

**TELEGRAPHY of THE SOUL**  
By EDITH M. DOANE  
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"Extra! Extra!"  
The shrill cry of a newsboy outside broke sharply on the silence of the warm, sunlit room.  
"Horrible disaster! Wreck of the limited! Twenty people killed! Extra! Extra!"  
The girl before the fire started nervously. She was pale, and her eyes were large and dark with excitement. She listened intently till the last faint sound died away; then mechanically she smoothed open and reread the bit of yellow paper in her hand:  
"Limited wrecked; escaped unhurt; will be with you tomorrow. John Bronson," the telegram read.  
With a little passionate cry of relief and joy she pressed the crumpled yellow messenger to her lips.  
All the next day she listened anxiously for his ring, and yet when he finally



"Some dreadful thing was creeping up beside you,"  
came, tall, broad shouldered, crossing the room to her with a quick, easy stride, she could find no words for the wild rush of joy that enveloped her, but stood motionless, holding out her hands to him in the dim, firelit room.  
"Martha, Martha" he said unsteadily, grasping the slender, outstretched hands tightly in his own. And when she did not speak—  
"Martha, have I made a mistake? Do you want me to stay? Tell me the truth."  
"Yes, yes!" she answered tremulously, leaving her hands in his in her tumult of delight. "I—oh, can you not see it?"  
"Yes," he said gravely; "I know."

"I never meant that other," she went on, breaking into low, nervous laughter. "I knew even when I said it that I didn't. Then—yesterday—oh!"—the clasp of her slender fingers tightened on his—"I don't know what I should have done if you had!"  
She stopped abruptly and, with a heavy shudder, burst into tears in the strong, tender clasp of his arms.  
Some time afterward she slipped away from him and dropped into the deep leather chair drawn up in front of the fireplace. A little sigh escaped her. She motioned him to a neighboring chair, but gravely and not with her accustomed gaiety.  
"Too far off. I can do the subject justice only at close range," he objected.

Standing on the hearth rug, he smiled down at her. She was looking straight before her, wide eyed and motionless, staring into the dancing flames. He regarded her searchingly and as if impelled to the question because of her extreme stillness.  
"Of what are you thinking?" he asked.

She turned to him, drawing her breath quickly. The logs in the fireplace flamed up in sudden brilliance, and for the first time she noticed his pallor and the dark circles under his eyes. His face, too, was graver than its wont in spite of its great content.  
"I have forgotten how hard it was for you, too," Martha said, with quick contrition. "Do you know, Robert?"—she sat up suddenly, her eyes dark with horror—"I thought I was there with you. I heard the shrieks. I saw the red glare of the flames. I felt the train sway and jar as the cars ahead crashed into the engine. Oh!"

She broke off with a long, shuddering breath.  
"Robert," she said solemnly, "I did see it. I—was—on—that—train!"  
He looked at her strangely, then seated himself on the arm of the big leather chair and, slipping his arm around her, drew her gently toward him.

"It was yesterday," she went on in a choked voice, nervously clasping and unclasping his hand. "I was sitting here, and I kept thinking and thinking of you, and then suddenly I saw you. You were sitting in a car smoking and laughing and talking, and all the while some dreadful thing was creeping up beside you—closing in around you—and you would not see. With all my might

called to you to come away, and almost that same instant came a terrific jolt and the horrible grinding sound of crashing cars. I tried to close my eyes to the blinding glare of the spreading flames, and then—I was here again—just sitting here before the fire at home."

A sob shook her, and he drew her closer. Then she went on again, nervously, in a half smothered voice, a little pause between each sentence.

"The dream haunted me. Then your telegram came, Robert"—she changed her position somewhat and regarded him earnestly—"I did not dream it. I saw it. Tell me that you believe I did not dream it."

He nodded, regarding her gravely.  
"But how could I see it when I was here in this room all the time?" she went on, with a little laugh. Then her nerves, already strained to the breaking point, gave way, and her slender body quivered with heavy sobs.

The clasp of his arms reassured her. He drew her head to his shoulder, and they sat in silence in the fast darkening room, lighted only by the flames leaping in and out between the heavy logs.

His voice, intense and hushed, was the first to break the silence.

"I was in the front part of the train in the smoking car," he said gravely. "I had finished one cigar and was about to take another. Indeed, the cigar case was in my hand, and I was just about to offer it to my companion when I looked up and saw—you. There you were, standing just inside the door at the end of the car. I remember you standing there, so I must have seen your whole figure, but all that I noticed were your eyes—intense, compelling, electric with some message—fastened on mine with a look of passionate, agonizing appeal.

"I do not remember that I was surprised. My only thought was that you wanted me. As I went down the aisle toward you, you opened the door and passed swiftly into the car beyond, your eyes, with their compelling appeal, still fastened on mine. So in this fashion, in a sort of trance, I followed you from car to car till we stood in the observation car at the end of the train.

"Then I came to my senses. I started to call you, to cry out, and just at that moment," he went on, his voice tense with emotion, "the train struck an open switch, and the engine left the rails and plowed into the ground, tearing up the track for yards."

Martha pressed closer to his side, and he bent and touched his lips to her forehead.

The logs in the fireplace burned low, and the room grew dim and vague and mysterious in the uncertain light.

"The two cars followed the engine—the smoking car and one other—jammed into it and were crushed, the fire from the engine setting them ablaze. Most of the occupants were either killed or severely injured. There were some slight injuries to the passengers in all of the other cars except the last."

His voice was heavy with emotion.  
"Every one in the observation car," he said unsteadily, "escaped unhurt."

**A Brain in Your Throat.**

Did you know that the throat has a brain of its own? I suppose few people are aware of it, but it's a fact. There is a small ganglion which exercises direct control of the muscles of the throat and acts as its brain. Of course it is subservient to the genuine brain, but at the same times does a good deal of independent thinking for itself. It is very timid and suspicious of any strange objects that come near the throat. For this reason it is very difficult for a physician to operate on the throat. Before anything can be done in this direction it is necessary for the operator to gain the confidence of the little brain that dominates it. It frequently takes weeks before this confidence can be secured, and until it is secured it is impossible to perform any operation. Woe to the man who attempts rough treatment to the throat before gaining the little brain's confidence! His operations will be resented with violent paroxysms, first of the throat, then of the diaphragm, and if the operator still persists the patient will be thrown into convulsions. Still more curious is the fact that this little brain has a memory, and if once frightened in this way it is almost impossible to ever gain its confidence, no matter how gentle the operator may be.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Ants Live on Lice.**

In their migrations from plant to plant the lice are often aided by their foster mothers, the ants, for many species are carefully cared for and guarded by the ever diligent ants. A peculiar sweetish liquid called "honeydew" is secreted by the aphides of which the ants are extremely fond. To secure this they herd the aphides, much as if they were little green cattle. Frequently an ant may be seen tapping an aphid with her antennae, upon which a drop of the honeydew is exuded and quickly lapped. Thus the ants are probably entirely responsible for carrying the young aphides which affect the strawberry roots in Delaware, Maryland, New Jersey and elsewhere from the foliage down to the roots and for carrying them from plant to plant as the plants wither from their injury. The meion louse is similarly carried by the ants from hill to hill. But most remarkable of all is the case of the corn root aphid, which lays its eggs in ants' nests in the fall, where they are carefully guarded all winter, and in the spring the young aphides are carried by the ants to the roots of their favorite food plants.—E. D. Sanderson in Garden Magazine.

**Unknown Friends.**

There are many people who have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with splendid results, but who are unknown because they have hesitated about giving a testimonial of their experience for publication. These people, however, are none the less friends of this remedy. They have done much toward making it a household word by their personal recommendations to friends and neighbors. It is a good medicine to have in the home and is widely known for its cures of diarrhoea and all forms of bowel trouble. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

**MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY.**

COMFORT, Texas, June 28.—In the presence of the assembled wedding guests last night at the home of his intended bride, Joseph Reinhardt, the man who was to have been married to her, shot and instantly killed Miss Ernestine Kutzerand then shot himself with probably fatal results. The hour for the ceremony was at hand and the guests were assembled in the parlor of the home of the bride's father. The cause of the tragedy is not known.

**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.

**CZAR LOOSENS UP.**

NEW YORK, June 28.—Former Senator George W. Washburn of Minnesota, arrived here yesterday from London. On May 1, Mr. Washburn had a talk with the Czar of Russia, in which the latter spoke highly of President Roosevelt's service in ending the war with Japan. When parting the Czar said to Mr. Washburn: "The President is a great man. He is a great head of a great country. Convey to him expressions of my personal regard."

If you knew the value of Chamberlain's Salve you would never wish to be without it. Here are some of the diseases for which it is especially valuable; some nipples, chapped hands, burns, frost bites, chilblains, chronic sore eyes, itching piles, tetter, salt rheum and eczema. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Mrs. Nabur—How are you getting along with your housecleaning?  
Mrs. Crossway—Well, I have made a good start. I've got rid of that lazy, good-for-nothing cousing of my husband's that has been living with us for the last three months.—Chicago Tribune.

Morning Astoria, 65 cents per month.



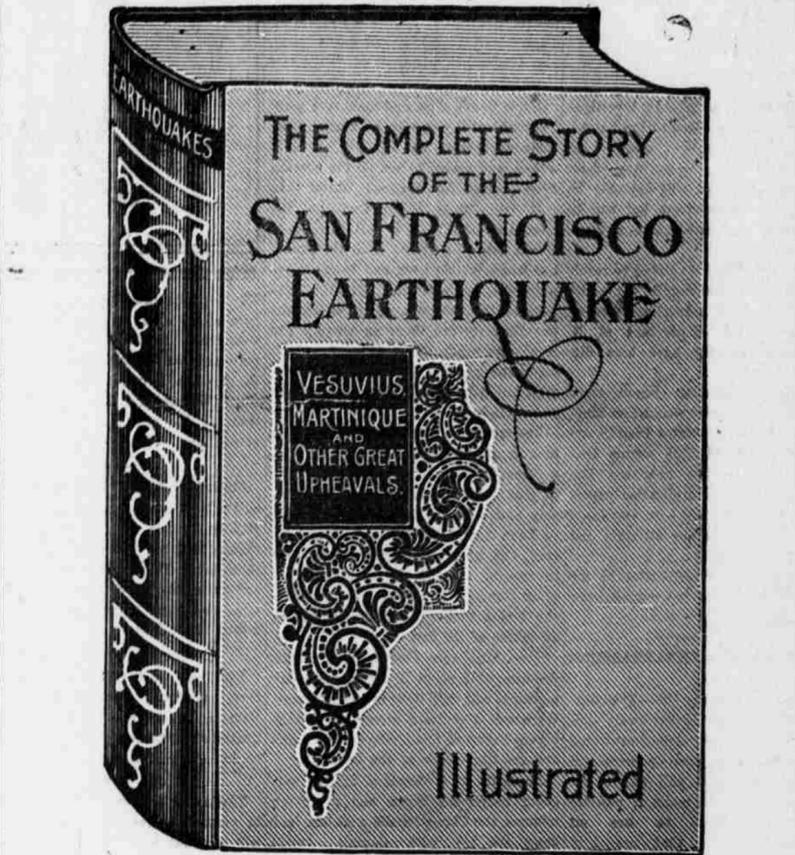
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