

Pat's Memory For Faces

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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It looked very pleasant and homelike in the studio when all was finished. The girl, a brown eyed, slender creature, with masses of soft brown hair around a small oval face, smiled contentedly as she surveyed the results of three days' labor.

A few pretty rugs were scattered over the floor. Pictures in various stages of completion leaned against the wall, and on the hearth a cozy wood fire sparkled cheerily.

Beyond was a glimpse of a tiny bedroom and a kitchenette. Miss Vandervier drew a long breath. It was what she had been dreaming of for years, this return to New York to a studio of her own. Now she could show what the hard work in Paris had done for her; now she could prove what was in her.

The janitor, watching her with his abraded, kindly old Irish eyes, nodded a silent approval. She would do. Pat was father, friend and counselor to all the eager, ambitious young hearts gathered under the roof of the big studio



"HE DO BE CALLING ALL THE TIME," EXPLAINED PAT.

building, and it did not take him long mentally to fix the status of each newcomer. But to Miss Vandervier, for some reason, he vouchsafed a peculiar attention, studying her face whenever unobserved with sharp intentness. He nodded again.

"I hope you will fire it agreeable, miss," he said as he gave the fire a rattling poke. "We are rather a nice lot," judicially.

"Thank you," responded the girl gratefully. It was a bit lonely—this much boasted independence. "Are there—are there many other girls here?"

Pat waved the pokes.

"Well, there's Miss L'anno," he reflected aloud. "She's water, and Miss Brown in oils, and Miss Merritt, who charcoals. All nice, quite young ladies as you'd wish to find. But the young gentlemen—lifting eloquent hands—'them's the noisy lot.' All but Mr. Lawrence, that is," consideringly.

Miss Vandervier jumped.

"Mr. Lawrence?" she asked faintly.

The old Irishman nodded.

"Mr. Robert Lawrence. You'll no doubt have been seeing his things. Some likes 'em. But, as for me, I likes a bit of color myself," raising admiringly at a fragment of vivid blue Venetian water and sky. "Pat, sure, Mr. Lawrence ain't troubling the paints much these days," harking back to his subject with a sigh. "But, well, well," suddenly changing his tone, "I must be going. Good evening, miss. And if there's anything you want don't hesitate to call upon old Pat or it."

But the girl had drawn near the door. "Is—is anything the matter with Mr. Lawrence?" she asked in a carefully indifferent voice. "—I—I think I used to know him in Paris."

"Did you, now?" The old man shook his head. "Tis very sick I fear he is," he answered soberly. "I'm thinking that if no one comes to nurse him it's to the hospital he will be going. We've written his family, but they must be away. The doctor said that if no one came he'd most likely be took tonight. 'Tis sad to hear him, miss."

"Sad?" repeated the girl with averted face.

"He do be calling all the time," explained Pat. "Marion, Marion, 'tis that he's whispering."

"Marion?" faltered the girl. She bent forward. "You are—you are sure?" she demanded tensely.

"Marion or Maude or maybe 'tis Mary," returned Pat indifferently. "I'm not good on remembering names. But it must be some one he's terrible fond of. His whole studio is filled with pictures of one young lady, drawn every kind of a way. 'Twould surprise you. He's sure got his eye on some one," a droll smile tightening the corners of his mouth.

"Well, I wish she'd come, then," the sigh returning. "I'd have a job for her. But good night again, miss," rec-

ollecting himself with a start. "Here I am gossiping away when I should be doing my work. And don't trouble your head about Mr. Lawrence. He'll most likely pull through." And with a final clatter of the poker he was gone.

But it is very easy to tell a person not to trouble. To follow such an injunction is a different matter. Miss Vandervier's face as she turned back to the flickering log wore a changed expression. Bob Lawrence upstairs—and ill! That in all the big city of New York she should have happened upon the very building which sheltered Bob! What could be more unfortunate? This had been the first thought which leaped to her mind as the old man chattered on, followed, however, by the consoling reminder that they need not therefore necessarily meet.

And then, with a shock, the unexpectedness of which set her a-quiver, had come the news of his illness and delirium. For a moment a cold finger seemed laid upon her heart. Bob ill and calling for another girl!

Yet why should she care? She did not, she told herself, with a quick toss of the head. She had taken that chance when she sent him away. He had been hers first, hers utterly. A sudden vision of those old Paris days rose before her mind when Bob had begged her to marry him and come home, and she, trying her wings and rejoicing in their strength, had only laughed. Give up her work and go home? How could he ask it?

But he had asked it and then gone away, and now he was upstairs ill and calling for another girl. Her mind reverted constantly to that thought. Naturally she had told him to forget her, but equally naturally, with the fine self confidence of her sex, she had never believed that he would. Reluctantly the truth now forced itself upon her consciousness that in all her day dreams of winning fame the return of a joyful and proud Bob had always been the climax.

With a determined effort Miss Vandervier flung herself into a chair and tried to absorb herself in the cherished studio, but to no avail. The thought of that lonely, ill figure upstairs persisted to the exclusion of everything else. He was ill, very ill, and they were going to take him away, and all he needed was nursing. The girl caught unsteadily at the arms of the big chair and half sprang to her feet. But that other girl—could she, oh, could she?

And then, with a singularly sweet and gentle expression, Miss Vandervier arose. What matter? If he were delirious he would never know, and at least she might be of service.

Perhaps it would be unfair to accuse Pat of "snooping." Nothing might have been further from his thoughts; but, be the truth as it may, the indisputable fact is that, when a few minutes later the door of Miss Vandervier's studio opened and a slender figure fitted up the stairs, Pat, unobserved in the dark hall, uttered a smothered sound.

In breathless interest he waited. Then came to him a light knock, a low exclamation and then a feeble yet thrilling joyful cry, "Miriam, oh, Miriam!"

Pat, his lids suddenly wet, emitted a long, satisfied sigh.

"Miriam, is it?" he muttered. "Miriam, aha!" with a sly twinkle, born of his knowledge of woman. "Maybe I'm not much good at names, but it's sure the fine eyes I have for a likeness."

And, picking up the empty coal scuttle, he went on down the stairs.

Have You a Cough

A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold?

Try it for whooping coughs, for asthma, for consumption, for bronchitis. Mrs. Joe McGrath, 327 E. First street, Hutchinson, Kans., writes: "I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for five years and find it the most palatable medicine I ever used. Sold by Hart's drug store."

It is not probable that the new Russian premier will last long enough to make it worth while to learn how to pronounce his name.

How to Break Up a Cold.

It may be a surprise to many to learn that a severe cold can be completely broken up in one or two days' time. The first symptoms of a cold are a dry, loud cough, a profuse watery discharge from the nose, and a thing, white coating on the tongue. When Chamberlain's cough remedy is taken every hour on the first appearance of these symptoms, it counteracts the effect of the cold and restores the system to a healthy condition within a day or two. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Anybody who knows anything whatever about baseball does not need any signal service predictions to guess what the weather is going to be.

Acute Rheumatism.

Deep tearing or wrenching pains, occasioned by getting wet through; worse when at rest, or on first moving the limbs and in cold or damp weather, is cured quickly by Ballard's Snow Liniment. Oscar Oleson, Gibson City, Ill., writes, Feb. 16, 1902: "A year ago I was troubled with a pain in my back. It soon got so bad I could not bend over. One bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment cured me." Sold by Hart's drug store.

Morning Astorian. 65 cents per month.

Republicans, be sure your tickets are marked X as indicated. This is a Republican year. Vote your ticket straight.

Official Ballot for Astoria Precinct No. 1, Clatsop County, June 4, 1906.

Mark X Between the Number and Name of Each Candidate or Answer Voted For

STATE

Table of State candidates for Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Attorney General, and various State offices. Includes names like I. H. Amos, George E. Chamberlain, James Withycombe, etc.

COUNTY

Table of County candidates for State Senator, County Clerk, County Treasurer, County Judge, Sheriff, and various County offices. Includes names like H. L. Henderson, W. T. Scholfield, etc.

ASTORIA DISTRICT

Table of Astoria District candidates for Justice of the Peace, Constable, and Sheriff. Includes names like P. J. Goodman, John Sayer, etc.

PROPOSED BY REFERENDUM PETITION

"Shall Act Appropriating Money Maintaining Insane Asylum, Penitentiary, Deaf Mute, Blind School, University, Agricultural College and Normal Schools be approved?"

300 Yes. 301 No.

PROPOSED BY INITIATIVE PETITION

For Equal Suffrage Constitutional Amendment. 302 Yes. 303 No.

For Amendment to the Local Option Law, Giving Anti-Prohibitionists and Prohibitionists Equal Privileges. 304 Yes. 305 No.

For Law to Abolish Tolls on the Mount Hood and Barlow Road and Providing for Its Ownership by the State. 306 Yes. 307 No.

For Constitutional Amendment Providing Method of Amending Constitution and Applying the Referendum to all Laws Affecting Constitutional Conventions and Amendments. 308 Yes. 309 No.

For Constitutional Amendment Giving Cities and Towns Exclusive Power to Enact and Amend their Charters. 310 Yes. 311 No.

For Constitutional Amendment to Allow the State Printing, Binding and Printer's Compensation to be Regulated by Law at any Time. 312 Yes. 313 No.

For Constitutional Amendment for the Initiative and Referendum on Local, Special and Municipal Laws and Parts of Laws. 314 Yes. 315 No.

For Bill for a Law Prohibiting Free Passes and Discrimination by Railroad Companies and Other Public Service Corporations. 316 Yes. 317 No.

For an Act Requiring Sleeping Car Companies, Refrigerator Car Companies, and Oil Companies, to Pay an Annual License Upon Gross Earnings. 318 Yes. 319 No.

For an Act Requiring Express Companies, Telegraph Companies, and Telephone Companies, to Pay an Annual License Upon Gross Earnings. 320 Yes. 321 No.