

Redney and the Lady.

By FRANK HOWE. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Archibald Harris, better known to his one time friends as "Redney," in graceful allusion to his brightly colored thatch of hair, gazed disconsolately into the shop window while the warm, enticing odor of freshly baked bread came through the grating beneath the window.

He was debating whether to buy a loaf of bread and make an evening meal or to save his sole remaining dime for a bed after he should have had a cup of coffee and a thick slice of bread on the "bread line." The bread line did not open until 1 o'clock, and Redney decided in favor of supper immediately. He was used to sleeping in the open, but he was unused to going hungry.

He half turned to go inside the bakery when his attention was attracted to a girl who had joined him before the plate glass. She was not uncomely, in spite of a certain shabbiness, and something seemed to stamp her as one of the homeless. With quick sympathy Redney turned to her.

"You hungry, too, sister?" he demanded. The girl sprang back at the sound of his voice and made as though to move on, but the "too" was a common bond of sympathy, and she nodded silently. "Ain't had nothin' since last night," she affirmed. "The landlady threw me out because I owe three weeks' board, and there ain't a chance in town for a job."

"Come on in," he invited, leading the way to the door. The girl stood silent while Redney purchased a loaf of bread and half a dozen cakes, depositing the last dime. Then he led the way to one of the small parks and divided the loaf and the cakes with her.

Both devoured the bread ravenously, and neither spoke until the last crumb



"YOU BET I AIN'T," WAS THE FERVENT ASSURANCE.

of cake had been eaten. Then the girl turned to her companion.

"You're all to the good," she declared gratefully. "What you goin' to do now?"

"Nothin'. There's nothin' to do," he declared, with light humor. "No one seems to want me for odd jobs, and there's no chance for my regular job in these parts."

"What's that?" she demanded. "Ridin' range," he answered, with a laugh, "tendin' cows."

"You are a cowboy!" she gasped. "You a real cowboy?" Redney nodded his head.

"I guess that's what," he assented. "You c'n throw a lasso?" she demanded, her eyes growing bright. Redney nodded again.

"I c'n fix you up," she declared. "Got your lasso?"

"They're at the place where I bunked last night," he assented. "I came east to try the theaters, but the theater fellows say they're all booked up, which means that they are some few shy of jobs for me. I'd go back west, but I'm busted."

"I'll show you," declared the girl. "You know amateur nights?" Redney shook his head.

"That's a strange brand," he said. "It's for the yaps," explained the girl. "They have 'em at all the theaters. If you're the biggest hit you get \$10. It's a cinch if there's a girl with you. I'll let you throw the ropes at me, and we'll cop the coin."

"Where do they have 'em?" asked Redney, growing interested.

"All over." The girl made a sweeping gesture with her hand to indicate the scope. "They're all the go now. They have to have 'em on different nights because there ain't enough amateurs to go around. We can play the lot. Come on and get your things, and I'll show you."

She sprang to her feet, and Redney followed after. He was doubtful of ultimate success, but he was willing to do anything that would permit him to enjoy the cheering society of the girl for a couple of hours.

They went over to the lodging house where Redney had stored the valise containing his spare shirt and his ropes, all that was left of the outfit he had brought east. The rest had gone to the pawnshops.

The good natured clerk permitted them to go into the empty dormitory to

practice, and presently the girl dragged him toward a theater whose big sign entreated the passerby not to forget that it was amateur night.

After a short parley with a gray coated special officer in the lobby they found themselves herded in a cellar under the auditorium with an odd assortment of "talent."

It was a long wait before the amateurs were marshaled upon the stage, but at last the chance came, and with the girl's final admonition to do his best ringing in his ears Redney followed her out upon the stage.

The lights bothered him a bit, and he was glad that he was not obliged to talk above the babel of noises, but the catcalls and hoots elicited by his appearance died down when it was seen that he was able to do strange things with a rope. When at last the turn was ended and he sought the comparative dusk of the wings the girl's warm "You done great" thrilled him with satisfaction.

Then the amateurs all lined up on the stage, and there was a lot of applause, and the stage manager thrust ten one-dollar bills into his trembling hands, and, with the girl's prompting, Redney bobbed his head in thanks and backed off the stage.

In the wings a man with a fur lined coat was waiting to lead him over into a corner. Presently Redney beckoned for the girl.

"This is the manager of the show that's here this week," Redney explained. "He says he'll give us jobs with the show. You get eighteen in the chorus, and I get thirty-five for join' my rope act. I'll give you five to help me out. Want to come?"

"Do I?" echoed the girl. "Wahcher want t' ask me for? Why didn't yer say 'Yes' before he changed his mind?" "I'm not going to change my mind," assured the fur coated one, with a laugh. "Come around at 11 tomorrow."

He turned away, leaving the two faces to face. Redney looked into the girl's glowing eyes. There lay knowledge of privation and of toil and of the ways of the world, but they met his fearlessly, and Redney was satisfied.

"Thirty-five and eighteen makes fifty-three," he said softly. "Wouldn't you rather share the fifty-three with me, Bees?"

"Sure," was her assent, half laughing, half bashful. "The manager's eighteen and your five makes twenty-three, and that ain't no sort o' luck. Besides," she added, as her face grew tender, "you're a white boy, kiddo, an' yer ain't ever goin' t' be ashamed o' yer wife."

"You bet I ain't," was the fervent assurance. "I knew it was you I wanted out there in front of the bakery. Let's go and get somethin' real to eat, cow meat and coffee and sweet truck."

"Just as you say," Bees assented meekly. "It's up to you now." And she followed him toward the stairs up which they had climbed an hour before with such different feelings.

Bounced Through.

Sergeant Wilkins once defended a breach of promise case for a singularly ugly little man, which case he told the defendant, after reading his brief, must be "bounced" through. And the sergeant did bounce it through.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said at the close of a most eloquent speech, "you've heard the evidence for the plaintiff, and, gentlemen of the jury, you have admired that most bewitching lady, the plaintiff herself. Gentlemen, do you believe that this enchanting, this fascinating, this captivating, this accomplished lady would for one moment favor the advances of listen with anything save scorn and indignation to the amorous protestations of the wretched and repulsive homunculus, the deformed and degraded defendant?"

His client looked up from the well of the court and piteously murmured: "Mr. Sergeant Wilkins! Oh, Mr. Sergeant Wilkins!"

"Silence, sir!" replied the sergeant in a wrathful undertone. "Gentlemen," he continued, bringing his fist heavily down on the desk before him, "do you think that this lovely lady, this fair and smiling creature, would ever have permitted an offer of marriage to be made to her by this miserable atom of humanity, this stunted creature, who would have to stand on a sheet of note paper to look over twopence?"

Instant verdict for defendant.—London Globe.

Notices Which Make You Smile.

There is quite a rich crop of humor, usually unconscious, to be reaped by the observant in the notices displayed in shop windows, of which the following announcement by a south end bird fancier is not at all a bad example: "Doves for sale, cheap. Eat nearly anything. Fond of children." Not long ago a Farrington road butcher had in his window this notice: "Wanted, a respectable boy for beef sausages." An east end publican announced, "Billard tables upstairs, 1 shilling per 100." A well known High Wycombe tobacconist proclaims from his shop window, "This shop is open on Sundays from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. in spite of Charles II." "Wanted, a warehouseman," ran another similar notice. "Applicants must be accustomed to rigorous discipline. Only the offers of such candidates will be entertained who have served in the army or been married for a considerable length of time."—Westminster Gazette.

'Twould Be Easy Then.

McJigger—It's all well enough to tell us to forgive our enemies, but I tell you it's a hard thing to do.

Thingumbob—That's what it is. We shouldn't be expected to forgive our enemies except when they freely admit that they don't deserve our forgiveness.—Philadelphia Press.

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna acts gently yet promptly on the bowels, cleanses the system effectually, assists one in overcoming habitual constipation permanently. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine.

Manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS—50¢ per BOTTLE.

Strictly Fresh Eggs.

There are summer resorts, remote from any agricultural communities, where fresh farm products are even harder to obtain than in the city. It was at such a place that the new boarder, who had eaten four or five breakfasts there, began to wonder why the eggs were invariably served fried.

"See here," he inquired one morning of the genial colored man who waited upon him, "why do you always fry eggs here? Don't you ever boil them?" "Oh, oh, yes, sah!" responded the waiter pleasantly. "Of co'se yo' kin have 'em boiled if yo' wants 'em, but yo' know, sah, yo' takes de risk!"—New York Times.

The Plumber's Derby.

The compassionate citizen remarked to his plumber: "Gus, if I were a plumber and had to crawl into small nooks and corners, as you do, I'd wear a soft hat or cap. Why, your derby is full of dents." Gus replied: "I'd be a fool to wear a soft hat. This derby has saved my head many a hard knock from pipes and beams. See, I have it packed with crumpled newspapers, which give me both inspiration and immunity."—New York Press.

A Haughty Reply.

A story about William Pitt I read or heard somewhere many years ago represented a noble mediocrity as assuring the great statesman with some condescension that he might fairly expect an earldom for his magnificent services.

"I an earl!" was the haughty reply. "I make dukes."—St. James' Gazette.

Exceptional.

"Is he really a good violinist?" "Yes, and an exceedingly remarkable one."

"In what respect?" "His instrument is not a genuine Stradivarius."—Philadelphia Press.

On the Highway.



Wearv—Youse don't ketch me goin' near dat house again. Why, de lady doused me wit hot water, sicked de dog on me an' threatened ter shoot!

His Friend—Never mind, Wearv. Youse mustn't mind little things like dat. You're entirely too sensitive fer dis business!—New York World.

Want the Limit.

"My wife went shopping today, and she had exactly \$32.19 when she started out."

"How are you so sure she had just that much?"

"Because when she came back she told me that was the amount she had spent."—Bohemian Magazine.

As to the Belle.

Pretty Girl—Yes, I must say that I have a host of admirers.

New Suitor—More than you can shake a stick at, eh?

Pretty Girl—Er—worse than that. More than my father can shake a stick at.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Same Old Game.

"I suppose," said the stranger within the gates, "the lid is on all games of chance in this town."

"Don't you believe it, stranger," rejoined the native. "The marriage license office is still wide open."—Chicago News.

Steady Nerves

are needed by all who work with hands or brain. Nerve strength depends on stomach strength. Keep the digestion sound and robust with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 50c.

Advertisement for Ghirardelli's Cocoa, featuring the text 'A Smile All the While' and an illustration of two children's faces.

One of the worst features of kidney trouble is that it is an insidious disease and before the victim realizes his danger he may have a fatal malady. Take Foley's Kidney Cure at the first sign of trouble as it corrects irregularities and prevents Bright's Disease and diabetes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Cured Hay Fever and Summer Cold.

A. J. Nusbaum, Batesville, Indiana, writes: "Last year I suffered for three months with a summer cold so distressing that it interfered with my business. I had many of the symptoms of hay fever, and a doctor's prescription did not reach my case, and I took several medicines which seemed to only aggravate my case. Fortunately I insisted upon having Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package, and it quickly cured me. My wife has since used Foley's Honey and Tar with the same success." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

How To Get Strong.

P. J. Daly, of 1247 W. Congress St., Chicago, tells of a way to become strong. He says: "My mother, who is old and was very feeble, is deriving so much benefit from Electric Bitters, that I feel it's my duty to tell those who need a tonic and strengthening medicine about it. In my mother's case, a marked gain in flesh has resulted, insomnia has been overcome, and she is steady growing stronger." Electric Bitters quickly remedy stomach, liver and kidney complaints. Sold under guarantee at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 50c.

They Take The Kinks Out.

"I have used Dr. King's New Life Pills for many years, with increasing satisfaction. They take the kinks out of stomach, liver and bowels, without fuss or friction," says N. H. Brown, of Pittsfield, Vt. Guaranteed satisfactory at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 25c.

Summer Excursions

During the months of August and September the Ilwaco R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets daily from all points on North (Long) Beach to all points on Clatsop Beach at rate of \$1.75. Return limit thirty days.

Table with tide information for September 1908 and 1909, including High Water and Low Water times for various dates.

Advertisement for SCOW BAY BRASS & IRON WORKS, ASTORIA, OREGON, featuring services like Iron and Brass Founders, Land and Marine Engineers.

Advertisement for FREE TRIAL-AN ELECTRIC IRON, featuring an illustration of an electric iron and text: 'You feel no electricity—attach to any incandescent socket—low expense would surprise you—let us explain to YOU. ASTORIA ELECTRIC CO.'

Advertisement for Sept. Official Tide Tables, compiled by the U. S. Government for Astoria and Vicinity.

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