

"An Ill Wind"

By HONORE WILLISIE

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Except for a solitary berth far down the aisle Wilton had the Pullman to himself. In sheer loneliness he had turned in early and lay staring at the stars and fitting telegraph poles hour after hour. His month of vacation at the old home had been a disappointment. The Texan ranch would be good, he thought. His foreman would be glad to see him, and so would his puppy, and yet, after all, there was no one who really cared.

"Hang it," he murmured as he tossed back into the net his coat which a sudden slewing of the train had thrown violently into his face. "Hang it, I wonder why on earth Betty Allis had to take December, of all months, for a pleasure trip west—the one month out of five years that might have given me a chance to see her and know her again. I would."

There was sudden darkness. Wilton found himself groveling on the car floor. There was the maddening sense of the helplessness with which in a nightmare one fights for breath and space. With fearful momentum, with grinding, tearing and upheaving, the car rolled halfway to its side, seemed to slide down and down, then, with a violent shock, stood still. The ghastly silence that succeeded was as appalling as the uproar had been. Wilton lay still for a moment, waiting for he knew not what. Then he crawled to his feet, gathered his clothes from the opposite section and rapidly dressed himself.

"Wonder what's happened," he thought breathlessly. "Gee, smell that gas!" And he started toward the rear of the car.

As his hand touched the stateroom wall at the end of the aisle a girl's voice rang through the car. "Porter, porter, I wish you would come help me out." Wilton stopped. "Gee, she's cool, anyhow," he thought as he listened for the porter's response. None came. The odor of gas was filling the car. He



WHEN HE GAVE A GREAT GRASP OF ASTONISHMENT.

leaped to the opposite window and kicked out a pane, letting in a flood of cold air. Then as quickly as its angle would permit he dashed down the aisle to the other berth.

"Let me help you, madam," he said. "The porter has deserted us."

"I seem to be in a sort of well, my berth is so tilted," answered the girl. "If you could just lend me a hand."

In a moment a girlish form was standing beside him. "Are we killed?" she asked, her voice trembling a little in spite of his brave tone.

"Not yet," answered Wilton, "but we'd better get out at once. The gas tanks are leaking."

Together they groped down the aisle to find a brakeman forcing his way into the wreckage at the end of the car.

"Any one hurt in here?" he asked, flashing his lantern in their faces. "The porter didn't stop to see."

"All safe," answered Wilton. "What's the trouble?"

"Open switch. Banged into coal chute. Engineer and fireman killed. Lot of coach passengers hurt. You are the only Pullmans. Better get out of this." And he led the way up to the steep embankment down which the train had plunged, then trotted off down the track, leaving them alone beside the tangle of trucks and rails that marked the path of the wreck.

Wilton picked up a forgotten lantern and for the first time turned to look at the girl whom he had rescued. They had a great gasp of astonishment. "Betty Allis! Where on earth!"

"Jack Wilton! Where?"

The two stood silent in a hearty hand grasp. Suddenly Jack fell to trembling, and for a moment a panic seized him.

"Betty Allis," he repeated, "to think that some one that I knew and that I knew was in this catastrophe and so near death! It makes me—it makes me!"

Here Betty broke the tension with a trembling little laugh that was none the less merry.

"But we are both safe and sound, so

what's to worry us? Let's find out where we both came from and"—Then suddenly she became sober. "First, let's go see if we can be of any use down there." And she glanced beyond Wilton, where fitting lanterns and a confusion of voices marked the place of real catastrophe. Together they hurried down the tracks, to find that all that could be done was being done for the sufferers and that now all that was possible was to wait for the wrecking train.

Wilton drew Betty away from the crowd.

"We can't help," he said, "and you are shivering with the cold. I'm going back to get your coat and my traps and yours. Then we will make a camp here on the bank."

A few minutes later found them toasting before a brisk little fire that Wilton had kindled, while over in the east low streamers of pink silhouetted the dull outlines of a mining village.

"Shall we try to find shelter in the town?" asked Wilton.

"Oh, no," answered Betty. "Let's wait here."

Wilton spread his hands contentedly to the flames, while he stared so intently at the girl opposite that her eyes wavered. Yes, it was the same Betty of five years before—yet not the same Betty. She of five years before had been a child of eighteen. The woman of twenty-three before him was the fulfillment of all the earlier promises of loveliness, Wilton's heart beat more quickly as he looked at the glowing sweetness of her face.

"Betty," he said abruptly, "Betty, why have you never written me all these years?"

Betty looked at him quickly. This firm, clear cut face was different from the jolly boy's features she had remembered, and there was a new, compelling quality in his tones that she rather liked.

"Because, Jack," she answered slowly, "because you never wrote me."

"Oh, but I did," he replied; "three different times!"

"I never received the letters," she said. "You might have known that Aunt Jane would take care of that."

Wilton walked up and down restlessly half a dozen times and threw some sticks on the fire before stopping in front of the girl. "And now," he continued, "would you mind telling me why you sent me away from you five years ago?"

"That was not Aunt Jane's fault, Jack," she said eagerly. "Indeed, you must not blame her for that. She could pursue her own methods, but she never could influence me in my own purposes."

"Thank heaven for that!" interrupted Jack grimly. "You sent me away," he prompted.

Betty lifted her head bravely. "I sent you away," she said, "that you might prove to me whether or not you were a man. You were only a college student then."

Jack thrust his hands more deeply into his pockets. He was heaving in well, considering the flood tide within. The sunrise and frelight vied with each other in lighting up the sweet nobility of her face. Yes, it was the same dear Betty.

"And now," he said, a little hoarsely, "see how useless it was, for you don't know what the years have done for me, and you are five years grown away."

Betty rose slowly and looked into his clear, dark eyes. She looked at the fine, firm mouth, the clean cut tanned face, the straight, strong alertness of his figure. She spoke slowly and softly.

"Yes," she said, "we did not write to each other, but," here she smiled a little, "your face tells me all that I want to know."

Jack took an eager step toward her. "And does it tell you that I have loved you always, loyally, for the long five years?"

Betty's voice trembled a little. "Yes, Jack, it"—But the rest of her reply was lost in Jack's arms.

The Terrible Cockatrice.

The explanation of the origin of that remarkable organism, the cockatrice, leaves nothing to be desired as regards accuracy of detail. We are told that "when the cock is past seven years old an egg grows within him, whereas he greatly wonders." We can well imagine the dismay of any well conducted masculine bird of that age on finding himself in such a compromising predicament, but how did he communicate his feelings to the historian? That the embryonic cockatrice had some mysterious power of self advertisement is evident, for we hear further that "a toad privily watches him and examines the nest every day to see if the egg be yet laid. When the toad finds the egg he rejoices much and at length hatches it, bringing forth an animal with the head, neck and breast of a cock and from thence downward the body of a serpent."—Pall Mall Gazette.

How Death Feels.

In a sermon at St. Pancras parish church, the bishop of London gave an indication of his views as to what the sensation of death would be like. He said: "At an operation, when you receive whatever it is that makes you for the time being insensible, you seem to be carried for the moment out of the body. You are, in fact, out of the body. The body is for the time dead. Your spirit, your mind, is perfectly active. I dare say it is the experience of many others that you seem to be swept swiftly under the stars toward your God. When you are out of the body, or seem to be, if only for a few moments, you realize what death will be."—London Telegraph.

Bowser and His Bargain

Captures a Marie Antoinette Bedstead at Auction and Sends it Home.

FAILS TO DELIGHT MRS. B.

Troubles Emerge—Its Disgusted Owner Descends to Cellar and Makes Kindling Wood of It.

(Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

AT 3 o'clock the other afternoon as Mrs. Bowser was getting ready to go downtown and do a little shopping Mr. Bowser made his appearance. If there hadn't been a smile on his face she would have been frightened. As it was, she started back and exclaimed:

"What! You home at this hour! I hope there is nothing wrong?"

"Nothing wrong, my dear," he replied.

"Is business slack at the office?"

"Not so very, but I had reason for wanting to come home at this hour. I'll have a surprise here for you directly."

"What kind of a surprise?" she cautiously inquired.

"The other night you were saying that you wanted to get rid of that three-quarter bedstead in the spare room and get a full size in its place."

"And you've gone and bought one?"

"That's the surprise, my dear."

"But—but I wish you hadn't. I saw a brass bedstead yesterday that just



WITH A BEDSTEAD AS BIG AS A BILLBOARD.

sued me, and I was going down today to ask the price of it. Where did you buy it?"

Just Happened Along.

"Well, I happened along to where an auction was in full blast, and I stepped in for a minute. This bedstead was going so cheap that I bid and got it. What are you putting on such a long face about?"

"I—I wish you hadn't. I don't want a bedstead bought at auction. Is it all brass?"

"All brass! No; it's all wood. It's just the finest piece of mahogany you ever saw, and there's a history attached to it. There it comes now."

An express wagon and two men came driving up to the house with a bedstead as big as a billboard. To get the head and foot boards out and into the house Mr. Bowser had to take hold with the two men, and when the pieces were leaned up against the wall in the back parlor they looked like the sides of a house. Mrs. Bowser was upstairs crying while the unloading was going on. When it was finished Mr. Bowser called her down and said:

"You talk about bedsteads, but if I haven't got something here to make all the neighbors turn green I'll eat my hat. Think of the mahogany in it when it takes two men to lift either piece! That wood will take a polish so you can use it as a mirror. While the bedstead is now fully 200 years old, it will last hundreds of years longer. Any furniture man will tell you that it is worth all of \$150 as a piece of furniture, to say nothing of the sentiment connected with it, but how much do you suppose I paid for it?"

"I am sorry that you ever paid 2 cents for it," she replied as she choked back a sob.

"What's that? Are you kicking already? By thunder, but I might have known it would be so! Here I go and buy a bedstead worth \$150 for \$15, and you are shedding tears over it!"

"But it's a—wooden bedstead."

"And what of that? Hasn't every king and queen in Europe slept on a wooden bedstead? You have read about Charlemagne, I presume? Well, Charlemagne gave this bedstead to Marie Antoinette for a bridal gift when she married what's-his-name, Marie slept on this bed for fifteen years. She was sleeping on it the night before she was taken out and thrown over a precipice. All this, and yet you kick."

History Somewhat Mixed.

Mr. Bowser had his historic facts somewhat mixed up, but he was very much in earnest in his admiration of the souvenir.

"Well, are you going to grouch

around all day or are you going to praise me for finding such a bargain?" he finally asked.

"I thought you understood that everybody had iron or brass bedsteads these days," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"But did Charlemagne have an iron or brass bedstead?"

"They were not made in those days."

"Did Marie Antoinette sleep on an iron or brass bedstead?"

"Probably not, but I wish she had to sleep on this old thing now. How on earth are you ever going to get it up stairs? Even when you get it up there it will take up all the room in the bedroom."

"Don't you worry about those trifles. My idea is that in buying furniture we might as well buy something of historic interest. If I'd had more money with me today, I should have bought a bureau belonging to Queen Elizabeth."

"I wish you hadn't had enough to buy this bedstead. If I'd known you were going to do such a thing, I'd have bought a brass one yesterday out of my own money. If any secondhand man would buy it!"

He Is Obscure.

"What! Sell this Marie Antoinette bedstead to a secondhand man? Never! His touch would be pollution. No secondhand man should have it for \$200."

"But no one would give you even a dollar. There is no sale whatever for wooden beds."

"But I'm telling you that this was Marie Antoinette's bedstead!" shouted Mr. Bowser as his anger began to rise.

"And who cares for that?" retorted Mrs. Bowser.

"Look here, woman, my name is Bowser. I am at the head of this house. I run things. I discover that we want to throw out a three-quarter bedstead and replace it by a full size. I drop into an auction room and find a historic piece of furniture worth \$200 going for \$15 and send it home. You kick. You even tell me that I couldn't sell it again for a dollar."

"And neither can you. You have just thrown away \$15, and \$15 more put with it would have bought the bedstead I wanted."

Mr. Bowser walked down the hall and put on his hat and overcoat.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Down to the nearest furniture store to sell this bedstead for \$25. You can get a brass bedstead on which Captain Kidd has slept if you want to."

After a walk of two blocks he turned into a furniture store and said to the proprietor:

"I've got a mahogany bedstead up at the house that Marie Antoinette used to sleep on. It's worth every cent of \$200, but you can have it for \$25."

"I wouldn't give you 25 cents," was the reply.

"Do you mean that?"

"Certainly. If you have got a furnace in your house, you had better split the bedstead up for firewood."

"But it once belonged to Marie Antoinette."

"Or your grandmother?"

Mr. Bowser glared at him and wanted to call him a sordid minded wretch, but, choking back his temper, he walked out and along to the establishment of a secondhand dealer.

"I have got a wooden bedstead"—he began, but got no further when the dealer interrupted him with:

"Then keep it."

"But it's a mahogany bedstead."

"Might as well be pine."

"And it once belonged to Marie Antoinette."

"Or Susan B. Anthony. I'll draw it away from your house for \$3, but not a cent cheaper."

Mr. Bowser was red in the face when he passed out and along to another shop, and there was a menace in his voice as he asked:

"Do you want to buy a mahogany bedstead?"

"Not on your life!"

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that I don't want to buy any last year's cabbage heads."

"Will you take it and draw it away?"

"Not much. You might try a wood-yard man."

Mrs. Bowser was upstairs crying again when Mr. Bowser returned. She heard him clattering down the cellar stairs and clattering up again. Then came a war whoop and blows of the ax. Whoop followed whoop and blow followed blow, and she gave him fifteen minutes before coming down. She found him standing amid the wreck and ruin of that Marie Antoinette bedstead, and the look on his face was fairly ghastly. They looked at each other for a minute, and then he dropped the ax and folded his arms and said:

"Well, madam, I hope you are satisfied now?"

M. QUAD.

Norway's Seaweed.

"All along the coast of Norway seaweed is gathered and burned," writes the Christiania correspondent of the London News. "This seaweed grows in veritable forests and is not of the common grass variety. There are actual trees of it, five or six feet high, with stems like ropes and leaves tough as leather. They begin to sprout early in the year and cover the ocean bed with a dense, impenetrable brush. As a source of income the seaweed industry now surpasses the fisheries, and it is more valuable than agriculture even in one of the leading farming districts of Norway. Owners of land abutting on the seashore are reaping a great harvest. After the weeds have been burned the ashes are exported to England, where valuable chemical substances are extracted from them. The most important of these products is iodine."

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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 15, 1906.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts	\$313,722.13
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.	39,159.56
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	1,890.00
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	37,803.06
National Bank Notes Outstanding	9,800.00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$289,227.78
Demand certificates of deposit	30,444.15
Time certificates of deposit	218,496.55
Total	\$645,571.54

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: 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. SCHERNECKAU, 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	\$385,868.77
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)	38,523.96
Due from State Banks and bankers	51,782.95
Due from approved reserve agents	158,066.51
Checks and other cash items	358.14
Notes of other National banks	6,000.00
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 circulation)	1,250.00
Total	\$735,308.11

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund	10,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	24,034.00
National Bank notes outstanding	18,000.00
Due to State banks and bankers	181.62
Individual deposits subject to check	\$575,973.44
Demand certificates of deposit	146,968.96
Certified checks	150.00
Total	\$735,308.11

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss: 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. FLAVEL, W. F. MCGREGOR, JACOB KAMM, Directors.

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