

# Of Noblest Birth

By Honore Willson

Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Suttell

Harvell lay in the bottom of his canoe. The canoe was tied a few feet out from the shore, and the river, deep, powerful and mysterious, tugged at the frail little craft. But Harvell did not heed the call. The darkness was deep, yet luminous, with the promise of an early moon, and the night wind that swept from shoreward was sweet and heavy with the fragrance of blooming rushes.

Harvell stared upward to the stars, every sense as keenly alive to the beauty of the scene as if mind and heart had not been given over for days to the problem which he had thrown himself into the canoe to solve. Finally he stirred restlessly and said half aloud:

"No, it's no use. I can't do it. She's too fine and thoroughbred for a great common born chap like me to marry."



"MARGARET!" HE CRIED.

And—no, even if she should be willing, which is an insane thought on my part, I've no right to let her sacrifice herself. I'll stay until tomorrow and then plead business and disappear."

There was a little stir near the pier, as of the underbrush, then a woman's voice, wonderfully clear and sweet.

"Let's sit here and wait for the moon to rise. The bungalow is so close and hot tonight."

Harvell caught his breath. It was she. The voice that replied he recognized as that of his married sister, who was chaperoning the bungalow party.

"You haven't been yourself at all, Margaret, during the entire week."

"I know it, Agnes." The voice, with its tired note, was very touching, and Harvell stirred restlessly. "I'm useless to myself and every one else—every one else," she repeated, as if to herself.

"Oh, nonsense! Peggy, you are too fine and wholesome to talk so. I wish"—Agnes stopped as if not daring to go on.

Margaret's voice continued: "I want you to help me to steal off tonight. Agnes, I want to go home, and I may join the Westburys and go to Paris. The stage goes down at 9 and I am going to catch it and steal off without a word to any one. Please, Agnes."

The perspiration started to Harvell's face as he strained his ears to catch Agnes' reply. When it came he gasped: "Sometimes I think brother Paul is a fool!"

Margaret's voice was stern. "Agnes, I wish you would never mention Paul Harvell's name to me. I"—But her voice was growing too faint for the man in the canoe to distinguish her words, strive as he would.

"They've started back to the bungalow," he thought. "I am a cad to have listened even thus much. But, anyhow, I've lived up to the adage. I wonder why I'm a fool!"

Suddenly a realizing sense of Margaret's words came to him. She was going away, going within an hour, and all that he had been feeling for a year was unsaid. For a moment his stern resolve of the early evening was forgotten. Then he sat erect, every muscle tense with stress of feeling.

"It's better so," he said bitterly. "It's my business to begin to forget, if she never wants to hear my name again." He looked off toward the bank, then gave a startled exclamation. The pier had disappeared. His canoe was floating rapidly down stream, while his paddle was safely locked in the boat house.

"I must be almost on the rapids," he thought. With the thought the boat turned the bend that had shut off the sound of the falls and the canoe was in the whirlpool. To swim was out of the question, for in the river here was a mass of jagged rocks hidden in seething water. Almost instantly the canoe was broken and capsized. Harvell, dazed and bruised, clung to a projecting rock that had wrecked him. Fight as he would with all the force of his wonderful physique, he was dashed again and again upon the stones. Yet as he fought he was conscious of only one thought:

"I must get there. I must have just one word with Margaret before she goes."

Then he gave a cry of remembrance. He, with the other men of the camping party, had been planning a footbridge

across the rapids. The week before with infinite toil they had laid a single line of heavy planks on the projecting rocks from shore to shore. They were not yet fastened in any way, their heavy weight serving to balance them fairly well on the stones. The darkness, not yet lighted by the moon, concealed the planks, but clinging desperately with one hand Harvell felt about with the other and by rare good luck found a plank, wet and slippery with spray, on a neighboring rock. With infinite toil he raised himself out of the water inch by inch until at last he crouched on the great stone and felt the teetering plank.

Then on hands and knees he started for the shore. Blinded by sprays, the planks half turning so that he could only pause, struggling with rigid muscles for balance, Harvell crawled along the foot wide planks. And with each pause came new discouragement. Margaret would surely be gone. In a panic of haste he slipped and fought his way, now half in the boiling water, half on the slimy rocks, now again on the plankway, gaining toward his goal foot by foot. At last one final spring and he felt again the solid earth beneath him. Without thought of his dripping clothing he started on his half mile run through the woods to the bungalow.

"If the moon would only come up," he thought as he tore his way through the heavy underbrush. "If—if only I am not too late! I am going to tell her anyhow, just to prove to her that I am a fool. I suppose—Oh, here is the stage road!"

On up the sandy road, his clothes half dry with his rapid pace, then will the great edge of the summer moon peering over the top of the pines, he perceived a dim figure standing by the roadside. The figure shrank back a little at the sight of the man storming up the road. Harvell passed.

"Margaret!" he cried.

"Yes," answered quietly the sweet, clear voice that never failed to thrill him.

"Margaret, why do you go?"

Margaret, too surprised by his sudden appearance to be startled by his knowledge of her movements, made no reply.

"Because," Harvell plunged on, "I annoy you with attention, because I hang on your every word and glance, because I am an ordinary chap with no ancestors, and you are the personification of culture and delicacy—is that it, Margaret?"

"You have no right to speak that way, Paul," said Margaret, in her quiet voice.

"No, but isn't that true?" persisted Harvell. The moon was well above the treetops now. By its light he could see the look of pride with which Margaret drew herself up.

"So you think me a snob? You know me well indeed!"

"Know you," replied Harvell miserably—"no, I know nothing, except that I love you and that I can never

hope to marry you." There was a long pause. The summer night was very fair around them. The girl before him seemed to Harvell a part of the wonder of the night.

"You think, then," said Margaret "that I am too brainless to admire your fine mind, your splendid physique? Being, you say, well born, I must be a snob."

Harvell drew a long breath. "Margaret," he said, "will you marry me? Will you say yes, Margaret?"

"Not until I have told you," answered the low voice, "that I was born and bred in poverty in the mountains of Tennessee, that I am finely born only as every American is finely born, and I am proud of it."

The sound of stagecoach wheels came up the road, but already the two figures were far up the path that led to the bungalow.

### The Statue of Liberty.

The Colossus of Rhodes probably never brought any returns in cash to the city, but its tradition will last when everything else Rhodian is entirely lost from history. So with this Statue of Liberty. It gives a welcome to every stranger who comes to America to seek his fortune in a country which has been the friend of the oppressed for centuries. It is hailed with joy by every American who catches a glimpse of it as he returns from a sojourn in Europe. Its meaning is more apparent after a short absence from America than perhaps it was before such an experience. It is one of the few things which we have which is not commercialized.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Wrong Line.

A society which disseminates moral literature once sent a railway manager a large number of free tracts to place in the waiting rooms. One was entitled, "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The letter which the moral literature society received in reply declined the tracts. "We cannot place the tracts," wrote the manager, "as the N. J. is not on our system."

### Quite a Variety.

The fashionable girl had accepted him and the young man was wondering how far his \$20 a week would go. "You must remember that life is not all golf and tennis," murmured he. "Why, of course it isn't," she responded brightly. "There's boating and coaching and bridge and ever so many things."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### At the Doctors' Club.

"Carvus, was that operation you performed on old Hunks successful?" "Successful? Yes; singularly so." "Singularly? Then he's recovering, is he?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Russian does not become of age until he is twenty-six.

ing. L. Alva Lewis.

### HOT SPRINGS WATER

Why not have your home in the Hot Springs tract, where you can have use of the splendid mineral water? Study the following analysis made by the University of Oregon:

Grains per U. S. Gallon.	
Sodium chloride	5.98
Calcium sulphate	6.52
Magnesium sulphate	.32
Sodium sulphate	28.98
Iron and aluminum oxides	.13
Sodium silicate	4.15
Silica	3.22

Read what Dr. G. F. Hanson of San Francisco says of this water:

"A careful examination of the water convinces me that it is unsurpassed in the nature of its mineral content, and should prove of the greatest possible utility in the treatment of congested conditions and for the general flushing of the tissues. Dyspepsia, scraggy liver, habitual constipation, so-called biliousness and bilious headaches, indefinite rheumatic pains due to the accumulation of uric acid or retention of other waste products in the system, faulty elimination by the kidneys, and a long train of ailments dependent upon above states of bodily ill-health are benefited by the free drinking of and bathing in such waters."

For prices see or write to the Hot Springs Improvement Co., Klamath Falls, Oregon.

### KLAMATH HARBER SHOP

J. W. SIEMENS, Proprietor.

Cleanliness and Good Work Guaranteed.

Also Agent for LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE INS. CO.

OFFICE HELP WANTED  
THE SCHOOL THAT PLACES YOU IN A GOOD POSITION.  
**HOLMES**  
BUSINESS COLLEGE  
WASH. & TENTH STS.  
PORTLAND, OREGON

# STILTS DRY GOODS CO.

(Formerly THE NOVELTY STORE)

The most complete line of Dry Goods in Southern Oregon will be found at Our Store

NEW, UP-TO-DATE, LATEST PATTERNS

We have what you want, and at the Lowest Prices in the City

## Cloaks

The "STILTS" Cloak embodies everything that fashion decrees. Finest material, perfect fit, and nobby styles. Our prices are lower than charged by city stores. They carry our guarantee.

We have had the most phenomenal sale of millinery ever enjoyed by any store in the city. Three times have we been compelled to place large orders.

## Millinery

The last consignment has just arrived. This shows the merit of our goods—they sell themselves. Your hats are trimmed here after latest Paris models.

If you need any art goods, sofa pillows, cords, silks, pillow ribbons—anything in the art goods line, you will find it at our store, as we have just received the most complete line of these goods ever displayed in this city.

## Art Goods

### OUR GUARANTEE:

We guarantee our goods to be as represented or refund your money

"Honest Goods and Honest Prices" --- That's Our Motto

# The Stilts Dry Goods Co.

## GEM RESTAURANT

AND

## LODGING HOUSE

C. D. WILLSON

## Pelican Bay Lodge

J. H. RICE, Manager

Finest Fishing in Southern Oregon. Ecats, eams and Saddle Horses for tourists. Wi Furnish Guides. Will take you to Crater Lake and other points. Board by day, week or month

CALL ON RICE AT THE LODGE

## Roberts & Hanks

## HARDWARE DEALERS

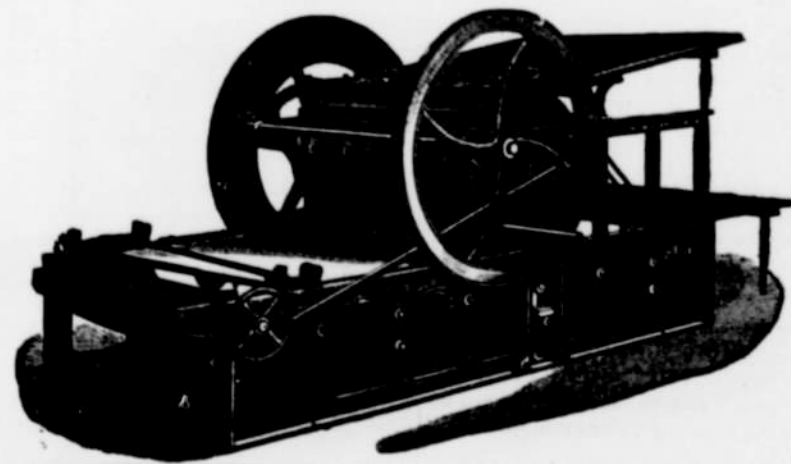
Clean Cut Cutlery and Edged Tools Fully Guaranteed

## Peninsular and Imperial Steel Ranges

Finest Line of ROYALWARE In the City

## Roberts-Hanks

Most Completely Equipped Printery in Southern Oregon.



GOOD PRINTING is a work of art. At this stage, when good printing is obtainable, a business house is often times judged by its stationery. Good clothes may not make men but it creates a favorable impression. So it is with good printing it creates a most favorable impression for the business man, firm or corporation.

Send in your Printing, or ask for Estimates. We have the Equipment, then we KNOW HOW.

Subscribe for the Klamath Republican The Official Paper, \$2.00 the year