

For Rent.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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"Be sure it has six light rooms, all outside," abjured Grace.

"And remember it must be in a nice neighborhood," added Molly.

Rowena sighed. "I'll try," she said resignedly and, tucking her umbrella under her arm, started down the stairs. It was a cool day, with a gray sky and a promise of rain in the air. The streets and boulevards had the faded, dusty look that late summer always wears before the first frost arrives to sharpen and brighten things. Vans laden with furniture passed with a frequency which promised that moving time had come.

"I must remember that all places look less cheerful on a dull day," said Rowena to herself, taking a list out of her pocketbook and running over it with a ruminating eye.

"Bright, attractive apartment, six rooms and bath. I think I'll try that one, though they all advertise themselves as attractive, and the reality is a lot of



IT'S JUST THE PLACE FOR YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

stuffy little rooms overlooking an air shaft on one side and somebody's back yard on the other. But I'm starting awfully early in the season, and that ought to give me a better choice."

For a week Rowena had been flat hunting, climbing endless flights of stairs and interviewing a seemingly endless line of real estate agents and janitors. Each morning she set out blithely, and each evening she came back fatigued and disheartened. "The price we want to pay and the kind of an apartment we would like don't seem to fit together," she wailed, recounting her adventures to Molly and Grace at nightfall. And this particular day proved no exception to the rule. By 11 o'clock in the morning she had tramped miles and found nothing suitable.

"Is this the Edgemere?" she wearily inquired of an elevator boy in an apartment building whose marble entrance and artistic green walls were like a ray of hope to her dejected spirits.

"Yes'm," said he of the trim suit and brass buttons.

"I'd like to look at one on the third floor," said Rowena, smiling on him. Rowena's smile was one of her chief charms. It lighted up her piquant face and showed a dimple lurking in her cheek. It would captivate any one

from a king to an elevator boy.

The third floor of the Edgemere proved desirable from every point of view. Rowena was delighted. "And all for \$50 a month," she breathed.

The boy gaped at her. "Fifty dollars!" he scoffed. "Why, these here apartments rents for a hundred and fifty!"

"One hundred and fifty! You're certainly mistaken. The paper said—"

She opened her pocketbook, found the clipping and showed it to him. He shook his head.

"Misprint, lady," he answered. "They ain't no such price."

"Sure, that's just what I've been telling this gentleman," said a neat looking scrubwoman, suddenly appearing in the doorway. Behind her towered a fair haired young fellow, broad of shoulder and firm of chin. He stared at Rowena for an instant.

"Why, Miss Holden," he cried, with a boyish laugh of pleasure, "are you on the trail too?"

"I should think you'd know it at first glance," said Rowena tragically. "My sisters tell me that my face has taken on the expression of the New York flat hunter—a look of grim despair that is unmistakable."

Dwight Curtis laughed again.

"I wonder if your trials are as great as mine. I'm clubbing together with two other fellows, and trying to fill the wants of each and all is turning my gray. Moreover, I feel I'm getting the tickets from sprinting up so many flights of stairs."

"The building we're in now is going to be torn down, so we have to move and it's my turn to search," explained Rowena. "And, oh, Mr. Curtis, have you seen any reasonable apartments with light airy rooms in a pleasant neighborhood not too far from the car line?"

"I have not," Dwight answered gravely. "though I repeat those phrases even in my sleep. I tell you what—why can't we hunt together? It will be a lot more sociable, and two heads are better than one, you know. Besides, down at the beach this summer that Hawkins man monopolized so much of your time that it's only fair for me to have my innings now. Shall we go to Seventy-sixth street next?"

"Do you realize," said Rowena a week later as they sat on a bench on Riverside drive, "that time is flying and we've found nothing—absolutely nothing—so far?"

"But we've had a lot of fun," Dwight replied, smiling reminiscently as he thought of sundry strolls they had taken in the park, sundry luncheons tete-a-tete in the little casino, sundry car rides to perfectly irrelevant places, and all with the ostensible excuse of flat hunting.

"This is good enough for me," he went on, with a look first at Rowena and then at the river, where myriads of water craft plied up and down. Steam launches puffed portentously, sailboats gleamed in the sunlight, and an excursion steamer churned past, all flag flying and a band playing lustily on deck. The rows of stone houses facing the drive were closed and silent, the lower windows boarded up, while the half shut blinds of the upper ones gave them a semblance of supercilious drooping eyelids.

Rowena toyed with her parasol. She was looking dangerously demure in pale blue. A tip tilted, coquettish hat sat lightly on her well poised head.

"I feel like a perfect culprit when I return at night," she confessed. "The girls fuss over me and say what a hard day I must have been through."

"I know," echoed Dwight, grinning sympathetically. "The fellows tell me that I'm a brick and that they're no end grateful, while as it is I'm having the time of my life! Must we really go?" he pleaded as Rowena abruptly gathered up her gloves and parasol.

"I simply must decide on something today," she said, a ring of determination in her voice. "I cannot put it off any longer."

"Let's try this, then," suggested

Dwight, looking up at a white stone building on a side street. "This is 23. It looks pretty spick and span, doesn't it? I have an idea that it will do."

Rowena gave a regretful shake of the head.

"It's too small," she declared, glancing about at the little drawing room. "But, oh, what a darling! It's the loveliest one we've seen anywhere! With a little money and a little taste it could be made a perfect jewel box. How the sun streams in, and how dear and cozy this drawing room would be!"

"With a window seat there," said Dwight, "and a bookcase against the wall."

"And some pictures and bits of bric-a-brac on the mantel!" Rowena glowed with enthusiasm.

"And a low round table and a reading lamp," added Dwight delightedly.

The voice of the ever present jan-trem broke in on them. "I think you'd like it," she observed. "It's just the place for young married couples."

Rowena gasped and retreated. Dwight followed.

"Dear," he besought, "you know it's exactly as she says—it's meant for us and no one else. Ah, Rowena, won't you say that the light which shines through these windows will be our home light? Won't you say that every night at dinner time the woman I love will be waiting here to welcome me? Won't you say—and there was mirth in his voice as well as tenderness—"won't you say that our flat hunting is over?"

Rowena hesitated.

"I don't know," she began demurely. "I hadn't meant to lease my heart so soon, but since—since so desirable a tenant has applied it seems only right to oblige him with a permanent occupancy, provided he keeps it in good repair!"

Pullman's Giant Passenger.

There was one story of his career that Mr. Pullman used to tell with manifest delight. One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and half a berth was assigned him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot. Along came another passenger and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am I going to sleep there, I'd like to know? Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke and then told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I am occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with the wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.

Yellowstone Park.

The Yellowstone National park covers an area of 3,348 square miles of territory and embraces within its boundaries specimens of almost every kind of natural scenery—waterfalls, rapids, lakes, mountains, boiling springs, mud volcanoes, geysers, canyons, caves, basaltic terraces and giant boulders worn by erosion into every manner and kind of queer and fantastic shape that the imagination can conceive of. The Yellowstone is at present by far and away the largest park in the world.

LABOR BOYCOTTS SALOON.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 13.—O. A. Twitmore, P. H. McCarthy, Richard Cornelius and all other officers and members of the Carimen's Union, Labor Council and Building Trades Council were made the defendants today in a suit filed by James H. Aver, a saloonkeeper. Aver alleges that because he did not compel one of his employees to refrain from riding on the street cars his saloon had been boycotted and his business was thereby threatened with ruin. He asked the superior court to enjoin the labor organizations from further interfering with his business.

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Tide Table for August

AUGUST, 1907.				
High Water.	A. M.	P. M.	Low Water.	A. M.
Thursday	1:45	8:00	Thursday	1:45
Friday	2:00	8:15	Friday	2:00
Saturday	2:15	8:30	Saturday	2:15
SUNDAY	2:30	8:45	SUNDAY	2:30
Monday	2:45	9:00	Monday	2:45
Tuesday	3:00	9:15	Tuesday	3:00
Wednesday	3:15	9:30	Wednesday	3:15
Thursday	3:30	9:45	Thursday	3:30
Friday	3:45	10:00	Friday	3:45
Saturday	4:00	10:15	Saturday	4:00
SUNDAY	4:15	10:30	SUNDAY	4:15
Monday	4:30	10:45	Monday	4:30
Tuesday	4:45	11:00	Tuesday	4:45
Wednesday	5:00	11:15	Wednesday	5:00
Thursday	5:15	11:30	Thursday	5:15
Friday	5:30	11:45	Friday	5:30
Saturday	5:45	12:00	Saturday	5:45
SUNDAY	6:00	12:15	SUNDAY	6:00
Monday	6:15	12:30	Monday	6:15
Tuesday	6:30	12:45	Tuesday	6:30
Wednesday	6:45	1:00	Wednesday	6:45
Thursday	7:00	1:15	Thursday	7:00
Friday	7:15	1:30	Friday	7:15
Saturday	7:30	1:45	Saturday	7:30
SUNDAY	7:45	2:00	SUNDAY	7:45
Monday	8:00	2:15	Monday	8:00
Tuesday	8:15	2:30	Tuesday	8:15
Wednesday	8:30	2:45	Wednesday	8:30
Thursday	8:45	3:00	Thursday	8:45
Friday	9:00	3:15	Friday	9:00
Saturday	9:15	3:30	Saturday	9:15
SUNDAY	9:30	3:45	SUNDAY	9:30
Monday	9:45	4:00	Monday	9:45
Tuesday	10:00	4:15	Tuesday	10:00
Wednesday	10:15	4:30	Wednesday	10:15
Thursday	10:30	4:45	Thursday	10:30
Friday	10:45	5:00	Friday	10:45
Saturday	11:00	5:15	Saturday	11:00
SUNDAY	11:15	5:30	SUNDAY	11:15
Monday	11:30	5:45	Monday	11:30
Tuesday	11:45	6:00	Tuesday	11:45
Wednesday	12:00	6:15	Wednesday	12:00
Thursday	12:15	6:30	Thursday	12:15
Friday	12:30	6:45	Friday	12:30
Saturday	12:45	7:00	Saturday	12:45
SUNDAY	1:00	7:15	SUNDAY	1:00