

## Her New Perspective.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by E. C. Parocella.

Aboard the liner the last goodbyes were being said. Some of the more cautious among the home stayers had already gathered at the end of the pier to wave farewells cut short on the deck through the fear of being carried off, and others were trooping down the gangplank.

Now and then a couple of cabin stewards rushed up the gangway bearing the steamer trunks and parcels of some belated arrival, and from the pier the sharp exhaust of the donkey engines punctuated the farewells as the busy drums coiled and uncoiled the ropes by which the last of the hold luggage was being rushed to the cavernous depths of the huge ship.

Busy little tugs puffed about the end of the pier to assist in turning the huge bulk of the steamer, and a man in a rowboat paddled about the stern to be on hand in case of an accident.

To Nella Wynn the scene was decidedly novel. Only the day before she had arrived in New York from her inland home for the purpose of embarking, and for the first time she had realized what a steamer really was. Now she could scarcely believe that presently this great black vessel would slip down the bay and so out to the broad ocean beyond the sight of land. For a time she was absorbed in watching the crowds, but the very presence of this crush of humanity presently began to weigh upon her spirits.

It had been hard to raise the funds to send her abroad, so none of the family had been able to accompany her to New York. She had no acquaintances in the city, and she was absolutely alone in this mob of leave takers. There was no one to stand on the edge of the pier and wave farewell, no one to give her a friendly farewell kiss. She was even more alone than the little crowd of returning emigrants huddled on the lower deck forward.

Back in Cressville it had seemed a great thing to be going to Paris to

her cup of unhappiness, and now she could see the familiar railroad station at Cressville, with its yellow, shedlike structure and unsheltered platform, and her friends standing there to wave the last farewell. It had been so different from the boat a few hours before, and she wished herself back with her parents and the girls and Harry Temple.

She could still see Temple's hurt look when he received her gentle "No" to his proposal. He had always sought to oppose her career, contending that she would be far happier in her own home than as a choir singer or platform star. She had hated him for his apparent disbelief in her powers, and her refusal had been promptly given. She was sure that if he asked her now she would gladly abandon her career and go back to Cressville with him, but Harry was with the rest of the dear ones nearly a thousand miles away.

There was a gentle tapping on the door, and she arose to admit the stewardess.

"There's a gentleman who would like to see you on deck," she said, with a touch of accent. "He is M. Temple, and he asks that he may have the pleasure of your society."

"Temple" gasped Nella. "A tall man?"

"With a light mustache and such handsome gray eyes," assented the stewardess, mindful of the generous tip and scenting a romance. "He is on the port side of the upper deck. Permit me to assist mademoiselle with her toilet."

Without waiting for reply the woman bathed the girl's swollen eyelids and removed traces of tears from her cheeks, smoothing the hair and refreshing the crumpled bows on the hat, which had been tossed into the berth with never a thought of the ribbons.

Nella emerged from the gangway to find Temple peering the deck impatiently. He hurried toward her as she appeared and led her to a cozy corner, where two steamer chairs were placed close together.

"I am content that you are here. That is enough for me," she said shyly. "But how did you ever get here?"

"Next train after you left," was the prompt response. "My chum at college, Jack Harkwright, is representing his father's business in Paris, and when you prepared to come I wrote asking him if he could find a place for me. I got an answer by cable to come at once."

"And you never let me know?" she said reproachfully. Temple smiled.

"I had an idea," he said softly, "that perhaps it would be better to wait until after we had left port. It's lonesome work sailing alone and—"

"You were right," said Nella. "It has shown me many things in a new light. Perhaps if you were to ask a certain question over again?"

"I do ask the question over again," he declared earnestly. "I shall never cease asking that question until your answer is 'Yes.'"

"It is 'Yes' now," she said shyly. "I see life more clearly, and love is better than a career, after all."

"And heaven's blessing on the new perspective," he said fervently as his hand clasped hers in the early dusk that was settling down upon the sea.

### When It Hurt.

A German surgeon in the Franco-Prussian war had occasion to lance an abscess for a poor fellow, and, as the sore was obstinate, it became necessary to use the knife twice. The operation was not a very painful one, but the patient declared that it had nearly killed him, and when a third resort to the lancet was proposed he protested that he could never go through the operation alive.

The surgeon promised to make it easy for him and, calling up a few of the loungers, ordered one of them to hold his hands close over the patient's eyes and two others to grasp his hands firmly.

"This arrangement," explained the doctor, "is said to prevent pain in such an operation. Now, lie perfectly quiet, and when I say 'Now!' prepare yourself."

The surgeon at once began quietly with his work and in a short time had completed the operation without the least trouble, the patient lying as quiet as though in sleep.

When all was done the surgeon laid aside the knife and said, "Now!" Such a roar came from the lips of the sick man as seldom is heard from any human being. He struggled to free himself, yelling, "Oh, doctor, you're killing me!"

Shouts of laughter soon drowned his cries, and he was told that the operation had been all over before the signal was given. It was a good joke, but it is doubtful if the poor fellow could ever be made to believe that he did not feel actual pain immediately after that fatal "Now!"

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine. It is always the best cough cure.

Notice to Our Customers  
We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

## THE EVIL MONK

The Story of a Climb Up in the Alps.

KNOWN ALSO AS THE CAPUCINE

I Shall Never Forget my First Sight of the Face of the Monk—A Face Hideous, Sardonic, Devilish and Cowled Like a Christian Monk.

Even now, at home in safe and placid England, the dreadful face of the Monk sometimes appears before my mind. And even now it exercises on my spirits a sobering, if no longer terrifying influence. For it brings with it an accurate sense of all that is eternally cruel and irrevocable and malign in the natural forces of the world. There is something in the malignant grin upon his heavy, bearded, lips, in the unwavering stare of his hollow eyes, in the immobility and silence of the white world around him, that is pitiless and contemptuous of poor human hope and effort.

The Monk, known also as the Capucine, a snow-clad mountain in the Bernina range of the Alps, in the Engadine, derives its name from the fact that its whole surface, from peak to base, facing the Roseg glacier, presents the shape and appearance of a gigantic human face, the features of which are presented full-front and are surmounted by a monk's cowl.

I shall never forget my first sight of the face of the Monk. It was on a clear and lovely July night—an Engadine summer night in all its crisp moonlit beauty. From the deep windows of the Kronenhof I was gazing up the Roseg Valley to the great amphitheatre of mountains, so majestic in their distant snow-covered solitudes, their outlines clear-cut against a sky sparkling with stars.

Suddenly, amid that scene of marvelous beauty, a face sprang as it were into my field of vision—a face hideous, sardonic, devilish and cowled like a Christian monk. Often as I must have gazed in that direction, I had never grasped that likeness before. Never again did I fail to see in it the one outstanding, dominating feature of that side of the Bernina range.

I was a young climber then; it was, therefore, not unnatural that when, with Murray, I set out to climb the Piz Roseg—my first big snow mountain—the natural awe which such regions cannot fail to inspire was mingled in my imagination with the sense of the existence of a hidden force, impassively hostile and relentlessly cruel, which had to be fought against and overcome.

One o'clock on a starry night in August found us and our two guides descending by the aid of two candle lanterns the steep rocks leading from the Mortel hut to the Roseg glacier. Never shall I forget that first weird experience of traversing icefalls by candle light—the blackness of the crevasses, the eccentric movement of writhing shadows on the ice. Still less shall I forget the haunting sense of the evil presence of the Monk, faintly discernible on our right, whose domain we were invading. Then I remember that quite suddenly, behold! it was day, glorious and cloudless. We had awakened, as it were, in the very heart of a shining world of ice. This is one of the great moments of a climb. It is an experience reserved solely for those who climb. It is the thought of this particular divine moment even more than the triumph of the conquest of a peak which calls the climber back again and again to the mountains. Then, at length, we reached the first couloir. The blows of Andre's ice ax, the tinkle-tinkle of the falling chips of ice as they streamed down past our feet, now began, the remainder of us standing fully in the steps and advancing slowly one step higher whenever a fresh step had been cut in the steep slope of ice. Occasionally the pace would be hastened on a patch of hardened snow, in which steps could be simply kicked, but on the whole there was rather more hard ice than we had bargained for, and the waits after each step grew monotonously long.

During all this time our backs had been to the Monk, and only once, as we stood in the ice steps, had I turned with an effort to steal a glance in his direction. There was a sort of shuddering fascination in the sight. How truly brutal he looked! As we crept slowly up the steep slope, and as the floor of the glacier gradually receded

in the depths beneath us, our progress seemed only a source of malignant mirth. It was as if something tragic about to take place must shortly be the occasion for an explosion of evil laughter. At length, after a rather difficult ice traverse at the top of the couloir, we found ourselves on the first plateau above the lower buttress of the mountain, and my first test was safely over. I felt triumphant; and here, as if in question, I turned once more to survey the haunting face. There it stood, grim and hideous; and yet surely there was some change! The villainous mouth seemed, somehow, to have lost something of its firmness. The face seemed, as it were, shrunken like that of a strong man after an illness. The cruel grin was there, but the coarse brutality of the lips seemed to be slightly softened away. The face was wicked still, but the power for evil in it seemed partly faded out of it like the light from the hollow sockets of his eyes. I could scarcely tear myself away, so absorbed was I in the subtle change which I beheld.

"Looks a bit chippy, the old boy, this morning," said Murry cheerily. "Come in, let's get to the next couloir."

And so we started once more, taking a turn to the right which hid the Monk from view. A long smooth snow slope now lay before us, leading straight up to the summit of the first or lower peak, and we set forward with eager steps. What now occupied my mind was the thought of that last arête—the narrow ridge, some hundred yards long, connecting the peak we were ascending with the higher peak beyond. At one time I had almost hoped it might not "go" and now, when at length we reached the summit of the peak and saw what actually lay before us, my heart almost stood still. Never had I seen anything so stupendous, so awful! At no great distance in front of us there rose abruptly an exquisitely shaped and somewhat slender summit. It was somewhat loftier than that on which we stood, and was joined to it by a long, sharp ridge, slightly jagged with rock. This ridge, after a level course which began some considerable distance beneath the summit of the peak which we had reached curved sharply up the peak beyond, making a sharp dark line right up to the very summit. From this ridge there sloped away, with terrible steepness, on the left, tremendous fields of snow and ice, right down thousands of feet, on to the Tchinerva Glacier and the base of the Bernine. On the right of the ridge the rock was sheer precipice, bare of snow and showing a terrific chasm of naked stone. It was evident that only on the extreme edge of this ridge was any footing to be found. I looked at Murray, who smiled appreciatively. I, for my part continued to gaze in silence at the terrific spectacle before me. There then, was the last arête—the arête of which I had dreamed. How infinitely more imposing, more terrifying than anything I had imagined! Could I do it? The vile, dervish face of the Monk floated once more in a vision before my mind; and then, calling together all my forces, determined to meet his evil eyes steadily and brave him, I turned to where he stood.

And, lo! what did I behold? Away, far beneath us, lay the dreadful Monk—a mere huddled heap of rock and snow. Where was the cruel grin, the animal mouth, with the suggestion of evil mirth? Where the fixed and terrible stare of the hollow eyes? Distorted out of all recognition, his features sprawled foolishly about his face. Even now methought I caught something of the glint of hatred, but of hatred foiled and helpless. The Monk had become ridiculous. It was as if a great weight had suddenly been lifted from my soul—as if a dark spell had been broken. The joy of action, the merriment which comes encountered, filled my whole being. The blood hummed gaily in my ears. The immediate prospect of traversing that dizzy edge of ice and rock thrilled me like a passion. The Monk was beaten! I had conquered by simply pressing on!

"Come on, old chap," cried Murray. "Come and eat your grub at once. What do you think of the arête?"

"Lovely," said I. "We shall be at the top in half an hour." And we were.—John Sanderson.

NEXT SEASON'S PLANS.

NEW YORK, Mar. 20.—Plans for next season at the Metropolitan House were given out last evening together with announcement of the opening of the subscription.

The season of 1908-09 will cover a period of 20 weeks, beginning Monday evening Nov. 6. During that time 100 performances will be given of which

Have You Seen The Wash? In Our Hardware Window

The Foard & Stokes Hardware Co  
Incorporated  
Successors to Foard & Stokes Co.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President. FRANK PATTON, Cashier  
O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier

Astoria Savings Bank  
Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$80,000.  
Transacts a General Banking Business—Interest Paid on Time Deposits  
FOUR PER CENT PER ANNUM.  
Eleventh and Duane Sts. Astoria, Oregon.

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore.  
ESTABLISHED 1886.  
Capital \$100,000

John Fox, Pres. F. L. Bishop, Sec. Astoria Savings Bank, Treas.  
Nelson Troyer, Vice-Pres. and Supt.

ASTORIA IRON WORKS  
DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE LATEST IMPROVED . . .  
Canning Machinery, Marine Engines and Boilers  
COMPLETE CANNERY OUTFITS FURNISHED.  
Correspondence Solicited. Foot of Fourth Street.

Create an Appetite

BY DRINKING BASS' ALE AND GUINNESS STOUT WITH YOUR DINNER PUT UP IN NIPS. IT IS A SYSTEM BUILDER RECOMMENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS.  
PRICE, \$1.50 PER DOZEN.

AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.  
589 Commercial Street

THE TRENTON  
First-Class Liquors and Cigars  
522 Commercial Street.  
Corner Commercial and 14th. ASTORIA, OREGON

THE GEM  
C. F. WISE, Prop.  
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars  
Hot Lunch at All Hours.  
Merchants Lunch Room  
11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.  
25 Cents  
Corner Eleventh and Commercial.

eighty will be evening and twenty at matinees. Popular priced performances will be given on Saturday evenings, but their number will be limited to twelve or fourteen.

The annual meeting of the Conreid Metropolitan Opera Company which was to have been held yesterday has been postponed until April 3.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

CHICAGO, Mar. 20.—Rare presence of mind of James Berney, an altar boy of the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and the discipline taught by school fire drills prevented a fire panic and probable loss of life in the crowded church yesterday. The lad is 14 years of age and it was his duty to light the candles before the altar. Young Birney climbed up the nar-

row stairway and just had succeeded in lighting one of the candles when his white surplice fluttered directly into the flame.

The surplice immediately took fire and several cries of "fire" "fire" "fire" came from the congregation. Realizing the danger of inciting a panic as well as making a mis-step which might topple him over the altar, the boy stood perfectly still on the steps while the surplice blazed itself out. Several men ran forward and extinguished the burning flames and carried the lad down. The whole congregation after the first cry of "fire" seemed hypnotized by the boy's quiet immobility and a panic with a consequent rush for the doors was avoided.

When taken into the vestry room it was found that Berney has escaped burns almost miraculously.



HE HURRIED TOWARD HER AS SHE APPROACHED.

study music. Now that the venture was fairly under way only pride prevented Nella from turning back. The bigness of the city and the vastness of the sea made her feel how small and utterly insignificant she was. She wanted to lay her head on her mother's shoulder and be petted into contentment again.

Quietly she moved from the port to the starboard side of the ship, where she could watch the loading of a cargo steamer from a lighter. She tried to forget that on the port side were men and women who were to be her associates for a few days saying goodbye to their friends, while she fought back the tears of lonesomeness.

Then slowly the big ship began to slip out of her berth, the hoarse whistles sounding an alarm to the traffic of the harbor. Now they were in mid-stream, and one of the tugs had pressed her nose against the towering black side of the ship and begun to pant and labor as slowly the stern was pushed upstream, while the sister tug forced the bow in the direction of the Narrows.

Then the engines took on a more steady beat, and the noise of the shouting on the pier grew fainter until it could no longer be heard. The voyage was begun.

Nella waited on deck until the last faint trace of land disappeared; then she stumbled with tear-blinded eyes through the narrow gangways to the little cabin which she occupied alone. She threw herself upon the cushioned seat that formed one side of the narrow compartment and gave herself up to her grief.

Even as a child her dream had been a musical career, and she had saved toward this end. Her parents, too, had pinched and denied themselves that her ambition might be gratified, and now that she was at last on her way to Paris loneliness beat down ambition and she could only sob miserably as she thought of the loved ones she was leaving behind.

The departure with no kindly word of farewell had been the last drop in