

WE BUY FURS AND HIDES

HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE.

fisherman's Love.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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"Oh, if you don't mind," said the girl in the broad hat, "would you put this worm on for me?"

Halleck looked up. She was dangling a line in front of his nose, and she held out to him a tin can.

"I simply can't put them on the hook," she said, with a little shudder. "I hate to see them squirm."

Halleck looked at her again. She didn't seem at all the type of young woman who made acquaintances promiscuously. She had a grave, direct glance, and at present her mind was bent seriously on the question of fishing.

In silence Halleck impaled the worm. "Thank you," she said and dropped her line into the water.

In a moment there was a splash, and with a little cry the girl landed a fish. "Please take it off," she said, and Halleck found the line again dangling in front of his nose, but this time with a golden, jewel spotted fish at the end. Without harming the charming creature Halleck slipped the hook out of its mouth. "You'd better throw it back," he advised. "It's too small to eat."

"Very well," she said and watched the little sunfish as it swam through the liquid water to freedom.

Then once more she held out the tin can.

"Please put one on," she said.

Again Halleck patiently laid aside his hand net and baited her hook, and again she dropped her line in the water, to bring it out again with another infinitesimal fish.

"This one is too small, too," Halleck told her. "You can't catch any fish worth keeping on the pier."

"Why are you fishing then?" she questioned.

"I am catching bait," was Halleck's information, "and when I have enough I am going out in my boat for pickerel."

Her eyes shone. "Oh, I should love to catch a pickerel," she said eagerly.

"Do you know, those two little fish that you took off of my line are the first I ever caught?"

Halleck looked at her with a speculative eye. "I could take you out—"

He hesitated.

"Could you?" Then in a business-like way, "How much do you charge for an hour?"

Halleck stared at her.

"I don't understand," he said at last.

The grave eyes met his in a direct gaze.

"Aren't you the man who rents the boats?"

"No."

"Oh," her tone was startled. "Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought—"

"That's all right," Halleck assured her.

But her face was stained by a burning blush.

"I must have seemed very—troublesome—"

"Not a bit. I am one of your fellow guests at the hotel. I sit at the table next to you. I saw you last night with an elderly lady."

"Yes, my aunt."

She spoke abstractedly as she gathered up her rod and little basket. "I don't think I will fish any more," she remarked.

"Please don't run away on my account," Halleck begged. "I am going out in a few minutes, and you can have the pier all to yourself."

He did not offer to take her with him. He knew now that she was not that kind of girl, and he was glad she was not.

He put his traps into his boat and pulled out, lifting his white linen hat gravely as his boat shot into mid-stream.

That night he saw her again at the table. She was in pink, and she wore her hair in pretty golden puffs all over the top of her head. He liked her little stately manner and the deferential way she had with her aunt.

The older lady was tall and thin, with sparkling brown eyes. The sparkling eyes rested often on Halleck during the meal, and when dinner was over and the two ladies passed him at the table the aunt stopped.

"You are Mr. Halleck?" she questioned.

"Yes," Halleck rose and stood beside her.

"I asked at the office," the lady explained. "My niece has been telling me that she took you for a boatman. She feels badly that she should have spoken as she did. But I am glad it happened. I am Mrs. Evans. I know your mother well, Mr. Halleck, and I might not have met her son if I hadn't been looking for the man that Helen fancied she had offended."

Halleck walked to the door with her, where the girl in pink waited for them.

"This is Mr. Halleck, Helen," Mrs. Evans said. "He isn't a bit offended, and he writes delightful books, as his mother did before him."

Helen surveyed him with the grave eyes that had delighted him that morning.

"Did you catch any pickerel?" she asked.

"Four," he informed her, "big ones."

"Helen is simply crazy over fishing," Mrs. Evans stated. "She has always lived inland, and now she spends morning, noon and night on the lake."

"I'll tell you," Halleck planned, "we

will go tomorrow, and we will catch our fish and cook them on the island."

And they went, the three of them, in Halleck's boat, and for half they had minnows, and their prey was pickerel, and before noon Helen had caught two shining, slender beauties, and Mrs. Evans, who, in a broad hat and with a magazine, had made herself comfortable, was moved to enthusiasm.

"Helen," she said, "we will come every day."

"Mr. Halleck may think we are troublesome, auntie."

"Mr. Halleck will think he has been blessed by the gods," said that gentleman, and Helen laughed a little.

"I am starved," she said. "Let's go and cook our fish."

So Halleck took them to a green, cool, shadowy spot in the center of the island, and there they broiled their fish and ate their lunch in delightful solitude.

That was the beginning. Helen, under Halleck's guidance, learned to catch pickerel. But she learned more than that, for Halleck was teaching a lesson of lips and eyes and heart, and Mrs. Evans watched the two with shrewd but satisfied eyes.

It was in the third week that Halleck, unconsciously launched a thunderbolt.

"Every time I come it seems to me," he said, "that I am treating you badly."

"I don't see why he should," Helen in a pale blue negligee was curled up in the window seat. "I don't see why he should. I don't think it is the proper thing for a married man to take us boating, auntie."

"Married fiddlesticks!" ejaculated Mrs. Evans.

"Well, he is," Helen insisted. "He spoke to me the other day of Mrs. Halleck."

"Never heard of her before," sniffed Mrs. Evans. And the next morning she sought Halleck. He threw back his head and laughed when she told him, and that afternoon Helen, fishing languidly on the pier, heard a voice behind her.

"Can you put on your worms?"

"Yes," she said. "They wriggle dreadfully, but I—I prefer to do it myself."

"Of course," Halleck said, "if you wish. I wouldn't deprive you of the pleasure." He sat down beside her.

"I thought you had gone out in your boat," she told him.

"No. I expect Mrs. Halleck this afternoon, and I wanted to make arrangements."

"Oh," Helen said and pulled her hat deeper over her eyes.

"She will bring both of the children," he went on.

"Indeed!" indifferently.

"And her husband, if he can come." He was watching her out of the corner of his eye.

The line gave a spasmodic jerk.

"Her husband?" Helen quavered.

"My brother. Funny, isn't it, that I don't call her by her first name. But you see my brother is a lot older than I, and when I was a kid I always called her Mrs. Halleck."

"It is awfully funny." But there was a queer little quiver in Helen's voice. Halleck's face grew very tender as he watched.

She drew in her line.

"There isn't any bait on your hook," he told her. "Let me put it on." Her eyes met his adoring ones, and their hands met.

"Let me do things for you always, dear," Halleck begged. And Helen, with grave eyes and smiling lips, whispered, "Yes."

History of North Bank Road

Fifteen years ago last summer James J. Hill dashed a message across the continent that caused consternation among the railroad magnates and the people of Portland. Substantially, it announced the completion of his Great Northern railway, built without government aid, to Seattle, and a reduction of rates that would turn business to the Port of Sound city. Thirteen years ago, "Jim" Hill came to Portland on a tour of inspection of lines, and incidentally with a view to future extensions. That year he had the whole lobby of the Portland Hotel to himself. No one visited him except the newspaper reporters, and he was easy of access to them. Tonight, all Portland will turn out to give a banquet to James J. Hill, the railroad builder of the country, and the man who, by selection of the easiest grade to the Pacific, will make Portland the metropolis of the Coast.

Mr. Hill saw his opportunity to build into Portland when he was here in 1895, but the financial conditions did not permit him to begin the work of construction until 1905. Through his attorneys he then began the acquisition of the right-of-way and he had much difficulty in obtaining it, owing to the opposition of a rival that had had some surveys made and patented every foot of the way. Numerous lawsuits resulted, but all ended in favor of the company. Originally the name of the North Bank Road was the Portland & Seattle Railway Company, but, although incorporated for the purpose of building lines from Portland to Seattle and Spokane, it began work upon the last named branch of the road first. As the same seemed insufficient to indicate the terminal it was changed to the road named completion to the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad.

No work upon the line to Seattle has been done, but such a line is a probability, say the railroad men, even though it is not to be built until the Northern Pacific, which has already been run for a second line to Grays Harbor, and for a line from Portland to Seattle, south, through the center of Washington, to divert traffic to Portland. Several other "feeders" to the main line are also being built. All of them lead to Portland.

Of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, as it is now known, the first section of 112 miles was built from Everett to Chills and was opened to traffic on December 15, 1907. The second section was built to Lytle, 145 miles west and was opened on January 15, 1908. Track was laid then to Vancouver, Wash., 221 miles, and then to Portland, 10 miles. The three bridges from Vancouver to Portland, over the Columbia river, over Columbia slough and over the Willamette, together with the land damages, cost the company about \$8,000,000.

The company is also constructing a line from Pasco to Spokane, 140 miles. A number of bridges and viaducts are to be built, and the line will probably be opened to traffic in the early part of 1909. The distance from Portland to Spokane will be about 377 miles. The line has no curvature exceeding three degrees. For 250 miles east of Portland there is no grade exceeding two-tenths of 1 per cent, and on grade along the entire line exceeding two-tenths of 1 per cent. The company has constructed modern freight ware houses east of Tenth and Hoyt streets, 1000 feet long and 50 feet wide. The first 100 feet of each building is two stories in height. All of its passenger equipment, has been built by the Pullman Company, has also the sleeping and dining cars—Oregonian.

Try Kodol today on your guarantee. Take it for a little while, as that is all you will need to take. Kodol digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet. It is sold by Kier & Cass.

Does your husband play poker?

"I don't think so," answered young Mrs. Torkins; "but some of the men he meets at the card tables do."

Raw Lungs

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate hacking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents recurrences. The genuine is in the yellow package. Clarke Drug Co.

A Friendly Tip

"My dear boy," said Especk, who happened to be in a confidential mood, "you will never know what real happiness is until you get married."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Singleton, astounded at such a remark from such a source.

"It's a fact," rejoined Especk, "but then it will be too late for you to appreciate it."

Watched Fifteen Years

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has cured me of every sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved me any doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at Chas. N. Clarke's drug store.

The Time of Day

In a post, way out in the country, Pat was chosen one night to do the duty of center. Near his post was an old sun-dial. During the night the guard had been informed that some lights had been seen near where Pat was posted. When they went to see what it was they found Pat standing over the sun-dial with a lighted match in his hand.

"What are you doing there, Pat?" asked the officer.

"Sure your honor, I was only trying to find out what time of the day it was," was his reply.

Seven Years of Proof

"I have had seven years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best medicine to take for coughs and croup, and for every diseased condition of throat, chest or lungs," says W. V. Henry, of Panama, Mo. "The world had had thirty-eight years of proof that Dr. King's New Discovery is the best remedy for coughs and colds, la grippe, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, enlargement of the lungs, and the early stages of consumption. Its timely use always prevents the development of pneumonia. Sold under guarantee. Chas. N. Clarke's drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Others Thought So

"What do you ask for this platter?" asked the old gentleman of the pretty girl in charge of the church fair booth.

"Five dollars," she replied.

"Aren't you a little dear?" queried the old man.

"That's what the boys all tell me,"

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