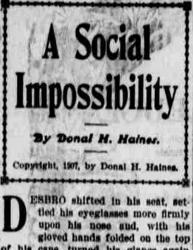
MARLINE MEARING AND DE THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1908.



upon his nose and, with his gloved hands folded on the top of his cane, turned his glance again to the field of play. On all sides of him men and women were abandoning themselves to excesses of enthusiasm, but his cold neutral tinted eyes followed the movements of the muddy figures on the gridiron without a trace of excitement, though they lost no de-

tails of the play. "I beg your pardon"-Desbro's high pitched, nervous voice cut incisively into the throaty cheer of which the man next to him was delivering himself."but can you tell me who is the black haired man at tackle?"

"Babbington," snapped the other shortly and turned again to his cheering, while Desbro murmured courteous thanks.

Turning a pair of fieldglasses upon the field, Desbro watched the struggling figures intently for a few mo ments; then, laying the binoculars aside and lighting a cigarette, he commenced to talk to himself in a low tone, oblivious of his surroundings.

"A matchless physique," he muttered, "coupled with a face which might have been Adam's-as devoid of the spark of intelligence as an ox's-the very embodiment of the game he is playing."

His intent gaze noted a sudden couestion of the padded figures below im and an eager craning of necks om the seats of the big stand. One the opposing players lay stretched the turf writhing in pain, while a up of the visiting eleven's supportleaned from their seats and pointimpotently accusing fingers at the an called Babbington, who stood oking down at the prostrate figure ith his hands on his massive hips.

A cold little sneer gathered about corners of Desbro's mouth as he atched the incident.

"What callousness," he exclaimed ftly, "what savagely unconscious calusness! Is the man an anachronism or only a brute? Such simple minded anconcern for physical agony caused by one's own hands is the mark of mere coarseness or a throwback.

"I must see more of this strange the gymnasium, where he sat for an hour gazing at the celling with a rung true. preoccupied air, When Babbington's great bulk emerged from the door lead. baths an hour later.

trying to put your fraternity pins on his cont. Bahi "I talked with the man, looked into his great, oxilke eyes dead, devoid of the spark of real life"-

The unfinished sentence broke abrupt-ly, and every eye in the room followed Desbro's startled glance to the doorway, where, turning his cane in his hands and staring at the speaker with an expression wholly indescribable, stood Babbington. For a moment there was the dead slience of utter embarrassment; then one by one the men turned to the tables, while Babbington cleared his thront and spoke.

"I came to see if possibly I hadn't misunderstood you," he said, turning

to Desbro. "That name you mention-ed was Morton, wasn't it?" Desbro, redder than any man had ever seen him, nodded without speak-

"I thought peerbly I hadn't under-stood," Babbington explained, backing awkwardly out of the door, "and I did know a man named Horton."

A few moments later Desbro passed the door of the billiard room, wearing the raincost and slouch hat which he invariably wore on the evening walks which were as much a part of his existence as his meals. No man pretended to know the object

of these nightly walks of Desbro's. To all inquiries he responded that "they gave him a chance to think without interruption."

At the gate Desbro paused to light a cigarette, and the flare of the match as he shielded it from the snappy October wind brought his thin features into prominence against the darkness. Babbington, standing under a tree not a dozen yards away, turned as the sulphur sputtered and saw. His great hand clinched instinctively into a fist, and he had already taken a step forward when Desbro turned and started quickly down the street.

Babbington waited a few mome then stepped lightly on to the sidewalk and followed, quietly at first and then without caution as Desbro paid no attention to the footfalls behind him. He lights and then increased the length of his strides as Desbro's phrases throbbed through his mind.

"Social impossibility!" he muttered. gritting his teeth over the phrase. "I'll teach the little whelp!"

His eyes never left the little spark which marked the other's position, but cheek and a stiffness in one leg by a every time he started to close the gap fall through a broken crossing. between them something checked him. His thoughts refused to run to any but

a given point-a fierce desire to get his hands upon the man who had held his ignorance up to a roomful of men while he stood and listened helplessly. As he had stood under the tree in front of the house he had feit only a sense of impotency, of shame, a guiping feeling of disappointment which was not man," he told himself and walked to easy to understand, a sickening realiza-

themselves at Desbro.

against flesh as he returned them.

took a step toward his rescuer.

continued, with a sneer.

Babbington's face.

"I say," he commenced, then stopped

abruptly. "So this is the cheap 'coals

of fire' method you pursue, is it?" he

A sudden easy smile passed over

"No," he answered shortly; "this is

what I came for," and he struck Des-

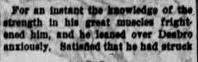
bro squarely in the face, felling him

"Here," came a choking voice from

ed. "Sing out!"

behind him, "quick!"

tion that some of Desbro's words had Block after block the man in front occasion, for instead of feeble oppowalked, turning now to the right and nents who would only afford them



THE MORNING ASTURIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON

THE MORNING ASTOR IAN. ASTORIA, OREGO N.





WILL YOU SHAKE HANDS, BABBINGTON ? HE ASKED.

no harder than he intended, he leaned against the iron post panting from his exertions. The two roughs on the ground recovered their senses and scuttled off into the night. He could hear Desbro's watch ticking and kept track of the seconds for two full minutes. Then he noticed that the fallen man was bareheaded and puttered about on his hands and knees in the dead leaves and the filth of the gutter

until he found Desbro's hat. "Can you walk?" he asked shortly. glanced now and then at the receding The disheveled figure nodded, and in silence they made their way back through the deserted streets. In front of the fraternity house they separated without words.

> Desbro gave up his nightly walks for week and was seen but little outside his room. He explained his marred

"Going to make another character

study of the game, Desbro?" Desbro shook his head and smiled. "I'm continuing one," he answered

shortly. It was with a more interested, less coldly critical expression that he followed the movements of the men on the white striped field beneath him. The problem confronting the varsity team was a different one from that which Desbro had watched on the first

now to the left, sometimes walking good practice they faced an eleven of

Cardiff Coal & Coke Co. 4 C C C C COAL AT \$5.00 PER TON

DUBS

TATION IS BE ABULLE

Rt

61 EIU

A Few Reasons why you should Burn 4 C C C C Coal:

First. Because it costs you only about half what you are now paying for coal.

Second. Because it is helping to develop a home industry instead of developing coal mines in Australia.

Third. Because it will give absolute satisfaction wherever used. It is free from soot, burns freely, gives a good heat and lasts well.

Fourth. While we do not claim it is the best coal on the market it is good, honest value at \$5.00 per ton, and if properly handled we will guarantee that 5 tons of our coal will give the same results for either steam or domestic purposes as 4 tons of the best Australian coal. We will have a barge load here in a few days. Give us your order for a ton and give it a fair trial. That is all we ask.

Cardiff Coal @ Coke Company Stock at \$3.00 Per Share is a good clean profitable Investment

A Few Reasons Why You Should Buy this Stock:

First. Because coal is one of the necessities of life; it is as staple as flour.

Second. Because it is not a prospect, but a fully developed mine with more than 5 tons of coal in sight to secure every dollar you invest.

Third. Because the stock is figured conservatively on a basis of 12 per cent on par \$10,000 per share, which means more than 40 per cent on the present selling price of \$3.00 per share.

Fourth. Because the price of stock will be advanced to \$5.00 per share on or before the 15th of April. Only a limited amount of the stock will be sold at \$3.00 per share and we would prefer to sell it to 100 people rather than 5, as we would have 100 people boosting OUR MINE

rose and walked to meet him. "Mr. Babbington?" he asked. The other nodded.

"My name is Desbro," he went on rapidly, his suddenly keen eyes searching the other's face. "I come from the same part of the country that you do.

and I thought possibly you might give me news of an old friend, Morton-Harold Morton. Did you happen to know him?"

"Morton?" he said slowly. "Morton? lo, don't believe I know him."

"Ah, of course," Desbro hastened to say. "I thought perhaps"- And he wove a few sentences of easy fiction before turning abruptly on his heel.

A few hours later he sat in the billlard room of his fraternity house listening curiously to the talk of the men which centered about the game of the afternoon. The comments were all live ly, enthusiastic, on the team's chances, on the individual prowess of the men. and constantly recurring in the hum of conversation was Babbington's name.

"The finest type of a player the crop of new men has produced," a fair haired man with a big voice called from one end of the smoky room.

"Right you are!" Desbro broke in suddenly. The men around the tables turned in astonishment, for to have Desbro offer comment on matters of this nature was unusual.

"Right you are. I say," he repeated, leaning back in his chair and surveying the curious faces through his

glasses. "This man is the very embodiment of the spirit fostered by this beautiful game of yours-built for a human chopping block or battering ram, as the case may demand! By the exertion of those muscles for which he is no more responsible than Thompson there for his red hair he brings down on his richly undeserving head the frensied cheers of a sport crazed crowd. He sends a man less fortunately endowed physically than himself into a few moments of unhappy oblivion and then grins at you with crass satisfaction when you cheer him-not for himself or because his name means anything, but simply for what he has done.

"This Babbington comes out of nowhere," Desbro continued, "a graceless, coarse fibered clod, with a giant's strength and the broad ideas of a goat, hungry for notoriety of the sort his great muscles can command, and you papper his cheap cravings with uncon. You sit in the stands and shout yourselves hoarse while he is battering some poor fellow in the arena, and you will go further. You will desire the capture of this athletic lion in spite of the fact that he is a-a social impossibillty, and you will be crowding around | instantly.

rapidly and again idling along at a their own class

snall's pace. They passed through the From the first the enemy's tactics had been obvious. They realized that business streets, lonely and deserted under the harsh glare of the arc lights. In Babbington there was a living opposition which barred all progress to the Here Desbro paused to talk with a povarsity's goal line, and toward the liceman with whom he seemed to be on excellent terms, and, turned suddenwearing down of his great strength they had directed their efforts. Men ly cold at the sight of the patrolman. Babbington crossed the street and had been led to the side lines pale and nearly lost his man, who wheeled bleeding, and the list of the visitors' abruptly into a dark side street. substitutes was diminished, but still

Babbington formed the center of every Babbington was conscious that a struggie had commenced within him attack and was the rock about which split the enemy's onslaughts. It was and that the first heat of anger was passing. He grew ashamed of his not a showy exhibition, but it was a splendid piece of physical stamina, and growing calmness, fearful lest the cooling influence of the walk rob him of the great crowd was appreciative. They saw that Babbington's endurance the merited retallation which he knew would make victory possible, and they his massive arms could administer. rose in a great wall of color and cheer-Desbro stopped abruptly to light another cigarette, and his pursuer halted ed him furiously.

"Babbington; Babbington!" in the midst of a stride. For an in-Close to the goal posts Babbington stant he paused irresolute, divided be-

raised his great frame from the tangle tween the lingering desire to close his of the last attack which had shattered fingers on Desbro's neck and a sudden its force upon him and faced the shoutimpulse to run, to get away from eving crowds. Slowly he raised a huge erything, back to the life where other fist and shook it in the face of the mulmen had lived and talked like himself. titude, which grew wonderingly silent. The hotter sensation triumphed, and "Curse you," he shouted, and the Babbington had taken three quick, sound of his hoarse voice carried to lithe steps toward his victim when, sievery part of the stands, "leave my lent as the shadows from which they name alone!" sprang, a little knot of men threw

Desbro smiled quietly.

"In the term 'social impossibility," The shock of the attack not only he muttered, "I was guilty of gross in drove from Babbington's mind every justice."

vestige of his own wrath, but bereft When the whistle sounded the end of him for an instant of the power of mothe half, he scrambled down from his tion. He heard Desbro give a low exseat, climbed the wire fence inclosing clamation and saw by the last flicker the field and walked toward Babbingof the match the slight figure attemptton, who, with hanging head, was ing to shield itself by leaping behind walking slowly toward the side lines. an iron pole. In another instant he "Will you shake hands, Babbington ?"

he asked, smiling. found himself in the center of a press Babbington looked up in surprise. of struggling figures. He received Then his somewhat heavy features blows and felt the impact of his hand lighted up, and the big hand shot cut.

See. Ast

"Where are you, Desbro?" he shout

No Cause on Record. There is no case on record of a

A club struck Babbington's arm with cough or cold resulting in pneumonia a numbing shock, but he kicked the or consumption after Foley's Honey man who wielded it into insensibility and Tar has been taken, as it will stop and the next instant was tearing anyour cough and break up your cold other ruffian from off Desbro's prosquickly. Refuse any but the genuine Arnica Salve for several years, on trate form. Two of the assailants lay Foley's Honey and Tar in a yellow on the ground, mere blotches in the package. Contains no opiates and is darkness. The others had disappeared. safe and sure. T. F. Laurin, Owl in the world. I use it too with great Desbro rose to his feet slowly and Drug Store.

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 erally wrong. His visit might have me much pain and worry. I lost flesh been saved by a timely dose of Lane's and was all run down, and a year ago Family Medicine.

and inducing their neighbors to burn OUR COAL.

Fifth. It is a matter of business that every man or woman who has a dollar to invest to put it where it is reasonably safe and where they can realize the most profit from it, and we believe that any one who will investigate this stock as they would if they were buying a stock of goods or a farm, that they would find it had sufficient merit to warrant them making the investment.

Orders for either Coal or Stock or any information about either will be cheerfully furnished by C. H. CALLANDER. at the Callander Navigation Co. or J. C. LEE, at the North-

THE

Corner Commercial and 14th.

ern Hotel.

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.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine. It is always the best cough cure.

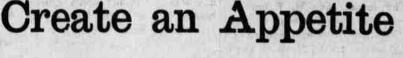
IRENUS K. HAMILTON DEAD.

CHICAGO, Mar. 25.-Irenus K. Hamilton, a millionaire lumberman and banker, died at his home in this city yesterday aged 78 years.

Best Healer in the World.

Rev. F. Starbird, of East Raymond, Maine, says: "I have used Bucklen's my old army wound, and other obsti-success in my veterinary business." Price 25c at Chas. Rogers & Son's drug store.

When the doctor is called he asks: "How are the bowels?" They are gen-



BY DRINKING BASS' ALE AND GUINESS STOUT WITH YOUR DINNER PUT UP IN NIPS. IT IS A SYSTEM BUILDER. RECOM-MENDED BY ALL PHYSICIANS. PRICE, \$1.50 PER DOZEN.

AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

589 Commercial Street

First-Class Liquors and Cigars

602 Commercial Street.

TRENTON

ASTORIA, OREGON