## THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

**MISS KINGLAKE'S** 

(Continued from Page 11.) "You believe the baby would like

that ?" she asked. Dorothea dropped her hand into her pocket. In an instant fifty cents in silver was slipped into the small palm. "You take it," she said "That'll just pay for it."

"Why," exclaimed the boy, his eyes growing rounder as he gazed at her, you must be Santa Claus' daughter. "Oh, no," Dorothea rejoined. "I may

be in disguise, but I'm not that." The child studied her, speechless with amazement.

"Where are they to be sent ?"

"I want 'em myself," the boy answered quickly.

"What is your name and address?" she inquired.

"George Dewey Bowker, number thousand 'leven, Foundry Street," he replied, naming a thoroughfare in a poor and outlying part of the town.

"Very well, Mr. George Dewey Bowker, answered Dorothea gleefully, "we shall see

As he turned she slipped the collection of pennies, five-cent pieces and dimes he had given her back into his pocket.

The morning wore on. The time seemed endless. Dorothea was in excellent training. Much riding and golfing had put her in perfect condition. Still the constant standing was wearying; the constant turmoil a great strain. As the moments dragged she saw that the girls became paler. more nervous and more irritable. Miss McCloskey's voice sounded even with greater bitterness. The directions of the manager were given with even greater harshness. The light glared: the voices rose and fell; the heat increased. She, who had never had such a thing in her life, detected the beginning of a headache-felt her eyes aching, her temples throbbing. She was hungry, too, and a strange faintness was coming over her. What the time was she did not know. She had given up counting.

"Oh," murmured Number 105 as she and Dorothea stood for a moment together.

"What is it?"

"My head is swimming," the girl confided. "I've got to go," she went on plaintively, as she staggered toward the head of the department. He frowned down on her.

"Please, sir," she said, " I don't feel well. I'd like to get home."

"If you leave now, he replied abruptly. "you leave for good."

Number 105, as Dorothea saw, drew back as if she had been struck. As the dignitary moved away the middle the woman. aged floor-walker drew near.

ulchre. The bright colors jarred. The effort after cheerfulness and gayety became a cruel sham. Lively music, playing somewhere in the distance. mote her ears as a horrid jangle. What was Christmas-the "Merry Christmas" confronting her every-

balls ache. The huge shop became

a mask-a vanity fair, a whited sep-

where-when there was such toll and suffering? Was all a mummery? Had in a day dream? With clearer vision she saw things differently now. Could domand, held allence. she ever be happy happy again? Could Christmas be merry for her?

Closkey with the heavy wave of hair you this year." and the gold tooth; she remembered the thoughtfulness of the old floor- brary, brightened with the big. redwalker to Number 105 now gaining a ribboned wreaths and garlands. A little rest on the hard boards; she great cluster of violets on the table recailed the act of the little cash girl, gave their perfume. Afar off in the

ty was not altogether heartless, the perfect winter's morning- of Christworld not utterly bad.

thought that she did not see. Still, newer and more hopeful and happier mechanically, she noted what was hap- than on any other morning of the year. pening. A thin-faced thin-lipped or seems to be. As if echoing the woman in a large plumed hat stood chime of the clock some distant making a purchase. In her hand was church bells carilloned softly and mera purse. She laid it on the counter. rilly. "Peace on earth." "Good will A brush of her sleeve brought it noiselessly and unnoticed to the floor. Inattentively. Dorothea watched her mov the sunshine-in the clear air, in the away. A cash girl darted forward, gentle soothing calm.

She picked up the leather case and ran after the woman.

nessenger say, "you've lost your pocketbook."

The woman turned impatiently. She seized the proffered object. Her finshe moved on. Suddenly she stopped. Dorothea idly watched her as she turned the clasp and peered into the portmonnaie.

Dorothea observed that she turned quickly: pale, then red with fury. "I-I-!" she cried in a loud tone-"Tve been robbed!

The vigor of the announcement and hush.

"What is it madam?" demanded the floor-walker, hurrying up. .

"I had ten dollars in this purse, she exclaimed in a declamatory voice that rang through the place. "I dropped it. I opened it just now to get a list. The money is-gone! That little girl there had the pocket- it pitiful and humiliating? Sit down." book and gave it to me. She has ta-

ken the bills!" The child started as the denouncing finger was pointed at her. Her lips first a smile curved his lips. But a trembled in fright.| She began to cry. "See!" said the woman spitefully. 'You see she knows she did it."

Dorothea stepped forward as if fascinated. The accused, as she discovered at once, was Linda Krazewski. "I'm very sorry," said the floor-

walker. "There must be some mistake."

"I tell you there isn't any," raged He stared at me for a moment. Then me. He was a very intellingent man

school in country ..... A private of the line asking speech Mr. Wilbur's mortgage ..... 1,400.00 with the Commander would not have caused more sensation. "Are you batty, girl?" asked the de-

tective at length. "I think," said Dorothea, looking a him, "that the proprietor will see me." Her words, her manner, had an instant effect upon the man accustomed to watch people narrowly. His hand fell from the childs arm. The eushe been in a fool's paradise-existing raged woman, herself somewhat disconcerted by the sudden and amazing

"Jack," said Miss Dorothea Kings-And yet-She thought of the real lake, with great solemnity, "I haven't kindness of the masterful Miss Mc- got much of a Christmas present for

They stood together in the wide ll-There was something still. Humani- large house a clock chimed. Outside

perfect winter's morning-ofChrist-She looked before her, so lost in mas morning, when all is fresher and toward men." The message could be read everywhere. The feeling was in

"That is the reason that I didn't send it to you last night, Christmas "Here!" Dorothea heard the small Eve," she continued thoughtfully. "I

> She held out to him a sheaf of three curved sprays of lillies of the valley. Bound with a sprig of maidenhair "They were all I could get for the

> money. As she observed his, sudden look of surprise, she laughed and answered

"Oh, let me tell you. I've got so much to say. I wanted to give you something entirely different from ever before-from anybody else. Somethe nature of it caused an instant thing which would be a surprise; Something which would have more character. I could not think of a thing At last I had an inspiration. I would

> earn the money myself for a present. "You made the money for this?" he exclatmed. "Yes," she answered. "It's all that

> could make. Isn't it absurd? Isn't He sank beside her on the long. leather covered divan. Bending forward she began her narration. At more serious one succeeded it. "When I asked to speak to the head of the business," she narrated, "you should have seen the commotion.If I had been demanding an audience with the Grand Mogul the disturbance could not have been more. They thought I was mad. However, I just

\$1.525.007 Less...... "Really," she continued, "as a prac tical venture, the result can hardly be called brilliant."

"Dorothy,----" he spoke,

"But-but" she sobbed suddenly-"I have learned so much. And you don't mind not having more?"

"Yes," he said gently, as he bent a little closer. She turned to look at him-then

averted her eyes. "Yos,' 'he said, "because I want more

the most. I want you, Can't you give me that Christmas present.""

"Yes," she whispered. "Jack-Jack! Merry Christmas! Only there are more than ourselves. We must remember others. Fve learned that from my present."

## NO OPIUM IN CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY.

There is not the least danger in giving Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to small children, as it contains no opium or other harmful drug. It has an established reputation of more than thirty years, as the most successful medicine in use for colds. croup and whooping cough. It always cures and is pleasant to take Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

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Increases and \$2.50 Round Trip Rate via A. & C. R. R. is Popular. Travel from this city to Portland on Sunday at the low round trip rate of \$2.50 is on the increase and many

enjoy that day in the metropolis each week. This rate will be continued throughout the winter and the volume of travel toward Portland every Sunday would indicate that the public appreciates it. 11-8-tf

She worried and she fretted, And grew as homely as could be,

You Realize

on that has now made its appearance.

Just Arrived for MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN FALL STYLES, SMART DESIGNS.





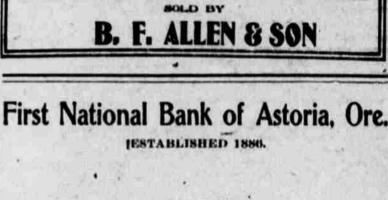
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BUNDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1906.

Liend Deneer will improve even the most beautiful furniture. It will take that smoky

look from the Piano and other Mahogany, and is highly beneficial to Golden Oak, White Enamel, Gilt, Silver and other finishes.

Liquid Urner sells at 50 cents a bottle, and a bottle is enough to renovate the ordinary home. Try it and you will always buy it.





wanted to explain."

gers closed upon it. Without a word fern, they formed a boutonniere.

"Here," he said in a low tone to the sufferer, "you go and lay down inthe cloak-room. I won't say anything. Only show up here every half hour so you won't be missed."

Dorothea directed a grateful giance at the mun.

"Come," she said to Number 105. "Ain't Mr. Wilbur considerate! stammered the girl. "An' with all his bein' here ten years they'd turn him off if they knew. Discipline must be kept up, they say. Him with a mortgage had the purse. The money was there. on his little home."

Almost supporting her, Dorothen helped her, the other showing the way. Into a dark clothes-hung cellar they and purchasers were pressing up. came. The girl threw herself wearily on the floor.

"But," cried Dorothea, horrified, "you can't lie there."

wearly as she closed her eyes. A little cash girl stols up and looked on for a moment. She stripped off her apron and thrust it under the head of announced in a clear but unsteady the recumbent figure.

"I got another," she explained. "What is your name?" Dorothea asked quickly.

"Linda Kraszewski."

"Bless you child," said Dorothea, selzing her and kissing her.

"What's that for ?" demanded the amazed urchin, standing off defiantly, "Because you are good to her."

"G'way," the otner answered: "stop kiddin' me."

Back into the pandemonium of the store Dorothea hurrled.

"Absent without permission," growied the manager, who observed her hurrying up.

"I----" she began, trembling in spite of herself.

"No excuses," he ordered peremptority. "You know the fine."

Hot with suppressed fury, Detothea tok her place behind the counter. Her mouth was firmly set now. Her eyes Th absurdity of the situation struck fairly blazed. She was seeing behind the scenes of life as she had never had seen before. The seamy side of the world which had always presented Dorothea Kingslake, "to see the owner fiself to her as a glittering, luxurious spectacle was very different from what she had supposed. A strange mixture she was finding of good and had, of more successful. Her calm words fell cruelty and kindness. The bad more on the silence with startling effect. often the result of ignorance than anything else; the cruelty most frequently arising from the rulings of every day usage. Reality had laid its ripple of amusement ran through the touch upon her, and the sensation was crowd. A sailor of the forecastle renumbing. With hard fingers pressing questing a private conversation with Pearl Clark sent to country for open her eyes she servisaged the fact

A stout ordinary-looking man came softly but swiftly forward, "I am one of the house detectives," he announced. "What is it?"

"I demand that little thief shall be arrested." "I haven't got it! I didn't take it! almost shricked the child,

"Keep still," ordered the detective taking her firmly by the shoulder. "I didn't touch it," the cash girl Mobbed in terror,

"She did," replied the woman. "She It isn't now," she finished triumphant-

ly. A crowd had gathered. Shop people The actors stood in the midst of the

Istening and staring throng. "Don't arrest me! pleaded the girl, "Let me be," answered Pearl Clark self. "Don't put me in fail!" too frenzied with fear to defend her-Dorothea stepped out in the small. open space where the others stood. "I think there is some error," she

> voice, "What do you know about it?" cried

the woman wheeling upon her. "I happened to be watching all the

time," Dorothea continued more evenly. "The girl did not take it, for I

should have seen it if she had." "And you expect us to take your word for that?" the now infuriated female raged.

"Nothing but a shop girl! I've no doubt you are as bad as she. How do I hope you like my splendid gift." I know that you are not a confederate? I ask," she said, turning to the detective, "that you search this person

'too.' For an instant Dorothea was slient. The imputation, the accusation was so sudden, so amazing, so incredible, that she was struck dumb. She could

not believe her senses. She could not trust her ears. Then the tension broke her. She laughed softly to herself.

no longer as Number 523 but as Miss of this establishment."

If she had planned a coup de theatre she could not have found anything For an instant no one stirred. Then all stared in an immobility of amusement. Then some one giggled. A

the Admiral of the Fleet could not with a directness that made her eye- have created greater consternation, Linda

'All right, miss,' he said T'll see about it.' The proprietor did receive me at once, and a more nervous, embarrassed little person you never beheld. And .apologetic? He couldn't understand how I got there or how I came. He appeared to regard it as a case of entertaining angels unawares. Anyway he listened to all that I had to say.'

"You may be pleased to know that Miss McCloskey is now the head of the toy department, and that Mr. Wilbur, the floor-walker, has been promoted to take charge of the Exchange . . . I never had such fun Desk. Going back to the manager to get my pay was an experience I would not have missed for the world. He was not willing to give me anything at first. However, a mysterious tip from headouarters made him hurry to put in my hand what he said was coming to me

At three dollars a week for the time I had been working I should receive exactly thirty cents, plus five per cent. commission on my sales to Mr. George Dewey Bowker. However, there was a ten cent fine for my being absent

without permission, so I was only entitled to twenty-four cents. With the influence emanating from the office, be wanted to remit the fine. I was very haughty about it. I would only consent to take what was my due There I stood with twenty-four cents with which to buy a present for you. . . The lilies of the valley were

the only thing I could get for the sum. "Like it," he said. "I like it better

than any that I ever had in all my life. I prize it more. I am prouder of it." "Of course," she continued, "from a strictly business point of view, I do

not suppose that I even earned the twenty-four cents. I certainly did not come out ahead. The made up my books and balanced them this way? She held out a plece of paper to him. He did not take it, but he glanced at "I should like," she said, speaking the sheet over her shoulder. He read: GAIN.

Six hours, at 5 cents an hour,. \$0.30 Commission at five per cent ...

\$0.84

Less fine....

LOSS.

Christmas tree for George Bowker ... Miss Maggie McCloskey .... Kraszewski sent to

Please mention the Astorian