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FRANK B. GOETTER

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST

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COLVILLE WASH.

The Colville Examiner \$1.50 year

That Little Stenographer

By M. QUAD

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The firm of Thomas & Co. was composed of Joseph and James, brothers. They were old fashioned men and old fashioned in their methods of doing business. They ran their offices on the longhand principle. There was no stenographer, no typewriter, no dictation, no adding machine. Their bookkeeper was young in years, but old fashioned too.

It was one morning when both brothers were busy at their desks writing out letters in the way their fathers had done before them that the place was invaded. The invader was a female, young and good looking. She was also petite and breezy. She wasn't a bit afraid of the men who looked at her with amazement writ large on their faces. She said she had called to see about a place.

She would come for \$8 a week to begin on, and soon she would want more. Not a word from the partners.

The day was Friday. On the next day she would send her typewriter and on Monday show up herself. She motioned to a room which could be cleaned out for her accommodation. Then she fluttered out as she had fluttered in.

"Well?" queried James after a long minute.

"Well?" queried Joseph in reply.

"We'll have to take her."

"We will."

"I have felt for years that it must come."

"So have I."

Not a word did the partners say to each other until they were at the lunch table. They had lunched at the same table for ten years. They had always ordered soup and eaten it before talking. When they had done so on this occasion, James observed:

"She's coming."

"Certainly," was the reply.

"We can't stop her."

"Impossible."

"And you are a bachelor."

"And so are you."

The conversation ended there. Next day the typewriter and its stand came and were placed in the little room.

James stood in the door and looked at it. Then Joseph stood in the door and looked. Then the bookkeeper came and had a look. It was queer; it was amazing; it was incomprehensible.

Monday morning Miss Lacey, as she had incidentally called herself, floated in. Then she dusted her machine and came out with pencil in hand to say:

"Well, I am ready for dictation."

James looked at Joseph, and Joseph looked at James. Then, bracing himself as a man does to meet the grim monster, James proceeded to dictate his first letter, and Joseph went out into the warehouse so as not to add to his perturbation. The dictation was a success. It was a success because Miss Lacey made it so. She made it so by saying:

"Oh, that's a wrong word. We must use another. That's bad grammar, and we must change it. You don't mean to say so and so, but so and so."

She constructed the letter to suit herself and brought it back for signature. She did this with three letters and then let up. She saw that James was slinking under it. Next day Joseph dictated, and it was the same. When they went out to lunch together and after they had had their soup James queried:

"Brother Joseph, do you think we can stand it?"

"I think we'll have to," was the dismal reply.

And they did have to. Miss Lacey took charge of the office from the first day. In two weeks she said she was worth \$10 a week, and James nodded to Joseph, and Joseph nodded to the man in the glass cage. In four weeks Miss Lacey got another raise. She raised herself to \$12 per. She had got so that she read the business letters herself and answered them without dictation. Just a suggestion or two and the thing was done. James had thoughts, and Joseph had thoughts, but Miss Lacey had been with them for six weeks before they had anything like a confidential conversation. Then after the soup James observed:

"She'll raise herself to fifteen next."

"And then to twenty," replied Joseph.

"Joseph, you are a bachelor."

"So are you, James."

"You could marry her and thus solve the problem."

"So could you."

"Joseph, we must speak to the bookkeeper. It is his duty to die for us if necessary."

When Miss Lacey had given herself another raise of salary the bookkeeper was spoken to.

"I'd get into a breach of promise suit with 'other one," was his solemn reply, and the subject was closed.

One morning when Miss Lacey had held her place for two months and another raise was expected she failed to show up. James and Joseph fidgeted in their chairs. The bookkeeper looked like a man expecting trouble. As time sped on James looked hopeful. As more time sped on Joseph returned the look. Just before noon a note was handed in. It read:

"Married this morning. Resignation respectfully submitted."

"Joseph!"

"James!"

And they rose up and hugged each other and went waltzing around the room, and the smile of the bookkeeper was angelic to behold.

Ransomed

By JANE PINCKNEY BENNET

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Shortly before the war between the United States and Mexico Captain Julian Watriss of the United States army met at New Orleans and married Concha Herrera, a young Mexican widow who owned a large hacienda in the latter country. Senora Watriss was a very patriotic Mexican and upon the breaking out of the war went home to do what she could to serve her country. Captain Watriss sailed with his regiment for Vera Cruz and was with that army that made its way, fighting battles as it proceeded, from the gulf coast to the City of Mexico.

Senora Watriss, being very rich, organized a company of rangers at her own expense. Several commanders of this force were tried and failed. At last the troop called upon the lady to take command herself. She consented, went into the field, and under her leadership the men who followed her made quite a reputation as partisan rangers. They were not enrolled in the Mexican army, and since they were very troublesome to the United States forces the general commanding gave orders that when captured they should be shot. Several of them were taken from time to time, every one of whom was executed. In retaliation Senora Watriss gave orders that from the next lot of prisoners taken by her men five should be selected by lot for execution.

Not long after this order the rangers made a night attack on an outpost of the American army and captured a captain, a lieutenant and thirty men. The senora was not present on this occasion, having intrusted the attack to a junior officer. The first she knew of the capture was the announcement to her while in her tent that five men selected to be shot were outside, the officer in charge of them awaiting a special order to shoot them. The lady threw back her tent flap for a look at the doomed men.

Among them was her husband!

What to do she did not know. To claim immunity for the man she loved would be to destroy her influence with her troops. They were all very bitter against the Americans for the execution of their comrades and were rejoiced that an officer was to be shot in retaliation. The only thing that occurred to her was delay. By staving off the execution she might find some means of saving her husband.

"Take them back to the guard tent," she said. "I am too busy now to attend to the matter."

"But, senora," protested the officer in charge, "all we wish is the order—"

"Take them away," interrupted the senora impatiently. "I am not accustomed to receive suggestions from my inferiors."

The prisoners were marched off without Captain Watriss knowing that his wife had for the time being saved his life. Senora Watriss shut herself up in her tent, endeavoring to think out some plan to prevent the execution. No one suspected the relationship between her and Captain Watriss, and she did not wish it to be known. It might throw distrust upon her without saving her husband.

During the evening she gave an order—she dared not refuse one—that the prisoners should be shot at 8 o'clock the next morning. At 10 o'clock that night she went the rounds to see that the guards were on post and the others asleep. Then, instead of returning to her tent, she mounted her horse, that she had picketed without the line of sentries, and unseen rode away. An hour later she was taken in by an officer of an American picket post to the tent of the commanding general. After an interview of half an hour she departed, returned to her camp and stole into her tent without any one of her command knowing that she had been away.

Between dawn and sunrise an orderly came to her to say that an officer commanding a flag of truce from the American camp desired to see her. She directed that he be admitted, and he said:

"Senora, our general, understanding that a captain and four privates belonging to his army are to be shot this morning, has sent me to say that if this is done he would make it his business to capture this command and hang every member of it, including yourself. If, however, these prisoners are surrendered to him a ransom of \$1,000 for each private and \$5,000 for the officer will be distributed to your command."

Senora Watriss called her men together and stated the proposition. The threat at first produced a contrary effect from what was intended, but when the ransom was considered with it a change of opinion was effected. Senora Watriss watched for an opportune moment when to put the question to vote. It was almost unanimously decided to accept the ransom.

A Mexican officer and ten men were sent back with the flag of truce and all the prisoners, but it required several days to secure the ransom, during which all overt acts were suspended. Finally it arrived and was paid over, the prisoners were delivered to their commander, and the Mexicans returned to camp.

Not a man in the command knew that the senora had ransomed the prisoners.

A few days later the woman commander gave up the command of the troops and went to the City of Mexico, where after the capture of the capital she met her husband.

In order to make a success of an orchard, you must set out good healthy trees

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