THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

SHE SEALED HIS HEART FOREVER

(Original.)

A girl stood before a door opening from a corridor in an office building. her hand resting on the knob irreso lutely. On the glass were neat gold letters, "Arthur Westcott, Attorney at Law." Presently, summoning her resolution, the girl turned the knob and entered. A few minutes later she was ushered into Mr. Westcott's private office.

"Nina!"

"Arthur, help me. Clifford is in trouble. He is accused of appropriating the funds of the bank."

A singular expression passed over the man's face. Clifford Bunn had won from him the heart of Nina Wrenn, to whom he had been betrothed.

"But why not secure another defender?" he asked.

"Because I have been told there is but one man at the bar who can cope with the state's attorney, who convicts all who come before him, and you are that man."

There was a short silence, at the end of which Westcott said:

"Nina, your trouble is my trouble. I will defend your lover and do my best in your behalf." "Arthur!"

She spoke only his name, but there was a world of gratitude in her eyes. Then she turned abruptly and left the office

She had been actuated by one overpowering motive-a desire to save the man she loved, even though she demean herself by asking the one she had slighted to be ber instrument in doing so. But suddenly in his magnanimity she saw the worth of the man she had given up and the worthlessness of the man for whom she had deserted him. But was this new to her? Westcott had won her consent to marry him because he was a splendid man. Bunn had lighted on her heart as a butterfly will light on a flower and carried off all its sweetness. Nevertheless she left the office feeling that she had acted unwisely and that if Westcott had treated her as she had treated him she would never forgive him.

The trial was a notable one-notable on account of the social prominence of the young man, who was known to be betrothed to a popular belle-but the main feature was the remarkable summing up of what was recognized as a weak case by Arthur Westcott, an effort that placed him far above every other criminal lawyer in his state. He saved his client from punishment, but not from conviction in the minds of every one who read the testimony in cold type, uninfluenced by the impassioned appeals of his defender.

The morning after the acquittal Nina Wrenn appeared again at the counsel's office. She bore an envelope containing ten \$100 bills. They were sent by the discharged man as his counsel's fee. Westcott knew that the money had been stolen.

"There is no charge for services, Nina." "Why not?"

it for you, not for him."

"That's the world's verdict. By the act she sealed my heart to her for-ANNE ATWOOD. ever."

"DOUSING" RODS.

Art of Divination In the Bowels of the Earth Explained.

There is undoubtedly a practical art of discovering springs. Indians or frentiersmen can find water in the desert when a "tenderfoot" cannot. Mextcans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary observer.

It is not necessary that the operator should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many instances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group of indications, great or small, which he has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits. This skill, due to habit, is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new conditions it breaks down. Old miners from California or Australia have often made in other regions the most foolish and hopeless attempts to find gold because they thought this or that place "looked just like" some other place in which they had mixed successfully.

Apart from the magnetic minerals there is no proof that ore deposits exhibit their presence and nature by any attraction or other active force. With regard to water, however, there may be an action affecting the temperature and moisture of the overlying surface. Even here, however, it seems more likely that such effects are manifested visibly to a close observer rather than by direct affection of his nervous or muscular system. The favorite fields for water diviners are regions in which water is abundant. but not gathered upon given horizons of impermeable strata underlying porous rocks .-- Cassier's Magazine.

ONE CAUSE OF ILLNESS.

Ridiculous Fads That Spring From a Smattering of Knowledge.

A famous physician upon being asked recently what is the chief cause of ill health replied: Thinking and talking about it all the time. This censeless introspection in which so many of the rising generation of nervous folk indulge is certainly wearing them out. When they are not worrying as to whether they sleep too much or too little they are fidgeting over the amount of food they take or the quantity of exercise necessary for health. In short, they never give themselves a moment's peace. Our grandfathers did not concern themselves with these questions. They ate, drank, slept, as nature prompted them. Undoubtedly they were healthier in mind and body for their sublime indifference, and if we asked ourselves fewer questions we should have less time to analyze or imagine ailments.

That medical science has made remarkable progress in the last few decades cannot be denied. The fault for some present day undesirable conditions lies not with the doctor, but with the patient. There has been too great a tendency on the part of the laity to acquire a smattering of medical knowledge through the reading of so called "health" magazines and pamphlets and to put into practice on their own account that "little knowledge," which, it cannot be denied, is a "dangerous thing." The following of some most ridiculous fads along the lines of eating, drinking, sleeping and exercise has assisted in swelling the mortality statistics. Our grandfathers would hold up their hands in horror at many of the foolish things we do in the name of "health." A little more of the comfortable nonchalance of our healthy ancestors would do no harm to the rising generation .- Housekeeper.

Half or Two-thirds.

distribution recently told of a case in

which a boy got the better of the ex-

aminer. "Suppose," asked the exam-

iner, "I offered you half an orange and

two-thirds of an orange, which piece

would you take?" "Please, sir, the

half!" shouted the lad. "Stupid boy!"

exclaimed the examiner. "I shall put

a black mark against you for that"

Subsequently a deputation of scholars

waited on the examiner to convince him

that he was wrong. "Why am I

wrong?" he inquired. "Because Tom-

my does not like oranges at all," was

Our annual sale commences on Tues-

day, January 3d; every article in the

zette.

The bishop of Kensington at a prize

Mammoth Sale of Ladies' and Children's Undermuslins.

Begins Monday, January 30, at 9 o'clock a.m. AT Foard @ Stokes Co.

We have been fortunate in securing for this city the exclusive sale of Undermuslins made by one of the largest and best known manufacturers of popular priced undergarments in the country. This sale will be the, best ; prepared from every standpoint that has ever occurred in Astoria. No such grand collection of Women's and Children's Superior Made Underwear has ever been placed on the retail counters of this city. Immense quantities, varieties and assortments, different than all or any other store can offer. We shall tell you in the quality of the goods, and cleanliness and purity and their speaking prices what must perforce be omitted here. The following illustrations will give our customers a hint of these remarkable offerings. See Large Window Display.



The girl cast her eyes down to the

"Arthur," she said presently, "I treated you shamefully."

"You but followed the dictates of your heart. I would not have you do otherwise.'

"Then-then," she faltered, "if the dictates of my heart"-and paused.

"Should change even an hour before marriage I would have you change as well."

Her eyes were still on the floor, and she seemed tongue tied.

"Nina," said the man impressively, "do you regret"-There was no reply, only a troubled

gaze, a gaze bent always down, never upward. Westcott went to her and took her hand.

"Sweetheart," he said softly, "let us forget this unpleasant episode, forget that this feeble minded man has for a time captivated you. We are still, always have been, lovers. The rest has been a dream."

"Arthur, you are too good for me. I am no better than Clifford."

There was melancholy in her tone that startled Westcott.

"Not too good for you, but stronger perhaps, more practical, farseeing." "No, you are too good for me. I am

not worthy of you."

"If I ever doubted you were my knowledge of the noble effort you have the conclusive answer .- St. James' Gamade to save an unworthy man to whom you had given your heart would have convinced me to the contrary. Your fault is a lovable one. Come, Nina; on your decision probably rests store reduced-with a few exceptions. the tenor of your whole future life. I C. H. Cooper. believe that you will be the wife either of Clifford Bunn or of Arthur West cott. Which shall it be?"

There was no response, but her head was slowly bending, it seemed, under a great weight, and Westcott guided it to his breast. There it rested for a time, when at last he said:

"Now go, sweetheart. This is no place except for business. Take your time. Do nothing in a hurry. One week from tonight I shall call for your reply."

Before the expiration of the week Westcott received a note addressed in the well known hand. He tore it open and read;

Clifford has gone to another country to begin life anew, and I have gone with him. I told you I was unworthy of you.

. . . . "Singular case, Arthur," said a friend one day to Westcott, "that of Nina Wrenn leaving you to cling to that miserable fellow Bunn. After all, you were mcky to lose her."

you'll have to do if you get in, on the ground floor. Values that two months ago we couldn't buy for \$1.25 we are selling to you now at, your pick for

