

# Howard's Home-Coming

Prentiss Hayward pushed his chair back from the desk and shut his watch with a snap. It wanted only ten minutes till four and Helen had been ordered to be at the office at four o'clock sharp. Helen would be on time at her own hanging, her father knew only too well, just as she had been on time at her wedding—because she had promised and could not break her word.

Even now the memory of that marriage rankled in his soul. Had she not been punished sufficiently? Had not he himself thrust the man upon her? Yes, but that was while he thought Barnard Warren could be of service to him. To have his only daughter elope with the man who had outwitted him, overreached him at every turn, that was what hurt. It was that for which he had never forgiven her.

A part of the debt he had collected when, after her home had suffered shipwreck and her husband had deserted her for the third and last time, he took her sixteen-year-old son into his office, there to act as office boy, janitor, scapegoat for everything that went wrong. One morning, when Howard Warren, together with five thousand dollars from the safe, was missing, the other men in the office declared the boy could not be blamed. Nevertheless his grandfather procured a warrant for his arrest.

That was five years ago, but not a trace of the missing boy had ever been found. Doubly heartbroken Helen contrived to eke out a meager livelihood by means of her needle and brush. In three years she had not seen her father and now, when in response to his peremptory command, she entered the office, she was shocked to see how unwelcome age had left its impress on his face. He had never been other than stern grasping, and even as a child she had dreaded rather than yearned for his home-coming. Today it seemed to her that every trace of humanity had gone from his countenance.

With a shy "Good afternoon, father, I trust you are well," she approached the desk. The extended hand was ignored, as the old man fumbled a handful of letters. One of them he drew forth and returned the rest to a pigeonhole as he remarked—

"I am informed that the miserable young thief of your son, is in St. Paul."

"Don't, father! Howard is not a thief. He may have yielded to the pressure of a sudden temptation, and he may be the victim of some other man's wrongdoing, but he is not a thief."

"Call it by whatever soft name pleases your artistic fancy," Prentiss Hayward sneered. "From my point of view he is a plain thief. When a boy takes five thousand dollars from the safe of his benefactors, I call it theft."

"How could Howard have known the combination on the safe? And besides, if he had had that much money, I am sure he would not let his mother suffer."

"Oh, I have no doubt his mother has sharing it with him. I happen to know that you have been helping him to evade my detection all these years."

"Father, you know that is a wicked falsehood. How can you make such a charge? I have never seen nor heard from Howard since the day before he went away." As she spoke, her too sensitive conscience pricked as she remembered the note her boy had sent her—"Don't worry, and don't tell anything. You are in danger and I have to go away to save you. Refuse to sign all documents. It will be hard on us both, but we must be brave." As his glittering blue eyes met hers it seemed that he must read even this closely treasured memory, the memory that had sustained her for five years.

"Falsehood or truth, it makes very little difference to us now. I only wanted to tell you that we'll have the young rascal in jail within twenty-four hours. How does that suit your ladyship?"

"Father!" her face grew a shade whiter and she grasped the edge of the desk for support. "You could not imprison your only grandchild. Think what it would mean to have such a stigma on his name. You cannot—"

"I both can and will." Neither of them had heard the office door open, so intent were they in this final battle of wits. In the shadow near the door a young man with a travel-worn suit case in one hand and a small leather satchel in the other, sank into a chair.

The woman's skirt screened him from the old man's view.

"I have wired the sheriff at St. Paul to arrest him at once and have him sent here by the first train. You can visit him in the city jail the day after tomorrow."

"Father, I beg you—" Tears were streaming down her pallid cheeks as she leaned across the desk to look him full in the face. "Punish me as much as you like, but spare him."

"Well, that sounds different," Hayward muttered. "You remember certain documents that I asked you several years ago to affix your signature to? You were stubborn and hateful then and refused, although I never could see why. The papers are nothing to you. A mere matter of business, but you wouldn't accommodate me. Maybe you have changed your mind. Maybe you will give me those signatures in exchange for this warrant."

"Oh, father, I'll do it. I'll do anything rather than have him arrested. And you swear, on your honor, that you will never try to prosecute him—if I sign."

"Humph, the object being removed, why should I bother with your worthless boy? No, I'll never molest him. Here, I have them all ready for you. Put your full name on the lower line." He had lifted three yellow documents from a drawer and spread them on the top of the desk. The woman removed her oft-mended glove and took the pen from his hand. As she was about to sign, her hand was seized violently from the rear and a voice commanded:

"Don't sign those papers. I told you not to sign under any circumstances. Don't let that old villain bluff you."

The "old villain" had started to his feet as if the very devil himself had appeared in the room. Then he sank back in his chair, the veins standing out like ropes on his brow. His lips twitched and he rubbed his hands together nervously as his daughter wheeled and fell into the arms of her son. As soon as he could command his trembling voice he yelled:

"So you have had the brazen audacity to come back and to come right here to my office!"

"Yes, Mr. Hayward, it was I who warned you that you had about come to the end of your rope. I even suggested this meeting with my mother for this afternoon. I didn't know it would all work out so smoothly; but I thought it would be worth taking a chance at."

"You—you upstart, you rascal, you thief, you—" "There, that's about enough." He had seated his mother in the chair by the door and the two men were glaring at each other across the desk. "I am not any of those things that you mention and I have proof that—"

"Much good your proof will do when I get you landed in jail. I'll have the warrant served at once. I'll see whether you'll defy me, you—you son of a gambler, boodler, money-shark!"

"I have no doubt my father was all those things; but I had a good start in life on the mother's side, and I would never have had such a father if he had not been your partner in crime. I happen to resemble him in only one respect—that I have succeeded in getting the best of you."

"Getting the best of me! What do you mean? Don't come any bluffing on me. I'm too old a bird to be caught with such chaff."

"It doesn't happen to be chaff, Mr. Hayward. This is a trap that even an old bird isn't going to get out of." He paused and waited, conscious of his power.

"You—you show your hands. Show your hands, I say," the man across the desk thundered. "What is it you've got? What is—" he paused, gritted his gold-laden teeth and changed his tack. "What have you done with my five thousand dollars, the money that you stole out of my safe?"

"I didn't steal any money out of your safe. You thought I was asleep when you took that money from the safe. I played possum all right while you put one thousand of it into my pockets and buried the rest in the cellar. I heard you muttering to yourself while you fixed up those papers for my mother to sign. It stood me in good stead to have the reputation of being a fearfully sound sleeper. I didn't do any sleeping that night, not even after the dope you put in my coffee. I knew the coffee was wrong as soon as I tasted it, and that put me on my guard. I poured the

stuff down the sewer and went without my supper. I didn't know what you might have mixed with the mustard in the sandwiches."

"You vermin! To think that you didn't even—"

"No, I didn't even," the young man sneered. "But I beg you not to interrupt me again. I have not finished yet."

"But you haven't any proof. I defy you to produce one bit of evidence that would hold in court."

"Yes, I have the evidence. You probably missed your precious red morocco diary, the morning after I disappeared."

"You carried that off? Much good that will do you. You can't read it."

"My dear Mr. Hayward, there never yet was a cipher alphabet so cleverly contrived that somebody couldn't make it out. I have had ample time, out in the deserts of New Mexico, to transform your cunning cipher into the ordinary English alphabet, and I have made a complete transcript of all your confessions. I should have thought such a shrewd old rabbit as you would have known better than to leave such plain tracks."

As he spoke, the old man lay back in his chair, his lips working convulsively, his eyes rolling.

"I have the complete record of all your dealings with my father, not to mention certain little deals with city officials. I have a detailed account of the circumstances leading to your marriage to my grandmother when my mother was a baby a little more than a year old. It was worth all the trouble, just to know that you were no relation to me. It is enough of a handicap to have a bad father. I wanted to have a decent blood on one side at least."

"You read—"

"Oh, ever so much more, Mr. Hayward. I asked you once not to interrupt me. I read the record of how you tried to force my grandmother to sign those papers, that would put a million dollars worth of property into your hands, and how you choked her, yes, choked her to death, when she refused!"

"Stop! It's enough. Give me my book and let me go my way."

"Give you your book? Do you take me for that kind of fool? Hand you the rope to tie around my neck? No, Mr. Hayward, I know you entirely too well for anything like that. I have you where I can put you in the penitentiary on any one of eighteen counts, not to mention that little episode, the murder of your wife. If I had my own way, I'd put you there too. Not for what you did to me, but for what you made my mother suffer. But the grievance is hers. I'll let her decide. Come, Mamma dear. You have heard the case against this hardened old villain. What shall I do with him?"

The mother arose and laid a hand on his arm. "We can be merciful," she said, "now that we have each other. I don't want vengeance. I want only you," and they left the office together.

## IT SAVED MY LIFE—WRITES ECZEMA PATIENT.

Bed-ridden Sufferer Completely Cured by Use of D. D. D. External Wash.

One of the most remarkable Eczema cures recently credited to the well known D. D. D. Prescription has just been recorded in Chicago.

Mrs. E. Hegg, 1550 West Madison street, under date of December 9, 1907, writes as follows:

"I suffered three years with Weeping Eczema. It started with a little spot on my knees and spread fast over my whole body. I spent hundreds of dollars and went to every good doctor I heard of, but kept getting worse. Nothing would stop the awful itch and burning.

"I had to stay in bed from the middle of May to the middle of July. Then I tried D. D. D. Prescription. This is the 9th of December and I am entirely free from the terrible disease. D. D. D. saved my life.

"When I began this treatment, people were afraid of me I looked so terrible. My husband was the only one who would take care of me. D. D. D. stopped the itch at once so I could sleep, which I had not done before. Then I began to get better fast and now my skin is clear and white, not a spot anywhere."

Just a few drops of D. D. D. Prescription applied to the skin brings relief—nothing to swallow or drink. We vouch for D. D. D. Prescription, also the cleansing D. D. Soap, Chas. Rogers & Son, druggists. Get a bottle today if you have any skin disease. Begin your cure at once.

Prof. H. A. Howell, of Havana, Cuba, Recommends Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.

"As long ago as I can remember my mother was a faithful user and friend of Chamberlain's Cough Rem-

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## Cardiff Coal and Coke Co.

4 C. C. C. Coal, for Astoria, at \$5.00 Per Ton

The Cardiff Coal & Coke Company of Portland has leased 851 acres of proven coal land on the Cowlitz River, about three miles north of Kelso, Washington.

### Development

This property is opened by several miles of tunnels, cross-cuts, dip entries and air connections, showing three veins of coal with actually more than 500,000 tons of coal blocked out and in sight.

### Equipment

The property is equipped with a railroad from the mine to the Cowlitz River, laid with 35-pound steel rails, with bunkers both at the mine and the river. Pit cars and coal cars, a large machine shop, three-story hotel furnished complete, large dining room, commissary, butcher shop, barn, powder magazine, oil and tool houses, timber sheds, office and eleven new houses.

### Capacity

The capacity of the mine at present can produce more than 100 tons per day. This will be increased to a minimum capacity of 300 tons per day by October 1st. This year, in fact, the capacity of the mine will only be regulated by the amount of coal we can sell as the mine could easily produce 1000 tons per day in six months, by forcing our narrow work in the different levels. Anyone who has seen the property will corroborate this.

### Quality of the Coal

The coal is a fair grade of lignite coal and will compare favorably with any coal mined on the Pacific Coast. Numerous tests both for steam and domestic purposes have proven very satisfactory. It will sell on its merits in any market.

### Transportation

We have both rail and water transportation, and can ship our coal from the bunkers to all points on the Willamette from Corvallis to Portland, and from The Dalles to Astoria on the Columbia, at a cost of from 20 cents to 50 cents per ton freight. Thus enabling the company to market the coal at a handsome profit and yet sell it at such a price that it will be the cheapest fuel in the market.

### Management

The management is capable, honest and conservative. E. E. Merges, a Portland capitalist, is president; A. K. Bentley of the well-known Bentley Construction Co., is vice-president and general manager; A. P. Goss, retired banker, is secretary; John L. Hartman, of Hartman & Thomson, bankers, of Portland, is treasurer; and handles every dollar of the company's funds. C. H. Callender, of the Callender Navigation Company, is also a director, and manager of the transportation department. That the affairs of the company will be managed by these gentlemen, is sufficient guarantee that every man who invests a dollar in the company's stock will get a square deal.

### Our Proposition

The Cardiff Coal & Coke Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of Washington, with a capital stock of 50,000 shares of a par value of \$10.00 each. Our minimum output of 60,000 tons per annum at a profit on only \$1.00 per ton net, would pay a dividend of 12 per cent on par, or more than 40 per cent of its present selling price, \$3.00 per share.

For the purpose of further equipping our property with a complete electric plant including hoists, lights, fans and an underground trolley system of haulage in all the main tunnels, as well as a fleet of barges.

We are offering a limited amount of our treasury stock for sale at \$3.00 per share. The price of this stock will positively be advanced to \$5.00 per share not later than the 15th of April.

Remember, coal is as staple as flour, and that this is not a prospect hole but a developed mine on which more than \$200,000 has already been expended, and where you have five tons of coal in actual sight to secure every dollar invested.

### Order Your Coal Now

Leave or phone your orders for coal at the office of The Callender Navigation Company, or give it to your express man and we will be able to furnish all the coal Astoria can burn, beginning the early part of April, for \$5.00 per ton on the dock.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AS TO EITHER THE COAL OR THE COMPANY'S STOCK, SEE C. H. CALLENDER AT THE CALLENDER NAVIGATION COMPANY, OR J. C. LEE, GENERAL SALES AGENT, AT THE NORTHERN HOTEL.

edy, but never in my life have I realized its true value until now," writes Prof. H. A. Howell, of Howell's American School, Havana, Cuba. "On the night of February 3rd our baby was taken sick with a very severe cold, the next day was worse and the following night his condition was desperate. He could not lie down and it was necessary to have him in the arms every moment. Even then his breathing was difficult. I did not think he would live until morning. At last I thought of my mother's remedy, Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which we gave, and it afforded prompt relief, and now, three days later, he has fully recovered. Under the circumstances I would not hesitate a moment in saying that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and that only, saved the life of our dear little boy." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

#### Given up to Die.

B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia street, Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured." Why not let it help you?—T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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