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Oroville Weekly Gazette

By FRED. J. FINE.

Issued Every Friday. $1.50 a year

Entered at the poatoffice at Oroville, Washington, as second class matter.

Pensioned For Life.

By JENNIE LEE.

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"If you pull my hair again, Louise, I'll discharge you without a moment's notice!" snapped the lovely Sibyl Stevenson to her French maid, who was dressing her mistress' head.

"Miss Sibyl is very cross," suggested the maid in meek reply as she went on with her thankless task.

"Well, you'd be cross, too, if"—

"Shall I dress the hair high or low this morning, miss?" interrupted Louise.

"The ugliest way possible," said Sibyl sharply. "Make me the ugliest woman on the beach. Make me so ugly that no man will ever look at me. Do you understand?" she continued. "I hate men."

Louise went on making puffs and curls regardless of her mistress' directions. For a time nothing was said. Sibyl was decidedly moody, and it was the maid who again started the conversation.

"Miss Sibyl, what is a good looking glass?"

"Why, Louise, you are stupid not to know that. A good looking glass is a mirror which tells no lies. Now, with the men—they are not so responsible—they do not always tell the truth, but you can depend on a good looking glass to be brutally frank. But why do you ask?" inquired Sibyl.

"Well, I have here a letter from a mysterious stranger, who asks me to meet him at the Pine grove. He says that I am a good looking glass. What does he mean, Miss Sibyl?"

"He doubtless says you are a good looking lass—that is, a girl," Sibyl explained. "But let me see the letter."

From the pocket of her dainty apron Louise drew forth the note. Sibyl read it through, hesitated a moment and then turned to her maid.

"Louise, I'll meet this man in your place. I don't want you to be deceived, as I have been. Mr. Judson has proved false, and"— A tiny tear found its way on Sibyl's cheek.

So it was arranged, and the season's belle, Sibyl Stevenson, strolled down toward the clump of tall pine trees near the edge of the lake in the early evening to meet the man who had paid court to her maid. The trees, shaken by the breezes, cast freakish shadows on the ground, and Sibyl was not altogether comfortable.

She was eager to meet this youth who was trifling with the affections of her maid and give him a piece of her mind. She had not long to wait, however, before the tall figure of a man came down the winding path.

With long, swinging strides he approached, stopped a moment as if to make quite sure of—something, she knew not what. Then, to her great surprise, he turned quickly and disappeared.

Sibyl waited until she felt it was no longer safe for her to be out alone and returned to the hotel to tell her maid of the strange occurrence. They discussed the problem, and both decided that the gorgeous gown worn by Miss Stevenson did not look like the simple grooming of her maid. This fact had probably frightened the man away.

The next evening Sibyl, dressed in a plain black frock, with white collar and cuffs and a drooping hat, awaited the mysterious Romeo whom Louise had notified by note to be there at a certain hour.

Again the tall figure swung down the road, a slouch hat pulled down well over his eyes.

"Is that you, Louise?" he whispered.

Sibyl started to scream; then she leaned against a friendly pine tree and in a weak voice claimed the identity.

"Is she wise?" asked the man.

"Is who wise?" reiterated Sibyl, her voice still trembling.

"Why, Miss Stevenson, your mistress," stammered her companion. "Don't stand there like a mummy, you stupid bit of French humanity! Speak up and tell me has she forgiven me and have you arranged a"—

He got no further in his inquiries. Sibyl picked up her little black skirt and ran for home. Once she was safely closeted with Louise she felt vaguely that the echo of a man's hearty laughter had followed her flight.

"Louise," began Sibyl in a most matron-like tone, "what do you mean by flirting with Mr. Judson? Now, do not interrupt me, for it was Mr. Judson who met me."

"Mr. Judson! Impossible!" cried the astonished Louise.

"No other," emphatically assured Sibyl. "Those things may be all right in France, Louise, but no nice American girl will"—

A knock at the door interrupted the end of this sentence. A gentleman was waiting to see Miss Stevenson. The hallboy did not know his name. Sibyl had changed her somber black frock to one of her Paris creations and went to meet her caller.

She glanced into the public parlor, but he was not in sight. Upon inquiry she learned that her guest was waiting on the corner of the piazza for her. She went to meet him, and Harry Judson put forth his hand as she came toward him in the dim light.

"Sibyl, you must hear me," Judson began

"My dear Mr. Judson," said Sibyl, with stinging sarcasm, "that is just the trouble. I've heard too much from you already."

"Now, please listen. The train was late night before last, we were derailed just the other side of the draw, and I couldn't very well swim all the way here, could I?"

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Sibyl, but the tone of her voice was a bit softer.

"Except that I love you and"—

"And my maid as well, I suppose," finished Sibyl.

"Don't be a foolish girl, dear. You have a prize in Louise. If you'll promise not to discharge her, I'll tell you a secret. It was Louise who arranged this campaign; it was she who suggested my writing her a letter that would reach you. She's a brick, all right, is Louise."

Sibyl opened her eyes wide and stared at Judson for a moment.

"You mean to tell me that stupid French girl planned all this to give you a chance to explain," mused Sibyl. "But why?"

"I hunted her up and told her you were angry with me because I kept you waiting nearly two hours. She understood it was not my fault, if you would not."

"But how can you explain about being with Miss Lawton?" suggested Sibyl.

"Easily," assured Judson. "She was on the same train with me, and it was late and dark, and she was afraid, and I offered to see that she landed safely under her parental roof. Surely no decent American could do less, could he?"

"Well—but"— Sybil felt that she was caught in a closely woven net and was trying, though not very hard, to find an opening. Harry looked very penitent, and Sibyl knew that she loved him as much as he loved her.

"Well, will you promise"—

"Anything, dear—anything!" cried Harry without waiting to know what it might be.

"Will you promise to give Louise a pension for life?" asked Sibyl.

And as he took her in his arms he promised that and many other more important things.

Last Tuesday evening was installation with the Women of Woodcraft.

Presbyterian church services at the usual hour in the Peerless hall Sunday evening.

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Notice is hereby given that Linnie B. Hart. of Wehesville, Washington, who, on Nov. 19, 1908, made timber and stone entry, No. 11512, (Serial No 01515, for the E½ of the SE¼, SEC 19, N½ of the SW¼ SEC 10, TP 39 N, R 26, E W M., has filed notice of intention to make final proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Fred J Fine, U S Commissioner, at his office at Oroville, Wash., on the 5th day of March, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses:

John F Samson, of Oroville, Wash; Frank Arnold, Fred G Hart, W B Reilly, all of Wehesville, Washington.

W F HAYNES, Register

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FOR ONE AND ALL, a prosperous and HAPPY NEW YEAR, and, thanking you for your patronage in the past, solicit a continuance of the same.

We also wish to inform the public that, beginning with January 3, we will be open on Sunday from 9 to 10 a. m., Only! After those hours we will be closed to all except doctors' prescriptions.

THE OROVILLE PHARMA

Oroville, Wash.