

AT FRIENDSHIP'S CALL

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

Dusk was clouding the landscape as Noah Sterling, powerfully built, with blue eyes in contrast to his gray hair, stepped on the porch. He leaned against the framework of the door and smoked his pipe, apparently oblivious to the voices floating out from the kitchen. Yet he heard, for his brows lowered and met above his eyes, and his teeth shut sharply on the brier's stem.



SEE SAT BY THE TABLE, HER HEAD BURIED IN HER ARMS.

for himself. I'll do the same. Let him do what he will with the property. I've brains and hands. His blood fills my veins, and I'll win out, as he did."

"You are all he has in the world. I'll not come between you."

Noah Sterling glanced into the dim room. He could see Bess fighting against her love and the stalwart son of the mill owner as he held her hands. Noiselessly he stepped from the porch to the coolness of the little garden. It was quite dark when he returned, but no light greeted him from the open door, but a low sob broke the stillness and guided him to the girl's side. She sat by the table, her head buried in her arms, her slight frame trembling with emotion. Noah watched her silently.

"Oh, Daddy, Noah, my heart is broken!" The words were scarcely audible. Sterling sat down heavily, resting his work worn hand on her arm.

"You sent him away bravely. Now you cry for him."

Bess cleared her voice. There was a little of self pity in her tone as she spoke.

"That's the woman of it. Yet it's you who spoiled me. When did I ask for aught—and you not give it to me? Oh, Dad, if you could only help me now!"

"You've set your heart on this. You truly love young Thadd?"

"He's all the world!" Sterling withdrew his hand abruptly. Impetuously Bess hung her arms about his neck. "Not that I love you less, dear, or ever could, but you loved my mother—you understand—you must—you are all that is left to me now."

"Understand! Sure I understand." Soothing her, he drew her to his knee and held her in his arms, as he had so often done as a child. Comforted, she prepared to retire.

"Are you not going to bed?" she questioned, her candle illuminating her heavy eyes.

"Presently, child."

Yet he had scarcely stirred when the gray dawn showed in the east; then he rose stiffly, determination in his face. "I've just got to do it. I swore I never would, but I will."

At noon next day Noah Sterling entered the office. Thaddeus Giles, the boss, was writing when the foreman appeared, but he nodded kindly.

"Sit down, Noah. I'll be through in a minute." Sterling took the indicated chair near the desk, absently twirling his cap in his hand.

"Glad to see you, old man. Anything special that you dropped in for?" asked Giles, pushing his papers from him and swinging around in his chair.

"I wanted particular to see you," began Sterling uncertainly. "It's about the young folks—your boy Thadd and Bess Hardy."

"Stop, Noah," broke in the mill owner sharply. "Some things I allow no interference in. It's none of your business anyhow."

"Hold hard. I'm one of your hands—have been for years—yet we were kids together, you, Tim, and me. Was there ever a scrape that we didn't share?"

"When Tim died—you don't recollect—you were planning your own big deal. But I knew. There was a baby, Thadd"

I ain't never told you. But the night Tim went I sat with him. He worried awful about that baby. Seemed as if he just couldn't do till I set his mind at rest. I swore the child should be first with me, at any sacrifice I'd make her happy, and I will—I will." Sterling leaned forward. Giles returned his look questioning.

"I don't understand what you are after," he said at last.

"Bess is Tim's daughter—Tim and Bessie's baby."

"Bessie Fields that was?"

"The same. You begin to see now."

"Come, Noah, this is ridiculous! Because Tim was our playmate it does not follow I should allow my son to throw himself away upon his daughter, a mill hand. However, for the sake of old times and what I owe to you besides I'll make my position clear."

As Giles paused he showed in every line the inflexibility that had gained for him success, but he was reckoned a just man: "I worked and planned night and day, year by year. Now I am rich. My son will be richer still. He is the center of my ambition. He must marry in the world for which I educated him. He must be the gentleman his father had no chance to be."

"What your boy is to you Bess is to me," said Sterling, with an effort. "I loved her mother. The words sort of strangle me, Thadd. I call you that just once, for we are back in the old days. Yes, the words choke me, but for Bess' sake I'll speak them. She said I had always given her what she cried for, though I'm none too sure of myself this time. I am going to try. You want a lady for your boy. You want more—a pure, good woman. Bess is that. She has book learning too. But, Thadd, it cost money, all I'd saved, and when I took the spell of rheumatism cash ran low, and she—bless her grateful heart—she went into the mill till we could pull things straight. It's the factory stamp you have against her—that's how she got it. Thadd, you mind the year of the strike; it's all of twenty years now. You had just opened your first shop, with everything tied up. It was sink or swim, and there was no insurance. You remember the powder the strikers smuggled in and the slow match burning when you and your watchman came suddenly upon it. You were white, and I don't know as I blame you. Death brushed shoulders with us that night. Your watchman stood to his duty. I cut that match."

"I would have given you a share in the concern," protested the boss, living again the suspense of that awful moment.

"I'm a workman—never could be different. But you were grateful. You gave me a promise—a sort of oath."

Giles sat motionless, the dawn of comprehension in his strong self-willed face. Noah held him, eye to eye. "Seems like taking a mean advantage. It's powerful hard to ask. But I loved her mother. Don't decide now. See the girl. Learn to know her. I'll stand aside. I'll not be in your road."

"It's a pretty stiff test," said Giles slowly as he rose, memories, pride, ambition, gratitude, all warring within him. Then he stretched out his hand, and the two locked palms. "You have been a long time calling, but now you have spoken—I honor your claim, old friend."

Unappreciated Services.

Chatting across the table in an up-to-date restaurant, two young men exchanged confidences concerning their activities in a nearby department store. "I can work to the limit of my strength if it is appreciated," said one of them, "but the more one does for the head of my department the more he exacts, and he appreciates nothing."

The other young man subscribed to the sentiment and added, "I put the new boy who came a few days ago wise to the situation and advised him not to hustle quite so lively, for if he ever lets up a little it will be concluded that he has lost interest in his job."

An employer, who overheard the conversation remarked to a friend who was lunching with him: "That is the secret of shirking service. The man who never has an appreciative word for those in his employ when they manifest an interest in his business stunts available usefulness and discounts the diligence of which he would otherwise get the benefit."—New York Tribune.

Posting Sister's Bees.

He was a naughty little brother, but little brothers always are naughty on such occasions. Sister's young gentleman was waiting patiently in the drawing room, and Tommy opened fire with: "Are you going to propose to my sister tonight?"

"Why, I—er—er—what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! Only if you are you ain't a-going to surprise her. At dinner just now she bribed me an' my little brother to go to bed at half past 7. She's hung four Cupid pictures on the parlor wall, moved the sofa over in the darkest corner, got pa an' pa to go callin' next door, but the dog in the cellar an' been practicin' 'Because I Love You' on the pianer all the afternoon. You'll get her all right, only if she tells you 'bout its being sudden tell her it's all bunkum!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When the Dutch Owned the East.

At one time no one but a citizen of the Netherlands, officially licensed, could own a nutmeg plantation. But this policy could not long be enforced against the interests of commerce. The tree is now cultivated in India, Java, and the East Indies. The nut-

meg beetle; hence a coating of lime is generally given to the nut to protect it from the ravages of the insect. The tree bears fruit the whole year round, but the chief harvest time comes in November.

BOOKWORMS.

They Are Not Worms at All, but Very Industrious Insects.

The name bookworm is made to cover an army of little creatures of various sizes, shapes and kinds which can be found in books. Really no one of them is a worm, though perhaps the silver moth and silver fish come nearer to it than any of the others. There are the book scorpions and mites, which are not insects, but are primarily carnivorous. Their presence in books may be due to the fact that they find their animal as well as vegetable food. This is certainly true of the scorpions, which feed on mites, book lice and other small insects. The book lice, cockroach, silver fish and fish moth can have no reason for infesting books except their liking for farinaceous substances such as are used in and about the labels and bindings of books. The damage done by them is largely confined to the exterior or interior of the bindings themselves. The white ants feed principally on wood, and in and about books there is more or less wood fiber which is to the liking of these voracious feeders. The moths and beetles are the borers and burrowers. They seek retired places to lay their eggs, where the larvae will have plenty of food at hand when hatched. They will sometimes tunnel from one cover to the other.—New York Herald.

MONARCHY IS RAIMENT.

Clothing Is the Power That Governs the Human Race.

There is no power without clothes. It is the power that governs the human race. Strip its chiefs of the skin, and no state could be governed; naked officials could exercise no authority; they would look (and be) like everybody else—commonplace, inconsequential. A policeman in plain clothes is one man; in his uniform he is ten. Clothes and title are the most potent thing, the most formidable influence, in the earth. They move the human race to willing and spontaneous respect for the judge, the general, the admiral, the bishop, the ambassador, the frivolous earl, the idiot duke, the sultan, the king, the emperor. No great title is efficient without clothes to support it. In naked tribes of savages the kings wear some kind of rag or decoration which they make sacred to themselves and allow no one else to wear. The king of the great Pan tribe wears a bit of leopard skin on his shoulder—it is sacred to royalty; the rest of him is perfectly naked. Without his bit of leopard skin to awe and impress the people he would not be able to keep his job.—Mark Twain in North American Review.

DICKENS' PHRASES.

The Extent to Which They Have "Made Language."

Since Shakespeare no writer has "made language" to the extent that Dickens has done, and the number of common colloquialisms taken from his novels and which everybody uses every day is the outstanding proof of the success with which he has appealed to the imagination of the nation.

How often one hears "Barkis is willin'," "Beware of vidders," "Oliver Twist asks for more," "Coddlin's the friend, not Short," "I don't believe there's no such a person," "Let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed," "Waiting for something to turn up," "A trifle wearing," "The law is a buss," "The demitition bowwows," and so on!

Not a few actual words have come from Dickens to the dictionary—Podsmappery, Pickwickian, Pecksniffian, Bumblebum and many others. Dolly Varden, the pretty heroine of "Barnaby Rudge," has given her name to a hat, while Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Artful Dodger, Uriah Heep and Mrs. Jarley have become common generic terms.—London Express.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris is that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vanleer, Tenn. "I had a cough for fourteen years. Nothing helped me until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, coughs and colds, which gave instant relief, and effect a permanent cure." Unequalled quick cure for throat and lung troubles. At Chas. Rogers drug store; price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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"Does it fly?"

"Yes. All I've got to do now is to devise some means of finding out where it is going to light."—Washington Star.

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MOORE BROS. WILL BE IN ASTORIA with a first-class steam wood saw on or about Aug. 15. Leave orders at 131 Astor Street, Phone 6-27-1mo

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SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the office of the architect at the Occident Hotel until 2 o'clock P. M., July 17, for piling and capping foundation on lot, cor. 11th and Duane sts., Astoria, Ore. A. S. Reed.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at the Astoria National Bank, until July 15, at 2 P. M., for the construction, mason work, painting, plumbing and electric wiring for addition to the First M. E. church, Astoria, Oregon. Information at office of Ferguson and Houston, Architects.

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LOST FROM THE BOOM OF THE OAK Point Piling and Lumber Co., between 8th and 17th of June, twenty-one (one set) of boom sticks and chain. Chain was branded C. R. D. Co., and sticks have the letter "I" chopped in the sap, with the bar parallel with sticks. Please notify the above company or the Columbia River Door Company, Rainier, Oregon.

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