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J. A. MONTGOMERY, Astoria, Or.

WHEN VACATION ENDED
 By ETHEL BARRINGTON

The sky was brilliantly blue, but the willows threw a comfortable shade over Eve. She sat looking off into the distance, not meeting the gaze of the man lounging at her feet. Conversation, usually so delightful, hung heavily between them.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired.

"I was thinking I ought to congratulate you. Why did you not tell me? Perhaps you thought with so famous a writer the news must be known of all the world."

"Meaning my engagement?" John Pierce brought the words out slowly.

"Who told you? Well, I suppose you had to know. After the holiday I should have told you myself."

"My vacation is ended. I am leaving in the morning."

There was no answer.

"It would be polite to say you are sorry," suggested the girl.

"I'm not in one sense. We can never recall these past days. It's fitting you should go with them." Pierce rose to his feet. "May I sit here? I want to tell you a little about myself."

"Is that necessary?" questioned the girl.

"For me it is, and men are selfish. It is not our fault we are created so. You know the hardships of my boyhood. I've told you of the farm, of the narrowness of life out there in Iowa. I grew up with one ambition, one aim, to become a writer. My mother, God bless her, could not understand, but she never stood in my path. I worked my way through college, like many another. Afterward, with nothing but a trunk load of manuscripts, I went to New York. You can guess the struggles, the difficulties. At last I gained a hearing. My first book was a success. Through that I met—I met Hilda Chauncey. I had never known any one like her before. She realized my ambition, she touched my imagination, and one day we found ourselves engaged. She helped me in a thousand ways. When you came"—Eve stirred uneasily. The power and magnetism of the man seemed cruel under the existing circumstances. Pierce continued: "Of course I appreciate my roughness, my crudeness. I am not, never shall be,

act, and together they reached the hotel. A porter met them. Eve bade him care for her companion. She smiled as she heard her new acquaintance cautioning the man. "Be careful, young fellow, with that basket. It's full of home cookies and preserves for my boy, John Pierce. Is he here?" Eve turned and watched her. John Pierce her son! So this was the little mother he had told her of—the mother who had effaced herself that her son might have his wish!

After dinner Eve sat on the porch alone. Soon she became conscious of a couple pausing near. With a throbbing heart she recognized Pierce's voice.

"Hilda," he was saying, "surely, I misunderstand you! You are angry—" "Angry, indeed!" The answering voice was well modulated, but there was a hardness that robbed it of pleasing. "I persuaded mother to come here in order to be with you. I sacrificed a week at Newport, and for what? To be shamed by that woman!"

"Hilda!" Pierce's voice rang with a new quality that compelled Miss Chauncey to pause. Eve longed to slip away, but it was impossible without disclosing her presence. Besides, the others would no doubt resume their walk. Pierce continued:

"When you wrote me of your coming I did not expect my mother. Her appearance was a surprise. I've tried at times to persuade her to visit me, but hitherto she has seemed rooted to the soil. Now that she is here I purpose giving her the holiday of her life."

"What about me?"

"You? Dear girl, when you know my mother you will forget her rough manner, as you forgave mine, and remember only her true heart. I made no secret of my life or antecedents. I told you all. Be kind! She will not trouble you often. It is the first time in thirty years that she has left the farm. But on such occasions my wife must remember that she is my mother."

"Absurd, John. I marry you, not your family. You have ability, ambition; I, position and money. I can help you. I have aided you already." Eve shrank farther into the shadow of her chair and thrust her fingers to her ears. If they would only go! Pierce's voice came to her as from a distance. "Let us end this unworthy discussion! I offer you the service and the devotion of my life. Do you accept the obligations of my wife?"

"No, no, if it means lowering myself to the association of your family—no."

"There is my mother—no one else."

"You have my answer." Miss Chauncey thrust a chair aside, and the swish of her silken skirts trailed over the porch. There was a silence, broken presently by a man's sigh of infinite relief. Then came the sharp striking of a match, and by its light John Pierce and Eve looked into each other's face. Pierce threw away his unlighted cigar and blocked her path. "You heard?"

"Yes; I am sorry—she is angry now—tomorrow—"

"Eve, 'tomorrow' holds always the promise of something new. There is no going back—I would not if I could. I must speak—"

"Not now—not here!" Eve shrank a little from him. "It is late. I am leaving in the morning!"

"You are right—not now. I am a brute to have thought of it. It won't be the same when you are gone, but it is only for a week, Eve. I shall come to you at your home. Give me a word that I may hope!"

Eve raised her head, and her eyes shone.

"When you come, say what you will." And she was gone.

"Say what I will!" repeated Pierce beneath his breath. "And to think I had so nearly thrown away the right."

When the Moon Dipped.

One little girl has been possessed since her babyhood by a fondness for the noise and pyrotechnics of a thunderstorm. On one occasion when the father and mother were members of a dinner party at Yonkers and the youngster, then about five years old, had been tucked under the covers for the night a storm came up. The deluge of rain was accompanied by the roar of celestial artillery and the incessant play of lightning on the night darkened landscape. Prompted by a natural solicitude, the mother of the little one excused herself from the company to go and see if her baby was sleeping while the storm was raging. Clad only in a "nightie" of summer weight, the child was leaning over the window sill, with her happy little face resting in a pair of chubby hands. Both hands and face were pattered with the moisture of the falling rain, and when the mother broke in on the scene she was joyously received, and in the terms of sentiment that only a child might coin she explained her occupation. "I am," said she, "just watching the moon take a bath."—New York Tribune.



"Well, what is it?" he inquired.

of your world. I knew there could be no danger to you. As for me, I value your friendship over and beyond anything on earth. You will let me keep that?"

"Gossip says your fiancée arrives this afternoon. You have barely time to meet the train."

"We are friends?" he persisted.

"Of course," she agreed lightly. He seemed about to speak, but swung suddenly on his heel and left her. She watched his long stride and the strength of his broad shoulders until her lips trembled.

"No danger to you," she repeated slowly. How should there be? She was only a girl, and it is unmanly for woman to give her love before it is asked. The chatter of life belongs to women; the important things are reserved for the men to say.

Eve walked restlessly down the road. The breath of the sound cooled her cheeks, but she turned inland toward the village.

"Young lady, am I going right for the Washington hotel?" The speaker was a little old woman, with brisk energy beyond her years. She was laden heavily with a large telescope bag and a market basket. Eve nodded. "Yes, follow the road."

"It's a longish way from the depot." The woman rested her burden on the sandy path and wiped her brow.

"You should have taken a carriage; those things are heavy."

"Ah, my dear," the other laughed cheerily. "I'm used to doing for myself where I come from. There was a pack of men shouting to help, but I mistrusted I'd ever set eyes on my belongings again. Now when I've got them in my hand I know where they are."

"I am staying at the hotel. Let me assist you." Eve took the basket. The woman demurred at first, but finally accepted assistance as a neighborly

act, and together they reached the hotel. A porter met them. Eve bade him care for her companion. She smiled as she heard her new acquaintance cautioning the man. "Be careful, young fellow, with that basket. It's full of home cookies and preserves for my boy, John Pierce. Is he here?" Eve turned and watched her. John Pierce her son! So this was the little mother he had told her of—the mother who had effaced herself that her son might have his wish!

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Don't Wait Too Long.

Too many people keep the flowers they have plucked for you until the day of your funeral. Their songs of praise are not heard until your procession is passing their door. The mantle of charity does not become public property until put in use by the preacher who conducts the "last sad rites." If a man has flowers for me, I want them while I am on earth and can smell their fragrance. They will do me no good sitting at the head of my coffin. The grass that is kept green about my last resting place will be of little avail to me on the other shore. Here is where I need the flowers and the smiles and the praise, not over there. If the fellow who is going to go around to the house after I am gone to see "if

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

BIDS WANTED.
 OFFICE OF C. Q. M. VANCOUVER Barracks, Wash., April 15, 1905. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received here until 11 o'clock a. m. May 15, 1905, for furnishing forage and bedding at posts in this department, for the year ending June 30, 1906. Information furnished here or by quartermasters at posts. U. S. reserves the right to reject or accept any or all proposals, or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for forage and bedding at—" addressed F. G. HODGSON, C. Q. M.

MISCELLANEOUS.
 CALL FOR WARRANTS—NOTICE IS hereby given to all parties holding Nehalem Road No. 77 warrants, to present the same to the county treasurer at his office, 590-592 Commercial Street, for payment. Interest ceases after this date.
 CHAS. A. HEILBORN, County Treasurer.
 Dated Astoria, Oregon, this 17th day of April, 1905.

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 HERMOSEA PARK LOTS, THE MOST exclusive property at Seaside, Ore. Facing the Pacific ocean in Oregon's prettiest summer resort, these lots are a good investment at \$150 to \$350 each. Inspection invited. A. Gilbert, Jr., Seaside, Ore.

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PROFESSIONAL NURSE.
 MID-WIFE AND NURSE—MISS ELLINGSON, 267 15th.

he can be of any help" will come around tomorrow I can tell him how he can be a whole lot of help. There will be plenty of them. It is all fixed short now. Carry your flowers to the living and sing your songs of praise at the dinner table. Don't wait for the funeral.—Osborne (O.) Farmer.

A. O. U. W. Meeting.
 Astoria, Ore., April 17, 1905.—Each and every member of Seaside lodge, No. 12, is hereby requested to be present at the lodge room next Saturday night, April 22, 1905, at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., as business of vital importance to each member is to be considered. Come one and all without fail. By order of the Master Workman, B. L. CLARK.
 Attest: F. D. WINTON, Recorder.

Last Hope Vanished.
 When leading physicians said that W. M. Smithart, of Peking, Ia., had incurable consumption, his last hope vanished; but Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, kept him out of his grave. He says: "This great specific completely cured me, and saved my life. Since then, I have used it for over 10 years, and consider it a marvelous throat and lung cure." Strictly scientific cure for Coughs, Sore Throats or Colds; sure preventive of Pneumonia. Guaranteed, 50c and \$1.00 bottles at Chas. Rogers' drug store. Trial bottle free.

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"I was troubled with eczema on the face for five months, during which time I was in the care of physicians. My face was in such a condition that I could not go out. It was going from bad to worse and I gave up all hope, when a friend of mine highly recommended Cuticura remedies. The first night after I washed my face with Cuticura Soap and used Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent it changed wonderfully, and continuing the treatment it removed all scales and scabs. From that day I was able to go out, and in a month my face was as clean as ever."
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