

... When Elsie was Lost ...

"Is there room?" Elsie looked apprehensively at the crowded car.

"Easy," laughed Taylor. "Here in New York we don't call a car crowded until there are people sitting on the roof. He helped her aboard the platform and stepped aside to let two other women on, swinging himself on to the step just as the car started.

Elsie looked back nervously at Taylor and called warningly, "Do not get lost, Tom."

He waved reassurance, and then some one in leaving forced her to step well into the car. This prevented her from knowing that Taylor had dropped off the car step to let some passengers alight and that the conductor had given the go ahead signal before he could swing himself back on again. Two other men regained the step, but Taylor was left in the street saying things about the traction company and all its employees.

All unconscious Elsie rode until the end of the run was near, and the crowd thinned out before she was able to see that Tom was not on the car. She beckoned the conductor.

"There was a gentleman on the rear platform," she said.

"Lots of 'em," agreed the conductor. "But this one had a blue tie and a derby hat. Do you remember where he got off?"

"I'm not here to look after men in blue ties," he said crossly. A crowded run is not conducive to politeness.

"Where do you want to get off?"

"That's just the trouble," she explained. "You see, my aunt moved this morning. There was a fire in the apartment house in which they lived, and they had to change. It's uptown somewhere, but my cousin did not have time to tell me just where. He had just met me at the train."

"Better go over to the police station," he counseled. "Your folks will send out a general alarm probably, and then word will come to the station. Maybe there's some one where they used to live that can tell you."

"That's so," she said, brightening. "It's on Central Park West."

She named a number, and the conductor rang the bell. "Take a downtown car to One Hundred and Twenty-



"THEY DIDN'T LEAVE NO ADDRESS," HE LAUGHED.

... fifth street," he said. "Transfer south on Eighth avenue. That's in the sixties somewhere."

Elsie dropped off the car with a

word of thanks and hailed a car coming in the opposite direction. Not until the conductor stood in front of her did she realize that she had given Tom her hand satchel containing her pocket-book.

This conductor was less pleasant than the first one and refused to accept her story. There was no one else in the car, and with crimson face she alighted. She did not know how far it was, but she had a general idea of the direction, and she started bravely out.

The wind blew coldly from the river, and she drew her coat about her as she plodded along. Six blocks and the lamp post told her that One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street had been reached. She paused undecidedly; then, with sudden determination, she hailed a passerby.

"Eighth avenue?" he repeated. "Keep going. It's the street with the elevated on. You can't—in this Elsie Linton" he broke off.

"Will!" she cried in sudden recognition. "I did not know you with that mustache on. And you're older too."

"I ought to be," she said grimly, "between having to get out and bustle and losing the girl I loved."

"I suppose you have made up both losses," she said.

"Only the first," he corrected. "I've just this minute found the girl I love. But what are you doing here alone?"

he demanded. "Been visiting and got lost?"

Rapidly she explained the situation, and his brow clouded.

"The Bellevue burned last night," he said. "Pretty well gutted. There may be a caretaker who will know where your aunt went. Let's go over and see."

He whisked her on board the car, and she settled back, with a sigh of relief. It was so comfortable to be taken care of again, and there was a new briskness in Will Benton's manner that brought comfort.

When the Benton Milling company had failed he was an idle and none too resourceful fellow. Now he spoke and acted with decision, and she was sorry that she had said "No" when he had put the all important question to her.

Their arrival at the transfer point interrupted her day dream, and as they changed to the Eighth avenue car he became more talkative. He sketched for her an outline of his struggles, a bare outline of his experience to which her own mind added the embellishments, and almost before she knew it he was signaling the conductor.

The Bellevue stood a smoke stained and gaunt wreck of what had been a fashionable apartment house, and a fire patrolman in the lobby was the only sign of life.

"They didn't leave no address," he laughed. "They were in too much of a hurry when they left. Only the doctor thought of that. The others just went to the hotels or to friends. The furniture is all here. They had insurance, and they can't move it until the adjusters get through. Try the postoffice."

The substitution gave no better result. The carrier declared that he would not be permitted to give an address, but admitted that as yet he had received no instructions for forwarding mail.

At the police station the desk sergeant telephoned headquarters, but no alarm had been registered yet. "Maybe it will come in," he counseled. "Why don't you go and get dinner and come back? I may have something for you then."

"That's so," laughed Benton. "You must be pretty hungry after all this walking. Let's go down to the circle and have something to eat. It will do us both good."

Across the table Elsie's depression

vanished. Will kept chatting of every thing except her portion, and it seemed like old times back home when a party of young people ran up to town for the theater and had supper afterward.

It was not until the coffee was reached that he became serious again.

"What shall we do," he asked, "in case the alarm has not been sent out? I think you had better go to a hotel, wire your mother and wait for her answer. There's a hotel up the street here. I know the proprietor, and he will see that you are well looked after."

"It will be so lonesome," she said, with a little shudder. "It is the first time that I have ever been in New York, and it is all so strange."

"I used to live down in this section of the town," he said. "There is a minister I know—I don't want to seem to take advantage of your plight to repeat my proposal, dear, but—I should be the happiest man in New York if you would say 'Yes.'"

For answer her hand stole across the table and clasped his. "You are sure it is love and not pity?" she asked.

"It has always been love," he said. "I never accepted your decision, and it has helped to make a man of me."

"Let us go," she said simply. But Benton understood.

Half an hour later they emerged from the quiet rectory.

"Shall we stop at the station?" laughed Will.

"Auntie might be worried," she said. And they turned their steps toward the green lights. The desk sergeant smiled as they approached.

"They're waiting for you just around the corner," he said, naming an apartment hotel. "They were in here in after you left. I told them you were coming back. Miss Linton, isn't it?"

"No," said Will proudly. "Mrs. William Benton now."

And as they descended the steps he hugged his arm.

"I wish," she said, "we could find that conductor that found you for me, Will."

"It's not every conductor," he laughed back, "who puts a girl off a street car into matrimony. Bless his heart!"

What a New Jersey Editor Says.

M. T. Lynch, editor of the Phillipsburg, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it."

T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

ART COLLECTION SOLD.

NEW YORK, August 7.—News from London that the Rudolph E. Kann art collection had been sold to Duveen Bros. for the record price of \$5,000,000, was received with interest in art circles yesterday. It is likely that several canvasses of the collection will ultimately find their way to America. Though the Kann collection was begun only in 1880 it is the most important and most carefully selected of its kind in France. Rembrandt's art is the chief feature and this master is shown at the height of his power in 11 canvasses, which are representatives of his most diverse manners.

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COMFORTING WORDS.

Many an Astoria Household Will Find Them So.

To have the pains and aches of a bad back removed; to be entirely free from annoying, dangerous urinary disorders is enough to make any kidney sufferer grateful. To tell how this great change can be brought about will prove comforting words to hundreds of Astoria readers.

Mrs. Captain C. G. Groves, of 824 Raleigh street, Portland, Or., says: "Lapse of time has not lessened the confidence I have had in Doan's Kidney Pills since February, 1903, when I publicly recommended them. I had used them in treating kidney trouble of several years' standing. It originally started with dull aching in the small of my back over the kidneys. Colds aggravated the trouble and made the pain sharp and acute. Any extra exertion would bring on a prostrating attack. I had tried various remedies for the trouble without avail, but Doan's Kidney Pills began to help me right after I started using them. They gradually banished the backache and pain in the loins, strengthened the kidneys and helped me in every way. I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any sufferer from kidney complaint."

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WILL ENFORCE FOOD LAW.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 7.—Judge Smith McPherson in the United States District Court here has refused to grant a temporary restraining order to prevent the enforcement of the Kansas stock food inspection law. The injunction was asked for by Marion W. Savage of the International stock food Company of Minnesota.

Mr. Savage in his petition alleged that the law, which went into effect July 1, is unconstitutional because it interferes with the interstate Commerce regulations; that it deprives owners of their property without due process of law and discriminates against non-residents.

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over 60 years of age suffer from kidney and disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I felt better than I have for 20 years, although I am now 91 years old." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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