

**Miss Gillman,
Authoress**
By A. N. DAVIES OGDEN
Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

It was very hot and stuffy in the little office. From the room beyond came the monotonous click, click of a typewriter, broken only by the regular jangle of the bell and the shove of the carriage back into position. The editor sighed wearily. Of what earthly use were the readers if they passed on such stuff as this to him for decision? He stared angrily at the heap of manuscripts on his desk. He was only a very young editor, the junior in fact.

The editor sighed again, then applied himself resolutely to his task, but how tired he was of reading the effusive output of those who conceived themselves as geniuses, and today he had another ground for ill humor. All the week he had been looking forward to a quiet, restful Sunday at his sister's, and now the morning's mail had brought news that spoiled all that.

"I am so glad you are coming," Anna's letter ran, "especially as I expect Miss Lawrence. She writes, too, and I am sure you will like her."

The editor frowned again at the thought. He had at once sent Anna a wire pleading detention on important business. It was very tiresome of her, when she knew his tastes. He liked women well enough. They were nice and soothing and sat with pretty folded hands. But girls! He shivered at the very idea. They were always rushing about, giggling, chattering—it was easy to see that the editor was young.

There was a timid knock on the outside door. The click of the typewriter stopped. A moment later the stenographer appeared.

"A young lady wishes to see you, sir," she said. Warrington groaned, but he felt himself resigned to the worst today.

"Very well; show her in," he said grimly.

There was a moment's pause, a hesitating step, and then the editor fairly jumped. She was so unlike what he



"I see," he said. "AND THE STORY?" had expected. Shy brown eyes looked at him under long dark lashes with a half wistful, half frightened gaze; a sweet red mouth quivered expectantly. She looked so altogether like a little girl about to cry that the editor felt impelled to comfort her.

"Come in," he said gently. And then he smiled. "Do I look so terrible?" he queried, rather amused, as the girl still stood uncertainly.

"No, no," she said reluctantly. "You don't. But, then, I never spoke to an editor before."

Warrington's smile broke into a laugh.

"I am quite a tame one," he assured her. The girl came in, carefully closing the door behind her. Then she pulled out a letter.

"It—it was that which gave me courage to come," she said. "I—I thought perhaps you might have made a mistake. Because the story isn't really very long," she added eagerly.

Warrington took the letter. It was typewritten, on the office paper, and set forth in polite terms that the editors liked the inclosed story; that it was bright, racy and original, but that it was rather too long for their use. It closed by requesting the author to send something shorter. Warrington looked up.

"Yes, I remember now," he said slowly. "We liked the story, Miss Gillman"—gathering the name from the letter—"but it is a little long. Couldn't you—couldn't you cut it perhaps?" Warrington hardly recognized himself as he proffered this last suggestion, but somehow he felt absurdly anxious to help this appealing little mite. The girl considered a moment.

"Perhaps I could. I do so want to see it published. Don't you love to see your name in print?" For the editor

was also an author and was regarded as one of the cleverest of the coming young men. Only his love scenes were a bit weak, and people thought that he would get over that. He laughed.

"Yes, I do," he confessed. "One doesn't get tired of it, at least I don't. But about yourself."

"Perhaps I might try another one," said the girl slowly. "I—I have the idea. About a girl who admired a man's work and wanted to meet him, and so she goes to his office on some excuse and finds him there"—She stopped.

"Yes," said Warrington; "and does she like him?"

The girl threw him a queer little look.

"She likes him very much," she assented, "but then she doesn't know how she is to see him again."

"Can't the man manage that?" interpolated Warrington. The girl stubbed.

"Oh, he doesn't think anything about it," she explained hastily. "You see, he doesn't care about girls—and so"—

Warrington looked puzzled. Somehow the plot sounded oddly familiar, but he was not one bit conceited.

"How do you work it out, then?" he asked.

"Oh," said the girl breathlessly, "I believe they meet at the house of some friend, and there's a lake and moonlight"—

"I see," said Warrington absently. The story itself he did not think much of, but it had suggested an idea. How was he, Warrington, going to see this girl again? He was aware of a great and growing desire that he should do so. She had risen to her feet.

"Goodby," she said. "Thank you for your kind advice, and I will try the new story." Warrington made a desperate effort.

"And in the meantime?" he said. She started.

"You mean"—she asked.

"Am I not going to see you again?" He put it plainly. She flushed deeper than before.

"Oh, do you—do you really want to?" she asked eagerly. "Do you?"

"I do," he said determinedly.

She drew a long breath, then threw back her head.

"I am going to be at your sister's for Sunday," she said distinctly. "If you choose to come."

"Choose!" he echoed. "I will come, of course. But"—starting in sudden bewilderment—"who are you? I never have heard her mention"—But the girl interrupted.

"I am Edna Lawrence," she said, speaking very fast. "And—and you will probably despise me, but I am going to tell you the truth. Anna inadvertently let fall this morning that on my account you were foregoing your holiday, and, of course, I felt sorry. And—and I told her that I would make you come, and she wagered me that I couldn't. So—so, of course, after that I had to. But you needn't," she urged. "I—I will never tell her that you said you would."

The tears were perilously near the brown eyes now. But Warrington, who had got himself well under command again, came closer to her.

"I see," he said. "And the story?" The girl swallowed a little sob.

"Oh, I wrote it," she said. "Hope Gillman is the name I took. I—I'll try to rewrite it."

"I mean the other," said Warrington gently. "The one about the girl who came to the man's office. Did—did she really like him?" he demanded, his own voice changing sharply. "For it wasn't quite right as you had it. Perhaps the man had never cared for girls before, but this one he did care for, and he did try to see her again. Did he succeed? Were there a lake and moonlight? Tell me," his tone dropping to an eager entreaty. "May I come to Anna's tonight?"

But the girl, who had fled to the door, caught at the handle. Then she stopped and looked back.

"There—there certainly is a lake," she admitted faintly, "and perhaps there may be a moon—tonight."

And the next moment she was gone.

The First Artificial Fire.

In the course of time a man somewhere in the world hit upon a plan of kindling a fire without having any fire to begin with—that is to say, he hit upon a plan of producing a fire by artificial means. He knew that by rubbing his hands together very hard and very fast he could make them very warm. By trial he learned that by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together he could make them very warm. Then he asked himself the question. Can a fire be kindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together if they are rubbed hard enough? He placed upon the ground a piece of perfectly dry wood and rubbed this with the end of a stick until a groove was made. In the groove a fine dust of wood—a kind of sawdust—was made by the rubbing. He went on rubbing hard and fast, and, behold, the dust in the groove began to glow! He placed some dry grass upon the embers and blew upon them with his breath, and the grass burst into a flame. Here for the first time a man kindled a fire for himself. He had invented the match, the greatest invention perhaps in the history of the world.—St. Nicholas.

A Feeble Answer.

"Lawyers are supposed to be the most literal minded men," said Eliza Root, "but every now and then counsel in course of practice will encounter witnesses who can give them points in the matter of literal answers. An Irishman was called to testify in a damage suit arising out of the death of a man 'at the hands of a bull,' so to

QUICK RETURN COLUMNS.

Situations Wanted Advertisements Inserted Twice Without Charge.

HELP WANTED.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY AND R. R. Accounting. \$50 to \$500 a month salary assured our graduates under bond. Our six schools the largest in America and endorsed by all Railroads. Write for catalogue. **MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY,** Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N. Y., Atlanta, Ga., La Crosse, Wis., Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

WANTED: YOUNG MEN; PREPARE yourselves to fill the positions that will be created as fast as the numerous railroads complete their extensions during 1906; salaries paid telegraph operators \$80 to \$150 per month; we prepare you at home by mail first and you can enter our school later, saving 1 to 2 months' board and tuition; write for our terms today. **Pacific Coast School of Telegraphy,** Portland, Ore.

AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS, REPAIR-men, chauffeurs and others wanted all over the country; 50,000 machines built this year in United States; affording great opportunities for our students; 6 cents a day will qualify you for good wages in this growing field. For full particulars and one free lesson, including a Dictionary of Motoring Terms. Address The Correspondence School of Automobile Engineering, suite 7463 Flatiron Bldg., New York.

WANTED—GENERAL AGENT TO represent us in this locality; man with some ability; we offer the best plan to buy orange groves in Southern California on small monthly payments; permanent position with liberal pay to good men who can produce business; write today. **California Fruit Growers' Association of Los Angeles,** 28 H. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

WOOD YARDS.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD! Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 319; Main, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

"Are we to understand, sir," asked the prosecuting attorney, "that the deceased, Patrick Flannigan, was your father?"

"He was till the bull killed him," was the reply of the witness.—Woman's Home Companion.

While one finds company in himself and his pursuits he cannot feel old, no matter what his years may be.

WEDDING SPEECHES.

Some That Were Not in the Usual Conventional Style.

A wedding in New York at which the bridesmaids were representative of six nationalities and each felicitated the bride in the language of her own country was an odd affair, but probably not so well received as the speech of a young Englishman who was called upon to propose the toast, "The Bridesmaids." Apprised of his ordeal in advance, he had devised an escape, and with the single statement that silence was golden he brought from his pocket a set of gold bangles, which he bestowed upon the attendants of the bride.

At a wedding feast at Dol, in Normandy, the demand for a speech resulted in the production of a guitar, upon which the speaker accompanied himself while he chanted the praises of the bride. Had he stopped there all would have been well, but he changed to a praise of his store, and the guests threw him out of the house.

Doubtless a similar fate should have befallen the sharpshooter who wrote the name of the bride upon the wall with pistol bullets, to the serious damage of the wall paper. Almost as odd was the performance of a German music hall performer, who, when called upon for entertainment, mounted the table upon his hands and balanced himself upon glasses, cups and other furnishings.

Funny Blunders.

A famous sculptor group recently exhibited in Glasgow represents Adam and Eve after they had left Eden. Eve, in despair, lies at Adam's feet. Through a mistake an intelligent attendant placed it with this description: "Motherless." At the same exhibition was a sleeping nymph, by a well known sculptor, which by another mistake appeared in the catalogue as "Mrs. —," greatly to the horror of Glasgow. A Sunday school boy recently gave this account of the prophet Elijah: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried: 'Go up, thou baldhead! Go up, thou baldhead!' And before he went up he divided the Red sea."

FOR RENT—FURNISHED ROOMS.

FOR RENT—TWO NICELY FURNISHED rooms with board if desired; privilege of bath and phone. Phone R. 2131.

FOR RENT—THREE FURNISHED rooms for housekeeping; no children. Enquire 472 Commercial street.

FOR RENT—3 FURNISHED HOUSE-keeping rooms. 578 Commercial.

FOR RENT—Housekeeping rooms at 677 Exchange street.

FOR RENT—FURNISHED OR UN-furnished rooms. Apply over A. V. Allen's store.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—SECOND-HAND 1 COL-umn newspaper outfit; complete except press; cheap. Inquire at this office.

FOR SALE—CHEAP—HORSE, BUG-gy and harness. Inquire Astorian office.

SECOND HAND DONKEY ENGINES for sale, suitable for logging and hoisting purposes. For description and price apply to E. D. Kuettner, Astoria, Oregon.

MUSIC TEACHER.

WANTED—THREE MUSIC PUPILS. Inquire at Astorian office.

MANDOLIN LESSONS GIVEN—MRS. C. D. Stewart, 127 Seventh street.

HORSES FOR HIRE.

GOOD SADDLE HORSE FOR HIRE BY hour or day. Apply at Astorian office.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

RESTAURANTS.

TOKE POINT OYSTER HOUSE.
Eastern and Shoalwater Bay Oysters
Steaks, Chops, Etc.
Open day and night.
11th St., next to Scully's cigar store

FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.

You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 613 Commercial St.

BROKERAGE.

C. J. TRENCHARD
Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping.
CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER.
Office 128 Ninth Street, Next to Justice Office.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

LAUNDRIES.

The Troy Laundry
The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.
10th and DUANE Sts., Phone 1901.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PHYSICIANS.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Acting Assistant Surgeon
U. S. Marine Hospital Service.
Office hours: 10 to 12 a.m. 1 to 4:30 p.m.
477 Commercial Street, 2nd Floor.

DR. J. P. GORAY,
Specialist
EYE, EAR,
NOSE AND THROAT
205 Oregonian Building.
PORTLAND . . . OREGON

OSTEOPATHISTS.

DR. RHODA C. NICES
OSTEOPATH
Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2968
573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DENTISTS.

DR. T. L. BALL,
DENTIST.
624 Commercial St Astoria Oregon.

DR. VAUGHAN,
DENTIST
Fythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN
DENTIST
678 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

HOTELS.

HOTEL PORTLAND
PORTLAND, ORE.
Finest Hotel in the Northwest

JUST A MOMENT!

**We Want to Talk to You
ABOUT BOOK BINDING**

We do it in All the Latest and Best Styles of the Art. . .

We take your Old Magazines that you have piled away on your shelves and make Handsome Books of them fit to grace any library.

We take your old worn out books with the covers torn off, rebind them and return to you good as any new book.

Let us figure with you on fixing up your Library.

The J. S. Dellinger Co.

Makers of All Kinds of Books

ASTORIAN BUILDING CORNER COMMERCIAL AND 10TH STREET