BETH'S BUTLER

By Thomas Nesbit

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"Well," said Mrs. Martine disconsolately, "I guess that we shall have to put them off again."

"But we can't," objected her husband. "We have put them off twice. If I don't land him pretty soon I can whistle for the funds."

"But they know the servant question," she pleaded, "and I simply can't have them in the house with only one servant to look after things."

"They have boarded ever since they were married," he said gently. "They have an apartment in the St. James the year round. They will simply think that it is an excuse, and I'll lose the chance of pulling off the biggest deal of my career."

"I can help, Della," broke in Beth. "I can get up a splendid dinner."

"But they've seen you in town," lamented Mrs. Martine. "I could never trust Maggie in the dining room with company around."

"Well, it's some comfort that we can have a good dinner, anyway," decided Jack Martine, kissing his sister. "I know Beth can get us up a dinner that will be a credit to the house."

"But she can't get a butler," wailed his wife. "What's the use of a good dinner if it isn't served right?"

"Della, you're a chronic grumbler," laughed Beth. "Let Jack stop in somewhere in town and get a man sent out. He knows a lot of good places and one of them will spare him a waiter."

Mrs. Martine brightened up. "Perhaps that will do," she answered. "We will hope for the best anyway."

Martine kissed his wife and dashed for the train. It was the last of a series of happenings that had operated to hold off the dinner to the Prescotts. If Jack could get Mr. Prescott interested in the flotation of his company it

"IT'S NOT MONEY I'M LOOKING FOR," HE EXPLAINED.

meant great things. If the dinner were delayed again there was danger that the whole thing might fall through.

The only way to approach Prescott was through a dinner, and a home dinner at that. The Prescotts had lived in hotels all their lives because they were so seldom long in one place.

Their permanent quarters in the fashionable hotel they regarded as home, but they were more often in London or Paris, or else up the Nile on some other queer place, and it was a saying that one argument after a dinner was worth a hundred in a home office where Sydney Prescott was concerned.

It seemed a simple matter to borrow a waiter from the restaurant where he lunched to take the place of the butler, who had left the day before, but the head waiter shook his head. There were three big banquets that night. Every waiter in town had been engaged weeks before.

Yet for all of that a quiet faced Englishman presented himself at the Martine's that afternoon and went to work with a quiet skill that made Mrs. Martine almost want to hug him.

To Beth he seemed like a godsend. All day long she had been struggling with the preparations for the dinner with such awkward help as a green servant could give. When Peters came into the kitchen and quietly took possession it seemed as if the sun had suddenly burst from behind the clouds.

The servant was set to work to clean the silver, and he took charge of everything, directing Beth with a quiet respectfulness that inspired confidence.

Long before the guests arrived things were all ready and Peters had retired to his room to get ready for the evening. Beth sat out on the back stoop to cool her heated face and breathe a sigh of relief that things seemed to promise so well.

Della ran out for a moment just before train time to show herself and be admired and lightly kissed the red lips.

"Isn't Peters a gem?" she exulted. "I never saw a man take hold so. It it had been his own dinner he could not have been more interested."

"He's a dear," laughed Beth. "I think we will have to get him to stay somehow, even though he said he was only here for the day. I almost think I'd marry him to keep him in the family."

There was a discreet cough, and the two women started apart. Peters had come downstairs again and was standing by the dresser. With a last kiss Della ran off to welcome her guests, and presently Jack came into the kitchen to see that all was well.

"Don't let things fall down," was his parting injunction to Beth. "If this deal goes through you shall have that trip to Europe—unless some one else takes you there first."

"You'd better get ready to write a check if you are thinking of Harvey," she said spiritedly. "I wrote him yesterday that I never wanted to see him again."

"He's an awfully good chap," urged Jack, who seemed to find food for much laughter in her speech. "I'll bet you change your mind before long."

"Never!" she called after him as he turned back to his guests, and it was with a high head that she entered the kitchen. Even now she was not altogether sure that she was glad that she had sent that letter, but Harvey was so irritating. But this was no time to worry about Harvey, and she turned to her work.

"Things look splendid, Peters," she smiled as she entered the dining room and saw how perfectly the table was appointed. "I think we shall have to get you to stay on with us."

"I think it could be done, ma'am," was the respectful reply, "but my price is pretty high, ma'am."

"We paid Hawkins sixty," she said. "Have you been getting more than that?"

"No, ma'am, but I should want more here."

"Possibly my brother might make it seventy-five," she suggested. "If you think that will do I will speak to him before you go."

"It's not money I'm looking for," he explained. "It's something else. You see, I'm a single man, ma'am."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," she said coldly, "unless you have fallen in love with Maggie. I believe she is engaged to a policeman in town."

"It was yourself, ma'am," was the even response. "I heard you say as how you'd marry me to keep me here."

Beth went white with anger, and for a moment she wished impotently that she was a man that she might strike this fellow. She turned as if to call Jack, then she thought of the dinner and all that depended upon it and with an effort collected herself.

"You forget yourself, Peters," she said coldly. "You had better announce dinner."

Peters never stirred. "I'm not going to do anything unless you promise to marry me," he said doggedly. "You know what this dinner means to your brother. Now you may take your choice."

She looked at the man curiously. He was not intoxicated, nor did he seem to be crazy, yet he stood there coolly making a proposal of marriage to her.

"Let me hear no more of this," she said severely. "Either announce dinner or get out of here."

"I'll do neither," he said determinedly, "unless you say 'Yes.' Won't you, dear?" he added, with a changed voice.

Beth gave a little shriek. "Harvey!" she gasped.

"Precisely," he agreed. "Jack told me his trouble, and I told him that I would come out. Prescott knows me, so I had to disguise myself, and I thought I'd pay you back for that letter too."

"Are you going to spoil it all now?" she pleaded.

"Not if you say 'Yes.'"

"Announce dinner, please."

"On those terms?"

"You brute!" said Beth, but somehow it did not sound as if she meant it, and Harvey kissed her before he went to summon the guests.

The Great Cocker.

Glancing through a pile of ancient copy books and letter writers, one dimly realizes what an awful thing it used to be to compose and put upon paper a thoroughly correct epistle. It was not an affair to be lightly taken in hand any more than matrimony. No, not even if one had learned penmanship from the immortal Cocker himself in his house in "Paul's Churchyard, betwixt the Signes of the Sugar-Loaf and the Naked Boy and Shears." Cocker's fame rests on his arithmetic, now obsolete, but the worthy man, besides being a ready reckoner, was also a mighty penman. Doubtless many a seventeenth century youth toiled along with inky fingers under his direction. Hearken to what the master says to him: "Let not your breast lie on the desk you write on or your nose on the paper, but sit in as majestical a posture as you can. With practice you may do brave things."—London Mail.

Average Length of Sentences.

"The English sentence grows shorter and shorter," says an essayist. "Spencer, Sir Thomas Moore, Lyle and Sydney used sentences of the average of fifty-five words. Nowadays the sentences of the average journalist are only fifteen words long. Bacon introduced the short sentence. At a time when everybody else was using fifty words he took to twenty-two. Praise be to Bacon. Macaulay used a very short sentence. Its average length was twenty-three words. Dickens' average was twenty-eight. Thackeray's was thirty-one. Matthew Arnold's sentences are long, but beautifully balanced. They are thirty-seveners. Henry James' are longer and, though intricate, are well worth puzzling out, for in each of them a wonderful meaning is concealed. They are thirty-niners. Kipling's sentences are twenty-oners. George Moore's are twenty-fourers and H. G. Wells' are twenty-threers.

Consolidated Notice For Publication

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office Lakeview, Oregon, September 17, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settlers have filed their intentions to make final five year proof in support of their respective claims, viz:

H E No. 2311, made March 15, 1906, for the NW¼, Sec 14, Tp 40 S R 6 E W M, by Alfonso Frain, of Beswick, Cal.

H E No. 2506, made February 27, 1902, for the SW¼, Sec 14, Tp 40 S R 6 E W M, by Roderick Frain, of Beswick, Cal.

The said proofs will be made before George Chastain, County Clerk, at his official place of business, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on November 3, 1906.

They name the following witnesses to prove their continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: John H Hessig, Joseph Hessig, Fred stocksieger, William Kerwin, of Beswick, Cal.

9-20-10-25 J. N. Watson Register

Consolidated Notice For Publication.

Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, Lakeview, Or., Sept. 17, 1906.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed in this office their notice of intention to make final five year proof in support of their claims, to wit:

H. E. No. 2444, made August 24, 1901, for the Lots 4 and 21, Sec. 15, and Lot 5 of sec. 22, Twp 39 S., R 7½ E W M, by Frank G. Butler of Fort Klamath Oregon.

H. E. No. 2408, made August 24, 1901, for the Lot 13, Sec 9, and lot 20, Sec 10, Twp 33, S R 7½ E W M, by Louis A. Brannan of Fort Klamath, Oregon.

H. E. No. 2440 made August 24, 1901, for the Lots 11 and 12, Sec 15, Twp 33 S R 7½ E W M by James M Emery, of Fort Klamath, Oregon.

H. E. No. 2414 made July 26, 1901, for the N½ of N½, Sec 17, T 32 S R 7½ E W M, by Thomas J. Vaughn, Fort Klamath, Oregon.

That said proofs will be made before Geo. Chastain, County Clerk of Klamath County, at his official place of business, at Klamath Falls, Oregon, on November 1, 1906.

They name the following witnesses to prove their continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz: F G Butler, E M Lever, J M Emery, Louis Brannan, T J Vaughn, W O Hill, John G Smart, W T. Shive, all of Fort Klamath, Oregon.

9-20-10-25 J. N. Watson, Register

Whenever you want freight from the railroad send an order to Jas. B. Moore at Pokegama and you will get your freight promptly. tf

Always a fresh stock of candies at A. J. Manning's.

Cigars and tobacco of all grades at A. J. Manning's.

I have leased from the Klamath Canal Company and J. D. Conger all feed on the ranches owned by these people, and all stock trespassing on these premises will be impounded.

15-10-tf. Bird Loosley.

Notice of Administrator' Final Account.

Notice is hereby given that Victor G. Hughes Administrator of the Estate of Charles P. Hughes, deceased, has filed his final account of the administration of said estate with the Clerk of the County Court, of Klamath County Oregon, and that said Court has appointed ten o'clock A. M. of Thursday, October 18, 1906, as the time for the hearing of objections to such final account, and the settlement thereof.

This notice is published by order of said County Court, and entered September 14, 1906.

Victor G. Hughes Administrator

9-20-10-11

Notice of Final Settlement.

In the matter of the estate of A. A. Fitch, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of A. A. Fitch, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Klamath, the final account of her administration of said estate, and that said Court has fixed Saturday the 20th day of October, 1906, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, as the time for the hearing of objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon, September 20, 1906.

Lizzie M. Fitch, Administratrix of the Estate of A. A. Fitch, deceased.

9-20-10-18

Benoni Parkinson Estate

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Benoni Parkinson, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Klamath, and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me at my residence in Klamath Falls, Klamath county, Oregon with proper vouchers and duly verified, within six months from the date hereof.

O. A. Stearns Administrator.

Dated and first published Sept 6, 1906. 9-27

For Sale—320 acres good farming land two miles due West of Klamath Falls at $15 per acre. Also my home ranch at Keno, Oregon. R. A. Emmitt. tf

For sale—The north half of the northeast quarter, the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter and the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section nineteen, south of range eleven, east of Willamette meridian. Inquire at this office. tf

For sale—1½-horse power water motor. Meiss & Armand. tf

For Sale or Rent

By Klamath Development Co., The Westinghouse, a new rooming house corner Pine and 10th streets, 27 rooms, pressure water, bath, toilets. House like this close in town is sure to be a great money maker.

Pelican Bay Lodge

J. H. RICE, Manager

Finest Fishing in Southern Oregon. Boats, Teams and Saddle Horses for Tourists. Will Furnish Guides. Will take you to Crater Lake and other points. Board by day, week or month

CALL ON RICE AT THE LODGE

City Meat Market

MEISS & ARMAND

PROPRIETORS

ALL KINDS OF FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS

SAUSAGES OF ALL KINDS

Merrill Creamery Butter

$100 Reward

I will pay the above reward for a watch my repair department cannot put in perfect running order.

L. ALVA LEWIS

Republican Office for Job Printing

Buena Vista Addition

TO KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

THE PLAT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ADDITION WILL BE ready soon, and lots therein will be placed on the market. The tract comprises 530 acres, adjoins Klamath Falls on the north and west and borders on Link River and Upper Klamath Lake for two miles. From this addition can be seen the grandest panorama on the Pacific Coast, comprising Lake, River, Valley, Hill, Mountain and Snow-capped Peaks, blend into an harmonious picture of unequalled beauty and magnificence.

Boulevards and Streets are now being graded, and these will be lined with Shade Trees. Grading work on the Electric Street Railway is now under way.

A complete sewerage system will be put in. The entire cut of the Odessa sawmill has been purchased, and those building in the Buena Vista Addition this summer will have first call on the output of this mill.

Plans for a magnificent hotel are now being prepared, and construction will begin this summer. This hostelry will be located on one of the most picturesque spots in the addition and will be surrounded by a park.

If you want a home in the most beautiful section of Klamath County, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live where you will be surrounded with beautiful homes, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live on the street car line then have your home in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you are looking for an investment that will yield returns, purchase property in the Buena Vista Addition.

Office: Murdoch Build'g, next door Postoffice

KLAMATH LAND & TRANSPORTATION CO.