

Best of All

By HONORE WILLISIE

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The aisles of pines stretched in every direction, on and on, until the white and green of snow laden boughs in dim, shadowy blacks. The silence of the afternoon was unbroken. Even the snow birds were not to be heard, and there was not a breath of wind to disturb the white drapery that covered the pines.

Rose, gliding along on her snowshoes, seemed part and parcel of the quiet beauty of the winter forest. Her slender strength and easy grace seemed strangely in harmony with the fine straightness of the pines.

But for the first time in her life Rose was only vaguely conscious of the loveliness of the woods. She sped on swiftly, untiringly, guiding her course with now and then a mechanical glance at the ax cuts on the pine tree trunks. In her mind she was reviewing over and over the scene of the morning. Again she saw the tense faces of her husband, with the expressionless faces of the two guides behind him. The cause of the quarrel had been trivial enough. Rose scarcely recalled it now. The main point was that her husband, with his English instincts, could not understand that his wife, with her American instincts, could be led, but not driven.

"The Hon. Hugh Boynton," Rose had stormed at him across the campfire, "can bullyrag his mother and his sisters, but his wife is just plain American and she will not be ordered as if she were one of his pointers?"

The Hon. Hugh had straightened his stalwart figure into lines of adamant stiffness.

"I thought my request was for your own good, Rose," he had said.

"Request?" Rose had repeated indignantly. "It was not a request. It was an order. I would do anything on earth that you asked me to do, but I won't be



"ROSE!" HE CRIED. "I THOUGHT I HAD LOST YOU!"

ordered to do things for my best good?" Hugh, what do you know about these Wisconsin pines? I was born and bred in them."

Hugh had looked at her in utter bewilderment. The subtle difference between requesting and ordering the same thing was quite lost on him. He knew that he loved the beautiful, stormy girl before him, but something in his English blood made him feel that if he came to her point of view he would belittle himself. So he had merely turned his back on his wife, saying in his Oxford drawl:

"I'm sure I don't care to discuss the matter further."

Rose had stared at him in utter amazement as he made the preparations for the day's hunt. Never in all her spoiled young life had she been so outraged and ignored. Without a word she pulled her soft cap down over her ears, turned up the collar of her great white sweater, slipped her moosestained feet under the thongs of her snowshoes and made off to the south through the clear morning air.

"I am going back to Westhaven," she had said to herself. "I can stop at Levant's lumber camp for supper, and from there take the main road and reach Westhaven by midnight. I've not been alone in the woods at night, but I guess I won't be afraid."

So all the bright winter day she had kept her course, her anger and resentment increasing as she drew farther from the hunting lodge.

"Why did I ever suggest this hunting trip?" she thought bitterly. "I wish we were back in London! But—this was bound to come anyhow, so perhaps it is as well to have things end here as there. For I will not go back to him and his domineering."

The stillness gradually grew oppressive. As the shadows in the distance darkened and closed nearer, there stole through Rose's anger the consciousness that she had had no luncheon and that there was no hope of her reaching Levant's before darkness set in. She half paused.

"Goodness!" she thought. "What shall I do if it gets dark before I reach

Levant's? I had forgotten that possibility. And when I get there what excuse shall I make for being there?"

"Twilight was deepening, coming with no gorgeousness of sunset or afterglow, for the overhanging boughs, with their snowy covering, were all but impenetrable. Little by little the tree trunks turned from green and brown to black. Little by little the snow took a bluish hue that darkened into the purple of the drooping boughs, and the air grew raw and sharp with a little night breeze that made Rose shiver as the glow of heavy exercise departed with her first weariness.

Her course was now more difficult. As darkness seemed assured she constantly stumbled, but caught herself each time. But the straining told on the thongs of her snowshoes. Suddenly, she could not tell how, the fastenings on one shoe gave way, and she was thrown violently forward. Had the fall taken place in the soft snow Rose would have been unharmed, but she had just arrived at the brow of a slight slope almost wind swept of snow. As the girl scrambled to her feet her left arm dangled uselessly at her side. With a little moan she slipped her other foot from its snowshoe, then stood for a moment, pain and terror of the darkness rendering her weak and helpless.

"Then her courage returned to her. 'Nonsense!' she thought. 'I've been in the woods alone before. I mustn't get frightened even if it is dark and I don't know where I am.'"

She took from the pocket of her skirt a tiny oilskin packet. John, the guide, allowed no one in the lodge to be without matches.

"I'll light a fire," she said, "and camp right here for the night."

Dizzy with pain and hunger, she painfully gathered together some dead branches and, kindling a cheerful blaze, sat down before it. The pain in her arm was very great, and she rolled back her sleeve and piled soft handfuls of snow on the flesh.

The whispering of the night through the pines seemed very sad and lonely to Rose. It was only by watching the beauty of the scarlet fire glow on snow and sweeping branches and murmuring over and over to herself that she was not afraid that the girl kept herself from screaming with terror.

Then from out the darkness behind her came the soft rustle of hurrying snowshoes, and Hugh, hot and breathless, stood before her.

"Rose!" he cried. "Rose, I thought I had lost you!"

Rose looked up at him in amazement. "How did you find me, Hugh?"

"Find you! Why, I've been following you ever since you left the lodge. But just at dusk my snowshoe broke, and before I could patch it up you were out of sight."

Rose put another handful of snow on her arm. Hugh threw himself down beside her. "Oh, Rose," he cried, "what have you done to yourself?"

Rose looked up at him. Suddenly she realized how she had been belittling a great thing in satisfying her foolish pride. Suddenly she saw that this was best of all; not that she keep her girlish vanities, but that their love held true no matter who ordered or who obeyed. Suddenly she felt as if she wanted things as they had been at any cost.

"Hugh," she said, "I don't mind. Order me about all you want to; only take care of me and don't let me go away again."

Again the little bewildered look came into Hugh's face as he gathered her close.

"I don't want to order you, Rosie," he said. "I was stubborn, and you know what is for your own best good anyhow. All I want is you, and for the rest you may do as you please."

Knowing the Birds.

How grand is the hawk or the eagle sailing far away in the blue sky! And how beautiful are song birds, each in its favorite position to sing, the song sparrow with head thrown back, the bobolink sailing down to the grass with raised wings! Those who have spent much time in watching birds in the field know how differently the various birds perch, fly, run, climb or feed. The warblers catch flies, but they do not do it in such an interesting way as do the true fly catchers. We come to know a bird by the flight or walk just as we know other friends by their gait or even by the sound of their tread. In flight the wings of many different birds make peculiar sounds whereby we may know the birds even if they themselves are out of sight. It is not at all necessary to get close enough to a bird to see its exact color or the shape of its bill and feet, for its movements and outlines can be seen at a greater distance. And so we may know the bird even though it should fly away, as birds often do as soon as we try to stalk them for a nearer view.—St. Nicholas.

Set Enough Bait.

A Washington official tells a story of the last fight the late Senator Quay of Pennsylvania made in the senate. Quay was working hard on the statehood bill, obstructing legislation, when a scheme was fixed up to get him away from the senate for a time.

Quay was very fond of tarpon fishing and had a winter place in Florida. One afternoon he received this telegram from a friend who thought the senator might be in better business than pottering about new states:

"Fishing never so good. Tarpon biting everywhere. Sport magnificent. Come."

Quay read the telegram and smiled a tiny little smile. Then he answered it thus:

"Tarpon may be biting, but I am not. M. S. Quay."—Saturday Evening Post.

The Hymn That Fitted.

On the evening of the first Sunday after their removal from their house in the suburbs, which was the only home the children had ever known, to the top floor of a seventh story apartment house, the family gathered around the piano for the usual hour of song, each member in turn, according to time honored custom, requesting a hymn of his choice. When ten-year-old Marjory's turn came she said, "I think the most appropriate hymn is:

"I'm nearer thy heavenly home today Than ever I've been before."

"I think of it every time I come up in the elevator."—New York Press.

Fine Art in Show Windows.

It is a common error for dealers to put too many shoes in their window. In fact, some windows would lend the impression that the stock was in the window and the samples on the shelves. Said a shoe manufacturer who has traveled extensively: "One of the most impressive windows I ever saw contained but one shoe in each window. Each was a fine shoe, mounted on a standard in the center of the window. From this shoe red and white ribbons were draped in various directions, much like a sunburst. A small, neat sign told the story. Everybody stopped to look."—Shoe Retailer.

Mozart's Work.

Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of art.

At Least a Choice of Worries.

"Do you think that wealth brings happiness?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "it doesn't bring happiness, but it gives a man a little bit of option about the kind of worry he will take on."—Washington Star.

Badly Smitten.

"I wish there were ten days in the week," sighed Gladys.

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Jack could call oftener then."—London Answers.

Solitude is as useful to the imagination as society is wholesome for the character.—Lowell.

A Boon to the Bilious

Are you compelled to deny yourself many wholesome foods because you think they make you bilious? Do you know that your condition is more to blame than the foods? Your liver and stomach need attention more than the diet. When you find yourself suffering with a bilious attack, take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

and all annoying symptoms will soon disappear. They settle the stomach, regulate the liver and exercise the bowels. Their good effects are felt immediately.

Beecham's Pills mingle with the contents of the stomach and make easy work of digestion. The nourishing properties of the food are then readily assimilated and the residue carried off without irritating the intestines or clogging the bowels.

Beecham's Pills should be taken whenever there is sick headache, furred tongue, constipation, sallow skin or any symptoms that indicate an inactive liver.

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

An Alarming Situation

frequently results from neglect of clogged bowels and torpid liver, until constipation becomes chronic. This condition is unknown to those who use Dr. King's New Life Pills; the best and gentlest regulators of Stomach and Bowels. Guaranteed by Charles Rogers, druggist. Price 25c.

An Expert Economist.

"Madam," said the wanderer, respectfully, "to my request for a trifle of cold lunch, I beg to add that you may regard me as wholly unshaken by the popular clamor against meat as a diet."

"But the canned is bad, isn't it?" she asked, as she prepared a sandwich.

"No-o," replied the guest, "but such use of a can to me represents painful and manifest waste. A can, madam, is designed for beer."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Tragic Finish.

A watchman's neglect permitted a leak in the great North Sea dyke, which a child's finger could have stopped, to become a ruinous break, devastating an entire province of Holland. In like manner Kenneth Melver, of Vanceboro, Me., permitted a little cold to go unnoticed until a tragic finish was only averted by Dr. King's New Discovery. He writes: "Three doctors gave me up to die of lung inflammation, caused by a neglected cold; but Dr. King's New Discovery saved my life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure, at Charles Rogers' drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

DANGER IN DELAY.

Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous For Astoria People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy Doan's Kidney Pills, which has cured people right here in Astoria.

J. Pedersen, longshoreman, living at 613 Commercial street, Astoria, Oregon, says: "For 20 years I was afflicted in one way or another with kidney trouble, suffered a great deal of pain in the small of the back and was continually tired and nervous. I had occasional headaches and also a blurring of the eyesight. Every time I took cold it settled in the kidneys and added to my troubles, the secretions at such times being irregular and containing sediment. My rest was much disturbed at night on this account. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Charles Rogers' drug store, and found unexpected relief, for which I am very thankful."

For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar is original laxative cough syrup and combines the qualities necessary to relieve the cough and purge the system of cold. Contains no opiates. Sold by C. Rogers, J.

Railway postal clerks say that outsiders have absolutely no idea of the immense volume of mail back and forth between the east and the west, since the earthquake. Postal cards bearing pictures of scenes wrought by the earthquake are being poured on the country by thousands, and at present give no indication of a cessation.

A Hard Lot

of troubles to contend with, spring from a torpid liver and blocked bowels, unless you awaken them to their proper action with Dr. King's New Life Pills; the pleasantest and most effective cure for Constipation. They prevent Appendicitis and tone up the system. 25c at Charles Rogers' drug store. J



Unprecedented Success of

DR. C. GEE WO THE GREAT CHINESE DOCTOR Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.

No poisons nor drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases. SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.

If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.

THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO. 102 1/2 First St. Corner Morrison, PORTLAND, OREGON. Please mention the Astorian

Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT.

Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after. Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

THE ONLY PAPER ON THE LOWER COLUMBIA HAVING ASSOCIATED PRESS SERVICE

DRIFTING TOWARDS BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Many people who are neglecting symptoms of kidney trouble, hoping "it will wear away," are drifting towards Bright's Disease, which is kidney trouble in one of its worst forms.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

stops irregularities, strengthens the urinary organs and builds up the worn-out tissues of the kidneys so they will perform their functions properly. Healthy kidneys strain out the impurities from the blood as it passes through them. Diseased kidneys do not, and the poisonous waste matter is carried by the circulation to every part of the body, causing dizziness, backache, stomach trouble, sluggish liver, irregular heart action, etc. If you have any signs of Kidney or Bladder Trouble commence taking FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE at once, as it will cure a slight disorder in a few days and prevent a fatal malady. It is pleasant to take and benefits the whole system.

How to Find Out.

You can easily determine if your kidneys are out of order by setting aside for 24 hours a bottle of the urine passed upon arising. If upon examination it is cloudy or milky or has a brick-dust sediment or small particles float about in it, your kidneys are diseased, and FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE should be taken at once.

G. B. Burhans Testifies After Four Years.

G. B. Burhans of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick-dust sediment and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am evidently cured to stay, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

Two Sizes, 50 Cents and \$1.00.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY

CHARLES ROGERS

DRUGGIST.