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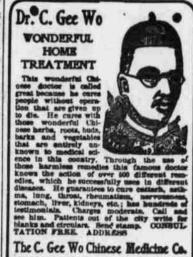
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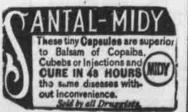
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LOVE'S BLACK **SHADOW**

By HARTLEY WILLARD

Copyright, 1904, by C. B. Lewis

"I tell yo', gal-I tell yo' I'd rather see yo' dead twice over than jined to Abe Taylor. Befo' I would see it cum about I'd kill one or t'other of yo' with my own hand. Whar's yo'r pride? Whar's yo'r shame? Whar's the respect yo' owe yo'r dead mother? If yo' was fined up to Abe Taylor d'ye reckon me an' yo'r brother Bill could hang around yere agin what folks would say? D'ye think we could look our nayburs in the face arter that?"

High up on the side of the grim old mountain father and daughter sat on the steps of a humble log cabin on a summer's afternoon. He was a man Nervous Headaches. They make pure of fifty, loose jointed and a typical mountaineer; she was a girl of nine teen, with a face and form that had no equal for twenty miles around. He sat braced with his back to the jamb,



"POP, YO'VE KILLED A MAN, BUT IT'S
YO'B OWN SON BILL."

while she leaned her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands and kept her eyes on the ground.

"An' why?" she finally asked. "An' why?" he fiercely repeated as his eyes flashed. "If yo' don't know why then yo' are no gal o' mine Heven't I bin tellin' yo' why ever since yo' was able to understand things? Wasn't vo' ten y'ars old when I brune home the dead body of yo'r brother Jim? Wasn't yo' fo'teen when I cum crawlin' home with two bullets in my body? Wasn't yo' sixteen an' sittin' right yere on this spot when a bullet fired from the thicket over than knocked my cap into yo'r face? Yo' remember all these things, Mary-yo' heven't forgot-an 'then yo' ask me why yo an' Abe Taylor can't jine up. Lawd, gal, but I wouldn't be mo' astonished if yo' struck me a blow in the face!" straightened up, clasped her hands

"See yere, pop," said the girl as she over her knee and looked away into the laurels, "twenty years ago, befo" I was bo'n, yo' got up a fuss with the Taylors.

"They dun got up a fuss with me, gal."

"Well, there was a fuss. It was about a mewl or a hawg or sunthin'. The Taylors an' the Renfrews went to killin'. Yo' dun for the old man." "Yes, I did."

"An' then one of his boys dun for our Jim."

"Shot our Jim down like a dawg an' never gin him no show!" "An' then our Bill dun for one o

"He did, an' I'm mighty proud o him."

"An' then you git almost dun for." "That's it, gal. One o' them varmints ambushed me an' put two bullets into my body, an' the lead's thar yit. I've been waitin' a huli y'ar to ambush a Taylor in return, but the durned cowards ar' as cunnin' as foxes. The chance will cum, though -it will shorely cum. Me an' Bill will never rest easy as long as thar's a Taylor left livin', an', thank God, thar's only two of 'em dodgin' aroun'

on top the airth." The girl was silent for a moment, rocking to and fro. Then in the same quiet, even voice she said:

"A quarrel lastin' twenty y'ars an three or fo' killin's bekase yo' an' the old man Taylor fell out like two boys! Yo've carried murder in yo'r heart all these y'are, an' it's thar yit. It might hev bin so with the Taylors once, but yo' know they've wanted peace for

five ya'rs past." "Bekase they ar' cowards, gall"

"Bekase they've got sense, pop. They can't see that the game is wuth the candle. A y'ar ago I met Abe Taylor over at Bridge Cove. I knowed him on sight, an' he knowed me. We knowed that we orter hate each other like pizun bekase of the quarrels an' killin's, but sumhow 'twas jest the other way. We seen each other ag'in an' ag'in, an' we Niked each other better an' better every time. Abe has bin for makin' friends, an' so hev I. We uns didn't start the quarrel. We uns wasn't skassly bo'n then. We uns can't feel that these shootin's an' killin's is right. Bimeby me an' Abe falls hic-ring the doorbell first and thinin hea an' would git married, but yo'

an' Bill stand in the road. Yo' ar' my pop, an' Bill is my brother, but I'm tellin' yo' straight that Abe Taylor is as squar' an' white as either one of yo'

in' he's got a heap less murder in his heart. I'm lovin' him, pop-lovin' him well nuff to be his wife an' do all a wife kin do, but when he wanted me to run away with him-wanted it bekase yo' stood ready for mo' killin's-I wouldn't agree. I said I'd come an' tell yo' all about it an' hear what yo' had to say. I've told yo', an' what an-

swer hev I got?" "You've got my answer that I'll shoot Abe Taylor on sight!" shouted the father in figree tones. "Yes, gal, if yo was his wife ten times over I'd shoot him down. I wasn't spectin' this treachery from yo', Mary. I've bin father an' mother to yo' these many y'ars, an' I'd never believed that yo' would throw yo'r own pop over an' side agin him. Yo' couldn't git Bill to do it-no, not if yo' would offer him all the land 'twixt yere an' the river.'

"I can never make yo' understand," sighed the girl. "I love yo' as my pop an' I'm grateful for all yo'r kindnesses but don't yo' see that I can't pick up this old quarrel an' hate as yo' do an feel yo'r feelin's for revenge? It's the same with Abe. He wants peace an friendliness. Together we want a weddin' an' cabin bome. I said Abe Taylor is a squar' man. If he wasn't would be dun agree to cum over yere this evenin' an' hold out his hand to yo' an' ask yo' to bury the past?"

"Abe Taylor comin' over yere?" asked the father in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"I'm lookin' for him every minit." The father rose and entered the house and took down his loaded rifle. and when he sat down on the steps again the weapon lay across his knees.

"Is it for Abe?" asked the girl. "For shore. I'll shoot him dead in his tracks!"

"Then yo' ar' a coward, an' I'm no kin to yo'!"

other's eyes-his showing the darkest passions, here revealing contemptand then they turned their heads. Thus they sat for ten minutes without further speech, and the westering sun sunk to the hill tops and blazed full in their faces and half blinded them. A sudden step caught their ears and both turned their heads to the right. "Abe!" gasped the girl.

"Til kill him!" growled the man. Some one turned the corner of the house and stood in the full blaze of sunset. The old man lifted his rifle and fired over the girl's shoulder before she could raise a hand to prevent. For a minute a smoke cloud hung low and obscured the body on the ground Then the girl said quietly:

"Pop, yo've killed a man, but it's

yo'r own son Bill!" The old man staggered over and knelt beside the body, and as he knelt. his face drawn and haggard and his breath whistling in his throat, a young man turned in from the road and halt ed close beside the girl.

"Pop thought it was yo'!" whispered the girl. Abe nodded his head

"Wait till I bundle my things an' we'll go."

Merry, but Not Wise. The saying of Charles II., the king Seventh and Astor Streets who, according to the severe yet just epitaph written upon him by the earl of Rochester,

Never said a foolish thing And never did a wise one,

are so many as to show us plainly why he should be so beloved even by those who could not approve his actions. He was a merry monarch, and he was "good company."

His was an age of nicknames, and he was widely known as "Old Rowley," the name of an ill favored horse in the royal stables. One day a young lady at court was in her apartments singing a satirical ballad called "Old Row ley, the King," when Charles knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" she called. "Old Rowley himself, madam," he

returned good naturedly. He could convey a reproof with wit and gentleness. When Penn stood be-

fore him with his hat on the king took

off his own. "Friend Charles," said the Quaker, "why dost thou not put on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," returned the king, "that never above one

person should be covered at a time,"

Good Training. Miss Sightseer (in Egypt)-Mr. New rich, you scale up these rocks as if you'd been climbing pyramids all your life! Were you bred in the mountains? Mr. Newrich-Oh, no; but I carried a hod up a two story ladder for a good many years before I struck oil.—Detroit Free Press.

The Retort Caustic.

Mr. Sapleigh-I spent last evening in the company of the one I love best in all the world. Miss Pert-Indeed! And weren't you tired of being alone?-IIlustrated Bits.

In the reign of George III. hats were taxed. The least tax was threepence Those above 12 shillings in value paid a tax of 2 shillings.

His Lawyer's Bill. Client-This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items in it that I don't understand at all. Law yer-I am perfectly willing to explain

it. The explanation will cost you \$10.

Knew What Was Coming. Pat-Well, here's where ye live, Mike. What shall I do now? Mike-Plazehic-ring for th' embulance.-Puck.

-New Yorker.

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THE ORIGINAL JOHN A. MOLER OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS has opened one of the famous barber colleges at 644 Clay st., San Francisco; special inducements this month; positions granted; tultion earned while learning. Write correct number, 644 Clay st., San Francisco.

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TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS TO the Elder for Vancouver, where he will rent over Star theater. Inquire at embark for China. He will return next theater.

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FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS.

HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS

for sale. Address M. Astorian. INCUBATOR FOR SALE-400 EGGS prepared to do all kinds of sign and

FOR BALE-MISCELLANEOUS.

Office; 25c per hundred.

For sale-At Gaston's feed stable, No. 105 Fourteenth street; one Landie's harness machine; one Smith-Premier typewriter; one 20 hp motor and belting; 1000 good sacks.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Stockholders' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Astoria Electric Company will be held at the office of the company Page block, Astoria, Oregon, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1905, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors ness as may lawfully come before the

meeting. C. N. HUGGINS, Sec.

S. Z. MITCHELL, Pres. December 10, 1904. 11-18-25

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION-NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership of Hop Hing Lung & Co., doing business as merchants and contractors the corner of Franklin and Third, street, Astoria, Oregon, is this day disaccount owner leaving city. Apply on solved by the retirement of Yen Jin Sang, Womg Hond, Lee York. The business will hereafter be conducted by the remaining members of the company. Chew Gong, manager, left on year. His partners, Eng Fook and Johg Hop, will manage the business

during his absence. HOP HING LUNG & CO. AH DOCK, Chairman,

"MISCELLANEOUS."

Hansen & McCanna, who occupy the shop formerly used by T. S. Simpson. adjoining the city water office, are capacity; also three 100 capacity carriage painting. They will make a brooders; first-class condition. Ad- specialty of work of this class and guarantee satisfaction.

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dress A. Astorian Office.

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