

# BAR GLASSWARE

Best Assortment Ever Brought to Astoria.

No need to send away for the finest outfits. We keep them in stock. Let us figure with you.

## A. V. ALLEN



THE northern half of the attic had been transformed into a studio under Varick's personal supervision, and it suited the young artist admirably. There was light, there was space enough for all his things and for "distance" when he was at work, and there was seclusion such as every person engaged in an artistic pursuit should have, for his own sake and for the peace of mind of those who love him.

When the heavy door was closed Varick could swear in French, German or English without fear that his two old maid sisters would hear him, and on good days, when Satan had departed out of crayons and brushes and a beneficent spirit had come to animate them, the door could be opened so that the "girls" might hear their brother sing as he lolled.

It was not a good day, and the door was shut. Some one knocked. Varick, who was putting up a curtain made of two sheets across a corner of the studio, pounded his thumb with a hammer as he turned to say "Come in." He was sitting on the top of a stepladder nursing his thumb when the door swung open.

Immediately Varick assumed the pose of one who listens, and with raised finger he checked his sister, who would have spoken. She also listened, smiling.

"That's what I came to tell you," said she at last. "Florence is here."

"I'm glad she's feeling better," responded Varick.

"Better?"

"Oh, she hasn't been ill that I know of; just blue."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she hasn't been over," he replied. "When Florence isn't getting on with her work she stays away. She won't burden me with her discouragements."



He laughed grimly at the notion that the burden could be taken from him in such a manner.

"I think she paints very well. I—"

"No, she doesn't," responded Varick, with decision, "but if she fights like a soldier and works like brimstone blues—"

"She's only a girl."

"A girl with a future!" he exclaimed. "But she will have to win her way to it with sword and fire. However, I haven't time to talk to her about it today. I have troubles of my own."

A voice from beyond the door said, "What are they?" and Florence entered.

Varick from the top of the stepladder surveyed her keenly for an instant, then he descended briskly and advanced with extended hand. His heart was full of love, but his head was in control, and not a trace of sentimental weakness marred the perfect picture of good comradeship which he presented.

"The top o' the morning to you," said he. "You're more than welcome. I need you."

"That's cheering," she replied. "I'm glad that a demand for my services exists somewhere."

"It exists everywhere," said he, with a spirit, "only you won't see it. 'You're

low in your mind again, Florence; that's all. Take a new grip on yourself. Get into the battle and fight harder. And, by the way, what's gone wrong this time? Is it that cover design?"

"Yes. But never mind. Let's talk about your work. What have you there, behind that curtain—a tree?"

"A Christmas tree," said he.

"Aren't you a little in advance of the season? It's three weeks to Christmas."

"This tree," said Varick, drawing aside the curtain, "is sacred to art and not to beneficence. We may make a real one of it later, however. At present this is the game—I'm illustrating Hawley Chase's new book, and—"

"Isn't that fine?" exclaimed the girl.

"You will make a big hit, I'm sure."

There was true good will in her tone, quaintly mingled with a touch of envy.

"I must," responded Varick, with decision. "I suppose that Chase stands at the head of the younger popular authors. This book of his is sure of 150,000 circulation. It will be read every where. I tell you, Florence, this is a great chance for me."

"How long have you had it?"

"About a week."

"I think you might have let me know."

"I was expecting you over here every day, and I've been at work twenty-seven hours out of every twenty-four. The publishers are in a frightful hurry. I guess that's why I got the job; the famous fellows wouldn't rush so. I've made one picture already. What do you think of it?"

He set the picture on the easel, and they regarded it for a moment in silence.

"It's dreadfully sensational," said the girl, with a little laugh, "but it's all right."

"It had to be a bit brisk," responded Varick. "The passage was marked for illustration. Loren—that's the hero—gets into a rather serious mixup with a wild western specimen named—well never mind; I can't remember his name."

He took up some proof sheets from the table.

"The plainsman laid a hasty hand upon his weapon," he read, "but before he could fire Loren ran around the end of the long table and leaped through the open window. I've got him right in the middle of the leap. Full of action, isn't it? What do you think?"

"I think the hero is a splendid mark, and I wonder that he got away," said Florence. "But there's a heap of good drawing in that picture. You've told the truth, no matter what the author has done."

"As to that," responded Varick, "I suppose Chase doesn't know much about shooting. He's made his reputation as a portrayer of simple life and homely characters. That's where he stumps me. I made that picture in two days and had no trouble at all, but I'm going crazy over this one." And as he spoke he set another board upon the easel.

"That little girl is seeing her first Christmas tree," explained Varick. "The heroine—a New York society belle named Livingstone—and Loren, the ex-schoolmaster, take a fancy to a child between three and four years old and get up a Christmas celebration for her. They set up the tree behind a curtain in Miss Livingstone's drawing room and bring in the little girl—Beauty—without telling her what she's going to see. Here's the passage in the story:

"Will you draw the curtain or will I?" asked Miss Livingstone.

"I think you had better," answered Loren in a gently authoritative tone, reminiscent of his schoolmaster days.

"At that moment Beauty, who had escaped from the maid, came running into the room, exclaiming: 'Where is my Christmas tree? I want it right now!'"

"Loren gathered the child in his arms and talked to her wisely of the virtue of patience, while Miss Livingstone darkened the room, so that the lights upon the tree shone through the curtain, 'just like the beautiful stars in heaven,' as little Beauty said.

"At last all was ready, and Miss Livingstone proceeded to slowly draw aside the curtain until the glittering marvel was revealed. Then Loren could no longer hold the child, though he would have liked to have done so. Quick and elusive as a fairy, he was unable to hold her. With outstretched arms, as if to clasp the tree and all its wealth of good things to her little bosom, the eager child sprang forward.

"That's what I'm trying to show," said Varick, "but somehow I can't manage it. The child eludes me just as she eluded Loren in the story. I've had half a dozen models here, but they won't do anything. They just stand still, as if they were hypnotized. I suppose I don't know how to manage them. I'm not accustomed to children."

"The girl in that picture is seventeen years old," said Florence.

"After the children went back on me I got Lucy to pose just on the chance of a suggestion, and Sister Lucy is not in her first youth. She's thirty; that's what she is, though perhaps I oughtn't to mention it. However," he proceeded, "I've got the scheme now. I'm going to

reproduce the scene, by jingo! There's my tree, there's my curtain, and I've bought a lot of candles and ornaments."

"Have you chosen your model?"

"There are the ones I've had here already, of course, but I'd like a new one. Don't you know a little girl who could play Beauty in my scene?"

"I know one who'll look the part," answered Florence, "but whether she can play it"—

"That'll be all right when she has the tree to look at. She'll run for it fast enough. When can you bring her?"

"I'll have her here at 2 o'clock this afternoon."

He thanked her heartily and promised her in return for hers.

"As soon as this job is off my hands," said he, "I'll take hold of your work with you, and we'll thump it into shape. You can't fail, Florence. I won't have it. Just look at it as a matter of life or death and fight your way through."

Promptly at 2 Florence brought the model, and at the sight of the child Varick's joy nearly paralyzed him.

"Ideal, ideal—absolutely ideal!" he cried and repeated the words over and over again as if he had no more in his vocabulary.

The child clung to Florence and exhibited a lively terror whenever the wild-eyed artist approached her.

"I suppose a studio is a strange spectacle for her," said Varick.

"At three and a half," responded Florence, "most spectacles are strange. She'll get used to it. That's what living is—a process of getting used to things. Nice place, isn't it, Beauty?"

"Yes," said the child.

"What's your name for this afternoon?"

"Beauty," answered the little girl. And she laughed timidly, as if asking permission.

"What are you going to see?"

"Trismas tree."

"What is it like?"

Beauty hid her face in the folds of Florence's gown and refused to reply.

Miss Luck Varick summoned her brother to the door just then and delivered to him a large doll which had been sent from one of the stores.

"Florence bought it," said she. "It is one that the little girl has noticed several times in a window. She'll recognize it. Florence wants you to put it in a conspicuous place."

Varick slipped the doll under his coat and got behind the curtain without attracting Beauty's attention. His artistic instinct and training enabled him to place the doll in a spot where it could not escape attention. Having done this, he proceeded to light the candles on the tree.

When all was ready he lowered the shade over the big studio window in order to give better "value" to the brilliant tree.

"Now," said he, addressing the little girl and copying some of the language of Mr. Chase's book, "this tree is all



SEE STRANGE BACK.

your own. The gifts are yours. They come from our hearts to you. We wish you to remember"—

But Beauty seemed to find this discourse alarming. She hid her face and made a feint of crying. After much petting and whispering by Florence the child was persuaded to turn toward the curtain again and even displayed some small signs of enthusiasm.

"She'll be great when she sees it," said Varick. "Don't hold her too tightly. Let her run. I want to see just how she does it. Now!"

Suddenly he swept the curtain aside, and at the same moment Florence released her hold upon the child. The removal of the gentle hands which had held her frightened Beauty, and she shrank back till she could get a good grip of Florence's skirt. Thus sustained, she stood staring at the tree, her eyes widening and her face brightening. But she was immovable and speechless.

"Just like the others!" groaned Varick. "She doesn't do a thing. But she likes it, though. I can see that. She'll be all right in a minute."

"Like it, Beauty?" asked Florence. Beauty looked around timidly and whispered an unintelligible word.

"It's all for you, little girl," said Varick; "all yours."

Beauty's pose became less trance-like. She seemed to be struggling with something in the nature of an idea.

"Mine!" she said, with difficulty. "Oh—"

She took the least little step forward. "Yes, yours," whispered Florence;

"all for you."

Slowly the child crept forward step by step and drugging Florence after her. It was a wonderful display of courage. Beauty braved the unfamiliar, dazzling, menacing apparition in the corner for the sake of the dolly which lay in its embrace. Having won that prize, she retreated hastily and sat down in a far corner, with the dolly clasped to her bosom. The neglected Christmas tree was behind her.

"I'm going to draw the thing just as it happened," said Varick half an hour later, "and Chase and his publisher may do what they please. Chase is evidently a donkey. He is ignorant of life. As a matter of fact, I knew that already. But I had a few illusions in regard to myself. This little experiment has dispelled them, and I see myself for what I am."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He took her hand, but not as he had done earlier in the day.

"I have been just as silly about you," said he, "as Chase has been about his little girl. I've neglected the plain facts of human nature. I've been trying to fill your heart with a man's courage; I've been trying to make you fight as I fight, hope as I hope, endure as I endure, and it's a monstrosity. No wonder that you always stay away from me when you're blue. It shows your good sense. But try me once more. When the work goes badly come to me, and I will tell you that it doesn't matter a bit, that I love you just the same and always shall, and I'll not tell you to smash things and fight the luck because that's a man's way. I'll not address your dear little head at all, because that's not the right way. I'll speak straight to your heart from my heart, very gently and tenderly—if— if your heart will listen—"

"Yes," said she, weeping happily, "it will."

Torture of a Preacher.

The story of the torture of Rev. O. D. Moore, pastor of the Baptist church of Harpersville, N. Y., will interest you.

He says: "I suffered agonies, because of a persistent cough, resulting from the grip. I had to sleep sitting up in bed. I tried many remedies, without relief, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which entirely cured my cough, and saved me from consumption. A grand cure for diseased conditions of Throat and Lungs. At Chas. Rogers druggist; price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free."

Of Interest to Clergy.

The Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co., having been granted membership in the Trans-Continental Clergy Bureau, the name of that company will appear in the clergy application blanks and clergy certificates issued by the bureau for 1906, and commencing January 1st, of the coming year. These permits will be honored by all agents of the A. & C. R. R., thus eliminating the individual half-fare permits issued by that company in former years. Requests for official application blanks should be made to J. C. Mayo, general passenger agent, Astoria.

No Opium in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years as the most successful medicine in use for colds, croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take. Children like it. Sold by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Cure for Sore Nipples.

As soon as the child is done nursing apply Chamberlain's salve. Wipe it off with a soft cloth before allowing the child to nurse. Many trained nurses use this with the best results. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

PALE BOHEMIAN LAGER BEER

Brewed and aged under sanitary conditions

The Health-Building qualities of PALE BOHEMIAN LAGER BEER are unequalled. Thus it becomes at once a satisfactory table drink and a valuable tonic in the sick room.

Easily kept, when purchased IN BOTTLES from our agents.

On draught at the leading Cafes.

NORTH PACIFIC BREWING CO., ASTORIA, OREGON.



COME AND SEE HE MAKE A HIT.

AMERICAN TRAMP DUE AT FISHER'S TOMORROW NIGHT. Seats are selling quite rapidly for the performance of "A Jolly American Tramp" at Fisher's, Monday evening, New Year's day. Go and have a good laugh and shed a few tears, it will do you good. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and so say all where "Happy Jack" has been, rich comedy, true pathos, artistic specialties, and thrilling situations, all combined and enjoyment. Prices 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Our Great Removal Sale of High Grade Wall Paper Is a Phenomenal Success. Now is the best opportunity to secure bargains as we will move to our new location January 1st, and in the meanwhile we are selling wall paper at prices lower than you have ever seen it before. Call and inspect our elegant lines. B. F. Allen & Son, Commercial St. 365-367

Annual-Book-Sale. Our annual Book Sale starts January 2d, lasting one week, offering such bargains as these: 1.00 Edition of Poets.....\$0.35 .25 Series Standard Works..... .30 5.00 De Luxe editions..... 1.45 Idylls of King..... Paradise Lost..... Ruin of Ancient Mariner, etc. 10.00—Sherman's Forty Years in U. S. Senate..... .35 1.25 Series for Boys..... .51 5.00 Family Physician..... 3.50 Webster's Dictionary with Stand, value \$10, special... 6.75 Many others see the show windows. Price cards showing regular and sale price attached.

J. N. GRIFFIN BOOKS STATIONERY MUSIC

FISHER'S OPERA HOUSE L. E. Selig, Lessee and Manager Monday, January 1st A New Year's Attraction. The Greatest Play of a Decade "A Jolly American Tramp" By the Author, "A Poor Relation," "Peaceful Valley," etc. A SPLENDID TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC GENIUS. Laughter Beyond Possible Parallel! Thrilling, Intriguing, Entirely Novel! Replete with the Most Unique and Sensational Situation! SPLENDID COMPANY. GRAND PRESENTATION. Possessing all the Elements of Popularity. Admission: Reserved seats, 50cents; gallery, adults, 35c cents; children, 25 cents. Seat sale opens Saturday morning at Hoefler's book store.

The MORNING ASTORIAN 75 CTS. PER MONTH