

Between Two Shores

(Continued from page 3)

"But it is not," he returned. Then he summoned his flagging force. "And I shall not be."

"How will you prevent it?"

"By an appeal to reason."

She laughed. "What love was ever ruled by reason?"

"By proofs."

She laughed again. "What proof ever shattered faith?"

"Great God!" he retorted passionately. "Stop! Think a moment! Look things in the face. What do you know of me?"

"I know that I love you."

"I tell you I am a devil!"

"And I do not believe you."

"Go back to America and ask the first man you meet."

"Why should I respect his opinion?"

"Because it is the opinion of the respectable public."

"Then I don't respect the respectable public."

"You ought to."

"I don't agree with you."

Again he was silent, and again he faced her. "What is it that you love in me?" he demanded. "It is not my face."

"Certainly not."

"Nor my manners?"

"Hardly."

"Is there anything about me that is especially attractive?"

"I have not observed it."

"Then I'll be hanged if I know what it is!"

"So will I."

He sighed impatiently. "No woman ever discovered it before," he said, "though I've known all sorts and conditions. But, then, I never knew a woman like you."

"I am glad that," she responded.

"I would give two-thirds of my future—such as it is—if I had not known you."

"And yet you love me."

He made a step toward her, his face quivering. But his words were harsh. "My love is a rotten weed," he said. Then he turned from her, gazing gloomily out to sea. Across the water the path of moonlight lay unrolled. Small, brisk waves were playing around the flying steamer. Suddenly he faced her. "Listen!" he said.

She bent her head.

"From the beginning I have lied to you—lied, do you hear? I singled you out for my own selfish ends. All my kindness, as you call it, was because of its usefulness to me. While you looked on in innocence I made you a tool in my hands for the furtherance of my own purposes. Even those confounded prunes were sent to you from any other motive than sympathy!"

She shivered, supporting herself against the railing. "I—I don't understand," she stammered.

"Then listen again: I needed you, and I used you. There is not a soul in this boat but believes me to be your husband. I have created the impression because I was a desperate man and it aided me. My name is not even Lawrence Smith!"

"Stop!" she said faintly. For an instant she staggered toward him; then her grasp upon the railing tightened. "Go on!" she added.

His face was as gray as the fog which shrouded it. "I left America a hunted man. When I reach the other side I shall find them still upon my tracks. It is for an act which they call

"From the beginning I have lied to you—lied, do you hear?"

By any ugly name. And yet I would do it over again. It was justice."

She was shivering as from a strong wind. "I—I don't think I understand yet," she said.

"I have led a ruined life," he went on hurriedly. "My past record is not a pretty one, and yet there is no act of my life which I regret so little as the one for which they are running me down. It was a deed of honor, though it left blood upon my hands!"

Her quivering face was turned away.

"I reached New York with the assistance of a friend, the only man on earth who knows and believes in me. He secured a stateroom from at L. Smith, who was delayed. I took his name as a safeguard, and when I saw yours be-

side me at table I concluded he was your husband, and I played his part in the eyes of the passengers. It succeeded well." He laughed bitterly. "Lawrence was a guess," he added.

Then before her stricken eyes his recklessness fell from him. "Oh, if I could undo this," he said, "I would go back gladly to stand my chances of the gallows!"

A sob broke from her. "Hush," she said wildly. "Have you no mercy—none?"

"You must believe this," he went on passionately, "that at the last I loved you. You must believe."

She shook her head almost deliriously.

"You must believe it," he repeated savagely. "If I could make you believe it, I would lie down to let you walk over me. You must believe that I have loved you as I have loved no other woman in my life—as I could love no other woman but you. You must believe that." He put out his hands as if to touch her, but she shrank away.

"No, no," she cried. And she fled into the obscurity of the deck.

All that night she sat upon the edge of her berth. Her eyes were strained, and she stared blankly at the foam breaking against the porthole. Thought hung suspended, and she felt herself rocking mentally like a ship in open sea. She saw her future brought to bay before the threatening present, and she glanced furtively around in search of some byway of escape. The walls of the little stateroom seeped closing upon her, and she felt the upper berth bearing down. She sobbed convulsively. "It was so short," she said.

When she came upon deck next day it was high tide, and the steamer was drawing into Liverpool. She wore a closely fitting jacket and carried a small bag in her hand. Through her lowered veil her eyes shewed with scarlet lids, as if she had been weeping. The crowd of passengers, leaning eagerly over the railing, parted slightly, and she caught a glimpse of the English landing, peopled by strange English faces. A sob stuck in her throat, and she fell hastily into a corner. She dreaded setting foot upon a strange shore. She heard the excited voices vaguely, as she heard them seven days ago upon sailing. They grated upon her ears with the harsh insistence of unshared gaiety and made her own unhappiness the more poignant.

"Why, there is Jack!" rang out the voice of a woman in front of her. "Lend me the glasses. Yes, it is Jack. He came up from London to meet me!"

Then the steamer drifted slowly to the landing, and the voyage was over. She saw the gangways swung across, and she saw a dozen men stroll leisurely aboard. Yes, the end had come. "There is no harm in goodbye," said a voice at her side.

She turned hastily. He was looking down upon her, his eyes filled with the old haunting gloom. "Goodbye," she answered.

He held out his hand. "And you will go home like a sensible woman and forget?"

"I will go home."

His face whitened. "And forget?"

"Perhaps."

"It is wise."

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with tears. "Oh, how could you?" she cried brokenly. "How could you?"

He shook his head. "Don't think of me," he responded. "It is not worth the trouble."

The hand that held her bag shook nervously. "I wish I had never seen you," she said.

Then a voice startled them.

"So you have got your wife safely across, Mr. Smith," it said, "and no worse for the voyage. May I have the pleasure?"

It was the ship's surgeon, a large man with a jovial face. "I am afraid it was not the brightest of honeymoon-moons," he added, with attempted facetiousness. She looked up, her face paling, a sudden terror in her eyes.

A man with a telegram in his hand passed them, glancing from right to left. He stopped suddenly, wheeled round and came toward them.

All at once her voice rang clear. She laid her hand upon the arm of the man beside her. "It is a honeymoon," she said, and she smiled into the surgeon's face, "so bright that even seasickness couldn't dim it. You know, it has lasted eight years!"

The surgeon smiled, and the strange man passed on.

Some one took her hand, and they descended the gangway together. As she stepped upon the landing he looked down at her, his eyes aflame.

"For God's sake," he said, "tell me what it means!"

Her glance did not waver. "It means," she answered, "that I am on your side forever."

His hand closed over the one he held. "I ought to send you back," he said, "but I cannot."

"You cannot," she repeated resolutely.

Then her voice softened. "God bless that detective!" she added fervently.

Across the passion in his eyes shot a gleam of his old reckless humor. "It was Cook's man after a tourist," he said, "but God bless him!"

Stomach Troubles.
Mrs. Sue Martin, an old and highly respected resident of Faison, Miss., was sick with stomach trouble for more than six months. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets cured her. She says: "I can now eat anything I want and am the proudest woman in the world to find such a good medicine." For sale by Frank Hart, druggist, and leading druggists.

Morning Astorian, 65c. per month.

THE MORNING ASTORIAN QUICK RETURN COLUMNS

The supplying of any want that may arise in domestic or commercial life may be readily and quickly accomplished at a nominal cost by the publication of the want in the "Want Ad." columns of the Morning Astorian.

A necessity which may arise for buying or selling horses, carriages, furniture, pianos, real estate, sewing machines, bicycles, safes, watches, jewelry, typewriters, or thousands of other articles, can be met at once by the insertion of a suitable advertisement in the morning Astorian.

To secure help of any sort, or situation of any kind, to find lost articles, to secure board or boarders, lodging or lodgers, borrow money, obtain any kind of security; any of these wants may be supplied by using the "Want" columns of The Morning Astorian.

Rates For Classified or "Want" Advertisements

ONE INSERTION ONE CENT A WORD
Count Six Words to a Line.

THREE LINES THREE DAYS, 30 CENTS
30 Cents a line a week.

"SITUATION WANTED"
For the benefit of persons out of employment, ads under the head of "Situation Wanted" will be printed three days free of charge.

HELP WANTED.
WANTED—Good girl to do housework. Apply at Bay View Hotel.

AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED—A BOOK AGENT TO DISPOSE of a small stock of easy-selling books; big profit. Inquire at Astorian office.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.
FOR RENT—NEWLY FURNISHED rooms; steam heated; new house. Apply at room 14, over the Bee Hive.

FOR RENT—THREE FURNISHED
Housekeeping rooms. Enquire 472 Commercial street. 4-12 tf.

NICE ROOMS AND BOARD FOR GENTLEMAN
and wife or single.—Enquire Astorian Office. 4-25 tf

FOR SALE.
FURNITURE, STOVES, CARPETS, etc., at less than half price you have to pay elsewhere; we also buy and sell everything. Astoria Commission & Auction Co., 365 Commercial street.

FOR SALE—Steam launch, length 35 feet.
Address H. 1, Astorian Office.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS LOT
of wire cable new and second hand, any length, pipe of any description and size, machinery to suit anybody write for prices on anything; metal scrap iron and all kinds of junk and machinery bought and sold. Address M. Barde & Son, Portland, Oregon. 1m.

MUSIC TEACHER.
WANTED—THREE MUSIC PUPILS. Inquire at Astorian office.

MANDOLIN LESSONS GIVEN—MRS.
C. D. Stewart, 127 Seventh street.

HOTELS
HOTEL PORTLAND
Finest Hotel in the Northwest.
PORTLAND, ORE.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE of the Supervising Architect, Washington, D. C., May 5, 1906.—Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 3 o'clock p. m. on the 11th day of June, 1906, and then opened, for the construction of a gangway at the Columbia River Quarantine Station, Astoria, Oregon, in accordance with drawings and specification, copies of which may be had at this office or at the office of the Custodian of the Columbia River Quarantine Station, Astoria, Oregon, at the discretion of the Supervising Architect.

JAMES KNOX TAYLOR,
Supervising Architect.

NOTICE FOR PROPOSALS.
CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., May 15, 1906. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 11 o'clock a. m., June 5, 1906, and then publicly opened, for the construction of

a Railway Station and Post Office at Fort Stevens, Oregon. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Ore., and the Chief Quartermaster, Vancouver Barracks, Wash. The United States reserves the right to reject or accept any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be indorsed: "Proposals for Railway Station and Post Office, Fort Stevens, Oregon," and addressed to the Chief Quartermaster, Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

NOTICE.
Bids are hereby asked for the clearing of right of way on road No. 77, from the Olney School House to the sixteen-mile post where it connects with the present road. Said clearing to be twenty feet in width. And to be cleared of all trees, logs and brush.

Bids to state price per rod or mile. Court reserving the right to reject any or all bids.

Work to be paid for when completed and accepted.

Bids to be filed with the clerk on or before June 5, 1906.

By order of the County Court.
J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk.
Astoria, Ore., May 3, 1906. 4-9

NOTICE TO BOND HOLDERS.
Notice is hereby given to parties holding bonds 1, 2, 3, and 4, issued by School District No. 6, of Clatsop County, Oregon, that the same have been called in, and will be paid within thirty days of this date, at the office of the county treasurer 559-565 Commercial street, Astoria, Oregon.

Dated Astoria Oregon, this 1st day of May 1906,
CHAS. A. HEILBORN,
County Treasurer, Clatsop County.
5-2-30t

LAUNDRIES.
The Troy Laundry
The only white labor laundry in this city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.

10th and DUANE Sts., Phone 1991.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY
RESTAURANTS.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL
for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant.
434 Bond St.

Mon Fong Restaurant
Noodles and Chop Suey.
MEALS OF ALL KINDS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
74 EIGHTH STREET

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.
You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant.
612 Commercial St.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
OSTEOPATHISTS.

DR. RHODA C. HICKS
OSTEOPATH
Office Mansel Bldg. Phone Black 2045
573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DR. KATHYRN RUETER
Osteopathic Physician
Phone Red 2161 Hours: 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
3rd floor Bee Hive Bldg., Com'l. St.

DENTISTS.
DR. T. L. BALL,
DENTIST.
524 Commercial St. Astoria Oregon.

DR. VAUGHAN,
DENTIST
Fythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN
DENTIST
78 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

BROKERAGE.
C. J. TRENCHARD
Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER.
Office 133 Ninth Street, Next to Justice Office.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

WOOD YARDS.
WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!
Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man, Phone 219; Main, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

THE CHINOOK BAR
416 BOND ST.,
ASTORIA, OREGON
Carries the Finest Line of
Wines, Liquors and Cigars
CALL AND SEE US

THE SAVOY
Popular Concert Hall.
Good music. All are welcome. Corner Seventh and Astor.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
New La Tosca
363 ASTOR STREET.
L. N. VAUCIL & CO.,
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
Furnished Rooms, Day or Night.
LOGGERS' HOME.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

Eagle Concert Hall
[320 Astor St.]
The leading amusement house.
P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

Parker House Bar
[Cor. Ninth and Astor Sts.]
Agency for Edison Phonographs and Gold Moulded Records.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.
NOTICE OF RECEIVING BIDS BY CITY.
Notice is hereby given, That up to the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, the 31st day of May, 1906, the Committee on Streets and Public Ways of the Common Council of the City of Astoria, will receive sealed bids for improving Bond street from the west line of Ninth street to the east line of Sixth street as ordered improved by ordinance No. 3250, approved on the 22nd day of May, 1906. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.
JENS H. HANSEN,
J. J. ROBINSON,
P. A. STANGLAND,
Committee on Streets and Public Ways.
6-26-06.

NOTICE OF RECEIVING BIDS BY CITY.
Notice is hereby given, That up to the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, the 31st day of May, 1906, the Committee on Streets and Public Ways of the Common Council of the City of Astoria, will receive sealed bids for the improvement of Eleventh street from the north line of Harrison avenue to the north line of Kensington avenue, as ordered improved by ordinance No. 3249, approved on the 22nd day of May, 1906. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.
JENS H. HANSEN,
J. J. ROBINSON,
P. A. STANGLAND,
Committee on Streets and Public Ways.
6-26-06.

BAMBOO FURNITURE
PAPER RACKS,
TABLES,
STANDS,
CHAIRS,
ETC.,
HAND MADE, ELEGANTLY FINISHED.
Yokohama Bazaar
626 Commercial Street, Astoria

MUTUALIZATION PLAN NOT YET READY
NEW YORK, May 29.—It is unlikely it is said today that the proposed mutualization plan of the Equitable Life Assurance Society will be brought before the board of directors on May 31. That was the date on which President Paul Morton announced he desired to submit the proposed amended charter for the board's action. Before that can be done the Lord injunction will have to be modified and as yet the Equitable's lawyers and Mr. Lord's representatives have come to no understanding.
If the matter is not in shape for presentation to the board of directors at the coming regular meeting a special meeting, it is said, will be called as soon as possible.
OLCOTT'S MOTHER DIES.
BUFFALO, May 29.—Mrs. Margaret M. Brennan, mother of Chauncey Olcott, the actor, died last night.
Morning Astorian 65 cents per month.

