

THE WEEK IN ASTORIA SOCIETY

LEAD SOCIETY

111 am. N. N.

The week ended even more auspiciously than it began, occasional flurries of snow have given the great outdoors a spotless robe, in honor of the New Year and the new leaves we have all turned; the harbor bristling with spars and smoke stacks told in strenuous tones the first hour of 1907. And noise of all kinds contributed to make lusty the cry of the new born year.

The events have generally been watch parties.

Fulton House Party—Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fulton gave a house party at their seaside place, celebrating the advent of the New Year. Mr. and Mrs. George Sanborn and Mr. and Mrs. Fulton had a merry automobile ride over the long country road in their respective cars to the appointed destination. Within the walls of the hospitable retreat New Year's dinner was served to the congenial party, by the great fire place, and to the grand music of the hoary headed old breakers. The weather was propitious and in the moonlight the gladsome group sallied forth and on the long promenade walked and danced by the sea, and thus passed the last hours of the old year, and later, with cheer and good promises, welcomed in the new. The members of this coterie were: Dr. Fulton and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Prael, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Fulton.

Birth-day Party—On the evening of the last day of the old year, Mrs. E. Z. Ferguson and Mrs. Geo. Noland gave a party to the younger set, in honor of the birthdays of Virgil Noland and Edwin Short. The doors of Mrs. Ferguson's capacious new home were thrown open for the occasion, the double parlors, dining room and hall decorated with a soft green hemlock and red Christmas bells, formed an unusually pretty ball room, where about forty dainty girls and boys made an attractive picture in the regulation dances. Punch and cake were served and the dancing continued until 11:30, when the party went in a body to await the coming of the New Year at watch service at the Episcopalian church. Those present were: The Misses Madge Fulton, Ruby Hamerstrom, Ethel Ellsworth, Gail Roberts, Wilma Young, Bessie Cordner, Helen and Margaret Taylor, Bonnie Wild, Gertrude Barker, Nellie Wilson, Leta Minkler, Myrtle Shaben, Maud Ross, Mildred Smith, Gladis Graham, Hazel Estes, Myrtle Harrison, Martha Ford, Louise and Birdie Wise, Lena Festerband, Carrie Short, Louise Gray, Nannette Ferguson, the Messrs. Virgil Noland, Edwin Short, Lorenzo Pilkington, Seabury Short, Hamilton Garner, Alfred Hamerstrom, Allen Fulton, Will Utzinger, Abel Wright, Kenneth Parker, Guy Sanborn, Stephen Habersham, Robert Taylor, Chester Ellsworth, Lloyd Van Dusen, Epstein Reed, Melville Morton, Mervin Troyer.

Amos Allen, Hyland Kuetner, Sydney Heilborn, Clyde Trullinger, Fred Short.

Watch Party—The home of Mrs. Frank Gamble, in Uppertown, was the scene of one of the New Year watch parties. The earlier part of the evening was spent at cards, 500 being played; later a dainty luncheon was served on a table garlanded in smilax and red carnations. A grab bag furnished a novelty, the favors being tin horns with which all tooted a charivari to the latest offspring of time. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. John Gamble, Messrs. Harry and Gus Gamble, Mr. Campbell and Miss Anna Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morton, and the Misses Bertha and Grace Morton, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Otto Grimes, Mr. Fred Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Captain Burkholder, Mrs. Ashley of Brookfield, Mrs. Gray, of Portland, Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Florence Goddard, Mr. Arthur Oberg, Mr. Harry Graham and Mrs. Graham.

An Afternoon—On Monday afternoon Mrs. J. Wyward entertained in honor of Mrs. J. T. O'Brien of Portland. Mrs. O'Brien is a sister-in-law of Mrs. Frank Donnerburg. Mrs. Wyward's parlors were artistically decked with Oregon wild grape and holly; a most delightful afternoon was spent, during which a dainty luncheon was served.

Rev. Albeyne, the rector of the Uppertown chapel for the past year, has been constrained to leave Astoria on account of failing health and seek a more favorable climate in the city of New Orleans. The people of the parish attend him with best wishes for recovery and regret the departure of the reverend gentleman, which leaves them without a minister for the present.

Miss Maud Rahles, of Portland, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Austin Osborne.

Mrs. J. Adrian Epping and children, who have been visiting Mrs. J. A. Devlin, returned to their home Thursday morning.

Miss Gertrude Kearney is in Portland enjoying a protracted stay with her cousins, the Misses Meehan of that city.

Mrs. Geo. Colwell entertained the Pastime club at euchre on Friday. Mrs. Kuetner entertained an every week card club at her home on Friday.

Miss Carol Young was hostess at her home in Uppertown to the Thursday afternoon club; 500 was played and Mrs. Callender was the fortunate winner of the prize.

THE RING AND THE GIRL

BL ZELLA ARMSTRONG.

LOSE to zero the mercury plunged, as though to show the dwellers in Dixie by glorious contrast what an agreeable brand of weather is the Sunny South variety. The girl shivered, and reflected whimsically that she was no better equipped for the cold than were the members of the road over which she was being jerked through sleet and snow toward Chattanooga. The child of the outer air was only slightly tempered within the coach, the wind whistled, and the snow drifted through the rickety casements, while her pretty tailor-made suit seemed the least possible protection from such bitter draughts.

Marston saw the involuntary shiver, and leaving his seat, he spoke to her in a winning, apologetic way.

"Won't you let me help you into my coat?" he asked, as he held out the garment of which he had divested himself. "I can go into the smoker where there is a red-hot stove. No, you can't. There are too many men, and there is too much smoke." He shook his head at her suggestion, as he held the coat in an authoritative manner.

Her thanks were scarcely audible, but she obeyed him meekly; and as she slipped shivering into the grateful warmth, a glance from the darkest of blue eyes spoke her gratitude. As virtue is sometimes its own reward, so that glance unexpectedly warmed his blood, and made him regret his voluntary exile to the smoker and the stove.

His destination, Dalton, was only a few miles away, and night was almost down when he left the smoke-thick atmosphere to find the other coach deserted, save for the blue-eyed one, who was fast asleep, close-wrapped in his overcoat. Her long lashes curled on cheeks pale with cold despite the relief he had conferred. A moment he stood in contemplation of

her beauty, more and more, resenting the thought of awakening her to claim his property.

"I can't do it," he said under his breath. "Poor little thing; he watched the long lashes on the smooth cheek, but least she is not suffering now. I can get my heavy coat from my trunk at Dalton—I'll leave this one with her."

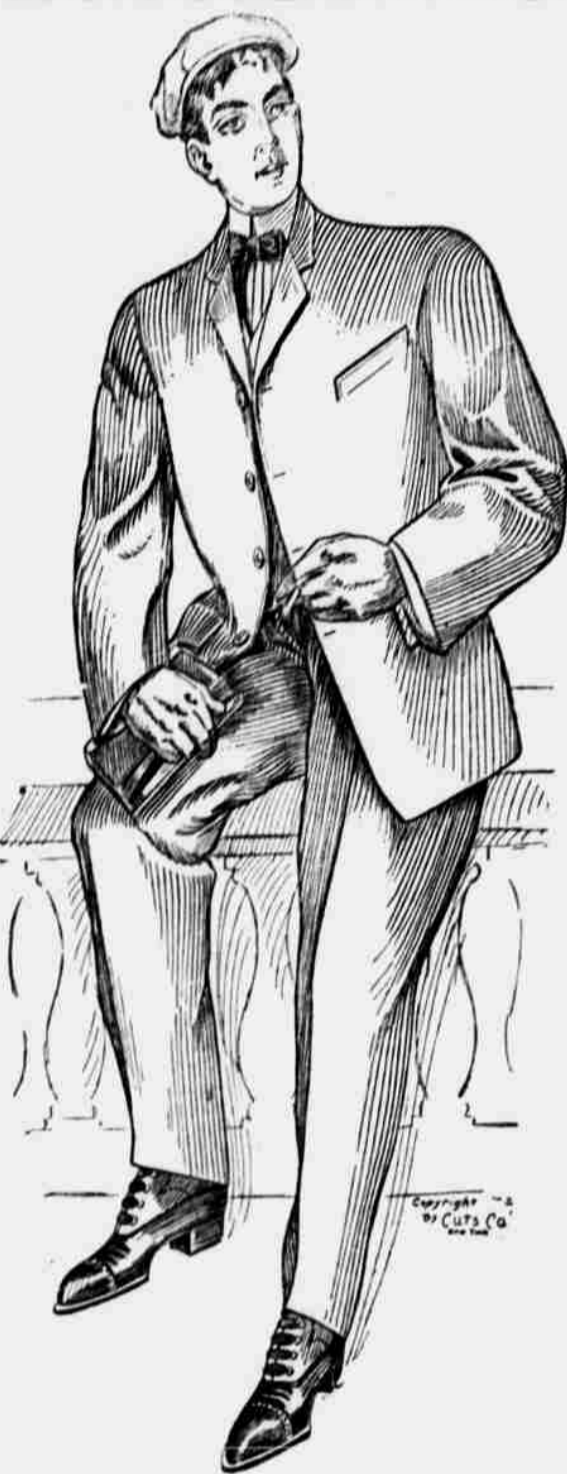
A hastily scribbled note on his card explained that he was off at Dalton, but that a few days later would find him in Chattanooga, at the Read House, where she could leave or send the coat. Edging the card into a conveniently gaping pocket, he gathered his belongings reluctantly from his own seat and swung from the platform just as the conductor yelled "All aboard!" and the long train began to rumble past the station.

Throughout his transactions in Dalton Marston felt an impulse of impatient haste toward Chattanooga and his meeting with her. More than once he wished frankly that he had gone on with her.

But after all, what awaited him at the Read was merely a bulky package, the coat. Searching the pocket post-office vainly for a note, he suffered what he told himself was an absurdly bitter disappointment. On the heels of his defeat he found—a consolation prize a ring set with a single pearl which had evidently slipped from her chilled finger that cold afternoon. He glanced a further grain of comfort from the fact that the ring was in the right-hand pocket, and "therefore not an engagement ring," as he reasoned. The trinket complicated matters; for in the mail came an envelope, white and square, addressed in an unfamiliar feminine hand, and without doubt from her.

"Thank you so much," were the words on the sheet within. No form of salutation, and no signature!

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"Well I like that!" said Marston ruefully. "Nice impression I must have made, if she couldn't trust me with her name and whereabouts. If she were not so haughty—or so shy—she could have her ring," he grumbled. "Serves her right," and thereupon he made formal arrangements with himself to immediately dismiss the matter once for all in his mind, and in the same breath fell to wondering whether hauteur or timidity prompted the brevity of the communication and caused her to withhold her name. In memory he studied her face, analyzing her delicate features, recalling the clear, direct, yet half-shy glance of those deep blue eyes, the long, childish lashes, and all the tender contours—timidity, of course. He admitted now that he had accredited the little circle as a possible ambassador, and laughed mirthlessly as he twisted the little ring on his own smallest digit, but he decided to carry it always.

Perhaps, in possession of her name, he might, after the manner of men, have forgotten all about her. As it was he remembered. At first he was always expecting to meet her. Again and again he thought he had a glimpse of her on some crowded street, but just as often the tailor clad figure eluded him. Once he followed into a florist's shop, determined to bribe the saleswoman should the shy quarry vanish again; but the tailored maiden with the well-set shoulders chose a shaggy chrysanthemum and fastened in her furs as she turned a velvety brown glance inquiringly upon his eager gaze. He hurriedly purchased violets for an amazed debutante who did not expect them, and threw the gushing note of thanks, when it came, into the fire with an unnecessary scowl, for he remembered with a pang the simple little "Thank you so much." A girl whose name he did not know was despotically ruling his ideals.

Another writer had come and passed. Marston still carried the little pearl. When he thought of it at all it was with a feeling half sad, half resentful. Somewhere this girl with the wonderful blue eyes, was living her life without him, loving and being loved. If he found her it would be too late.

But he was possessed of a married sister who dragged him out on all possible occasions, and on some which Marston pronounced impossible.

"Yes, I know," she cut in promptly.

"But you must come to this one. I simply will not accept any excuse. It's for Miss Stacy, you know. She is going."

"Oh," said Marston plaintively, "I've met Jack—won't that do?"

"Paul, you are a good boy after all," said little Mrs. Hollister when he found her in the crush. "As a reward of merit I'll introduce you to Miss Stacy—oh, you know each other already? Why didn't you tell me?"

The question was reproachful; but other people demanded attention from the hostess; and Paul was gazing into the bluest, bluest eyes in the world—eyes that had haunted his dreams for a year. And she was going to marry Jack! Had he not said it would be too late? He never knew quite what words he uttered, or whether he managed a decent appearance, as he took her hand. He noted the long upcurling lashes on the cheeks, rosy now—Jack's fiancée?

"This is all I have had of you for a year," he said, almost without his own volition.

"Ah!" echoed the girl laughing, but a little startled. "It was enough, wasn't it? Why, it's my ring! Where did you get it?" she questioned, the deep blue eyes opening on him in amazement.

"In the right hand pocket of my coat. You might have given me the chance to return it. You can wear it now, with your wedding ring and Jack's diamond," he ended, with a touch of bitterness.

"Can—can wear it with—" she faltered, "when—"

"Good-by, Miss Stacy," chorused a group in the hall, to a vanishing blue figure; and the girl with the ring in her open hand stirred not.

"Miss Stacy," he whispered, wonderingly. "They—aren't calling you?" "I believe you did not meet my cousin," she answered. "She was summoned to the telephone, just as you came in." And she finished, with a touch of the old demure shyness, "She was the guest of honor."

"What!" he almost shouted. "Then she is engaged to Jack, not you."

"No, indeed; that is Constance Stacy."

ALL THE WORLD

I am only Stacy—" she paused with "Co, indeed; that is Constance Stacy, the first little touch of coquetry he had ever seen in her. "You do not know my name yet?" she whispered. "No," he answered slowly; "no" I don't know what it is now,"—the color deepened on her cheek as his hand, unseen, closed over hers—"but I know what it is going to be."—The Home Magazine.

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