### THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1906.



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### JARDINIERS

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coat, John,-naughty boy!" She had followed him out onto the porch to say good-by, and her tended and springing down the steps work-worn hand lifted to the lapel in exaggerated alarm, threw a vocifof the "boy's" shabby coat showed the erous "Whoa!" before his quick stride more fragile in the glare of the summer along the drive, sun.

them upside down nowadays- all fringing the pike. floppy over the wrist?"

filmsy print that you buy at Watson's. fly-net tickling her left ear, Molly B. conscious of the doctor's absent-min-The stuff's as old fashioned as its making a playful grab at a button on ded gaze-covering up the retreat of style of making-no wear-out to it. his coat. And what does an old woman like me care about the modern caper of sleeves!"

It was one of the little fictions of their poverty that the son was supposed to be careless, the mother indifferent about clothes.

of his fingers-the tapering, sensitive ched fields in a country spread out per-brown of a field laborer's.

"You've a tired look, John. You had n't ought to have sat up with the judge three nights running last week."

that she might question the anxiety my Peterson, who had personally inthat had sprung into his eyes as he felt the irregular flutter of her hot little hand.

"Promise me," he answered, "that you won't fuss over the fire this warm morning."

An irritability alien to the gentleness of her nature sharpened her voice un- xiety of his own home. til it cut to the quick. "There're things that must be done if folks drop down. It was all his fault, accused tea, oats, or a clothes wringer?" doing them," she went on impatient- his morbid thoughts. In their last ly freeing her hand. "Dinner don't talk together he had promised his cook itself .--- and there are all those father to take care of her. And it had blackberries that you brought home come to only this! Like all sensitive yesterday. I suppose I'm to feed them natures he measured his actions by to the pigs 'stead of making them up their result, not their motive-blamed into jam-"She stopped, flushed, asham- himself for the renunciation of pered. "Don't you mind a word I'm sonal opportunity and ambition for the saying, John. I guess the hot wea- sake of the same little mother with ther's heated my temper. Besides," her pleading cry that her boy would she sighed, "I haven't slept good not leave her in her lonliness. Had he nights, and when you're sort of pe- only dared selffishness then .- insisted tered out little botherations that you that she should tear loose the clinging never use to notice get on your nerves. love for the old home for his new one Look at Molly B.; she's dragged the in the strange, dreaded city, by now

NOTHER grease spot on your grass along the drive! You'll have a runaway if you're not careful." The doctor laughed as she had in-

Molly Beauty, a nankeen steed with "A lady in a glass house shouldn't a blurred white star on her forehead,

Settled in the creaking buggy Norton gave a gentle chirrup, and the mare, pricking up her ears and her pride, began a jog trot, puffs of dust curling up about her hoofs like smoke from the hot pike that stretched before them, a white seam between the Her hand slipped down to a grasp dingy yellow of the treeless, sun-scorwide and flat without the ripple of a hill,

The doctor held the lines listlessly. The Smith baby was teething-ie His glance eluded her gaze, fearfull might have to lance her gums. Tomvestigated the mystery of the forbidden fruit in the form of green apples, was on the road to recovery and new

mischief. Even the judge no longer tain, andneeded the ministrations of a doctor as much as those of a nurse. There

"Id like to know how I'm to help it? were no critical cases to scatter his thoughts that swarmed about the an-

squat, one-story towns dotting Clo- congratulations first, isn't it, Joe ?" verdale county, over which the doc-"Pete's been leaking?" Riley play tors practice sprawled. fully slapped the man's shoulder.

Old farmer White, his legs in faded There followed a general exchange blue overalls twisted about a keg of of bantering pleasantries, then in a nails, was ornamenting the platform little drift the doctor said genially: in front of Watson's as the doctor's, "So this logacy was in mind a week buggy drew up-his face a blurred ago, Joe, when you asked me to wait pacth in the shadow of his large sun to settle that little business affair of hat except for the prominent outline OULS ....

of his gold-rimmed "specs" and the Riley lifted one foot to the bugg important feature of the short, stubby pipe that always hung from a corner of his mouth.

"Helloa, Pete!" "Helloa, yourself, Doc!" White sunshine after a storm. "The money screwed himself from the keg, his couldn't have come in more bandy, legs untwisting to so great a length Joe. That little mother of mine is that one suspected knots having been tied to make so low a seat possible, peeping in through the open door to a

counter. "Say, Pete," he called, "ask Joe Ri-

you? I want to speak to him." "Sure!" was the ready answer, but him unexpected he keeps him for his instead of entering the store he sham- own riding, don't he " Joe withdrew bled down the steps and approached his foot, and stood at the curb, his the buggy, giving a low chuckle with the same shuffling quality as his walk. striped shirt bosom with the amenounced, "so Riley's left cock of the

Doc ?" slowly with rising rings of smoke from the pipe .. Norton shook his head impatient

at delay. "Had a windfall. Brother dead in

California. Left Joe 2,000 dollars, debts, She's to be ridden for sport-Ain't that what you call luck?" The chuckle shuffled through his speech,

throw stones at the birds!" He play- made as though shaking off the sound n't paid in till to-day., but Joe knew fully stroked her full-gathered leg- like a fly, and placidly resumed her it was a-coming a week or more ago. of-mutton sleeve. "Don't they wear munching of the dried tufts of grass He's celebrating now by treating the

boys to drinks, I took tobaccy in-The doctor felt the wet sponge on stead. Whisky's kind of prostratin'. She laughed. "This isn't the cheap the mare's head and readjusted the Now tobaccy-" He stopped suddenly his "tobaccy" hobby in the shuffling yesterday-I had that in mind, too, chuckle and a puffing cloud of smoke.

The doctor sat silent, a shining light in his eyes. He was not a praying man, but there had been crises in his professional life when his heart uplifted to the Supreme Mystery in word of praise unspoken by his shy lips. And now he felt that a power outside himself, above, beyond himself, had

laid a divine gift in the outstretched hand of his necessity.

Riley had known of his legacy at their meaning then of definite purpose in his eye when he asked the doctor to men ain't got the ginger to fight. wait.

Norton's thoughts smiled indulgenttil the dramatic ringing up of the cur-

The laughter trailed from the shop Out of hurrying clouds of dust up to the sidewalk, and Joe Riley stalked and down the pike men came running. pompously toward the buggy, the 'boys" in his triumphant wake.

step and bent over to tie a dragging shoe-string. "Yes, Doc, I had the legacy in mind all right," Norton's smile held the radiance o

all worn out. Now I shall take your \$300 and send her to the shore for a The doctor leaned out of the buggy, long a time as I can coax her to stay, "You ain't a frying your chicken laughing group of men lolling over a before you've catched it, he you, Doc?" "I-don't quite understand ?" The doctor's mind fumbled for the point

ley to come out here a moment, will of humor in Joe's joke. "If a man had a thoroughbred given

arms broadly folded across the be-"Watson's hauling lumber," he an- thyst studs, "Ain't fool enough to hitch the filly up to his delivery wagwalk. Heard the news about him, on, even if one of his team has gone Pete puffed the question out a bit lame, is he?" He gave a waggish wink first at Pete on his right, then at the three old cronies hanging on his words a few steps to the left This here sleek, bobtalled fortune ain't no hack horse to haul a load of see?

> "Come Joe," said the dactor quietly, "quit your fooling. I'm in dead earnest.". "So am L"

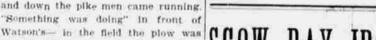
> Norton's eyes blazed, "Joe Riley, I give you fair warning-I'll put up with no nonsense! You'll pay me that \$300 or lil have the law on you.

"And I the laugh on you, Doc Norton!" cried Joe mimicking the doctor's tone. "Your bill was outlawed when I asked you to give me another week!"

For an instant the doctor sat motionless, then he threw the lines out of his hands and jumped from the buggy. Dashing off his coat and toss ing it on the sidewalk, he cried: "The bill's outlawed, is it? By heaven we'll settle it without the law then!"

The astonished Riley slunk back from Norton's threatening fist. "You are making a pretty good bluff, Doc," meeting-that had been the he laughed derisively, "But it don't cut any ice with me!" You bookish

A blow from Norton's fist stung a ly at Joe's silence over his prospects un. crimson trail down Riley's left cheek. With a cry of rage Joe sprang upon his antagonist.

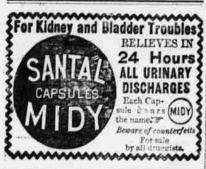






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pearance.

season that has now made its ap-

# buggy down to the gate, nibbling the he could have kept her in case and luxury,

Gusts of air hot as the breath of a For Kidney and Bladder Troubless desert swirled the dust about the creaking buggy. Across a field of stubble a crow cawed, and in a ragged patch of shade, in a nearby pasture a cow moved thirstily.

Norton's forehead puckered in-a calculating twist. Although the drought had made money "tight" among his farming clientele he could manage to borrow a hundred or two to send her to the "shore" for the complete rest and change that would alone be her salvation,-but there was his mother's indomitable will to be reckoned with! Her alert knowledge of his affairs prevented kindly deception and he knew that no power on earth could persuade her to spend a borrowed penny on her self.

The pucker deepened,- he was searching for hidden possibilities among his uncollectable, uncollected bills. Then, even in that worried mo-That please the eye, lend comfort to ment the doctor smiled. He had rethe feet and give perfect durability. | membered Joe Riley's three hundred dollars.

As the months had piled themselves

up into years after Joe's operation,

this promised bonanza had been the

pet dream-castle built by the doctor

the family joke of the saner break

fast hour. And yet only last week

when the doctor had broached the sub-

ject to Joe anew there had seemed a

he begged Norton to wait u-til the

first of the coming month. The first

of September-why that was today!

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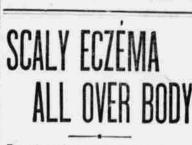
of Logger's Shoes Guarantees Satisfaction to the Wearer-None Better definite purpose in the latter's eye as but a Leader of All.



Of course nothing would come of it but his despair clutched at even a straw of hope, and flicking Molly B. with his whip he hastened toward the

toll-gate, passing under its lifted white 543 Bond Street, Opposite Fischer Bron. arm into Centerville, one of the little

"Well, Doc." said Riley with bols-His little mother, was breaking terous jovality, "what is it to-day-The doctor laughed, "I guess its



Eruptions Appeared on Chest, and Face and Neck Were All Broken Out-Scales and Crusts Formed - Iowa Lady Has Great Faith in Cuticura Remedies for Skin Diseases.

### ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA

"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician, I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower; but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuti-cura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have taken about three bottles of the Cuticura Resolvent, and do not know how much of the Soap or Ointment, as I always keep them with me; probably ore half dozen of each.

"I decided to give the Cuticura Rem-edies a trial after I had seen the results of their treatment of eczema on an infant belonging to one of our neigh-bors. The parent took the child to the nearest physician, but his treatment did no good. So they procured the Cuticura Remedies and cured her with them. When they began using Cuticura Remedies her face was terribly disfigured with sores, but she was entirely cured, for I saw the same child at the age of five years, and her mother told me the eczema had never broken out since. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. I am, respectfully yours, Emma E Wilson, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905." Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor, from Finnels to Scrotula, from Infancy to Age, consisting of Cationra Soan, 22c, Olintment, 30c, Resolv-ent, 30c, fito form of Checolate Contex Plila, 30c per vial of 60, may be had of all draggists. A single set often cures, Fotter Firsg & Chem. Corp., Sole Prog., Booton, Mass. og \* Malled Fr.w.\* How to Care for Ekin, Scap, and Hair.

left in the furrow; in the butcher thop the cleaver flung down upon the chopping block! They lined up along the walk; they

and-

huddled in watching clusters in the road, shoulder pressed to shoulder, hemming in the fight, pressing closer and closer when Norton and Riley locked in a desperate grapple; drawing back in wavering lines as the two men's fists forced a widened circle of combat.

Riley's tall burly form, his beefy arms bared to the elbow, the coarse cunning of his face accentuated by contrast Norton's slender figure and the refinement of his features, but the doctor's fists whipped out in relentless blows.

There was no time for explanations, and the crowd was not one of fine discriminations, but for the past ten years Doc Norton had come into intimate touch with their lives and hearts, and they championed him to a man,

"Go it Doc! Steady there! That's the boy Doc!" were cries given in an ascending scale of enthusiasm.

Riley's great bulk was now a wall of self defense, now a battering ram of danger against his foe. But Norton's staying power, his habit of ignoring fatigue, aches and pain in the performance of a physician's duties, had stored the strength of resistance in every fiber of his being, while his alertness both of mind and body. gained in telling force when brought into play with Riley's lumbering clumsiness.

The blow upon Joe's left cheek no longer showed-his whole face was a purplish crimson, drops of sweat trickled form his forehead, his breath coming and going pantingly.

"Come Joe,-give in," cried Norton. 'Let's call it a finish." Never!" yelled back Riley.

With a new spurt of fury the fight continued,

Suddenly Joe staggered, threw up his arms, reeling to one side. On the instant Norton dropped, the attack, standing off guard. In a flash Joe swung down his arms, gave a lunge forward, a devilish gleam in his wicked eves,

A moment more and Norton, tricked a second time, would have been tripbis collar, ped up and thrown to the ground, but In that moment an intuitive sense of danger made him spring aside before Riley's outstretched fingers could snatch at his ankles.

Riley, clutching at the air, lost his



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balance, and pitched forward-as he now joined the crowd waving their struggled ito regain his footing a hats when Joe Riley whimpered, "Til hand of steel gripped the back of his settle." shirt collar, a weight bore down upon But the doctor was oblivious to the

his shoulders, forcing him firmly to ovation. One shining thought floodthe sidewalk, where he sprawled in ed his mind-that of his little mother, the dust, Doc Norton's hold still on her hand no longer hot and fluttering; her face no longer haggard, A shout arose from lusty throats, nerve-strained, but her cheeks flushed and even Riley's cronies, who had so with health; the sunlit sparkle of the recently drank his whiskey even Pez sea in her tired lusterless eyes. ter White, smoking Joe's "tobacey,"