

Seizing the Opportunity.

By J. LUDLUM LEE.

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The Alders' week end party was in full swing. The girls, in dainty muslins or smartly tailored linen suits, were strolling about, with the men in white flannels, making a charming picture on the green lawn and shoddy piazza.

Mrs. Alder was swinging in the hammock, pushing herself back and forth with her daintily shod foot, while in a cozy armchair by her side sat Fred Marshall peacefully smoking his pipe.

"It strikes my verdant young brain," he began, "that's it's about time those two people were married, settled down and lived happily afterward."

He pointed to a couple in the swinging seat under the maple tree.

"Married!" echoed Mrs. Alder.

"Married is the exact and, I believe, correct word," reassured Fred. "You should understand the significance of the word, my dear Dolly. You're married yourself, if I'm not mistaken."

"Why, Billy Richards would never dare to ask a stunning girl like Martha Vandercook to marry him. The idea is preposterous!" said Dolly Alder as she gave herself a vigorous push.

"Want to bet on it?" asked Fred.

"My dear boy, it would be like robbing the blind. Billy Richards is a sort of lame cat to Martha. You can generally find him purring to himself in some corner, and in case she wants him he's very apt to stretch himself and come at her bidding, but marriage—never!"

"I'll grant you there's something of the feline in him," said Fred. "He's



"THAT'S THE STOVE, SIR, AND HERE'S THE PANCAKE."

slow and sure, but when he sees his opportunity he'll jump at it, all right, and probably land his mouse. I'll tell you what," he continued—"I'll wager you six perfectly good pairs of gloves against a pint of half roasted peanuts that they marry within six months," suggested Fred.

"Well, of course, in these hard times I cannot afford to throw away six pairs of gloves," soliloquized Dolly, "but, frankly, I feel as if I were taking money from a child. However, the bet is on."

Harry Alder came from the house at this moment and went to the rail of the piazza, scanned the various groups of men and girls and at last cried out to Billy and Martha in their cozy corner.

"I say, Billy Richards, it's time you had a bit of exercise, and I wish you would run the launch around to the public dock and get the tank filled with gasoline for our afternoon fishing trip," he cried, with a merry twinkle in his blue eyes. "And, by the way, Martha, would you mind going along and seeing that he buys gasoline and not other spirituous liquors around there? Billy's been awfully absent-minded of late."

Billy stretched himself, and then Martha and he went down and loosened the little launch Barbara from her moorings and were soon on their way around the point to the public dock. Martha made a picture at the wheel while Billy busied himself with the little engine.

"Billy Richards," said Martha, meanwhile steering the little launch in and out between the larger boats that lay in the bay, "the longer I know you the more stupid you seem to grow."

"Martha, my dear girl," answered Billy, "men with great minds—great thinkers—are seldom great talkers, and I'd have you to know that because I don't say things is no sign that I do not think them."

Billy's chest seemed to expand with this statement. Martha turned and looked at him incredulously.

"It may be that I have done you an injustice, Billy," she said, "but as I recall the past seven years I look in vain for any great thoughts, deeds or speeches of yours. Surely great men say something—sometimes."

She let go of the steering wheel and turned to see the effect of her stinging sarcasm. It was a bad move, for they had neared the dock, and the Barbara struck hard, throwing Martha down on her knees.

Here was Billy's chance to say some-

thing rather pertinent, but he let it pass, with the host of other lost opportunities. Billy was a wiser man than any of them thought.

The boatman made them fast to the float, and Billy helped Martha out as he gave orders to have the tank filled. He then followed Martha up the runway which connected the float with the land. The tide was very low, and the sandy bottom was easily visible through the clear, shallow water.

Martha stared down at some large black object in the sand. Billy stared too.

"Why, it's a stove, Martha!" exclaimed Billy. "Now, if we only had that up here on dry land we could go to house-keeping right away. Eh, girlie, couldn't we?"

Martha clutched the rail.

"Is this a proposal, Billy?" she asked in odd tones.

"I guess it is, dear—at least," said Billy as he put his sunburned hand over hers, "I've been trying to ask you for the past seven years, and now I've done it all of a sudden, with the kitchen furniture thrown in. What's my answer?"

Billy was eagerly waiting for the answer when a tall colored man dressed in black frock coat, white tie and vest and silk hat touched him on the shoulder.

"That's the stove, sir, and here's the parson," and with a low, sweeping bow, hat in hand, he bent his old back before them.

The situation was irresistible, and all three, regardless of race, creed or color, joined in a hearty laugh.

"I'm afraid the odds are very much against me," parried Martha. "It would seem that the only way out of it is for me to say 'Yes.' Let's go home and tell Dolly."

As a rule, Billy was not considered a charitable man, but he turned to the old colored preacher who had helped to shape his destiny and handed him a crisp yellow backed bill.

"Treat the congregation to popcorn and lemonade, won't you?" he said as he followed Martha down the runway.

They were soon rounding the point, and in great glee they landed at the Alders' float. The house party awaited them on the piazza; Billy helped Martha across the lawn, over many imaginary stones and up the steps. His face had taken on a boyish look, while Martha was more beautiful than ever.

"I wish I had a lemonade," sighed Paul Westover.

"All right," said their host. "What will you have, Fred?"

Fred glanced first at the young couple, who had just stepped on the porch, then slowly turned and looked at his hostess, Dolly Alder.

"I believe I'll take a pint of peanuts, if you don't mind."

An Awful Mishap.

Two passengers on an Atlantic liner, one an American and the other an Englishman, did not exchange the farewell courtesies when the steamer reached her pier usual between voyagers who have occupied adjoining staterooms and hobnobbed during an ocean voyage. A plausible explanation was vouchsafed by the American.

During the voyage the Englishman persisted in fraternizing with the American in a most obtrusive and annoying manner. Within two days of Boston the Englishman one morning hunted up the American and found him in apparent despondency, gazing seaward from the hurricane deck.

"Confounded blue this morning, old chap. What's the matter?" And the Britisher slapped his companion on the back.

"Matter enough," growled the American. "Ship's lost. Captain don't know which way to steer. Forgot to wind the compass last night."

The Englishman listened with mouth agape, then rushed off to tell his friends of the consequential mishap. Evidently the gullible Britisher was "pushed along" for some time until he found everybody guying him.

Osmosis in Medicine.

Osmosis is the passage of a liquid or a gas through a membrane. Sometimes medicines are administered in this way. But how far we are from understanding the details of this subject as related to the human body is indicated by some experiments of Professor Louis Kahlenberg. All attempts to introduce lithium salts into the system by absorption through the skin have failed, and yet the same salts make their way readily through the mucous membrane. When the feet are soaked in a solution of hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, an alkaline reaction quickly takes place internally. But citric acid refuses to act the same way, although both of the acids have a similar effect when taken through the digestive tract. Sulphuric acid, then, has quite a different physiological effect when it enters through the skin instead of through the mouth. Living membranes act differently with regard to osmosis from dead ones, and the same membranes which behave alike with regard to some substances behave very differently from one another with regard to other substances.

A Fee to Malaria.

That most animals have some specific function to perform is well known. Now scientists claim that a species of fish exists in Australian waters which feeds on the larvae of mosquitoes and so reduces the prospects of malaria. It belongs to a family of carnivorous or flesh eating fish which is frequently found in the temperate and tropic zones and usually in shallow water. Very small in size, being only about one and a half to two inches in length, it has, in the male, yellow and black striped fins, while the eye is of a bright blue. The fins during certain seasons of the year acquire great brilliancy.

SPONGE DIVERS.

Hardly a Single Caphander of Tripoli Escapes Paralysis.

There are a great many varieties of sponges, most of which are found in the warmer parts of the ocean. The bath sponges are chiefly obtained from the eastern half of the Mediterranean, where they occur at all depths down to 200 fathoms and are obtained by diving, dredging or harpooning.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, C. W. Furlong gives an account of the work of the Greek sponge divers off the coast of Tripoli, in north Africa. Attacks by sharks and dogfish have gradually frightened away the common divers, who dive naked with a piece of flat marble and a line, and the field is left clear for the "caphanders," as the men are called who use air pump, suit and helmet.

The greatest enemy of the caphander is paralysis, hardly a single diver escaping from it in some form or other. The great cause of this disease is the sudden relief of the pressure due to the rapid ascent, and the dangerous symptoms appearing when the diver emerges into the fresh air.

Strange as it may seem, a partially paralyzed diver on descending into the waters recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. To battle with this scourge the Greek government has issued regulations as to the depths to which a diver shall go and has also provided a hospital ship and a sponge divers' hospital on shore.

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up, you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back-Strand Magazine.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominoes and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

The English of It.

A lady, accompanied by her small son, was making various purchases at the army and navy stores in London. The boy grew tired.

"Who are you buying those for?" he asked.

"Why, for father," was the reply.

"Father in heaven or father in India?" the boy persisted.

The lady mentioned the remark to a friend, who, thinking it amusing, repeated it to an Englishwoman at church a few days later. The Englishwoman listened sympathetically. "Poor woman!" she sighed. "She was married twice."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Problem Unsolved.

A story is told of a young man in England, a great chess enthusiast, who was so annoyed at his failure to solve an apparently simple problem that he vowed he would neither sleep nor eat until the solution was found. He shut himself up in a disused room and was found four days later by his relatives terribly emaciated and out of his mind. He spent a year in a lunatic asylum as a result of his rash vow, and the problem remains unsolved.

No Enjoyment.

"This village enjoys the reputation of being the birthplace of two members of the legislature and one congressman, does it not?" politely inquired the sojourner within its gates.

"Nope!" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was a pessimistic old grinch anyhow. "It just has it, that's all."—Puck.

Adding to His Offensiveness.

The man who told us so is always doubly offensive if he comes around after the arrival of our troubles and tries to look as if he had forgotten all about it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

When a young lady and gentleman have a controversy about kissing, they generally put their heads together.

DON'T BLAME HER



For she cannot help it. Women are often cross, irritable, hysterical, and declare they are driven to distraction at the slightest provocation.

Men cannot understand why this should be so. To them it is a mystery because in nine times out of ten this condition is caused by a serious feminine derangement.

A remedy is necessary which acts directly upon the organs afflicted, restoring a healthy normal condition to the feminine system, which will quickly dispel all hysterical, nervous and irritable conditions. Such is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

The following letter serves to prove this fact.

Mrs. Mattie Copenhaver, 315 So. 21st St., Parsons, Kans., writes:

"For two years I suffered from the worst forms of feminine ills, until I was almost driven frantic. Nothing but morphine would relieve me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me health and happiness and made me a well woman."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Evans' medicine, featuring a circular logo and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Seeking the Light.

At a dinner during an Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him:

"Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point. Does the butterfly because the tomato can?"

The bishop laughed heartily at this vivacious sally. Not so a young Englishman of his party, who after dinner sought his host.

"I want to know, you know," said he, "about that joke of Miss B.'s. She asked if butter flew because tomatoes could. Pray tell me what the point is."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Thoughtful Tyrant.

Major Bayford Thorold, second in command of the First battalion, Duke of Wellington's regiment, had an odd experience in Matabeleland in 1894 when sent to restore order in a little township called Gwelo. On arrival there he found the acting commandant, an ex-storekeeper, in a state bordering on delirium tremens, so he had him locked up. The commandant, however, managed to break out and make his way to the telegraph office, where he dispatched the following wire: Chamberlains, London: Man here named Thorold questions my sobriety. Who is Thorold? Wire at once to avert bloodshed.

English Army Horses.

Every horse in the English army is numbered and has a little history kept for it all to himself. The number is branded upon the animal's hind feet—the thousands on the near hind foot and the units, ten and hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus the horse whose number is, say, 8,354 will have an 8 on his left hind foot and 354 on the other one. On what is called his "veterinary history sheet" everything about the horse will from time to time be written.—London Army Journal.

Something Comic.

Brownbigge (to waitress who has handed him a newspaper)—Ain't yer got nothing comic? I likes to have something funny to look at while I'm a-heating. Waitress—There's a looking glass straight in front of you, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

An Unhappy Outlook.

Prospective Tenant—I should want the studio for sculpture. Caretaker—Yes, sir. Some of these is rented for that. There's a sculptor molding next door, sir.—Harper's Weekly.

Mutual Reluctance.

"Here is my seat, madam, but caution compels me to say that I think you are as well able to stand as I am." "Politeness compels me to say 'Thank you, sir.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Advertisement for Fisher Brothers Company, listing various goods like hardware, groceries, and ship chandlery, and providing contact information for their agents.

Advertisement for Astoria Iron Works, highlighting their services as designers and manufacturers of canning machinery and marine engines.

Advertisement for a Summer Drink, listing various beverages like grape juice and their prices, and providing contact information for the American Importing Co.

Advertisement for American Importing Co., located at 589 Commercial Street, Astoria, Oregon.

Advertisement for The Trenton, a first-class liquor and cigar establishment at 602 Commercial Street, Astoria, Oregon.

Advertisement for The Gem, featuring choice wines, liquors, and cigars, located at the corner of Eleventh and Commercial streets in Astoria, Oregon.

Advertisement for School Books, offering a full line of supplies like tablets, composition books, and pencils, with a promise that the pupil needs at prices that will save money.

Advertisement for Whitman's Book Store, offering free rulers and blotters, and a variety of school supplies.

Advertisement for Behrke-Walker, a business college offering practical education and training for various professions, with contact information for I. M. Walker and O. A. Bosserman.