

Mrs. Farwell's Guests

By A. M. Davies Ogden

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Out in the harbor the yacht, lying placidly at anchor, gleamed brilliantly white in the afternoon sunshine.

A quick, firm tread came down the wooden dock, and Miss Norton, a look of incredulity deepening into a startled dismay flashing across her face, shrank involuntarily back.

"They have not yet sent a boat in," she explained unnecessarily. "And the Farwells haven't come."

Hemingway consulted his watch. "They told me to be here at 6," he said. "But I was delayed and missed my train. It's nearly 7 now. And you say they haven't turned up yet?"

"No," answered Miss Norton. "They were coming in their motor, you know. Oh, do you think anything could have happened?"

"I suspect they are all right," he responded reassuringly. "They have probably broken down somewhere. The best thing for us to do is to get on board."

"Very well," said the girl reluctantly. Inwardly she was making plans for getting away next morning. She simply could not go off on a three weeks' cruise with this man. What evil fate



HARRIS HEMINGWAY, THE MAN OF ALL OTHERS SHE WISHED TO AVOID.

had conspired to throw them thus together when she had imagined him safely out west?

"You see, I was awfully lucky," he was saying. "Just as I was about off my brother turned up, and we decided the trip was not really obligatory. So I rang up Mrs. Farwell, and she told me that Bob Dickinson had backed out at the last moment and repeated her invitation to me. And so here I am," he repeated joyously. "Wasn't it luck?"

"Great luck," repeated Miss Norton, looking at him with rather curious eyes. She did not understand this new mood of his. In the early part of the winter the two had been great friends, and she had seen much of Hemingway. Lately, however, he had seemed very busy. The few times they had met he had appeared tired and preoccupied, and unconsciously a vague coolness had grown up between them. Today he seemed more like his old self, and the pain at her heart deepened. Oh, why, why had she come!

He had discovered a small boat, with oars and rowlocks, tied to the end of the dock, and now helped her into it. Perhaps on board there might be some word from the Farwells. But the captain had been ordered for eight bells. It was now that and after. Should the dinner be served?

"It may be the best way to bring them," suggested Hemingway.

But the soup, the fish, had been eaten, the salad and now the dessert and coffee, and still no word. Miss Norton was becoming seriously worried when the splash of oars announced an arrival. However, the boat contained only one man.

"Telegram for Miss Norton," he called.

Hemingway watched the girl as she tore open the envelope. At her exclamation he started forward.

"Is anything wrong?" he demanded sharply.

here tonight. So they suggest that we try to find some one we know on shore." Her voice was uncertain. The last train was gone. She knew of no one in the neighborhood. Hemingway's face cleared.

"Why, the Mayhews have a place only a few miles from here," he exclaimed triumphantly. "We can easily get a trap at the station and drive out. I know they would be delighted."

"Emily Mayhew," repeated Miss Norton faintly. She went to Emily Mayhew's! That would indeed be a fitting climax for this wretched afternoon. Was it not Emily Mayhew with whom Hemingway had spent the most of his time at the Richardson dance? Was it not with Emily Mayhew that she had seen him in a hansom dashing down town? And had not more than one rumor of Emily Mayhew's engagement to Mr. Hemingway reached her? It would be horrible to go there, she reflected, yet what else could she do? Clearly it was impossible to remain on the yacht without Mrs. Farwell.

It could not be helped. Quietly she took her place in the boat to go ashore. Quietly she stepped into the ramshackle vehicle Hemingway succeeded in procuring. It was a clear, star lit night; the road, winding through English-like lanes, was fragrant with dew dampened flowers. Everything breathed of peace and beauty. Insensibly the girl's perturbation began to still itself.

Then all at once around a sudden corner came a rush of four blazing lights; the warning "honk, honk" of the hurrying monster. The station horse, taken unawares, backed precipitately. There was a bump, a crash.

Alicia, struggling slowly back to consciousness, found herself in Mrs. Farwell's arms. That little lady, seeing the girl's eyes open and realizing that she was safe, burst into tears.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she sobbed. "Wasn't it too awful! There we were speeding along, trying to make the yacht after all—for the breakdown proved not so serious as we feared—and didn't we run into you and nearly kill you? But the doctor says you are all right," she hurried on. "You only struck your head a tiny bit. You will be all right tomorrow."

"Where am I?" asked the girl wonderingly. She could see the pretty room wherein she lay. Whose could it be?

"Why, at the Mayhews," responded Mrs. Farwell. "We had just stopped to pick up Emily and Bob, and she insisted that we come back at once. You see, we didn't know whether or not you were badly hurt. So she and Bob—"

"Bob?" queried Alicia, bewildered. "Bob Hemingway, Harris' brother," explained Mrs. Farwell. "They are engaged, you know, although they have been trying hard to keep it a secret until Bob got home. But you know how easy that is, with a shrug. 'And I believe there were some business complications too—matters which bothered both the boys. Anyway, between worry and work and looking after Emily, I know that poor Harris has been really distracted. By the way,' sending a keen glance at the girl, 'speaking of Harris, he is almost crazy and insists that he must see you. But,' doubtfully, 'do you think that you could stand it?'"

"Yes," murmured Alicia in a queer, breathless little voice. "I think I could." There was a slight noise at the door. Alicia opened her eyes. Mrs. Farwell was gone; Harris Hemingway, his eyes dark and wide with anxiety, stood there.

"Alicia," he cried, and there was no mistaking the love, eagerness and pain which rang through his voice. All coldness and misunderstanding melted before it like a mist before the sunshine.

With a contented little sigh, Alicia stretched forth both hands.

"Harris," she whispered happily, "why, Harris, dear!"

A Roland For His Oliver. He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all house-keeping."

"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath, "Maybe."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially bonnets."

"You are a jewel!" he cried, with enthusiasm. "Come to my arms—"

"Wait a minute; there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you carry up coal and light the fire of a morning?"

"Why, my love, the servant would do that."

"Can you make your coat, trousers and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't the purpose."

"Can you build a house, scrub floors, beat carpets, sweep chimneys?"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attach you to me. But as soon as I have looked all the professions you speak of, I will send you my card. An answer? And she swept away.—London Times.

Tom—I don't see anything remarkably brilliant about Miss Gotrox.

Jack—Just wait till you see her with all her diamonds on.—Brooklyn Life.

Uncle Silas and The Word Grafting

Tells What He Knows About It and Warns of Its Dangers.

(Copyright, 1906, by R. Douglas.)

A NEW word has been sprung upon us within the last two or three years, my son, and it means a heap more to the welfare and happiness of mankind than any new word for the last fifty years.

It is called "grafting." We all know that by grafting slips into the limbs of an old sour apple tree a farmer can produce new and better fruit, but the word as now used doesn't relate to fruit at all except the fruits of rascality.

A few years ago the man who "grafted" would have been called a thief, a robber and a swindler, and instead of walking around among us with his hat



"PAINTED HIS HOUSE AND BARN A BEAUTIFUL YELLOW."

on his ear and boasting of his financial acumen he'd have been hustled into state prison.

Just at present we have a spasm of liberality on. We are willing to be robbed and wrecked and sent to the poor-house, and we are willing to use soft terms toward those who despoil us. If a chap should come into our yard and steal our hoe, he would be a thief; if a financier worth a million dollars steals twenty thousand from us he is only a "grafter" and must not be brought to justice.

There is "grafting" going on all over the land. None is too high or too low to be suspected of it. In order not to hurt any one's feelings you should substitute the word "financier" as often as possible. The man who "financiers" you out of your all might appeal to the law for damages if you called him by the right name.

Five years ago if you met a highway robber as he was out working up business he would be humming a gay air and feeling that this was not such a bad old world after all. If you appealed to him to leave you enough of your own money to buy the baby a nursing bottle he would gallantly accede to the request and throw in a cigar besides. He was honest in his occupation. He was a highway robber and nothing else.

You can't meet the same man to-night. He hung on as long as he could, but he was driven out of business by the "grafter"—men who juggle with stocks, raise the price of the necessities of life, fill the country with poor-houses and then steal the roofs off them. Your highway robber used to be caught now and then by some constable who didn't share the spoils with him, and he stood up and took his punishment like a man.

At rare intervals your "grafter" is caught with the goods on him. There was a slip somewhere. He never meant to be caught. He doesn't throw up his hands, however. He employs from three to six first class lawyers; his friends kindly "fix" from three to six of the jury; some one with a political pull sees the judge. When the case comes to trial we find that we have been calling a shining light of honesty a thief and are liable in heavy damages. Apologies are handed out all around, and he goes on his way to "graft" some more.

The air is full of it, my son. Almost every corporation and public official is full of it. We can't live without paying "graft" for everything we eat and drink and wear, and we can't die without being buried in a trust coffin. I've been slashing around on earth for sixty-four years, and I can't remember a time when it came harder on human nature to be honest. It's a pretty hard thing for one man to buckle down and saw wood at 60 cents a cord when another is making \$20 a day by "financing." While Farmer Reub is grubbing out a bare living in his fields the constable his vote helped to elect is making \$15 a day by permitting autos to speed at a higher limit than the law says.

Nevertheless, my son, my advice to you is to hang on to yourself. Don't be carried away by the financiering excitement. If the man who was called a robber five years ago is referred to as a grafter today another five years may change things back. As a people we get streaks on. We seem to go to the devil for a few years and forget that there is such a thing as integrity, and then we haul up short and begin to fill the state prisons with shining lights. There are signs in the air that

a change is coming. When it comes the judge who is holding stock in a trust, the jurymen who have been taking bribes, the banker who has been faithless to his trust and the congressman who has sold his influence to a corporation are going to have a hard time getting away to South America, and the mosquitoes will bother them after they get there.

You can't make any permanent change in a civilized race. It will be honest about so long and dishonest about so long. It will have a conscience and admire integrity for a few years, and then every man will seem to feel licensed to rob every other man's hen roost. Today we would admire the man who could raise the price of kerosene oil to 40 cents a gallon and make \$10,000,000 in a week. A year hence he'd go to prison in spite of all the lawyers in the land.

There was just another such "grafting" era when Uncle Jerry was sent to the legislature. He saw other men selling their votes, and he didn't sit down and figure that it was only a spasm. He decided that it was going to be a permanent thing and that the people had made up their minds to be "grafted" on for all time to come. Uncle Jerry got \$500 for his vote and went home and painted his house and barn a beautiful yellow. The paint was hardly dry when a spasm of virtue came along, and Uncle Jerry had to hand that yellow house and barn over to the lawyers to keep himself out of state prison.

Just now we are permitting the trusts to rob the dead and the living. We are kicking on the one hand and buying their stock so as to reap the big dividends on the other. When these trusts can defy the highest courts in the land and squeeze the people a little harder every day it looks like a sure and lasting thing. Don't count on it, my boy. The people will get up on their hind legs some day and begin to howl, and before they are through there will be a new deal all around.

The real rulers of any country are the workers. When the farmer and the mechanic have been sat on about so long they will begin to squirm. Then is the time for the "grafter" to take a European trip. The squirming will soon become a struggle, and there has never been a struggle yet between the oppressed and oppressor but what the former won.

And, after all, we can't rid ourselves of the fact that we have consciences. There are hundreds of millionaires in this country, and when it is asserted in all earnestness that not five of them have made their fortunes honestly don't you believe there is cringing all along the line? The "grafter" may store up his hundreds of thousands and walk around with his nose in the air, but he must feel that he is an object of distrust and suspicion. Money is a good thing, my son, but if you haven't made it in an honest way and the village cooper passes you by without a nod it will set you to thinking.

Cut it out. That is, don't join the "grafter." In the first place, you may be "investigated" when the change comes and find yourself in a hole, and, in the second, there isn't so much in being able to buy scented soap and silver back hairbrushes as you imagine. Plain, old fashioned bar soap and a plain, old fashioned hairbrush carried George Washington into the hearts of millions of people for all time to come, and they ought to be good enough for everyday folks like you and me.

M. QUAD.

Morning Astorian, 65 cents per month

A Natural Laxative

Inward cleansing is as necessary as outward bathing. To keep the bowels free and regular is of even greater importance than to keep the skin-pores from becoming clogged. The neglect of either invites disease. Everyone needs a natural laxative occasionally, to free the bowels of accumulated impurities. For this purpose take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

the greatest boon ever offered to those who suffer from the ills that follow constipation. For over fifty years Beecham's Pills have been famous as a Stomach corrective, a Liver regulator and Bowel laxative. They never gripe nor cause pain. Powerful purgatives are dangerous. Avoid them. Use Beecham's Pills. They give relief without doing violence to any organ. Their action is in harmony with physical laws. Take them regularly and the necessity for their use becomes less frequent. They are a natural laxative and a positive cure for Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache and Dyspepsia.

Sold Everywhere in Boxes.

25c and 50c.

THE UNION GAS ENGINE COMPANY

Marine and Stationary Gas and Gasoline Engines.

WE ARE NOW FILLING ORDERS FROM OUR NEW WORKS. WRITE US FOR PRICES AND ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

F. P. Kendall, General Sales Agent, 62-66 Front St., Portland, Ore.

The GEM

C. F. WISE, Prop.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars Hot Lunch at all Hours

Merchants Lunch From 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. 25 Cents

Corner Eleventh and Commercial

ASTORIA

OREGON

Advertisement for BICUBIC medicine, claiming to cure various ailments in 1 to 3 days.

Advertisement for Dr. C. Gee Wo, a Chinese doctor, with a portrait and text describing his medical expertise.

Advertisement for Santal Midy capsules, used for kidney and bladder troubles, with a list of symptoms.

Advertisement for The C. Gee Wo Medicine Co., providing contact information for their Portland, Oregon office.

Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT.

Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after. Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

THE ONLY PAPER ON THE LOWER COLUMBIA HAVING ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE