

# THE SKINNER BOY.

## He is Sent on an Errand of Mercy and Sorrow.

# GOES ACROSS WATKINS BOY.

## Errand to Friend the Nature of His Heritage and is Called a Hero. He is Given a Lift by a Large Liberal Foot.

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The painter had his books under his arm as he went to school when he passed a house painter standing at work with his brush. The painter's ladder broke, and the man fell down and broke a leg. A crowd gathered, and the policeman who was in charge of things looked around and then said to Humpy: "Boy, this poor painter is to be taken to the Ninth Street hospital."

"Yes, sir."

"He will probably die of his injuries."

"Yes, sir; he will."

"His wife ought to be notified. Here is her address, and I wish you would



A LARGE AND LIBERAL FOOT HELPED HIM OFF THE STEP.

go to the place and tell her what has happened. The poor thing ought to know it at once."

"That I am on my way to school, sir."

"Never mind that. Here is an errand of mercy and sorrow. If your father should break his leg today, would not your mother feel grateful to the boy who came to tell her? Suppose this painter should die without seeing his wife again. You'd always have it on your conscience, and his ghost would haunt you. Take the address and look right along."

It was the threat about the ghost that decided Humpy. He didn't want any painter's ghost walking in on him at midnight, and he left his school books in a grocery and started on the errand. When he had gone a couple of blocks he met the Watkins boy, and of course the latter asked where he was going and what for. When the nature of the errand had been explained to him, he looked wise and said:

"Hump Skinner, I have read the lives of Washington, Madison, Henry Clay and General Tanager, and not one of 'em was ever sent to tell a wife that her husband had broken his leg. Do you realize that you are a hero?"

"Am I?"

"Of course you are. Buffalo Bill is not in it with you. Yes, sir, you are a regular hero, and you want to act like one. Don't rush into the house when you get there and scare that poor woman half to death, but break the news gradually. Lead up to the matter gradually and easily. If some boys had your chance they'd make that wife think it was a good thing that her husband broke his leg. Go on and be a hero."

Humpy went on. He hadn't even looked at the address yet. He had been told that it was Beech street, and Beech street was a mile away. He had got within four or five blocks of the street when he felt for the address, to find that he had lost it. He halted in his steps and was about to turn when he recalled that some one had said that the injured man's name was

McGuire. With that in his mind and feeling that Providence might guide him, he reached the corner of Beech street to meet an old woman hobbling along, and he accosted her with:

"Ma'am, do you know a family on this street named McGuire?"

"Bless your heart, I do," was the reply. "You have only to go to the fourth house on the right. I have known Mrs. McGuire for these many years, and I can say that she's a perfect lady."

Humpy was in luck. He passed along to the fourth house and rang the bell, and as he stood waiting he remembered that he must be a hero. Mrs. McGuire herself answered the bell, and her greeting was not exactly cordial. Her voice was as cold as ice as she asked what was wanted.

"I wanted to ask if your husband went huckleberrying today," replied Humpy, who started in to break the sad news gently.

"What! Are you here to give me impudence?"

"No, ma'am. If your husband went huckleberrying and fell out of a hickory tree and was bitten by a snake—"

"Has a Narrow Escape."

"Away with you!" shouted the woman as she grabbed for the broom behind her. "What's this talk about my husband when I've been a widow for the last seven years?"

"Do you know any other McGuires

around here?" called Humpy from the other side of the gate.

"There's one right across the road, but I'm not saying that she does her duty by her children gadding around as she does every day in the week."

Humpy took a long look at the house opposite and then crossed the street and rang the bell. Again it was Mrs. McGuire who came to the door, and not seeing a parcel in his hand, she broke out with:

"I paid a dollar ten for a corset yesterday, and it was to come up before night. It's not here yet, and you tell the girl who sold it to me and gave me her solemn promise that I'm getting dressed to wait down there and give her a bit of my mind."

"I'm not a parcel boy, ma'am," replied Humpy.

"Nay! Then who are you?"

"Have you got a husband, ma'am?"

"I have."

"Does he ever climb a ladder?"

"He does. He'll climb anything from a glass of beer to the steeple of a church. He's been trying for the last five years to climb into office, but it makes his head dizzy."

"Ma'am, I have to tell you—that is, I was sent here to say—that is—"

"That is, that my man Joe is drunk again and the police have got him this time and will give him thirty days. All right. It was that McGuire across the street that sent you, and do you go back and tell her that she's no lady."

"But, ma'am—"

"Get a move on you!"

Humpy moved. Half a block down the street he stopped beside a carpenter repairing a fence and asked him if there were any other McGuires on the street.

"About ten others," was the reply. "Try the next door."

It was tried. Mrs. McGuire came to the door with a feather duster in her hand and a scowl on her face and wanted to know why Humpy was trying to pull the doorbell out by the roots.

"You have got a husband, haven't you?" he queried in reply.

"You impudent sassbox, would I be living with a man for the last twenty years and he not my husband?"

"Your husband went away this morning feeling all right, didn't he?"

Humpy Gets Nervous.

"He did that. How else should he feel when he's got the best wife on the street? What do you stand there swallowing your tongue for? Has my man been throwing another car off the track and dislocating the engineer's shoulder? If he has, then he can pay his own fine."

"Ma'am, I regret to be the bearer—the bearer—"

"And what is it that you are bearing? If it's the ice or the bill, out with it! I've got something to do besides standing here chattering with a boy that can't speak French."

"Well, then, your husband fell from a ladder down on Arch street and broke his leg and has been sent to the hospital."

"Oh, he has?" smiled the woman. "My son, step inside a minute. Do you see that shoebox fern on the lounge there? That's what they call a recumbent attitude. That's the man we have been talking about. That's my husband. He was out on a spree last night."

Humpy turned to flee, but he was not quite quick enough. He was bit on the head with a duster, and a large and liberal foot helped him off the step. The man who was reminding the fence advised him to try three or four other houses, but the boy had become discouraged. He headed for home and didn't stop until he got there. As he entered the house his mother asked:

"Why, Humpy, how does it happen that you got out of school so early?"

He explained, and when he had finished she said:

"Poor boy, you did not had the right Mrs. McGuire. I am the one, and now if you will kindly step into the wood shed with me we'll find out who fell down a ladder and who fell up one!"

M. QUAD.

How They Did It.

A Sunday school visitor, after severely catechising the children, put to them this question: "How do the angels in heaven do the will of God?"

"They do it without asking questions, sir," piped in a little boy.—Judge

Helping Her Out.

Mrs. Henpeck—John, I wish you would give me a synonym for misery.

Mr. Henpeck—What's the matter with matrimony?—New York World.



Contrawise.

"Isn't it strange that such a disturbing element as leap year should occur in the even numbers?"

"Yes, it is odd."—Baltimore American.

Cause and Effect.

Hebottasandwichandomebeans, Aplecsortwoopie, Andgulpsacupofcoffeedown Whileyoucanbatyoureye.

Then, later on, there comes to him A very common question— He wonders how it was that he Contracted indigestion.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

# THE AUTO GOLFER.

An auto devotee was Beggs. He's broken all his arms and legs And drunk of scorching to the top. He rode both day and night, And 'n' out of his machine He smelled so strong of gasoline None dared a match to light.

The game of golf he thought a bore. Said he, "Why do the duffers roar To those who go ahead? The idiotic warning 'Fore!' I'll try the game this very morn, And with a proper auto horn I'll 'hook' to them instead."

His driving from the foremost tee, Quite wonderful, indeed, to see, Evoked remarks of "Hully gee!" "Twas straight as well as far, For toward the hole, with stops for strokes, Jabs and pokes, He drove his motor car.

Though bunkered near the putting green, He drove ahead with his machine And landed in a deep ravine. Then golfers came to coach, "Tis not the place to drive," they said, "The wonder is you are not dead, 'You fooled your approach!"

Then Beggs, with gargoyle-like grimace, His collar bone slipped back in place And deftly rearranged his face. Said he, "I like this game, And though it's new to my machine— He glanced around the deep ravine— "We holed out just the same!"

—Earle Hooker Eaton in Harper's Weekly.

Collecting in New Hampshire.

A New Hampshire man tells of a tight fist man of affairs in a town of that state who until recently had never been observed to take an interest in church matters. Suddenly, however, he became a regular attendant at divine service, greatly to the astonishment of his fellow townsmen.

"What do you think of the case of old Ketchum?" said one of the business men of the place to a friend. "Is it true that he has got religion?"

"Well, hardly," replied the other. "The fact is, it's entirely a matter of business with him. I am in a position to know that about a year ago he loaned the pastor \$50, which the latter was unable to pay, so there remained nothing for Ketchum but to take it out in pew rent."—St. Louis Republic.

The Truth For Once.

The resolute parent stood with the uplifted slipper.

"Johnny," he exclaimed sternly, "this hurts me more than it does you."

And for once the resolute parent was right. The slipper was two sizes too small for him, and he had six corns and a bunion.—Chicago News.

May Good Digestion Wait on Appetite.



The Sole and Foodless Survivor—I wonder if my doctor would advise me to continue taking these appetite biters every three hours, or should I throw them to the sharks?—Sketch.

A Change Desired.

Mr. Wyss—My dear, I wish you would arrange your hair the way you had it last evening.

Mrs. Wyss—Oh, Justin! I simply can't do that. It completely changes my appearance.

Mr. Wyss (quietly)—I am fully aware of that, my love.—Judge.

An Approval of the Idle.

"Everybody should be made to work in this life," remarked the political economist.

"I don't agree with you," answered Miss Calhoun. "There are so many people who can't get it to work, merely because they're getting in the way."—Washington Star.

A Bit Hazy.

"But," said Brighten, "if you were sure the fellow who beat you in the saloon was a policeman who didn't you take his number?"

"Well," replied Bouds, "I had a number too many already."—Philadelphia Press.

Something Wrong.

The little girl had got up very early in the morning for the first time.

"Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun's comin' out all right, but God's forgotten to turn off the moon."—Bohemian.

The Real Test.

Young Physician—Do you have much trouble in getting your patients to do what you want them to?

Old Doctor—Yes, at times, especially when I send in my bills.—Detroit Tribune.

Plenty of Water There.

Church—I hear they've discovered a spring in Wall street?

Gotham—Well, I don't know any surer place to look for water, do you?—Yonkers Statesman.

A Postponement.

"Well, Bobbie, do you like your new Sunday school?"

"I can tell better when I find out what they give you for being good."—New York Life.

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\$50 REWARD

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Chas. Umbach, Secretary Lake Co. Tel. & Tel. Co. 167f.

Notice.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, notice is hereby given that all irrigation, or millrace ditches on all trout streams throughout Lake County, Oregon, must be screened with a small mesh wire screening at their head or junction with the main channel of stream. Also all dams or obstructions on said streams must be provided with a fish ladder, or other easy means of passage, at or near the middle of the main channel, so as to allow the passage of trout at all times of year, as provided by law. Said work to be done at low water time, or to be completed by Feb. 7, 1907. By order of J. A. Barham, Special Deputy Fish Warden for Lake County, Oregon.

\$1,000.00 Reward.

The Oregon, California & Nevada Livestock Protective Association will give \$1000 Reward for the conviction of any party or parties stealing horses, cattle or mules belonging to any of the following members of this Association:

Cox & Clark, Chewacan Land & Cattle Co., Heryford Land & Cattle Co., Lake County Land & Livestock Co., Warner Valley Stock Co., Wu W. Brown, Geo. M. Jones, Geo. Hankins, S. B. Chandler, C. A. Reinhart, N. Fine, W. A. Currier, Frank B. Bauers, J. C. Hotchkiss, Calderwood Bros., T. J. Brattain & Sons, T. A. Crump, Cressler & Bonner, W. T. Cressler, Maud L. Bambo.

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The Harney county Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays \$1250 reward for evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition I offer \$250 reward for brand horses, also for on either or both jaws. He credited his counties Range, Harney, Lake and Crook Counties. Horses sold to pass through this section will be reported in this paper. If not so reported, please write or tele phone The Times Herald, Main St., Burns, Oregon. W. W. Brown, Burns, Oregon.

Reward for Horses

I will give \$5.00 reward for information that will lead to the discovery of any horse branded with an old horseshoe brand on both jaws, placed as in the cut in this advertisement, with fresh triangle brand underneath the horseshoe. The triangle placed in such a manner as would cover up a bar on both jaws. Animals must be found in the possession of some person or persons.

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OFFICE Reynolds & Wingfield's, Lakeview

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Passenger fare \$3 one way or \$5 for round trip. Freight rates from May 1st to Nov. 1st \$1.25 per hundred; from Nov. 1st to May 1st \$1.00 per hundred.

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