By Special License

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN.

Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Eastment.

Autumn was dying in a blaze of crimson and gold. Everywhere color fairly rioted, from the vivid blue of the cloudless arching sky, against which the green of scattered firs stood sharply defined, down to the wind blown leaves through which the old white horse shuffled his slow way. Squire Godfrey, justice of the peace for the county and now out riding circuit, let fall the reins while he gratefully inhaled long breaths of the clear October air. The nuts must surely be ripening.

From the woods on his left rang out the merry voices of children, and involuntarily the squire smiled. In those very woods forty years ago he and Hetty had gone a-nutting—Hetty, with her dancing roguish brown eyes, her plain little calico frock and the deep sunbonnet always hanging by one string. How distinctly he could see the little figure!

Then the shaggy gray eyebrows met in a heavy frown over the keen blue eyes. What was Hetty to him but the girl who had flouted and mocked him, driving him away from home for these wretched ten years! Well, he had come back and made a success of his life, and the squire's frown smoothed itself as he reflected on the prosperity which was his. And Hetty had married Johnson Wetherby, who had died not long after, leaving her with one boy to educate and care for. She had done it well, admitted the squire grudgingly. But that young John should have presumed to court his Susie! The squire's frown became a scowl as he whipped up the old white horse. He would have none of that nonsense.

Luckily Susie was a good girl. She submitted quietly enough to the thundering pronunciamento launched at her head by the irate squire. She was not to see Wetherby, not to write to him, except the one letter conveying her father's decision.

"And you cannot marry him without my consent for three years yet," chuckled the squire, "for I won't sign the license. Of course if you choose to run off to some other county"—

But Susie shook her head. No, she would not do that.

It was well that he had been so firm, pursued the squire. He had been proved in the right, for it was a year now since Susie had even mentioned John's name. She was cured, just as he predicted she would be; otherwise he would scarcely have felt safe leaving her in charge of the office, according to former custom. But he could trust Susie; she was his own child. Perhaps the squire overlooked the fact that he himself had not yet forgotten.

As he drew up at the little inn which was to be his first halting place the man was surprised to see a familiar looking buggy already fastened in the trim wooden shed. The tavern was a quaint, homely building, white and square, with tall pillars and green shutters. At the rear ran a wide, sunny veranda. The squire, going through the dark, chilly hallway, pushed open the the swing door. Then he stopped short. Facing him rose a slim, white faced little woman clad in dusty black bombazine. The worn hands, tightly clasped together, shook a bit, but the brown eyes met his own with the old dauntless look.

"Lemuel," she murmured.

"Hetty," responded the squire, bewilderedly breaking the silence of thirty years.

A sudden appeal flashed up into the thin face. Her fingers strained themselves desperately in their cotton gloves.

"Lemuel," she began again, "I—I want to speak to you—I've wanted to for a long time, but you wouldn't let me. Then John told me that you would probably stop here today"—

"Ah, yes, John," said the squire in an altered tone. "For the moment I had forgotten John. It is to him, then, that I am indebted for this pleasure," his stubborn mouth wrinkling into a sudden sarcasm.

Mrs. Wetherby regarded him with a level glance.

"Yes, it is John," she said steadily. "For my own sake I should never have pleaded. That you chose to take so serious a bit of girlish folly, a childish pique which one kind word from you would have melted, for all that—let it go. The past is past. But John, my boy—must his life, too, be spoiled? He loves your daughter. She loves him," unheeding the squire's angry flush. "Must they lose their youth and let life's sweetest years be sacrificed merely to satisfy a dislike of me, Lemuel?" A passionate energy inspired her eager words.

"Dislike," repeated the squire thoughtfully. "Dislike. Was it really that?" Whatever his faults, the squire was truthful. "But, Hetty," a sudden warmth breaking into his own voice, "Hetty, you said—you said 'spoiled too.' Do you mean that you cared? Did you, Hetty?" with compelling eyes on hers.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wetherby simply, "I cared. And you went away, you never wrote, and so—at last—I married Johnson Wetherby. He was a good husband." A sudden impulse of loyalty toward the dead surged within her.

"And I married Susan Martin," mused the squire aloud, but he was conscious of what he was saying. A great wonder held him fast. Was this the quiet, self repressed woman who all these years had sat across the aisle from him every Sunday morning in church, this slender, vibrant creature, trembling in the might of her demand for happiness of her son? Was this the woman whom he had believed without feeling? In a sudden flash of insight he caught himself, a man cherishing the hidden resentment which year by year hardened character and face, while she— A tender reverence slowly crept into the stern old eyes.

"Come," he said gently, "we'll have some dinner, and then we can talk about John."

When, a week later, the squire's buggy pulled up before the honeysuckle laden porch of home, the owner's brows were drawn together into a semblance of its former frown. The mouth held its accustomed lines. Only in the deep set blue eyes a new light gleamed irrepressibly. But Susie did not see. The girl came slowly to the door. Close behind followed a tall, slim young fellow with steady brown eyes. The squire stared.

"Father," announced Susie, pale, but resolute, "I want to tell you at once that I'm married to John. The blank licenses for any one needing them were on your desk already signed. It was only necessary to fill in the names. I—I hope you forgive me. But if you don't," as her father still stared with features unrelaxed, "I'm ready to go. I couldn't leave the house alone, though. And, besides, I wanted to tell you myself. We were married this morning." The squire's own defiant will beamed from her blue eyes. She was his own child, all right, the squire recognized, with an amused recollection of his former thought, and he could hardly sue himself for issuing a license to a minor without her parent's consent, his own name being signed to the document.

The squire threw down his reins.

"Well," he capitulated, "if it's done, it's done. And we were planning to give you such a fine wedding too!" Then as an amazed "we" broke from the startled girl Squire Godfrey leaned over and patted the curly head.

"I'm not going to scold," he declared heartily. "Fact is, I'm married myself. My wife's waiting now at the hotel for you to come; said I must tell you myself first. So run and get on your hat, John," while a long, searching look passed between the two men as their hands met, "you've got to be doubly a son to me now. Your mother has taken me at last."

Power of the Waves.

The power of waves, says M. Brounin in La Nature, is the sum of two efforts, one dynamic and due to the orbital movement of the water particles, the other static and dependent on the height of the center of gravity of the mass raised above its normal position. Theory and observation seem to show that the total power of waves is divided equally between these static and dynamic effects. If a body of water meets the wall of a structure there is a shock, and this is most violent at the water surface, diminishing with the depth. At the moment of meeting jets of water rise sometimes to very great heights.

His System.

Shippen Clark (to his employer, leaving the office)—Oh, Mr. System, haven't you forgotten your umbrella? It's raining. Mr. System—Can't help it. I have made a resolution to have one here and one at home to provide for all emergencies. Now, if I take this one they'll both be at home.—London Tit-Bits.

Force of Habit.

Mr. Easy—Cheer up, Mr. Peck. If we must go down let's go cheerfully like men. Mr. Peck—But, hang it all, Mr. Easy, if I don't get home my wife will never let me go fishing again, never!—Harper's Weekly.

A decent boldness ever meets with friends.—Homer.

MRS. C. E. FINK

HEALTH OF WOMEN

In this nineteenth century to keep up with the march of progress every power of woman is strained to its utmost, and the tax upon her physical system is far greater than ever.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers few drugs were used in medicines. They relied upon roots and herbs to cure weaknesses and disease, and their knowledge of roots and herbs was far greater than that of women today.

It was in this study of roots and herbs that Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., discovered and gave to the women of the world a remedy more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

is an honest, tried and true remedy of unquestionable therapeutic value.

This medicine made from native roots and herbs contains no narcotics or other harmful drugs and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any medicine the world has ever known, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the laboratory at Lynn, Mass., which testify to its wonderful value.

Mrs. C. E. Fink, of Carnegie, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"I wish every suffering woman would take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and write to you for advice. It has done me a world of good and what it has accomplished for me I know it will do for others."

When women are troubled with Irregularities, Displacements, Ulceration, Inflammation, Backache, Nervous Prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case.

OUR MOTTO

"Perfection in Workmanship
Promptness in Execution
Satisfaction in Prices. That's All"

W. C. LAWS & CO.
Plumbers & Steam Fitters

Recognized Agents in Astoria for the THE AMERICAN RADIATOR CO.

WARD'S TURKISH BATHS
NEVER CLOSE

539 Commercial St., ASTORIA, ORE.

The only Turkish Baths, Russian Tub and Shower Baths

First Class and Sanitary Night Accommodations
All Modern Conveniences that are Modern

FRANK F. WARD, Proprietor

Phone Black 2253 Look for the Sign on Sidewalk

HARRIMAN
has bought
LAND HERE!
for Big Terminals.

WHY DON'T YOU BUY NOW
and
GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Come in and we'll show you
some choice tracts
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

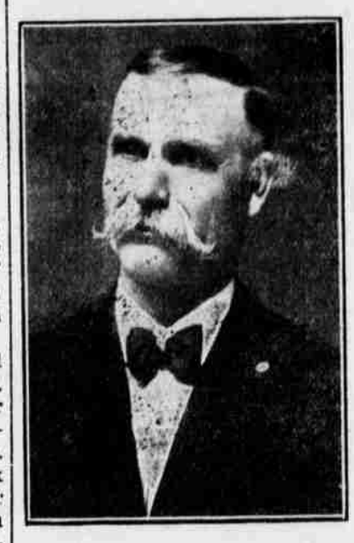
Western Realty Co.,
495 Commercial Street, Astoria, Oregon

$2.00 Saved by Buying Tickets at Astoria. See G. W. Roberts, Agent, O. R. & N. Dock.

Through tickets for all points in the United States and Europe. Quick time and excellent service.

☞ Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month, delivered by carrier.

I AM HERE



Dr. D. A. Sanburn, the French specialist, has returned to Astoria and is permanently settled. My remedies are roots, herbs, barks, and berries in the natural form. I also give magnetic treatment to those who require them. I guarantee to cure all those that are curable of both sex. If there is any who can not come, write me your symptoms and I will send you my remedies to any part of the United States. Address Shanahan Building, 578 Commercial street. Consultation free. Astoria, Oregon.

Sallowness Transformed to Dusky Beauty

A dark skin becomes fascinating when delicately soft, underspread with the radiant glow which indicates a healthy, active skin. Robertine keeps the skin refined in quality, keeps pores free from clogging waste and stimulates the tiny capillaries to contribute the color which charms in blonde and brunette alike. Robertine is certain protection against tan, sunburn and freckles if applied before exposure to sun or wind. Spreads like an imperceptible sheen of gauze over skin surface, forming a shield stimulating and preserving a delicate, lustrous beauty.

Ask your Druggist TODAY for a free sample of

ROBERTINE

DEVERS
GOLDEN WEST

SPICES, COFFEE, TEA, BAKING POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS
Absolute Purity, Finest Flavor, Greatest Strength, Reasonable Prices.
CLOSSET & DEVERS
PORTLAND, OREGON.

TRANSPORTATION.

Steamer TELEGRAPH

The only Steamboat making a round trip DAILY except Thursday between Portland and Astoria and way points.

NO WAY POINTS ON SUNDAY

Portland Landing, Alder Street Dock
Astoria Landing, Callender Dock

Leave Portland 7:00 a. m.; arrive Astoria, 1:30 p. m. Leave Astoria 2:30 p. m.; arrive Portland 9:30 p. m.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

Leave Portland 8 a. m.; arrive Astoria 1 p.m. Leave Astoria 3 p. m., arrive Portland 9 p. m.

TRANSPORTATION.

PASSENGERS. FREIGHT.

The "K" Line

Steamer - Lurline

Night Boat for Portland and Way Landings.

Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m.

Leaves Portland Daily except Sunday at 7 a. m.

Quick Service Excellent Meals
Good Berths.

Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf.
Landing Portland Foot Taylor St.

G. B. BLESSING, Agent.
Phone Main 2761.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
"EMPRESS" Line of the Atlantic

$55 up, QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL. Strictly first-class in every respect. Less than four days at sea.

JAMES FINLAYSON, Agent, Astoria, Ore.

TRANSPORTATION.

TIME CARD
Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co.

Effective, Monday, September 9, 1907—Pacific Time.

28	30	*26	*24	*22	Miles			Miles	*21	*23	25	29
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		Lv.	Ar.		p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Sunday Only	Daily Except Sunday		6.00	8.00	0.	PORTLAND†		119.1	12.15	10.00	Daily Except Sunday	Sunday Only
			7.20	9.20	39.4	Lv GOBLE†	Arr	79.7	10.55	8.40		
			7.35	9.35	45.8	RAINIER†		73.3	10.40	8.25		
			7.59	9.57	55.9	MAYGER		63.2	10.15	7.59		
			8.05	10.05	59.3	QUINCY		59.8	10.05	7.50		
			8.18	10.15	62.3	CLATSKANIE JUNCTION†		56.8	9.52	7.40		
			8.34	10.36	71.2	WESTPORT		47.9	9.31	7.19		
			8.52	10.51	78.7	CLIFTON		40.4	9.15	7.04		
			9.40	11.45	99.8	Ar ASTORIA†	Lv	19.3	8.20	6.10	4.45	11.00
8.15	9.15	5.50		11.45	99.8	Lv. ASTORIA	Ar	19.3	8.15	5.50	2.30	10.40
8.35	9.35	6.10		12.05	105.7	Ar. WARRENTON	Lv	13.4	7.55	5.35		
8.36		6.11			105.7	Lv. WARRENTON†	Ar		7.54		2.10	10.39
8.43		6.20			108.6	HAMMOND			7.45		2.03	10.30
8.46		6.25			109.5	Ar. FT. STEVENS	Lv		7.42		2.00	10.27
8.46		6.26				Lv. FT. STEVENS	Ar	17.2	7.41		12.25	10.
8.48		6.29				HAMMOND		16.3	7.38		12.20	10.22
8.55		6.39				Ar. WARRENTON	Lv	13.4	7.28		12.10	10.11
8.55	9.45	6.40		12.05	105.7	Lv. WARRENTON	Ar	13.4	7.27	5.35	11.25	10.
9.18	10.18	7.11		12.31	115.7	GEARHART		3.4	6.57	5.08	10.52	9
9.25	10.25	7.20		12.40	118.1	SEASIDE†		1.0	6.50	5.00	10.45	9 40
9.30	10 30	7.25		12.45	119.1	Ar. HOLLADAY	Lv	0.0	6 45	4.55	10.35	9.35
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.		p.m.					a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.

Nos. 26 and 28 run from Astoria to Clatsop Beach via Ft. Stevens. No. 22 runs from Portland to Astoria and Clatsop Beach direct. No. 24 runs from Portland to Astoria only. No. 30 runs from Astoria to Clatsop Beach direct.

Nos. 21, 25 and 29 run via Ft. Stevens. No. 23 runs from Clatsop Beach to Astoria and Portland direct. Additional train will be run from Astoria to Ft. Stevens and return on Sundays, leaving Astoria 11:30 a. m., arrive Ft. Stevens 12:25 p. m. Returning leaves Ft. Stevens 2:00 p. m., arrives Astoria 2:45 p. m.

Trains marked * run daily; † elegphions.

CONNECTIONS—At Portland, with all trans-continental lines. At Goble, with Northern Pacific Railway Co. At Astoria with steamers for San Francisco and Tillamook and Ilwaco Railway & Navigation Co.'s boat and railway.

Through tickets sold to and from all points in the East and Europe. For further particulars apply to,

R. H. JENKINS,
Gen. Ft. & Passngr. Agt.,
Astoria, Or.