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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Yes, as one leaves a gay acquaintance of the playhouse lobby for some hard handed, tried old friend, so he would wave the outer world godspeed and come back to the old ways of Carlow. What though the years were dusty, he had his friends and his memories and his old black briar pipe. He had a girl's picture that he should carry in his heart till his last day, and if his life was sadder it was infinitely richer for it. His winter fireside would be not so lonely for her sake, and, losing her, he lost not everything, for he had had the rare blessing of having known her. And what man could wish to be healed of such a hurt? Far better to have had it than to trot a snug pace unscathed. He had been a dillard, a sluggard, weary of himself, unfit to fight, a failure in life and a failure in love. That was ended. He was tired of failing, and it was time to succeed for awhile. To accept the worst that fate can deal and to wring courage from it instead of despair—that is success, and it was the success that he would have. He would take fate by the neck. But had it done him unkindness? He looked out over the beautiful, "monotonous" landscape, and he answered heartily, "No!" There was ignorance in man, but no unkindness. Were man utterly wise he were utterly kind. The Cross-roads had not known better, that was all.

The unfolding aisles of corn swam pleasantly before his eyes. The earth beamed to man's wants and answered. The clement sun and summer rains hastened the fruition. Yonder stood the brown haystack, garnered to feed the industrious horse that had earned his meed. There was the straw thatched shelter for the cattle. How the orchard boughs bent with their burdens! The big red barns stood stored with the harvest, for this was Carlow county, and he was coming home.

They crossed a byroad. An old man with a streaky gray chin beard was sitting on a sack of oats in a seatless wagon waiting for the train to pass. Harkless seized his companion excitedly by the elbow. "Tommy," he cried, "it's Kim Fentress! Look! Did you see that old fellow?"

"I saw a particularly uninteresting and uninteresting gentleman sitting on a bag," replied his friend.

"Why, that's old Kimball Fentress. He's going to town. He lives on the edge of the county."

"Can this be true?" said Meredith gravely.

"I wonder," said Harkless thoughtfully a few moments later—"I wonder why he had them changed around."

"Who changed around?"

"The team. He always used to drive the bay on the near side and the sorrel on the off."

"And at present," rejoined Meredith, "I am to understand that he is driving the sorrel on the near side and the bay on the off?"

"That's it," returned the other. "He must have worked them like that for some time, because they didn't look uneasy. They're all right about the train, those two. I've seen them stand with their heads almost against a fast freight. See there." He pointed to a white frame farmhouse with green blinds. "That's Win Hibbard's. We're just outside of Beaver."

"Beaver? Elucidate Beaver, boy."

"Beaver? Meredith, your informa-

tion ends at home. What is Beaver of your own state if you are ignorant of Beaver? Beaver is that city of Carlow county next in importance and population to Plattville."

Tom put his head out of the window. "I fancy you are right," he said. "I already see five people there."

Meredith had observed the change in his companion's mood. He had watched him closely all day, looking for a return of his malady, but he came to the conclusion that in truth a miracle had been wrought, for the lethargy was gone and vigor seemed to increase in Harkless with every turn of the wheels that brought them nearer Plattville, and the nearer they drew to Plattville the higher the spirits of both the young men rose. Meredith knew what was happening there, and he began to be a little excited. As he had said, there were five people visible at Beaver, and he wondered where they lived, as the only building in sight was the station, and to satisfy his curiosity he walked out to the vestibule. The little station stood in the woods, and brown leaves whirled along the platform. One of the five people was an old lady, and she entered a rear car. The other four were men. One of them handed the conductor a telegram. Meredith heard the official say: "All right. Decorate ahead. I'll hold it five minutes."

The man sprang up the steps of the smoker and looked in. He turned to Meredith. "Do you know if that gentleman in the gray coat is Mr. Harkless? He's got his back this way, and I don't want to go inside. The air in a smoker always gives me a spell."

"Yes, that's Mr. Harkless."

The man jumped to the platform. "All right, boys," he said. "Rip her out!"

The doors of the freight room were thrown open, and a big bundle of colored stuffs was dragged out and hastily unfolded. One of the men ran to the farther end of the car with a strip of red, white and blue bunting and tacked it securely, while another fastened the other extremity to the railing of the steps by Meredith. The two companions of this pair performed the same operation with another strip on the other side of the car. They ran similar lines of bunting near the roof from end to end, so that except for the windows the sides of the car were completely covered by the national colors. Then they draped the vestibules with flags. It was all done in a trice.

Meredith's heart was beating fast. "What's it all about?" he asked.

"Picnic down the line," answered the man in charge, removing a tack from his mouth. He motioned to the conductor. "Go ahead!"

The wheels began to move; the decorators remained on the station platform, letting the train pass them, but Meredith, craning his neck from the steps, saw that they jumped on the last car.

"What's the celebration?" asked Harkless when Meredith returned.

"Picnic down the line," said Meredith.

"Nipping weather for a picnic. A bit cool, don't you think? One of those fellows looked like a friend of mine. Homer Tibbs, or as Homer might look if he were in disgrace. He had his hat hung on his eyes, and he slouched like a thief in melodrama as he tacked up the bunting on this side of the car."

He continued to point out various familiar places, finally breaking out enthusiastically as they drew nearer the town: "Hello! Look there—beyond the grove yonder! See that house?"

"Yes, John."

"That's the Bowlders'. You've got to know the Bowlders."

"I'd like to."

"The kindest people in the world. The Briscoe house we can't see because it's so shut in by trees, and, besides, it's a mile or so ahead of us. We'll go out there for supper tonight. Don't you like Briscoe? He's the best they make. We'll go uptown with Judd Bennett in the omnibus, and you'll know how a rapid fire machine gun sounds. I want to go straight to the Herald office," he finished, with a suddenly darkening brow.

"After all, there may be some explanation," Meredith suggested with a little hesitancy. "H. Fisbee might turn out more honest than you think."

Harkless threw his head back and laughed. "Honest! A man in the pay of Rodney McCune! Well, we can let it wait till we get there. Listen! There's the whistle that means we're getting near home. Why, there's an oil well!"

"So it is."

"And another—three, five, seven—seven in sight at once! They tried it three miles south and failed, but you can't fool Eph Watts, bless him! I want you to know Watts."

They ran by the outlying houses of the town amid a thousand descriptive exclamations from Harkless, who wished Meredith to meet every one in Carlow. But he came to a pause in the middle of a word. "Do you hear music," he asked abruptly, "or is it only the rhythm of the ties?"

"It seems to me there's music in the air," answered his companion. "I've been fancying I heard it for a minute or so. There! No—yes. It's a band, isn't it?"

"No. What would a band—yes, it is!"

The train slowed up and stopped at a water tank 200 yards east of the station, and their uncertainty was at an end. From somewhere down the track came the detonating boom of a cannon. There was a crash of brass, and the travelers became sure of a band playing "Marching Through Georgia."

Meredith laid his hand on his companion's shoulder. "John," he said, "John!"

The cannon fired again, and there came a cheer from 3,000 throats, the

band was all unseen. The engine coughed and panted, the train rolled on, and in another moment it had stopped alongside the station in the midst of a riotous jam of happy people who were waving flags and banners and handkerchiefs and tossing their hats high in the air and shouting themselves hoarse. The band played in dumb show. It could not hear itself play. The people came at the smoker like a long wave, and Warren Smith, Briscoe, Keating and Mr. Bence of Gaines were swept ahead of it. Before the train stopped they had rushed eagerly up the steps and entered the car. Harkless was on his feet and started to meet them. He stopped.

"What does it mean?" he said and began to grow pale. "Is Halloway—did McCune—have you?"

Warren Smith seized one of his hands and Briscoe the other. "What does it mean?" cried Warren. "It means that you were nominated for congress at five minutes after 1 o'clock this afternoon!"

"On the second ballot," shouted the judge, "just as young Fisbee planned it weeks ago."

It was one of the great crowds of Carlow's history. Since upon an almost unintermittent procession of pedestrians and vehicles had been making its way to the station, and every wagon, buckboard, buggy and "cut under" had its flags or bunting or streamer of ribbons tied to the whip. The excitement increased as the time grew shorter. Everybody was struggling for a better position. The people in wagons and carriages stood upon the seats, and the pedestrians besieged them, climbing on the wheels or balancing recklessly with feet on the hubs of opposite wagons. Everybody was bound to see him. When the whistle announced the coming of the train the band began to play, the cannon fired, horns blew and the cheering echoed and re-echoed till heaven's vault resounded with the noise the people of Carlow were making.

There was one heart that almost stopped beating. Helen was standing on the front seat of the Briscoe buckboard, with Minnie beside her, and at the commotion the horses pranced and backed so that Lige Willetts ran to hold them. But Helen did not notice the frightened roars, nor did she know that Minnie clutched her round the waist to keep her from falling. Her eyes were fixed intently on the smoke of the faraway engine, and her hand, lifted to her face in an uncertain, tremulous fashion, as it was one day in a circus tent, was laid against the deepest blush that ever mantled a girl's cheek. When the train reached the platform she saw Briscoe and the others rush into the bunting covered car, and there ensued what was to her an almost intolerable pause of expectation while the crowd assaulted the windows of the smoker, leaping up and climbing on each other's shoulders to catch the first glimpse of him. Briscoe and a red faced young man (a stranger to Plattville) came down the steps, laughing like boys, and then Keating and Bence, and then Warren Smith. As the lawyer reached the platform he turned toward the door of the car and waved his hand as in welcome. "Here he is, boys!" he shouted.

At that it was as if all the noise that had gone before had been mere leakage of pent up enthusiasm. A thousand horns blared deafeningly; the whistle of the locomotive and that of Hibbard's mill were added to the din; the courthouse bell was pealing out a welcome, and the church bells were ringing; the cannon thundered, and then cheer on cheer shook the air as John Harkless came out under the flags and passed down the steps of the car.

When Helen saw him over the heads of the people and through heaving tumult of flags and hats and handkerchiefs she suddenly gave a frightened glance about her and jumped down from her high perch and sank into the back seat of the buckboard, with her burning face turned from the station and her eyes fixed on the ground. She wanted to run away, as she had run from him the first time she ever saw him, and then, as now, he came in triumph, hailed by the plaudits of his fel-

low, and now, as on that long departed day of her young girlhood, he was borne high over the heads of the people, for Minnie cried to her to look—they were carrying him on their shoulders to his carriage. She had had only that brief glimpse of him before he was lost in the crowd that was so glad to get him back again and so proud of him; but she had seen that he looked very white and solemn. Briscoe brought Tom Meredith

through the crowd and put him in the buckboard beside Helen. "All right, Lige!" called the judge to Willetts, who was at the horses' heads. "You go get into line with the boys; they want you. We'll go down on Main street to see the parade," he explained, gathering the reins in his hand.

"Did you tell him about Mr. Halloway?" asked Helen, leaning forward anxiously.

"Warren told him before we left the car," answered Briscoe. "He'd have declined on the spot, I expect, if we hadn't made him sure it was all right with Kedge."

"If I understood what Mr. Smith was saying, Halloway must have behaved very well," said Meredith.

"The judge laughed. 'He saw it was the only way to beat McCune, and he'd have given his life and Harkless', too, rather than let McCune have it."

"Why did you leave Mr. Harkless?" Helen asked her cousin, her eyes not meeting his.

"My dear girl," he replied, "because, for some inexplicable reason, my lady cousin has not nominated me for congress, and, oddly enough, the undiscriminating multitude were not cheering for me; the artillery was not in action to celebrate me; the band was not playing to do me honor. Why should I ride in the midst of a procession that knows me not? Why should I enthroned me in an open broughie, with four white horses to draw it and draped with silken flags? Since these things were not for me, I flew to your side to dissemble my spleen under the licensed prattle of a cousin."

"Then who is with him?"

"The population of this portion of Indiana, I take it."

"Oh, it's all right," said the judge, leaning back to speak to Helen. "Keating and Smith and your father are to ride in the carriage with him. You needn't be afraid of any of them letting him know that H. Fisbee is a lady. Everybody understands about that. Of course they know it's to be left to you to break it to him how a girl has run his paper."

The old gentleman chuckled and looked out of the corner of his eye at his daughter, whose expression was inscrutable.

"I!" cried Helen. "I tell him! No one must tell him. He need never know it."

Briscoe reached back and patted her cheek. "How long do you suppose he will be here in Plattville without its leaking out?"

"But when they kept watch over him for months nobody told him."

"Ah," said Briscoe, "but this is different."

"No, no, no!" she exclaimed. "It must be kept from him somehow."

"He'll know it by tomorrow; so you better tell him this evening."

"This evening?"

"Yes; you'll have a good chance."

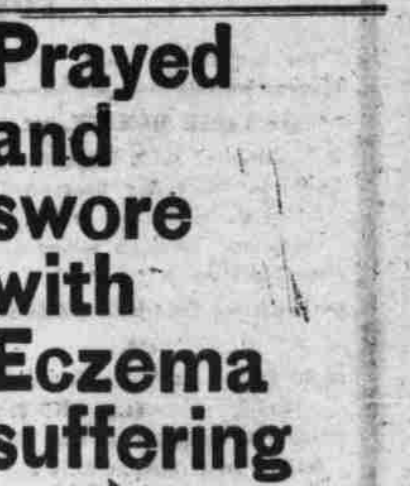
"I will?"

"He's coming to supper with us—he and your father, of course, and Keating and Bence and Boswell and Smith and Tom Martin and Lige. We're going to have a big time, with you and Minnie to do the honors, and we're all coming into town afterward for the fireworks, and I'll let him drive you in the phaeton. You'll have plenty of chances to talk it over with him and tell him all about it."

(To be Continued.)

Prayed and swore with Eczema suffering

Captain Suffered for Years



For nearly three years I was a great sufferer with what the doctors called weeping eczema. I employed doctors and specialists and I grew worse. I had to walk the floor nights, sometimes praying and sometimes swearing. Anyone who never had it can form no idea how I suffered. The doctors told me I was suffering all the features of hell. I tried all the ointments and washes ordered by the doctors, and everything I saw advertised, and all the old woman's whims. I got no help, and there wasn't a day in that time, nearly three years, that I have not tried something. Men and women went into the fields and woods and gathered herbs and bark and ginseng and everything I could do no work. Last January I accidentally saw your advertisement. The next day I got a bottle. The first application benefited greatly, and I slept all night and every night since, something I had not done for nearly three years. I can never tell half. Anyone will have to call at my home, Randolph street, North Abington, if they wish to hear one-tenth. I wish everyone to know that D. D. D. is the most wonderful remedy. The first bottle worked wonders. I could not go to church for nearly three years. I now go and can also do my work. CAPT. JOSEPH FRITZ.

If you are suffering the tortures of the damned don't hesitate, but go TODAY, NOW, to your druggist and invest \$1.00. It will not be an expenditure, but an investment in happiness.

D. D. D. Prescription guaranteed to cure or money refunded CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

SKIN DISEASES

Altoona, Pa., June 20, 1903.

I was afflicted with Tetter in bad shape. It would appear in blotches as large as my hand, a yellowish color, and scale off. You can imagine how offensive it was. For twelve years I was afflicted with this trouble. At night it was a case of scratch and many times no rest at all. Seeing the good the medicine was doing a friend who was taking it for Eczema, I commenced it, and as a result the eruption began to dry up and disappear, and to-day I am practically a well man. Only two tiny spots are left on the elbow and shin, where once the whole body was affected. I have every confidence in the medicine, and feel sure that in a short time these two remaining spots will disappear. S. S. S. is certainly a great blood purifier, and has done me a world of good. I am grateful for what it has accomplished, and trust that what I have said will lead others who are similarly afflicted to take the remedy and obtain the same good results that I have.

125 East Fifth Ave. JOHN F. LEAR.

While washes, soaps, salves and powder relieve temporarily, they do not reach the real cause of the disease. The blood must be purified before the cure is permanent. S. S. S. contains no potash, arsenic or mineral of any description, but is guaranteed purely vegetable. Send for our book on the skin and its diseases, which is mailed free. Our physicians will cheerfully advise without charge any who write us about their case.

The Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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