THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1908.



Pink Luscom rode out of the corral with slack rein and drooping head. Care sat upon his broad shoulders and dulled the genial light in his gray eyes. Cummings, seated on the doorstep of the bunk house, hooted derisively at his mate.

"You look like you was goin' a-courtin', Pink," he grinned.

Luscom turned a scowling brow as he slapped the rawboned sorrel with a bronzed hand.

"Drop it!" he growled crustily. ,

The sorrel struck a long, swinging gait, and presently horse and rider disappeared beyond a rise of ground. only to reappear in gradually diminishing perspective until suddenly they vanished altogether.

What's the matter with Pink?" asked Rozzy Jones in constrained tones from within the bunk house. "He looks like trouble has got him good and plenty."

Cummings clasped his hands about his knees and rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of delight.

"He's going to see the Widder Todd." be chuckled.

Jones rushed to the door with razor in one hand and a lank cheek lathered from brow to chin. "The Widder Todd!" he gasped. "Why, what's he goin' to see her for ?"

"He don't know-she sent for him this mornin'," returned Cummings mirthfully. "I expect Pink overreached himself t'other night at the dance. Miss Hennie Porter, 'she wouldn't look at Pink all the evenin'. She was dancin' and filrtin' with a long cheeked, flap eared jackass, and poor Pink he set up to the Widder Todd and courted her most particular all the evenin' with one eye on Miss Hennie and you, and I reckon that he said some serious thing to the widder-kinder absentlike."

"Widder Todd wouldn't look at Pink Luscom!" snorted Jones irritably.

"Seems like she looked at him considerable t'other night and enjoyed it sufficient to send for him this mornin'." drawled Cummings.

Jones disappeared, and there was the sound of vigorous and renewed scraping of his leathern cheek. Doc Cum-



and presently Jones, attired as gorgeously as Pink Luscom had been a half hour ago, strode haughtily past the man on the doorstep and into the corral, where he proceeded to catch a mount. In a trice he came tearing through the gate on a flery little black mare, his long legs dangling in close

proximity to the burned grass. He, too, shot a resentful scowl toward the jeering man on the doorstep. and then he disappeared over the rise of ground, his dark figure slibouetted. against the copper glory of the evening sky.

"There's Widder Todd a-settin' great store by Rozzy and as mad as a wet hen at him. So she's makin' up to Pink, who's dippy about Miss Hennie. Miss Hennie, she's mad at Pink, and so she flirts desperate with Rozzy, who's made at the widder. And they're all mad and jealous of one another, and if somebody don't shake 'em up there's bound to be some more mis-

mated marriages in Seven Forks. O Lordy!" Cummings filled his pipe and lounger over to the cook house and joined a social group about the fire.

Rozzy Jones did not look at the copper glory of the sunset. With moody eyes fixed on the well worn trail, he noted reluctantly the diminishing miles that lay between him and the crossroads. Here, instead of pursuing his customary course toward the town and the domicile of the fascinating widow, he must turn to the right

and take the cross trail to Porter's. where Miss Hennie awaited him and would appear to be disappointed, after

all, when he did come. There had been several calls such as this one was destined to be, and he frankly confessed to himself that Miss Hennie bored him, Now, the widow! lones swore softly and dug a spurred heel into the little mare's flank. There was an onward rush, and he came upon the crossroads with a scatter of oose gravel and flying hoofs.

Seated on the back of a rawboned sorrel was Pink Luscom. His very attitude suggested indecision. The sorrel's head was turned toward the town, while Pink's gray eyes gazed wistfully up the cross trail which led to Porter's. His frown deepened as Jones drew his horse to a standstill and glared aggressively at him.

Jones broke the silence at last, "'Pears like you'd lost the trail!" he

sheered, heading his beast up the cross trail. Pink winced. A dark red settled

down over his bronzed face. "I reckon I can find it without any

help from you," he drawled. "I ain't seen you tryin' to do it!"

cried Jones tantalizingly. "Mebbe I don't want to. 'The trall to Seven Forks ain't a bad one."

"You don't seem in no hurry to take t!" snapped Jones.

Luscom's hand sought his hip. "I reckon we might as well have it out now," he said calmly. "I'd be plum glad to oblige you!"

When he heard the news Dock Cummings waved a deprecating hand. "What else could you expect from fellers what wore white wing collars and crisscross baby blue neckties?" he asked.

All He Lacked.

A pitcher belonging to a professional baseball club, who thought he was not getting his share of the limelight of publicity, went one day to the captain and manager to make his "kick." Being of a somewhat choleric disposition. which had got him into trouble more than once, he spoke with feeling.

"Cap," he said, "you're not giving me square deal, and you know it." "What's the matter, Bill?"

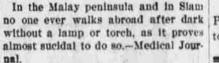
"You know what's the matter, cap. I haven't been in the box for three weeks. You know I can play ball. I've got every outcurve, inshoot, upshoot and drop there is in the business. I've got everything that any other pitcher has. I can put on speed, and I can send 'em in slow. I can get 'em right over the plate every time I want to. Haven't I got as good control of the ball as any fellow you know of?"

"Yes, Bill," said the captain, "you have. When you get as good control of your temper as you have of the ball I'll use you, all right. Don't you be uneasy about that, Bill."

Bill went away deep in thought, and it was not very long after that conversation that he "got into the game" again .- Youth's Companion.

Two Ugly Snakes.

These two snakes, the hamadryad and the cobra, cause the great annual death roll of India from snake bite. about 22,000 people last year. One rea son for this great death roll is that Hindoos and Buddhists will not kill the snakes, as it is against their religion to take life. The cobra will go away from you usually, except in the nesting season, and then he will attack you on sight if you disturb him or his mate. It is at this time that so many deaths take place among the Malays and Siamese, as it is coincident with the rice planting season, and the peasants are busily at work in the rice fields. The cobra will bite under water, and many people are bitten on the foot or heel while planting rice. Death usually takes place in an hour or less. I have known a large buffalo to be bitten and die in fifteen minutes. It must have been bitten directly in a vein



Up to Date. "How'd you get here, o'd man?" "In my atrship." "Road good?" "Cloudy."-Puck,



"I SAY, BOZZY, YOU AIN'T SORE ABOUT THE WIDDER ?

mings chewed the stem of his pipe reflectively. Presently he craned a curious head toward the interior of the house. "See here, Romeo, if there's anything I can do to help you just you sing out. Shall I catch up a hosa for you?"

"Shut up!" retorted Jones in a strangled tone.

"Them there white winged collars is bad for the voice, Rozzy. You sound like you was chokin'. I reckon you'll wear that baby blue crisscross necktle you bought at Widder Todd's store. I hear that baby blue is Miss Hennle's fav'rite color!" There was no response from within.

SHE'S A OUEEN

Jones had whipped out a weapon and wheeled his horse about. "I'd like to shake first, Rozzy," said

Luscom gravely, holding out a big brown paw.

Jones grasped it eagerly. "We've been good friends up to now, Pink," he come to this, but when two fellers paused and looked past his rival toward the town.

Luscom was staring at him furiously, and then a strange light broke over his good looking face.

"I say, Rozzy, you ain't sore about the widder?"

"What do you think?" Jones stared defiantly at the other man. "Miss Hennie, she's all right. But she and me don't set no great store by each other. go, so there ain't nothin' for a feller

to do." Luscom was lighting a cigarette with trembling fingers. "There's only one thing to do, Rozzy Jones," he said solemnly. "Just don't cross my trail, and I won't cross yours. The widder, she don't want to talk about nothin' but Rozzy, while Miss Hennie and me uster hit it off first rate, and I reckon if you'll just move aslde I'll pike along up to Porter's."

Jones grinned happily as they passed one another, and just as each disappeared in a cloud of dust along his own particular trail two brown hands were waved in friendly farewell.

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Love's Young Dream.

Another case of the bad boy rudely interrupting love's young dream. A Malate girl and her Romeo sat in close proximity on the couch in the drawing room lost to the world. They were said regretfully, "and I'm sorry it's brought back from Eden by her little

brother, who, like many of his kind, wrong time. He walked into the room, planted himself in front of the young man and asked:

"Was you ever tied to a fish line?" "I certainly was not." was the reply. "Well," responded the boy, "I heard pa tell ma last night that you'd make a good sinker."-Manila Gossip.

As to Guotations.

How many persons can unhesitating-She says come, and the widder says ly name the source of the familiar quotations? Many a man goes through Shakespeare, but probably no English out quoting him. If he sneers at "a woman's reason," he quotes Shake- THE speare; if he refers to "a trick worth rgain.

is not a popular work, but one line of FICE. it-"Ask me no questions, and I will tell you no lies"-is known and used by everybody.

Made Him a Songster.

Mr. Stubb (in astonishment)-Gra. Astoria, Ore. cious, Maria' That tramp has been P. O. Box 603. singing in the back yard for the last hour. Mrs. Stubb-Yes, John, it is all my fault. Mr. Stubb-Your fault? Mrs. Stubb-Indeed it is. I thought I was giving him a dish of bolled oatmeal, and instead of that I boiled up the bird seed by mistake .--- Chicago News.

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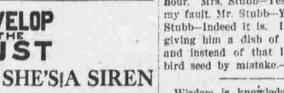
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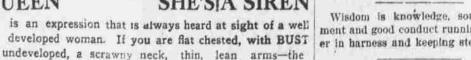
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