## THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.



It is not etiquette in Grass Valley to make afternoon calls earlier than 6 relock on certain days of the year. a stone he weather man made the rule. When mercury stands at 102 degrees on shady north porch and you are sure that something ails the thermometer or it would be higher, you obey fashm's dictates without any question.

It was something after 6 when I ned Hallie at her sunt's gate on the ing before she was to return to r eastern home. She was barehead-bare necked, bare armed, and her one was white. My throat tightened a I saw in perspective other nights en I shouldn't care what I did be ne blithe, beautiful Hallie would be

"I've saved only the best for the last. Dan." she smilled, giving me her hand. "Dame on the porch and see. Every day I've stood here and looked over at , my beautiful castle, and would alow no one to tell me about it because wanted you to. I've made more ro-

"Castle?" I repeated, following ber to the east perch. "I don't know of any matte in this town."

obsilience to her pointing finger I ad across the bollow to the hill beand, red of soil and green with culti-ation, having a background of pines d bearing on its breast ruins of gray

"Oh, that," I said; "that is Deacon's Folly. It is"-"Wait. Don't tell me till we are there.

We shall see the sun go down while I en to the story."

So we went through the streets of the town out into a country road and through a veritable lovers' lane, with the twitter of birds somewhere beyond the willows on either side, with the



alloce some stones had fallen from out the wall, and among them grew poison ask; in one corner masses of ble eatchfy and in the center siz dande-Hon stems

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, chief; doctor, lawyer"- chanted Hallie, bending over them. "Tell my fortune, dandellons, 1 pray you." She puffed out her pretty red lips and blew desperately at each one, but their time was not yet ended. They refused to be blown away. Laughing, she went over to the catchfly corner and sat down on

"Tell me about it, Dan," she commanded, beginning to gather the scar-

"Many years ago a good deacon own ed a gold mine." I began, looking down at her gloomily, "and in the foolishness of his heart he thought the yield would never grow less. He said: 'I will not live in houses like other men. I will build me a castle such as this country has never beheld.' So his workers laid these foundations and built these walls. Then one day the deacon went to his mine, but there was no more gold. His castle was never completed; his fountains never splashed in the sualight nor did his electric lights ever shine dowa on the town below. He died, but his 'folly' remains. It has many applications. You, Hallis, are equandering the gold of an honest man's love. You are building for yourself a castle of Bidg., Portland, Ore. fame. Beware, lest it crumble in ruins about your feet."

"You are tragic tonight, Dan," she remarked as she finished her bright used crown and placed it on her dark

"The sun is setting." I said, turning angrily away from her beauty. "You have no business to be working among men anyway. You are too pretty. It was a scornful giance she threw back at me as she climbed the rock pile

to look toward the west. "I didn't think that of you," she said quietly, but her tone made me fush

with shame. "Forgive me. Hallie," I cried, springing up beside her. "I don't know what I'm saying."

"Dear old Dan," she whispered, with a half sob, "don't forget me quite when I'm gone."

Forget her! The sun disappeared be hind the fringe of pines, and the cathedral bell began to ring slowly, each chime a knell to my dead hopes. Hallie shivered. "We had better go. It will be dark

now when we get back." I pleaded for five minutes more s

scarlet crowned, red lipped, misty eyed gy and harness. Inquire Astorian of-Haille; then, hand in hand, we went for. down the hill, along the country road, through lovers' lane and back to the town again.

It was summer when Hallie went away, and it was summer again when she came back. One evening I was LOST-Scarf pin, with red stone, finder passing the house which she had glorifed for so short a time, when her aunt ward. beckoned to me.

"Go to the east porch," she whispered \$5.00 REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR as I went up the walk.

I thought of the time Hallie had shown me her castle from the east porch, and my heart was like lead as I went round the house and looked up to 78 Eighth street. see-Hallie! Not round and rosy as she had been, but white, with great eyes unnaturally bright; Hallie, with he pale lips trembling and her thin little arms outstretched toward me. "What have they done to my darling?" I cried hoarsely as I sprang forward.



MONDAY, JANUARY 15. 1906.

"TOU ARE TRAGIC TONIGHT, DAN," SHE REMARKED.

gurling of a little stream at our feet and the tinkle of bells behind us. We halted on a rule bridge.

"Hallie, dear, let's stay here in the pence and quiet forever," I whispered. She put her hand on my arm. "I have feeided that I will marry you, Dan," abe said softly. "Ob, Halliel" I cried and captured

the little hand. "Oh, H'llie!"

"I've been thinking it over since I said no, and I am sure it needn't interfere with my work. I can't bear to go away and leave you, and you would as soon live in the east as the west, wouldn't you, Dan?"

The expression of her face was eager and sweet and shy all at once, but frowning. I released her hand and started on.

"You were criticising this town the other day," I began slowly. "You said your uncle owned only half his home because he has title to only the surface right, while Mr. Brown owns the mining right. You said that if you owned a piece of property you should want to own halfway down to China; that it must be all or nothing with you."

Hallie flushed, but made no reply, Se, but I want all of you-your mind as well as your beautiful body. If you are to be my wife you must not give the Benton Clarion or any other newspaper a mining right to take the gold of your brightest thoughts away from me

"But I am the best girl reporter in the state. They said so," she protested, with sweet, unconscious egotism. "I can't give up my work, Dan. I love it." "No one can serve two masters, Hallie."

We walked a little while in silence. When I turned to assist her up the hill I saw that ber eyes were wet, but she was brave and proud, was Hallie. She looked up at me, laughing.

"Thus endeth the first chapter," she said mockingly.

"So be it," I answered, holding open the great gate that she might pass through.

We went through a pear orchard, and presently we stood among the gray stone ruins. In the inclosure were pine trees and maples waving their great leaves mournfully: near the front en

"I'm tired, Dan," she whispered, laying her dear head on my shoulder. "You said no one could serve two masters, and I have failed in serving one. I went out one stormy night to get price apply to F. D. Kuettner, Astoria, details of a horrible murder case. I Oregon, caught cold and couldn't seem to get over it. They said I must come back to California. And, Dan, I was glad, for California held you. My castle has fallen, as you said it might, but I don't seem to care."

"Hallie," I answered joyously, "love is better than fame and quietness far more to be desired than great riches. After you left I bought the pear orchard, and often have I sat among the castle ruins longing for my little girl. Tomorrow I will begin to build our house, and when it is finished 7 shall take you there. The pure winds and the balm of the pines will give you back your health. Oh, Hallie, Hallie!" And looking into her dear eyes I saw aweet prophecy of happy days to come.

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