

A Reconsidered Decision

By Nellie Cravey Gilmore.

(From the Home Magazine, Washington. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

There was no doubt in Dorothy's mind that she had made a wise decision. That is, according to a pecuniary view of the thing and the smiling approval of a host of poor relations whose proclivities for advice, heretofore, were in ill proportion to the size of their purse.

And though inwardly rebellious, the idea of sacrificing herself on the altar of Mammon seemed to her as interesting as it was odd. But money could do anything! All the pinching little economies that they had been compelled to practice for years would vanish like snow under a noontime sun, and some sense of independence be established. But there is no getting over the bitter fact that other thoughts, and, perhaps, other hopes, had been crushed into the background.

"All that is past and gone, though," Dorothy told herself with a stanch sense of propriety, "and I mustn't allow myself to think too much about it." She passed her hand, a little wearily, through the brown hair that waved back from her face, and leaned one elbow meditatively on the window sill, thinking of the future she had laid out for herself, and living over, in a hundred ways, the past.

Then she thought of Harry, and looking gloomily for an instant at the diamond that sparkled on her finger, drew it off, slowly, and with a sigh laid it on her lap. No, it had not been an engagement, exactly—but—

There was all the difference in the world now. Had he not, only the night before, after all that had passed between them, entirely ignored her and carried Adelaide Hunt, a bright, dashing brunette, to the swellest hop of the season, while she remained at home? That was all. But it was enough. So that when Col. Eggerton, as usual, called around, and, as usual, proposed, she promised, in desperation, a final answer on the morrow.

So that answer—of acceptance—was written and signed with a scrawl, and laid on the library table to be posted. In one day everything had been changed. It did not seem possible, yet as she sat by the low vine-screened window, a soft wind lazily lifting the loose hair on her forehead, each event rose up in lurid distinctness before her mind.

Then a brilliant red flamed over the girl's face, and faded off suddenly, as a tall, athletic young man came quickly up the walk. As Harry Bainbridge stepped on the low veranda, she left her seat by the window, and gave him her hand with a friendliness that ill-betokened any inward agitation.

The shining regard that broke over his face at sight of her, brought the soft color to her cheeks. She smiled—a little uneasily—and drew her hand out of his.

"Will you sit out here?" she said. "It is cool, and pleasant."

He bowed a smiling assent and sank into the empty chair next to hers. "You did not expect me?" he queried, studying the girl's face critically. She was pretty—very pretty. A tall, slim girl, with regular features, and expressive gray eyes.

"I knew you were here, and I came," he went on. "May I tell you why? I want to ask you—to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you to marry me, if you will."

Dorothy flushed and turned away, a sort of desolation sweeping over her at his words. "I would rather you would not—not say such things," she returned, nervously, moving away from him.

"But I must," he continued, half smiling and trying to look into her face. "It is my first opportunity to ask you. I did not feel that I had a right to before. But now, I am in a fair position to—"

He paused for one moment to glance at her face, now turned to him, half-frightened, and with an earnestness almost pathetic.

"You must not, you must not, indeed," she choked back a little dry sob. "It has all been a mistake—a wretched mistake," she went on brokenly, her face pale with suppressed feeling.

She was staring past him, vacantly, at the wide green garden, now brilliant with a thousand perfumed blossoms, while, with hands cold and trembling, she took the ring from her lap and reaching toward him suddenly laid the glistening thing on his knee.

He looked at her in a dazed sort of way, the happy light dying out of his face as his fingers closed mechanically over the trinket.

"Why Dorothy—what's the matter? Won't you keep it?"

A look of keen disappointment crossed his features as he looked at her. "I would rather not," she returned, her voice tremulous in spite of herself. "You see"—twisting the end of her sash—"I am going to marry some one else, and—"

"Dorothy!"

He had risen and was leaning against the banister rail, where he could look her directly in the face, and where she, too, could see him. He had grown very pale, and with a deeper throb of pain than any he had yet

known, waited in silence for her to say something, but she did not, and he went on, never taking his eyes from her face.

"I came here to ask you to be my wife, feeling and believing that you would give me the right to think of and love you—always. Was I wrong?" he continued, his breath coming quick and dry, "after all that has passed between us—to hope?"

The girl looked up for an instant, but the stern gleam that shot from her companion's eyes caused her to turn away. Suddenly the thing that she had

done rose, gigantic, before her, black with a thousand nameless doubts. She almost faltered; only a strong sense of propriety withheld her, and a sting of memory of the night before sundered to strengthen her resolution.

"Could you not easily console yourself with Miss Hunt? You seem to admire her very much." She spoke with some bitterness and her face hardened. The girl's heart was making its protest, unconsciously, but surely.

An expression, half of amusement, came into Bainbridge's face, as he caught the strange light in her eyes, but he made no answer, and, in spite of the girl's indifferent shrug, a look of annoyance crossed her face.

A breath of wind, heavy with the fragrance of summer, fluttered the ribbons of her soft gown, as she turned to him, her eyes black with sudden emotion.

"You took her to the hop—did you not?"

"It was by the merest chance," he answered with a gesture that seemed to indicate: "What else was I to do?"

There was silence for a little. Then he looked up suddenly, and said: "I was surprised not to see you there."

Dorothy said nothing, but shaded her eyes from the sun with one small hand and gazed idly at a climbing rose at the other end of the veranda. He had not asked her to go, and a sort of silly pride forbade her to let him know that no one else had.

"I meant to come here," Bainbridge began, after a pause, "to tell you—everything. I thought perhaps," he went on slowly, "that you would not mind—so much. But I heard—some one told me, that you would be at the dance with Eggerton. That is the reason."

The girl's heart began to beat, and a look of surprise swept the latest resentment from her face.

Something in the man's tone, in the earnestness of his manner, forced his sincerity upon her, and she half relented.

But the die was cast, and there was no going back now. She caught her breath, and the wave of tenderness that overwhelmed her for a minute was quickly crushed down.

Dorothy drew a deep breath. There was a pause. Presently she spoke.

"No one asked me to go to the hop," she said, determined to let him know everything now. "I knew you were there with her, and I thought, of course, you didn't care about me."

Her heart was throbbing painfully, as she went on, unsteadily: "And now since I am going to marry some one else I don't see the use of talking any more about it."

"I suppose not," Bainbridge returned, coldly, reaching for his hat. "Good-by."

The careless tone made her heart sink. She could not let him go like that.

"Harry!"

He turned back.

"Can't we be friends?"

He gazed at her fixedly for a moment and an ominous cloud gathered on his brow.

"No, I think not."

A glimmer of disappointment passed over the girl's face.

"Do you mean," she asked, locking her hands tightly over each other, while a look of hurt surprise appeared on her face, "that we are to be strangers?"

"I mean," he answered, slowly, in a voice in which pain mingled with passion, "that it will be everything, or nothing. I shall always love you, and I cannot pretend to a friendship which I do not feel."

He paused for an instant and looked straight into the girl's eyes. "It is better," he said, calmly, "to be an enemy than a hypocrite."

Something in his voice awed her into silence. The sun had begun to set and great patches of gold fell on the man's face, now white and determined—a face that brooked no compromise.

Suddenly he came close to her and, stopping, pressed his lips to her white forehead.

She shot a quick glance into his eyes and the warm color died her face scarlet.

"It is for the last time," he said, tremulously, and was gone.

There were tears in the girl's eyes—the white lids quivered, and her lips trembled. Broken down by the violence of her emotions, she turned and hurried into the room, to be alone with her misery.

In a sort of desperation she threw a glance toward the table.

The letter! It had not been posted! Her breath came in quick, sharp gasps.

In the moment that followed, she realized everything and did not hesitate.

The next instant she was back on the veranda, a deeper color in her cheeks, and a radiant light in her eyes.

She cast one sweeping glance at the retreating figure. Bainbridge was almost at the gate, and not 50 feet away, coming directly toward him, handsome and smiling, Adelaide Hunt. "Harry!" Dorothy's voice was clear and firm, and there was a new thrill in it.

He turned, a little coldly, and looked back inquiringly. "You have forgotten something."

He paused for a second, then, under the potent spell of her voice, retraced his steps and followed her into the library.

She went straight up to the table and indicated by a gesture the blue tinted envelope lying there, while the soft color stole into her cheeks.

"Harry!"

She placed one hand tremulously on his arm, and the eyes lifted to his were full of meaning—

"I might tear it up, you know."

An Editor's Life Saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

During the early part of October, 1896, I contracted a bad cold which settled on my lungs and was neglected until I feared that consumption had appeared in an incipient state. I was constantly coughing and trying to expel something which I could not. I became alarmed and after giving the local doctor a trial bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the result was immediate improvement, and after I had used three bottles my lungs were restored to their healthy state.—B. S. Edwards, Publisher of The Review, Wyant, Ill. For sale by Lee Beall, druggist.

A Chinese Concept.

The Chinese think they occupy the middle of the earth, and that all other nations are merely dwelling on the edges. Their most respectful term to designate a foreigner is "the ocean men."

Careful About Barbers.

The province of Quebec requires the barber, first of all, to be himself a healthy subject, free from transmissible affections. Then he must pass an examination in disinfection.

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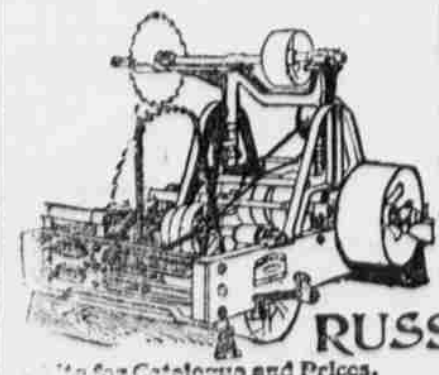
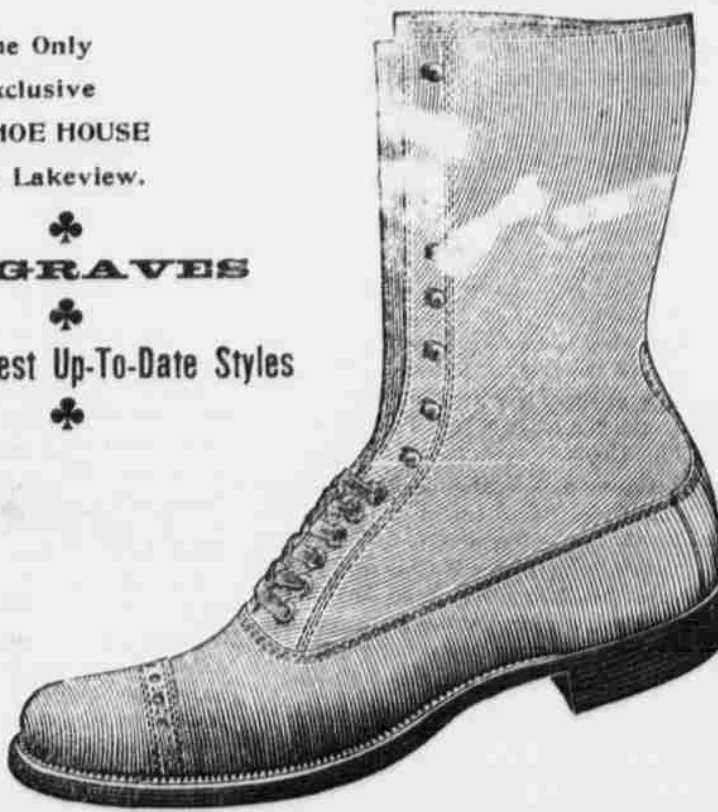
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Notice of Final Account.

In the Matter of the Estate of Lee P. Behari, deceased. Notice is hereby given that I have filed my final account as administrator of said Estate with the County Clerk of Lake County, Oregon, and that the Judge of the County Court of said County has set the hearing therefor for Tuesday, the 31st day of March, 1901, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the County Judge's office of said county, at which time and place objections, if any there be, can be offered to the allowance of said final account. Lakeview, Jan. 17, 1901. JOHN McGRATH, Administrator. No. 2

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, December 28, 1900. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Isaac F. Davies, of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 254, for the purchase of the S. 1/4 of S. 1, of Section No. 15 in Township No. 36 S., Range No. 22 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1901. She names as witnesses: S. H. Chandler, F. Welch, Wm. Smock, Eli Barnum, all Lakeview, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of March, 1901. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. Jan. 5-02

TIMBER LAND NOTICE.

United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Jan. 3, 1901. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 8, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Isaac F. Davies, of Lakeview, county of Lake, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 252, for the purchase of the S. 1/4 of S. 1, and S. 1/4 of S. 2, of Section No. 27 and S. 1/4 of S. 2, of Section No. 34 in Township No. 39 S., Range No. 17 E., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Lakeview, Oregon, on Saturday, the 10th day of April, 1901. He names as witnesses: W. D. Tracy, H. A. McDaniel, Albert Deutz and John McElrath, all of Lakeview, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 10th day of April, 1901. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. Jan. 31-4



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James Barry Brands with Swallow Fork in right ear for ewes; reverse for wethers. Some ewes Square Crop and SH in right ear. Tar Brand III, Range, Crane Lake. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.

Zac Whitworth Brands with Crop off left ear, Half Undercrop off right for ewes; reverse for wethers. Tar Brand W, Range, Fish Creek. Postoffice address, Lakeview, Oregon.



In effect Tuesday, December 4, 1900.

No. 1	No. 2
9:00 a. m. Lv. Reno	Ar. 5:00 p. m.
11:30 a. m. Ar. Plumas	Ar. 3:30 p. m.
11:30 a. m. Lv. Plumas	Ar. 3:30 p. m.
1:30 p. m. Ar. Boyle	Ar. 12:40 p. m.
2:30 p. m. Ar. Amesley	Lv. 11:30 a. m.
2:40 p. m. Ar. Amesley	Ar. 11:05 a. m.
2:45 p. m. Ar. Hot Springs	Ar. 10:50 a. m.
6:30 p. m. Ar. Termo	Lv. 8:00 a. m.

Connecting at Plumas Junction with Sierra Valley's Railway; with stage at Boyle for Millerton, Janesville and Huntingtonville. At Hot Springs for Susanville and Standish. At Termo for Alturas, Cedarville, Lake City and Fort Bidwell, Cal., and Lakeview, Plush and Paisley, Oregon.

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