

CANDLESS' CANDIDACY

By Henry Barlinghoff

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"Then you may get the senatorship?" asked Marion. Candleless gave a little laugh.

"It ought to be better than that," he declared. "This investigation will attract attention all over the country. It might even be good for the governorship."

"But you won't get the senatorship this election, will you?" persisted the girl. Candleless shook his head.

"We are only fairly getting under way," he explained patiently. "I suspect the committee will sit after Christmas."

"But I thought you were the whole investigation," she persisted. "What has the committee to do? Can't you hurry it up?"

"I am only one of a committee of five," he said. "I am doing most of the work, but these things cannot be hurried."

"You know now that they all stole," she persisted.

"But the facts must be legally set forth. We cannot rush it through."

"I wish you could," she whispered. "Then we could be married at once."

"I know it, dear," he answered tenderly. "I would give anything to hurry it up, but we must wait."

Harrington, strolling across the ballroom floor, heard and smiled as he asked Candleless for a ten minute chat. The younger man went off, proud to be seen in conference with the man who really ruled the destinies of his party.

Three months before Candleless would have shouted at the suggestion that he might be sent to the senate from his state. He was merely a young attorney whose cleverness had gained for him a place in the state legislature. Then had come the water front investigation. He had been placed on the committee because the leaders supposed him to be "safe." To the surprise of every one, he had developed an integrity at cross examination which had drawn out, bit by bit, the whole

available candidate. They will run me for the state senate, with the assurance that I shall be sent to Washington."

"You'll be awfully busy with the campaign and the investigation," she lamented. "I'm afraid I will not see anything of you at all."

"Harrington has fixed all that," he explained. "They realize that I cannot handle both, so Varrick will take over the investigation. I wanted to keep on, but Harrington pointed out that I could not do both and that this was too good a chance at the senate to be lost."

"And are you going to give up the investigation," she gasped—"give up all that has been gained?"

"Varrick can carry it on," he said impatiently. "We have to make some sacrifices."

"And you are going to give up the fight before you have fairly begun?" she repeated. "You are going to turn your back on the investigation and let that fall through that you may go to Washington?"

"I told you Varrick would take my place," he said irritably. Marion turned and faced him.

"Hugh," she said simply, "do you really think that Mr. Varrick will take your place?"

"Why not?" he asked. This was so different from what he had anticipated.

"I heard Mr. Colquhoun talking to father last night," she explained. "He said that the investigation was a complete surprise to both parties, that they had supposed there would be the usual whitewashing and that you had made it a real investigation."

"What of it?" demanded Candleless.

"He said," went on Marion, "that he wondered how they would bribe you off; that he did not think money could do it. I was proud of you then, Hugh."

"Why not now?" he asked crossly.

"Is it any disgrace to be elected to congress?"

"It is a disgrace when you turn your back on the people who look to you to right an evil—when you sell your honor for the nomination."

"But I am not selling my honor," he insisted. "I am simply obeying my party's call. I am doing, as I am told, for the best good of the party."

"You mean in running for congress but the good of the party means dropping the investigation."

"Varrick will carry it on," he persisted.

"Not the way you would. Father said that if you kept on Harrington himself would land in jail. Hugh don't you see that they are bribing you just as surely as though they put money in your hands?"

The girl watched him curiously as he sprang to his feet and began to pace the floor. For a quarter of an hour nothing was said; then he turned to her abruptly.

"Madam," he said gently, "you are



"HARRINGTON HAS FIXED ALL THAT," HE EXPLAINED.

out, but it was too late now to call off the investigation. The public had been aroused.

To Candleless it had seemed as if he were very near his goal, for he was to make Marion his wife when he had made his way. Surely his future was assured. If only the investigation had ended in time to run for the senatorship!

He wondered as he followed Harrington into the conservatory whether it were too late. An hour later, with sparkling eyes, he emerged from the conference and sought the girl.

"Is it good news, Hugh?" she asked as he led her toward the library.

"It couldn't be better," he cried exultingly. "I'll give you three guesses."

They were inside the library now, and the girl faced him. "Is it the senatorship?" she half whispered.

Candleless nodded as he seized her about the waist and walked her across the floor to the library sofa. He was like a boy in his exuberance.

"Tell me all about it," she demanded as she curled herself upon the sofa.

"Was that what Mr. Harrington wanted of you?"

"Nothing less," exulted Candleless. "I have been elected that I am the most

right. In my joy at securing so soon what I have so eagerly longed for I have blinded myself to the real meaning of Harrington's offer. I see now that he wanted to get me out of the way. I will go and tell him I will not run."

He tenderly bent and kissed her, then rose to his feet and left the room, while the girl buried her head in the pillows.

Harrington stormed and threatened but Candleless would not be moved, and in the end word passed through the rooms that the announcement that Candleless would abandon the investigation was premature.

Late that evening, after the guests had gone, Candleless lingered in the library for a good night chat. "I'm sorry you are disappointed, Hugh," whispered Marion, "but we can wait dear, until your honor comes without the taint of suspicion."

"Yes," he said quietly, "even though it may be a long wait I will keep my hands clean."

"Hugh," said Major Sharpless, entering through the curtains, "I don't think you need to wait, my boy. You have your triumph in being willing to forego peremption for your duty. That is a far greater triumph than the winning of the senatorship. You may have Marion whenever you want her."

Hugh turned to the girl. "I want her now," he said quietly, "for my strength lies in her."

How the Blood Moves in the Veins.

The principal cause of the movement of the blood in the veins is what the physiologists refer to as "the pressure from behind." By this is meant the capillary circulation, or a movement of the blood caused by the constant pumping action of the heart, which forces the current into and through the veins. To prevent the engorgement of the veins—that is, to prevent their becoming so filled with blood that their resistance would counterbalance the pressure from the arteries—each pulsation of the heart by emptying the right ventricle allows a part of the blood accumulated in the veins to be removed. In this way the backward resistance in the veins is kept inferior to the pressure of the arterial circulation. The venous circulation is also greatly aided by the action of the voluntary muscles. It is a well known fact that when a muscle contracts it thickens and becomes diminished in length. The effect of this lateral swelling is to compress the veins lying between the muscles, thus forcing the blood forward. Another peculiarity is the half moon shaped valves with which the veins are well provided. These "semilunar" valves open only toward the heart, making any backward movement of the blood into the venous system impossible.

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The Other Way.

"Aren't you afraid that horse will run away with somebody?"

"Friend," said Broncho Bob, "it ain't nothin' in Crimson galch for a horse to run away with a man. It's when a man tries to run away with a horse that there's danger." — Washington Star.

Sorrow of It.

Husband (during the spat)—Anyway, I'm not afraid to say what I think. Wife—No, I suppose not, but you ought to be ashamed to.—Detroit Tribune.

The Jersey Cow.

The Jersey cow is a small animal, and therefore her maintenance ration is small, while a relatively large part of her food goes to profit. She is a persistent milker, often a perpetual milker, and ordinarily not dry more than six or eight weeks in a year. She has an extremely long period of usefulness in the dairy. Five years cover the profitable work of the average cow. The Jersey produces until fifteen years old. Many are profitable when eighteen to twenty-one years of age.—Farmer.

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