

"Third Floor Rear"

By ARTHUR C. SAUNDERS

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MRS. SEATON was a demure little old lady, whose greatest worry in life was "the gentleman in the third floor rear." He had been in the house three weeks, and as yet the good woman had caught no glimpse of the color of his coat. To be sure, he was a clean cut, handsome fellow, with a winning way and a genial twinkle in his eye, "but then," as Mrs. Seaton told herself, "looks and manners don't buy bread."

When the postman left a letter addressed to "Robert Chestwick, Jr., Esq.," the first that gentleman had received since his arrival, the good lady seized the opportunity to press her claims. Chestwick had just returned from a late breakfast, consisting mainly of a newspaper and a perusal of the menu card.

Mrs. Seaton entered in response to his "Come in" and, laying the letter on the bureau—the room, contained no table—proceeded to business.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Chestwick, and it's convenient, my guests—Mrs. Seaton always spoke of her lodgers as guests—my guests pay every—"

"My dear lady," interrupted the guest solemnly, "if a house and lot cost



"YOU HAVE A LOT OF SILVERWARE," SHE VENTURED.

10 cents I wouldn't have the price of a doorknob. I cultivate the higher things in life, not the sordid trifles. I despise the wealth that moth and rust are said to corrupt. I had some of them, but I threw them away," he added sentimentally.

"You threw them away?" echoed Mrs. Seaton blankly. She gave him one dismayed glance and left the room.

"Poor little woman!" murmured Chestwick as the door closed. "It will take her a week to puzzle that out." And he proceeded to open the envelope. It contained an invitation to the wedding of Richard McDiarmid to Miss Caroline Crispy of New York.

"Poor old Mac!" soliloquized Chestwick. "Going to get married! Why, it is only three short years since we formed the Brawling Bachelors' club at college. Well, I suppose Mac can afford it. He doesn't owe the fiddler as large a bill as I, and, besides, he has not incurred the parental displeasure."

The thought recalled Chestwick's present straits—without a position, without money, without friends from whom he could ask assistance.

"My friends have the cash all right, if I could only get at it," he ruefully told himself. "The trouble is I have got at it too often. If only I had all the presents that lucky dog Mac will get! The thought almost tempted one to become a Benedict. What a pity a man cannot marry without taking a wife! By Jove, though, it might be done." And he fell to planning a brideless wedding.

Now, if Chestwick was opposed to marriage he was by no means averse to pretty girls, and during his stay at Mrs. Seaton's he had not let slip the opportunity of becoming acquainted with his landlady's winsome daughter.

That evening Chestwick took Miss Seaton for a walk.

"Miss Marion," he began, "I am thinking of getting married."

"Married?"

"Well—er—I don't mean to take a wife; get married without a wife, you know."

"Get married without a wife! I should say I do not know. For heaven's sake, tell me what you mean!" And Chestwick told her.

"You see, the difficulty is that the presents must come in the name of the girl. And," he continued, with an amused glance at the trim figure by his side, "the only girl I know within a thousand miles is Miss Marion Seaton."

The girl looked at him swiftly and flushed scarlet. Then she laughed low and merrily.

"Are you game?" he asked. "I know it is a lot to ask, but I need the money."

The girl gazed at him compassionately.

"Poor boy!" she said. "You must be in bad straits."

And so it was settled. The invitations were to bear the address of the little office where Miss Seaton assisted her impoverished mother by conducting a small business.

Within a week 300 presents were speeding eastward from the little California town, among them a letter to Robert Chestwick, Jr., which read in part:

Dear Father—I know you will be glad to learn that I am about to follow your advice and settle down in life. Miss Seaton is poor, but of good family and in every way such a person as you will consider an addition to the family.

All of which was true, save for the minor detail that Robert junior had no intention of marrying the estimable Miss Seaton.

In time the presents began to arrive. The rush was preceded by an enthusiastic letter from Robert senior, containing a check with three figures and the offer of a junior partnership in a paying business should his son desire to return east.

Each day Chestwick visited Miss Seaton's office, where the pair enjoyed their secret hugly.

"It is the most impudent thing I ever heard of," the girl would announce between bursts of laughter.

After carefully removing the addresses, Chestwick, laden with packages, would return to his new first floor front, for as funds went up Chestwick came down. The spacious room soon resembled a jeweler's shop. Bric-a-brac, china, cut glass, silver and even gold sparkled from every corner, like the treasures in a pirate's cave.

By the third day the amazement of good Mrs. Seaton knew no bounds. To think that this youth, who a short time ago had been without the price of his room rent; this philosophical young man, who despised the treasures that moth and rust do corrupt, who had even thrown them away, should be the recipient of such wealth as this! Here was an enigma indeed! At length the worthy woman could restrain her curiosity no longer. On a pretext she visited Chestwick's room, where she found him examining a wardrobe fresh from the tailor's. Mrs. Seaton glanced around and blinked her feeble eyes in the gleam and glitter of so much precious metal.

"You have a lot of silverware," she ventured. "Or perhaps it is not yours?"

"Oh, yes. It is mine," Chestwick assured her. "They are presents."

"Presents!" echoed Mrs. Seaton. "Presents! And from whom, pray?"

"From my friends. It—it is my birthday."

"Your birthday?" gasped the landlady. "Your friends must be very fond of you."

"They are," said Chestwick. "I am quite touched at their generosity. But," he added to himself, "I mean my friends are touched."

Mrs. Seaton left the room more bewildered than ever. His birthday, indeed! What young man, she would like to know, would receive tea-pots and salt-cellars as birthday presents? There was something suspicious here. Could it be—Ah! She had it! Robert Chestwick was a burglar! A criminal, probably escaped from some eastern penitentiary! He said he came from the east. She would call the police at once! She wouldn't have the fall bird in her house another hour—not she! On second thought, though, she would wait for Marion. Marion must be consulted.

So Mrs. Seaton placed her valuables under lock and key and in fear and trepidation waited her daughter's return.

Meantime Robert Chestwick, ensconced in a generous Morris chair (the



"ARE YOU BUSY?" SHE ASKED.

girl of Aunt Lucy), was pursuing a new line of thought, suggested by Mrs. Seaton's questions.

"I'm dished this time and no mistake," he told himself. "In the east I am a married man. Ergo, being minus a wife, I am exiled. What an ass I am!

I don't want to spend my days wandering up and down those parts of the world in which I am not known. Of course my wife might die. By Jove! That's it! She shall die! Mrs. Robert Chestwick, Jr.," he announced solemnly to an imaginary listener, "you are doomed to an untimely end. I am sorry, my dear, very sorry, but it is quite impossible that you should live any longer."

He hastened out into the street and returned shortly, carrying a square box under his arm. After carefully closing his door he undid the fastening, removed the wrapping and, raising the lid, drew forth some deep bordered mourning paper. He seated himself at a handsome black walnut desk (the gift of Uncle Peter), took up a pearl handled pen (the gift of Susie Thompson, from whom he had stolen a kiss that June day under the chestnut tree), dipped it in a cut glass ink well (the gift of Cousin Bessie) and commenced his doleful task.

Dear Father—My telegram will have made you aware of the terrible misfortune that has overtaken me. I am distracted, crazed, almost insane with grief. Poor, dear Marion—God bless her—was—

A knock at the door interrupted him, and he turned to see Miss Seaton enter noiselessly.

"Are you busy?" she asked.

"Not particularly. I am just killing my wife." And Robert junior smiled complacently.

"Killing your wife?"

"Yes. You see, I want to go east, and it is out of the question to take



"READ THAT," AND HE TRUSTED THE TELEGRAM TOWARD HER.

her with me and too soon to desert or divorce her, so I decided she must die. The blow will almost kill father, but—"

"You had better postpone the murder awhile," advised Miss Seaton. "Do you know what mother thinks? She is convinced you are a burglar and insists upon calling the police. She says no young man would receive butter knives and tea-pots for birthday presents. You put your foot in it that time, young man!"

"Ye gods!" exclaimed Chestwick. "Marion—I mean Miss Seaton—tell her I bought them; tell her I'm about to repent—tell her anything, only make her keep quiet."

As Marion ran lightly down the stairs Chestwick could hear her laughing gaily.

"She is a brick," he told himself. "Winsome, close mouthed—egad, she is one in a thousand!"

Snatches of her conversation crept up the stairs and fell softly on Chestwick's ears as he lay back in the Morris chair, trying to recall the bewitching vision that had just fled through his open door. A thought that had before half smothered through his mind began to take form. Why should he not marry this girl? Surely she had proved

pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well.

"It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head, and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw."

"I would first wash the affected parts with warm water and Cuticura Soap, and then apply Cuticura Ointment and let it remain on all night, and in the morning I would use Cuticura Soap. I am now all well, which all my friends can testify to, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any and all persons who wish a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases." Thomas M. Rositter, 290 Prospect Street, East Orange, N. J.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, from Pimples to Scrofula, from Itchiness to Age, consisting of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, etc., Resolvent, etc., in form of Chocolate Flavored Pills, etc., per box of 50, may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures the most distressing cases where all else fails. "Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass."

Mail Free, "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair."

Mar. 30, 1905.

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herself pure gold. "Who else" would have stood by him as she had?

But it was when he thought of returning east without her that Chestwick realized how much Marion meant to him. He could not leave her—not he.

Once more he seated himself at the walnut desk, caught up the pearl handled pen and dipped it in the cut glass ink well. But this time it was not upon a sheet of black rimmed note paper that he wrote. Instead, he drew from a drawer a telegraph blank and scribbled:

Father—Will accept your offer of junior partnership. Marion and I leave for the east immediately.

R. C. Jr.

A mischievous voice from the doorway told him of Marion's return. "Still killing your wife?" she asked.

Chestwick faced about. His eyes twinkled, and in his hand he held the yellow telegraph slip.

"Er—no. Not exactly. The fact is, I have changed my mind. Read that," and he thrust the telegram toward her.

"Will you come, dear?" he asked.

"I suppose I shall have to," she whispered, for he was close to her now. "It is too soon to desert or divorce me, and to tell the truth, Bob, I do not want to die just yet."

He drew her gently toward the Morris chair.

"How fortunate it is, Marion, that I did not mail that black bordered letter. Then I should have had to raise you from the dead."

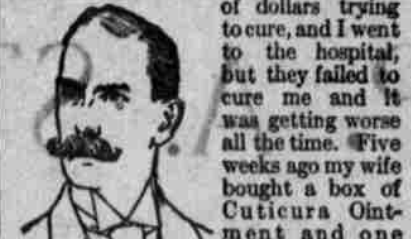
"You could have done it," she answered.

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOR

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered With Itching Sores—Scratched Till Flesh Was Raw—Spent Hundreds of Dollars on Doctors and Hospitals and Grew Worse

CURED BY CUTICURA IN FIVE WEEKS

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of eczema which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap, and I am



pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well.

"It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head, and body were covered with it. The eczema first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my body and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw."

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Astoria National Bank

at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, June 18, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$913,722.13
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	4,084.79
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	12,500.00
Premiums on U. S. bonds	600.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	39,159.85
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	4,000.00
Other real estate owned	8,233.41
Due from State Banks and bankers	4,796.57
Due from approved reserve agents	187,354.07
Checks and other cash items	2,816.92
Notes of other National banks	1,880.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents	330.05
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz: Specie	\$63,271.75
Legal-tender notes	2,197.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	625.00
Total	\$645,571.54

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$50,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	37,003.96
National Bank Notes Outstanding	9,800.00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$259,227.78
Demand certificates of deposit	30,444.15
Time certificates of deposit	219,496.55
Total	\$645,571.54

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop,

I, J. E. Higgins, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 23d day of June, 1906.

E. Z. FERGUSON, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEO. H. GEORGE, GEO. W. WARREN, A. SCHNECKAU, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, June 18th, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$385,908.77
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	4,439.83
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000.00
Premiums on U. S. bonds	500.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	74,580.00
Other real estate owned	3,000.00
Due from National banks (not reserve agents)	38,323.96
Due from State Banks and bankers	51,782.95
Due from approved reserve agents	158,066.51
Checks and other cash items	353.14
Notes of other National banks	6,030.00
Nickels and cents	187.95
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz: Specie	\$125,200.00
Legal-tender notes	520.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	1,250.00
Total	\$755,308.11

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	24,054.09
National Bank notes outstanding	18,000.00
Due to State Banks and bankers	181.02
Individual deposits subject to check	\$375,973.44
Demand certificates of deposit	146,068.96
Certified checks	150.00
Total	\$755,308.11

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, I, S. S. Gordon, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. S. GORDON, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, 1906.

V. BOELLING, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: G. C. ELVELL, W. F. MCGREGOR, JACOB KAMM, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE