By PRANK H. SWEET.
Copyrient, upo, by Prank R. Awoot.

YU can't alwayn tell what's ta
a bundle by the look of the a bunde by
wrapper."
the old
soat upon a fallen troe that foy upon $a$ sunny hillimite and was carofully smoothing and ahaping in cane he ha
eut near by. Ho held it up an ho
 length as if to discover ite troegulari yonot the atcke to the valley and rive
below, whero atood the groat mill, witt bolow, whero atood the graat mill, with
tat till, biackened chtmneys and mass
tre mall tre walla. looks of a youncan't always wall by the he repoateded more ompphatically, "Ani
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wh und bitter and sort of reckless-like,
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 lianda.
"There wasn't much reason to ex.
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pect it, of courro, but to was the mann
Wo Wanted. Naturally aftor the way
thinga had been goln' we thought one

 mornin' train comes one of the come
pany, brignt ${ }^{\text {with }}$ hima a oung fellor
-looked youngor than he wna, with his

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| "And this reller, THI De pouna nees never invented nothtn' more useful than a new tie to hls cravat! says Jim Bryce. 'He'll fool away no end of noney, and then elther the mill will have to go down or wages will, and mine has got about to the foot of the Indder now: <br> 'Oh, there's no doubt we'll go down unloss some of his experiments blows him up. Wish they wouldr answers Tom, only he put it rather uglier than that. <br> "Of course 'twas only talk, bat the feellin' was under It, and after awhille trom hoptn' somothin' would happen the boys went a little further and got to plannin' how to make it happen. <br> "I ata't goln' to tell much about any lot. I took care not to know much about it for fear I'd run across somethin' Y'd feel bound to hender, and 1 dldn't want to hender nothln', that's the fact. Only there was no marder nor nothin' like that in it; the men wasn't that kind-leastway, most of 'em wann't. <br> " 'No, we ain't a-goin' to hurt mammy's darlin' - bless his pretty little heart1-not 'less be glts in the way when he'd better be out of it'. says Tom, with a grin. 'But if the plaything he's so tickled over Jest alles to finders some day and the nolse scares htm so that he gives up and runs home It'll be the best thing for him and all the rest of us.' <br> "Seemed Ilke nobody doubted he'd be easy scared, and so the whisporin' and on. <br> "One day in summer a box was brought into the room where we worked. I shall always remember that day, Just how everything looked. It had been a bright, warm mornin, and about noon it clouded up slowly, and every breath of wind died away. Not a lear moved on the trees. <br> "Inside the mill everything looked darker and gloomler than usual in that queer gray light. Great plles of castin's throwed black shadows over the sllppery floor; the long fron shafts was like hungry arms forever reachin' down and drawfn' back empts, and trom under the brlck archway the round door of the furnace seemed glar${ }^{\prime} \mathrm{n}^{\prime}$ out like a blg red eye. <br> "Nothin' seemed to go that day the way foiks bad calculated. That miserble little box had no sooner been set down in the room than somebody call- ed: 'Hist! Look out? And there was Boss Dariln', comin' back from his dinner at an onarthly hour when he's never been known to come before. He had a rose stuck in his buttonhole and 'looked Uke a dancln' master goln' to a party, as I heard Bob mutter as he slipped the box out of sight under a plle of stuft at the end of the room: Thay couldn't carry out thelr plan | then, so there wann't nothin' left sus 'em but to hlde it. <br> "The boss looked round kind of smiltn' and pleasant-like. He'd got that model be was busy with about Into workin' order, and he was wonderful pleased over it. And what did he do that day but have it brought into our room, because the weather havin' turned gloomy-like there was better light by a big window there. So there he stayed, fussin' over it, just as if he he stayed, fussin' over it, Just as if he was on guard. "Then it buard. <br> as a sudden dash of rain, so that JIm Bryce's little girl who had come down with his lunch basket woulda't go home. JIm was a pleceworker and always sald he could do twlee as much work in an afternoon if he had a snack 'bout 3 o'clock. <br> "JIm looked sort of uneasy now and then when little Jinny ' $d$ get off to the back part of the room anyways nigh Where that box was. But he couldn't say nothin', and maybe there wasn't any dinger, only I was sure he didn't like her round there and was glad when she wandered off into the room beyond-a storeroom, where she was let stay sometimes while she waited for her father's basket. <br> The storm grew heavier instead of Highter till we could hardly see to work. All at once there was a blindin' flash of light and a crash as if the whole earth was tearin' to pleces, and we all started and tumbled in every direction. The minute we could get our senses and look round we found that the whole end of the room was that the wholed off and a gully plowed way down to the foundations Ilke as if a bombshell had tore through. <br> "Beyond that ragged openin' the great brick wall was still standin, but we could see that It was 'swayin' and we could see ready to fall. I've never seen anything look so awful as that tremblin' wall did, for over on the other side of It run another bulldin' where the finishin' rooms was and all hands at work. <br> "I s'pose the same thought struck us all at once-that the only hope for 'em was a peal of the bell that would send 'em all flyin' to the entrance at the far end of the bulldin: "Twas in the old days, you see. before the new part of the mill was built or we had any There was only the big bell, and tha rope to It was danglin' beside the totterfn' wall. <br> "You can't tell about such things as quick as they are in happenin'. <br> there wasn't a chance to say any more, for the boss sprang past us with just a word or two, short and quick, as the pushed us right and left. <br> "'Back. men. back! That is my | place. You have ramithes: "In a minute be was leapin' down over the plles of rubblsh, and almost before we was sure what be was atmbefore we was sure wea the place, and fn' for he had reached the white hands, strong and steady. had bold of the rope and was makin' the oid bell shout danger if ever a bell did. <br> "We hardly stirred or breathed whlle We watched him, till he started toward us again. Then a long. breath ran round the crowd. <br> "I blilereste'd have made it to get out then if it hadn't been for little Jin. ny Bryce. That youngster was natroar, and, tastead of stayln' where she was safe, what does sbe do but come creepin' out of the storeroom-lt was off to the right, you understand, and considerable tore up, Hike ours-and try to make ber way orer the ruins to her father. <br> "The boss heard her cry, turned back Hike a tash and, catchin' her in his arms, began to cllmb over the rabbiain ples again. <br> "Catch her" he called the minnte be Was near enough and tossed her over into her father's arms. But the movement made him lose his footn', and, though a dozen of us stretched out to catch him, he silppeed and rolled back down among the dirt and stones. <br> I s'pose it hadn't needed but the least HIttle jar-or, maybe, it wasn't the jar at all-but, anyway, the next min ate there was a crash, and the stoutest of us shut our eyes to keep out the aight. The wall was down, and he was under it. <br> He was the only man about the mill that was hurt-bady, that is course a few was struck with ayin stones and hurt in the crowd But thes'd got out allue, and the one that had saved 'em was buried under the rulns. $\qquad$ member when or how the storm stop- ped, but I Bhall always remember what a clear, starry night it was and how the fires that was kindiled to light the shadows lay black in the corners of the mill. $\qquad$ place of another as soon as they was tired $\qquad$ | git back to this moctur ggaws eape JIm, with a groan. To think'- <br> "But be couldn't finish sayin' it, and It was best not. Most follss thought it was the lightnin' that had done all the damage, and the rest of us didn't know but the lightnin' might ' $a$ ' done It all, and that not beln' sure was the only comfortin' thing about ft. <br> "No, he wasn't killed, after all, Darifn' wasn't. The piles of rubbish he had fallen between mostly saved him from bein' crushed. Everybody thought he was dead, and, even after we found him alive, it seemed for a long time as if he couldn't live. But he come round again at last and got beck to the mill to finlsh up his invention. <br> "It was a success too. Yes, sir, that's what built up these mills the way they are now-the most flourishin' ones in this part of the country-and brought better times to every one workin' fin 'em. That was what he was aimin' for all the time, only we didn't know it, and that was why he come here. <br> "That's his house over there, the big one on the hillside. He brought his wife here when he married and settied down among his mill tolks. <br> "Should think be'd be considerable used up by such an accident? Well, sir, I don't s'pose anybody can go through that sort of thing and come out jest exactly as they was when to meet Boss Dariln' and don't think he's good lookin' now, why, this valley. wouldn't be a healthy place for you to mention t in." <br> More than two-thirds of your Hife you wear shoes. Did you ever think of that? <br> The Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe <br> Was built to give your feet comfort two-thirds of your life; the rest you sleep. $\qquad$ <br> The W. L. Douglas <br> Shoe <br> Has a world-wide reputation. Wear one and be up to date. <br> S. A. GIMRE <br> 543 BOND STREET. <br> Opposite Fisher Bros. <br> Best kinds of logging shoes, hasd made, always on hand. |
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