

A Good Way with Women

I WAS sitting alone in the tent, watching the others play tennis. At least I professed to be watching them. As a matter of fact, I was day-dreaming. The dreams—I may as well confess it—were about Bob Chalmers and myself. He had paid me marked attention during the fortnight that he had been staying in the neighborhood. Some one roused me by slogging a ball into the tent. When I had thrown it out and settled down again I noticed that a couple of men were talking on the bench just outside. One voice was dear old Col. Wardell's. The other belonged to a stranger—the gentleman who was staying with him, I supposed. "Just fancy Bob Chalmers coming down here!" said the stranger. "I shouldn't have thought there was anything at Faraway to attract him." I smiled contentedly. He had seemed to find something. "Oh!" said the colonel, "I don't know. If he likes a country life, you see?" "I shouldn't think it was the least in his line. He's a regular society man, knows all the best people." "Does he? I should hardly have thought—er—" "Well, you see his wife—" His wife! The tent seemed to whirl round me. I lost the conclusion of the sentence; also the reply. When I recovered the visitor was speaking again. "A niece of Lord Heyington," he said. "Awfully pretty woman. The belle of her season. He carried her off from a regular crowd of fellows, somehow or other. Quite a love match." "He always had a good way with women," remarked the colonel, with a laugh. He had a "way" with one woman I knew. "A jolly good fellow," declared the stranger, emphatically. "I can understand anyone liking him." I heard them walk away and join in the babel of merry voices. Some one came into the tent and asked me to make one in the next game, but I pleaded a headache. The excuse was true, I think; but I wasn't sure about the headache or anything. "How could he have been so cruel!" I kept thinking to myself. He had seemed so frank and open. It was part, I supposed, of his "way" with women. I decided to go home and avoid meeting him until I had recovered a little, but before I could carry out my resolution I heard his quick step upon the gravel path. I set my lips and made another resolution. He should not have the satisfaction of thinking that I cared. "Why!" he cried, with his merry laugh. "there isn't anything wrong with the ground after all. I thought it looked awfully uninteresting till I saw this side of the tent." I smiled and made room for him. "I wonder," I inquired, "whether you really think that I believe all your pretty speeches? Come now, do tell me." "Don't I say them as if I mean them?" He tossed his cap into a corner and stretched himself lazily. "Oh, dear me, yes! You have an admirable 'way' with poor, helpless women. I heard some one say so the other day, do you know?" He pulled his mustache dubiously. "I should be satisfied if one woman thought so." He looked down upon me with a smile. He is big, even when he is sitting. "Only one?" "Only one." "Of course, you say that to all of them. It is part of the 'way.'" He folded his hands across his knee and considered the matter. "Would you like me to record a solemn affirmation upon the subject?" he inquired. "More of the 'way!' Really, Mr. Chalmers, you are excellent." He regarded me carefully and grew rather grave. "I am afraid," he remarked, at length, "I have done something to displease you." I looked at him innocently. It hurt me to meet his eyes, but I did not flinch. "The weak spot of man," I pronounced, "is his vanity. He considers all his doings of interest—pleasing or displeasing—to others." "To his particular friends," he corrected. "Am I honored by inclusion in that category?" Yesterday the question would have appeared needless. To-day it seemed absurd. "It is a matter which requires two persons to settle. So far as I am concerned—" He paused and glanced swiftly at me. "Possibly you would say it was only part of the 'way' if I finished the sentence?" I studied the tennis carefully. He rose hastily to find a wandering ball. I was glad to see him throw it so savagely. It was a little consolation to hurt his vanity. "You are impossible—this evening," he remarked, with his usual good humor, when he had returned. "I am sorry, because—do you know I was thinking that I am myself for once?" "You are not a bit like yourself," he contradicted.

"Really! Am I such a simple 'self' that you have learned all about me in a few days' acquaintance?" I asked, scornfully. "I didn't mean that, of course," he said, slowly. "No doubt there are more charms to discover, impossible as it seems." I bowed mockingly. "But one infers from the known to the unknown." "Supposing there is a 'known' to infer from," I suggested. He looked at me in astonishment. "Do you mean to say that, after our pleasant fortnight?"—I raised my eyebrows. "Of course, I speak only for myself." "I concede the 'pleasant,'" I said, with a smile that was not intended to look genuine. "Do you mean that we haven't shown most of our real selves? That we have just played a play?" "You know we have," I said with an air of frankness. "It has been great fun. I really have enjoyed it immensely. But I am not such a practical actor as you, and I am getting a little tired of pretending." He drew his breath sharply. It occurred to me that perhaps he really had cared a little. "I do not understand," he said. "Surely you don't mean—you can't mean—that you have merely been pretending to be good friends with me?" "Of course not," I said, lightly. "We're excellent friends, I hope. But friendship has certain limits." The night before he had held my hand ever so tightly in the dusk, and when we parted he tried to—he almost—Oh, well, I'll tell the truth. He kissed me. "Is it absolutely impossible for friendship to grow—" He touched my hand, and I drew it sharply away. "It depends upon persons and circumstances, of course," I replied, coldly. "Do you mean," he said, sternly, "that you have no thought for me beyond mere friendship? If so, you are the most heartless—" I drew myself up stiffly. "Really," I said, frigidly, "you carry the 'way' too far, Mr. Chalmers. There is a point at which it becomes an insult." "Insult!" He stood up and towered over me. "Insult! That I love you. That I—oh, I am a fool to tell you!" "Foolishness," I said, meaningly, "is pardonable. Some things are not. Deceit is one of them." He looked down at me for a moment. Then he smiled a wintry smile. "Deceit," he agreed, "is one of them. I do not think I shall ever be deceived by a woman again." He looked so angry that it seemed to me that perhaps, after all, he had really fallen in love with me a little. It was wrong, wicked, inexcusable; but I was glad, glad, glad! I must find out, I resolved. "Tell me honestly," I demanded, "if you can drop pretense for once—" "You have no right to speak to me like that," he interrupted, furiously. "Have I not? Have you not known perfectly well all along, that you would never, never be anything more to me than a friend?" "I think," he said, "that you are the—" He stopped abruptly. "I don't like to say hard things to a woman," he stated, after an interval. Then we were silent. There was a sudden burst of conversation when the game came to an end. "They will be making up another set," I said. "Won't you join them?" He took a quick step to the opening of the tent. Then he turned. "For God's sake, Eve," he implored, "tell me that it isn't your real self that is speaking this evening. If you know how much I cared for you, if you understand—" "I understand," I said, quietly. "Haven't you down in the bottom of your heart just one little bit of love for me? When I love you so much—my dear?" I tried to say "No," but I couldn't. I clenched my hands fiercely and bit my lips to keep from crying out aloud. Oh, he should never, never know! After a few seconds, that seemed an age, the others came to the tent. "Ah, Miss Eve," said the colonel, "I know that you were hiding here, but I wouldn't disturb you. Let me introduce another Mr. Robert Chalmers, the cousin of our big friend here." I rose mechanically. "He is coming to settle down here with his wife and—Why, what is the matter, my dear?" "I—I—feel faint," I said, feebly. I dropped back in a chair, and everything grew misty. Some one ran for water. I think, and the two Robert Chalmers lifted me, chair and all, into the open air. I soon recovered. Then they lifted me back again into the tent, out of the cooling breeze. They insisted upon carrying me, though I knew I could have walked. They were laughing and talking and then I was left by one, till only Bob Chalmers was left. He sat down on a chair at a distance from me, and looked at me through the opening of the tent. "I thought," he said, "I should like to say, but they were so close to me, that I couldn't. So I waited a few minutes before I began, but they didn't. He is hurt so hurt that I felt I couldn't wait any longer." "It is awkward," I remarked, feebly, "that you and your cousin have the same name." "It is not unusual with cousins," he

answered, indifferently. "No—o, but—" I looked at him appealingly. "I don't see why it matters." "People might mistake one for the other." "Yes, do you mean—has anyone—" "No—o. At least—Do you know your cousin's wife?" "Of course! One of the jolliest little women in the world. He is devoted to her." "People might think that you were—" "Eve!" "Were married, I mean." He stared at me for a moment, then he jumped up. * * * It was a good thing that I was sitting right at the side of the tent. When he had spoiled my hat and crushed my blouse he demanded an explanation. So I explained. I expected that he would be dreadfully cross, but he wasn't. He just put his arm around me and * * * As I said, he has a good way with—me—Madame. Making Laws During the Night. There is a very marked difference in the working methods of the United States congress and the British parliament which strike the visitor from one country to the other. Some of the things that seem peculiar to the American is the absence of clerks in the British assembly and the practice of members in wearing hats during the session. Some recent proposals that the hour of convening the British parliament be changed call attention to the striking difference between the working methods of that body and our own congress. Parliamentary sessions begin late and last far into the night. The parliamentary hours, indeed, have undergone a good many changes and it is only 12 years since a radical change was made in them—the house meeting at three instead of four, and adjourning, nominally, at 12 instead of at some hour in the morning.—Chicago Chronicle. Offers unexcelled facilities for learning the Celebrated Perin Shorthand by mail. This method employs neither slanting, position nor arbitrary contractions; is the simplest, most legible, and rapid shorthand in use, and the only method that can be successfully learned by mail. Send for free trial lesson and catalogue. Commercial Building, Washington, corner Second. 12-11. Stops the Cough and works off the Cold. Laxative Bromo-Guineas Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure no pay. Price 25 cents. 44y

For Sale. 100 acres—60 acres meadow, all good farming land, situated on the Slush road, adjoining Lakeview limits; house, barn and corral. A valuable piece of property either for agricultural, garden or building purposes. For further particulars enquire at The Examiner office. 30 acres—Meadow and pasture land in Goose Lake Valley, all fenced with four barbed wire, living springs. Enquire at this office. Forty acres, garden spot, 1 mile south of Lakeview on main road. Five head of cattle, horse and buggy, good residence, 8 rooms, 100 organ, all household effects. Buyer can step in and take full possession prepared for farming. One hundred and fifty bushels grain grown first year it was cultivated. Will grow alfalfa. One of the best small garden spots in Lake county. Enquire of Agency Lakeview. A sawmill, capacity 8,000 feet per day, now running, in good order; half interest in good planer, three yoke of cattle, trucks, chains, etc.; also 120 acres land containing excellent timber. Situated 4 miles from Lakeview. Write to Lakeview Real Estate Agency, Lakeview, Oregon. Eighty acres land fenced, good house and barn, 20 acres cleared; 8 acres been plowed; will grow alfalfa or garden. Write to Lakeview Real Estate Agency. 1500 acres alfalfa, hay and grain land, 3 miles south of Cedarville, in Surprise Valley. In 1900 this place produced 1000 tons of hay and 8000 bushels of grain. Can grow 3000 tons of hay any year. Now has a stand of 25 acres of alfalfa. Three crops alfalfa without irrigation will be cut this year. Five good residence places on the ranch. The place can be cut up into 7 or 8 small ranches very nicely. All meadows and natural springs all over the land. Parties buying can also include in the purchase 6000 good breed sheep and 125 head cattle if they desire. A 1500 school house is located in one corner of this ranch. No irrigation necessary for fruit, alfalfa or grain raising. Complete outfit of good horses, wagons and machinery for farming purposes go with the ranch. This is the finest dairy ranch in Surprise Valley. A splendid estate for a colony of seven or eight families. Owner desires to sell because he has too much land and too many other interests to look after. For further particulars write to or enquire of Lakeview Agency, J. E. McGarvey Manager. FINAL PROOF. Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on Nov. 22, 1901, viz: Frank Rogers H. E. No. 266 for the W 1/4 of NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, and NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Sec. 24, Tp. 38 S., R. 20 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: B. E. Cleland, of Plush, Oregon; Zachariah Whitcomb, James Turpin, and William Stanley, of Lakeview, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. -617-41. FINAL PROOF. United States Land Office at Lakeview, Oregon, October 19, 1901. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Lakeview, Oregon, on November 27, 1901, viz: Antonio J. Swartz, H. E. 262 for the SW 1/4, NW 1/4, SW 1/4, Sec. 11, and NW 1/4, NW 1/4, Sec. 11, T. 38 S., R. 18 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: W. A. Wilshire, Maxine J. Swartz, E. Lewis and E. Russell, all of Lakeview, Oregon. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. -6124-42. CONTENT NOTICE. Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Lakeview, Oregon, Oct. 15th, 1901. A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Ollis O. Follet, contestant, against timber culture entry No. 1383, made August 26th, 1900, for the NE 1/4 of the NE 1/4 section 14, Township 40 S., Range 20 E., by Amanda E. Boyd, contestee, in which it is alleged that said entry woman is now deceased, having died about three years ago, leaving as her heirs at law, Alice Moore, a daughter aged over 21 years; Arilla Vernon, a daughter aged over 21 years; Lela Boyd, a grand daughter and a minor; also Raymond Boyd, Royal A. Boyd and Coy A. Boyd, three grandsons; and that said entry woman, Amanda E. Boyd, and each and all of her said heirs at law have wholly failed and neglected to, at any time, plant any trees, seed, timber or cuttings, upon any part of said lands, except that during one summer said heirs caused to be sown upon said lands some tree seeds, which was not done in good faith; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said litigation at 10 o'clock a. m. on Tuesday, November 20, 1901, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Lakeview, Oregon. The said contestant, having, in a proper affidavit, filed September the 15th, 1901, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that notice be given by due and proper publication. E. M. BRATTAIN, Register. -6071-41. WOODMEN OF THE WORLD Lakeview Camp No. 526 Meets on the 2d and 4th Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall, at 8 p. m. E. F. CHERRY, Consul Commander. ELTON WOODCOCK, Clerk. Knights of Pythias... GOOSE LAKE LODGE No. 55, meets every Tuesday evening, Gold Fellowship Hall, Lakeview, Ore. Visiting Knights cordially invited. JAY BERTON, Chancellor Commander. GEO. R. AYERS, K. of R. and S. ORD STOCK FARM Drews Valley, Oregon. F. O. Bunting, Owner. Largest herd of registered Herefords in Oregon 15 Registered Yearling Bulls 100, 125 and 150 each LAUDOR ALAMO head of herd

PROFESSIONAL. SMITH & STEINER, M. D.'s. Physicians and Surgeons. Lakeview, Or. OFFICE—Ball's Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. E. H. SMITH M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Lakeview, Or. OFFICE—Lakeview Drug Co's. Store. DR. O. F. DEMOREST Dentist. Lakeview, Oregon. OFFICE—Daily Building. J. F. CONN Attorney at Law. Lakeview, Oregon. OFFICE—Daily Building. C. H. DALRYMPLE Attorney-at-Law. Lakeview, Or. OFFICE—Daily Building. W. J. MOORE Attorney-at-Law. Lakeview, Or. OFFICE—Daily Building. J. D. VENATOR Attorney-at-Law. Land Matters Specialty. OFFICE—Coggswell Building. C. A. COGSWELL, BERT F. BELL. COGSWELL & BELL. Attorneys-at-Law. Lakeview, Or. OFFICE—Bank of Lakeview. SHEEP BRANDS. James Barry Brands with Swallow Fork in right ear for ewes; reverse for wethers. Some ewes Square Crop and Bill in right ear. Tar Brand, Hill Range, Crater 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. NEVADA CALIFORNIA SIERRA NEVADA ROUTE OREGON RAILWAY. To take effect Sunday, May 6, 1901. No. 1 No. 2 8:25 a. m. Lv. Reno, Nev. At 6:30 p. m. 9:05 a. m. Ar. Summit, Nev. 5:35 p. m. 9:25 a. m. Ar. Carson City, Nev. 5:27 p. m. 9:41 a. m. Ar. Francis, Nev. 5:22 p. m. 10:10 a. m. Ar. Turley, Nev. 4:12 p. m. 10:37 a. m. Ar. Plumas, Nev. 4:02 p. m. 10:44 a. m. Lv. Plumas, Nev. 3:40 p. m. 10:52 a. m. Ar. Clifton, Nev. 3:30 p. m. 11:15 a. m. Ar. Cameron, Nev. 3:59 p. m. 11:45 a. m. Ar. Red Rock, Nev. 2:52 p. m. 11:58 a. m. Ar. Constantia, Nev. 2:30 p. m. 12:13 p. m. Ar. Doyle, Nev. 2:30 p. m. 1:00 p. m. Ar. Logan, Nev. 1:00 p. m. 1:40 p. m. Ar. Arden, Nev. 12:15 p. m. 2:10 p. m. Ar. Anaden, Nev. 11:55 a. m. 2:35 p. m. Ar. Hot Springs, Nev. 11:28 a. m. 2:55 p. m. Ar. Murray, Nev. 10:47 a. m. 3:25 p. m. Ar. Karlo, Nev. 10:30 a. m. 4:05 p. m. Ar. Horse Lake, Nev. 9:52 a. m. 4:25 p. m. Ar. Waverly, Nev. 9:12 a. m. 5:10 p. m. Ar. Termino, Nev. 8:30 a. m. SIERRA VALLEY RV. 5:00 pm to 3:30 am, Lv. Plumas Ar. 4:00 pm to 9:30 am 5:45 pm to 12:00 am, Lv. Vinton Ar. 3:15 pm to 6:20 am 6:30 pm to 12:30 am, Lv. Beckwith Ar. 2:30 pm to 7:55 am 7:30 pm to 12:55 am, Lv. Clairville Ar. 1:40 pm to 7:00 am CONNECTION WITH STAGE AT: Termino—for Lakeview, Paisley and Plush, Ore. and Ft. Bidwell, Lake City, Cedarville, Adin, Alturas and Bieber, Calif. Hot Springs—for Standish and Susanville, Calif. Doyle—for Millard, Jenneville and Buntingville, Calif. Vinton—for Lovaton, Dawnville and Campbell's Hot Springs, Calif. Beckwith—for Geneseo, Taylorville and Greenville, Calif. Clairville—Mohawk and Quincy, Calif. Reno, connecting with So. Pac. Co. for all points East & West; V. & T. R. R. for all points South. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS Any one sending a sketch and description quickly ascertain our opinion free whether invention is probably patentable. Conditions strictly confidential. Handbooks on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C. THE WILLIAMSON-HAFFNER ENGRAVING CO. ENGRAVING BY ALL PROCESSES DENVER