giving it absolute rest. For sale by Keir & Cass.

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the nervous wife, as the eminent surgeon entered the sick room, "if an operation is necessary we want you to operate immediately! Expense is no object at all."

"We will operate at once," replied the eminent surgeon, without looking at the patient.

Ticket Agent—Well, what is it?
Don't keep the other people waiting. Weary—I merely wish to know, sir, if de port'bound t'rough freight is on time.—Judge

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup does not constipate like most of the old fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by Keir & Cass.

Magistrate (sternly):—Didn't I tell you the last time you were here I never wanted you to come before me again?

Prisoner—Yes, sir; but I couldn't make the policeman believe it.

Good for Biliousness.
"I took two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets last night and I feel 50 per cent better than I have for weeks," says J. J. Firestone, of Allglen, Mich. "They are certainly a fine article for biliousness." For sale by Keir & Cass. Samples free.

Good Cause.
"In your opinion," asked the member of the investigating committee, "what is the cause of the evident unrest among the Indians?"

Comanche Pete, the noted scout, blew a cloud of smoke into the atmosphere. Then he took his pipe out of his mouth. "Fleas," he answered.

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Have added a complete line of PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES and BRUSHES.

HEATH & MILLIGAN MIXED PAINTS.

Our stock of paper includes latest designs in Blanks, Gilt and high Grades, From 10c up. A full stock of room molding, Picture rail, Plate rail and a small line of novelties in Framed Pictures. CALCIMO, the latest thing in room tinting, mixed to order.

Painting, Paper hanging, Sign work etc. First and Oak Streets.

DAVIDSON FRUIT CO

FRUIT DEALERS

and Manufacturers of all kinds of

Fruit Boxes

Highest Prices Paid for High Grade Fruit.

JOHN LELAND HENDERSON, Pres. MARION I. HENDERSON, Vice President
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public. S. E. HENDERSON, Sec.-Treas.

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