

Destiny and The Dog.

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY.

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DEACON URIAH PARTRIDGE, long, lank and dignified, squatted like a half fed turkey gobbler on a limb in Miss Cullen's back yard, holding up the dangling skirts of his Prince Albert with his left hand and shaking his right fist spitefully at Miss Cullen's spotted bull terrier, crouched threateningly at the foot of the tree and eying him with calm and patient persistence. Uncle Simeon Yates peeked over the picket fence, his smooth, round face looking like the full moon just rising above the horizon line, the tears coursing down his cheeks, his mouth occupied with an aggravating grin and his fat sides shaking like a cup of jelly in an earthquake.

"What in the world," snorted Simeon, ripping a paling off the fence in the excessiveness of his hilarity—"what in the world, deacon, are you doin' up in Miss Cullen's apple tree?"

"Now, Brother Yates," replied the deacon soberly, his wrinkled forehead oozing ice water and his right hand grabbing desperately at a neighboring limb, "I just clumb up here to see if Miss Cullen's trees had survived the winter, and the dog"—But Simeon interrupted.

"Who'd 'a' thought," he mused aloud, pulling out his handkerchief and drying his eyes—"who'd 'a' thought Miss Cullen's bull terrier would have developed into a bird dog? But if he hasn't got a partridge treed this blessed minute I'll—!" He nearly pulled the fence up by the roots.

The deacon's ire kindled. "That's right!" he roared. "Stand there like a grinnin' old hyena and laugh! Didn't you ever see a man in a tree before? Don't you know when you behold a feller critter in distress? Why don't you clumb over the fence and drive away that fool dog? D'ya want to see me killed right before your very eyes?"

"But it isn't my dog," tittered Simeon. "It's Miss Cullen's, and it's in Miss Cullen's own lot."

"I tell you I can't hang on much longer," whined the deacon. "I've been here for an hour. I've got blisters all over me."

"Well," replied Simeon, "reckon I'd better go and tell Miss Cullen"—

"No! Don't you do it!" yelled the deacon, blushing scarlet. "Don't you dare do it! I don't want you to tell her. I don't want her to know."

Simeon ripped another paling off the fence. His eyes were dancing as if they were tickled to death.

"Why don't ye drop on the dog's back and crack his spine?" he suggested. "Why don't ye glare at him with burnin' indignation and scorch his hide off?"

"You're an insultin' old wretch," cried the deacon angrily, "a jibberin' idiot that don't know no better than to stand there and laugh the palin's off of a poor, lone woman's fence!"

He turned to shake his fist, but lost his balance and fell. Desperately he clutched at a limb and pulled himself up again out of the very teeth of the growling terrier. Then he glanced vindictively toward Simeon, but Simeon was moving away.

"Hey, Brother Yates!" he yelled de-

sparingly. "Come back, please come back, Brother Yates!"

"I ain't used to bein' addressed in such endearin' terms, deacon," replied Simeon, "and I thought mebbe my room was better than my company."

"No, no," vociferated the deacon anxiously. "I didn't mean what I said. I was hasty. I am sorry, Brother Yates. Please don't go away and leave me in this tree!"

Simeon rested his arms on top of the pickets and gazed at him in pensive sympathy. "Well, Brother Partridge," he replied solemnly, "if I can be any comfort to ye in your last moments I allow it's my Christian duty to remain."

"If you're goin' to do anything," gasped the other, exasperated by Simeon's deliberate slowness, "for God's sake do it quick! This limb is crackin'—"

"I might turn in a fire alarm," an-

swered Simeon calmly. "Mebby if we had the hook and ladder truck"—

"No!" ejaculated the deacon. "For goodness' sake, please don't do that! I don't want everybody in town to know, I want to keep it quiet. They wouldn't understand."

"Well, then," declared Simeon doubtfully, "there be only one more hope for ye, Brother Partridge—if you had a balloon."

"O Lord!" moaned the deacon. "Can't ye quit actin' the fool, Brother Yates? Can't ye suggest somethin' reasonable?"

Exasperated beyond endurance, Partridge shook his fist at Simeon. Crack! Bough, deacon, Prince Albert and plug hat struck the ground in a confused heap.

There was a terrified scrambling, a muffled growl. Then something long and lank, with flowing hair and protruding eyes, dashed straight for Uncle Simeon. Crash! A section of the paling fence gave way, and up the street the deacon dashed, pale of countenance, bare of head, Miss Cullen's bull terrier clinging grimly to his coat and flap-

ping from side to side like a disabled rudder.

"Go it, deacon! Go it, dog!" yelled Uncle Simeon, jumping up and down and swinging his old felt hat. "Go it, blame ye, go it!"

Uncle Simeon leaned against the remnant of the fence and shook it till it squeaked. He held his two pudgy hands against his ample sides and rolled his eyes in misery.

"Won't somebody please come and make me stop laughin'?" he yelled. "If they don't I'm goin' to die. The deacon—the dog! I'll blow up and bust. I can't never live long enough to get through laughin'. They'll have to postpone my funeral till I stop laughin'! I never knowed anybody could move their legs as fast as the deacon did. I—I—he—he!" His strength gave out, and he sank, a gurgling heap, upon the sidewalk.

When finally he arose the dog was crawling under the fence, a ragged piece of black cloth in his jaws. At sight of it Simeon was thrown into another spasm of mirth, from which he had not entirely recovered when he reached Miss Cullen's door.

His knock was answered by the lady in person. She was of uncertain age, inclined to be angular and decidedly deaf.

"Good afternoon, Miss Cullen!" shouted Simeon, "I was wonderin' have you seen Deacon Partridge today, mum?"

Miss Cullen's brow darkened. "No, I haven't," she said. "He promised to help me beat a carpet, but he hasn't come."

"Well, mum," giggled Simeon, "if you'll call your dog I believe you'll secure circumstantial evidence of the deacon's good intentions."

But Miss Cullen's deafness prevented her catching the drift of the remark. "Anyway," she replied, aggrieved, "it seems to me that if a man won't keep his promise to a woman before he marries her he won't do it afterward."

"That's so, mum," answered Simeon. "But if you'll let me help you I'll be glad to do it. I've just got to beat a carpet or somethin' to keep my mind off that man's sprylin' abilities or I'll be a physical wreck."

"Then come right in, Mr. Yates," she said, beaming smilingly upon him. "I appreciate your kindness very much."

"Don't mention it, mum," gurgled Simeon. "Now, if you'll just show me"—

"Well, first," she said, gazing into his eyes affectionately, "there's a feather bed upstairs, if you'll throw it out the window for me."

Up the steps went Simeon, but when he reached the top he heard some one knocking on the front door. Glancing out the window, he saw Deacon Partridge on the stoop below gazing uneasily about and acting more nervous than otherwise.

Catching up the feather bed, Simeon pushed it through the opening and chucked it himself as he saw it fall squarely upon the deacon's head and bear him to the ground. In another instant a heavy mattress had followed it.

"Now, Miss Cullen," observed Simeon when he had gone downstairs again and opened the door, "if you'll come and sit on the stoop and rest, mum, I'll"— He noticed with satisfaction that something was wriggling desperately under the feather.

"Oh, you're so considerate, Mr. Yates," chirruped Miss Cullen, following him out of doors. "Some men are so thoughtless of others' comfort. Now, do you know," she added, setting herself on a step with her back toward the bedclothes, "I believe that the deacon wouldn't care how hard his wife worked just so he had good clothes to wear and plenty of nice

things to eat." The feather bed was moved convulsively.

"Well, Miss Cullen," began Simeon, "I've always thought that if I had a wife I'd treat her like a wife ought to be treated."

Miss Cullen coughed softly and dropped her eyes. "Mr. Yates," she asked presently, glancing at him bashfully, "why don't you get married?"

"If I thought I could get the right kind of a woman," Simeon stammered, "a woman like you, now"— The bed and mattress fairly rose in the air. Simeon turned his head and coughed violently.

"Oh, Mr. Yates," broke in Miss Cullen, blushing becomingly, "if I thought that you would have—that I would make you a good wife"— She dropped her sparkling eyes groundward. The feather bed shook with renewed energy.

"But I thought you said that you and the deacon"— began Simeon.

"Oh, no!" Miss Cullen interrupted. "I only meant that the deacon wanted to marry me. Why, Mr. Yates, you've no idea how that persistin' old hypocrite has pestered me." The bedding experienced a sudden terrific upheaval. Simeon acted as if he were going to explode. "Why, if I had let him I honestly believe he would have got down on his knees. I know I ain't as young as I once was, but I reckon I know a man when I see one. Now, you, Simeon"— Again she glanced at him shyly.

"Well, then," said Simeon, his eyes twinkling, "if I should ask you to marry me would you promise to"—

"O-h, Simeon!" blushed Miss Cullen softly. "I—I—yes, I believe I would, Simeon."

"Would you promise," continued Simeon, pinching himself to keep from laughing aloud when he saw something under the feather bed behaving scandalously—"would you promise to sick your dog on that old idiot of a Deacon Partridge if he hangs around here any more?"

No sooner had he uttered those words than from the midst of that pile of household necessities there came the visible indications of a terrific storm, followed by the subdued but unmistakable sound of ripping cloth, and the next second feather bed, mattress and deacon arose in concert, and there, in the astonished presence of Miss Cullen, stood Partridge, his arms and legs tangled in the environments of blue striped ticking and his head and shoulders covered with a speckled coating of downy feathers. Feathers protruded from his eyes; feathers vibrated on the end of his nose; feathers waved majestically from the tips of his ears. He couldn't see or hear or speak for feathers. He could scarcely breathe for feathers.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" he puffed, blowing great bunches of feathers from his mouth. "Aheoo! Aheoo!" he sneezed. The tears were running down his face, making the feathers stick the closer to his scarlet cheeks.

Miss Cullen sprang to her feet, pressed her trembling hands to her eyes and shrieked.

"Well, well!" said Simeon, regarding him with overmastering hilarity. "Well, well, this is the first time I ever see a partridge runnin' around half picked. Say, why don't you go out behind the barn and singe yourself?"

The deacon could not speak. He could not do anything but open and shut his mouth like a chicken with the gapes and go "Cut, cut, cut!"

"Why, he thinks he's an old settin' hen!" exclaimed Simeon, eying him wonderingly. "Shouldn't wonder but he'll be a scratchin' up your flower bed next, Miss Cullen. Say," he added to the perspiring deacon, "why don't you fly up in a tree and go to roost again?"

"I—I didn't come here to be laughed at," whimpered Partridge, extricating himself from the ticking and nearly crying with indignation. "I came here to call on Miss Cullen."

"Huh!" replied Simeon, pressing his hands against his quivering sides and regarding the other with austerity. "Huh, d'ye reckon Miss Cullen hasn't anything to do but to entertain oyster-iches? Why don't you run away somewhere and stick your head in the sand?"

"I tell you I ain't goin' to stand here and be insulted by no squatty old hippopotamouse!" shrieked the deacon angrily.

"Rather be a hippopotamouse than to be a featherweight," snapped Simeon. "If you're so blame brave, why don't you flap your wings and crow? Why don't you let folks know that you're a Shanghai that's not afraid of anything in the barnyard even if your pinfeathers ain't all grown out?"

"I'm a man of peace, Brother Yates," replied Partridge meekly. "I'm an elder in the church, and I don't want to get mad, and I don't want to swear."

"May be that you're turnin' to an angel," retorted Simeon doubtfully, "but you look to me more like a dominicker that's too thin to bile and too tough to fry. Anyway, you ought to know that Miss Cullen's front yard ain't no place for a poultry show."

"Got as much right here as you have, you old b'led lobster!" screamed the deacon wrathfully. "Ain't I, Miss Cullen?"

"Well, really, Mr. Partridge," sneaked Miss Cullen, looking happily at Simeon, "now that Mr.—that Simeon and me are engaged—of course"—

"You see, Brother Partridge," exclaimed Simeon, "the lady has decided that she isn't hankerin' to marry anybody that has a manin' for breakin' limbs off of trees, smashin' down fences and rippin' open feather beds. Besides, there's the dog." Partridge glanced around uneasily. "You know, deacon, when a dog once gets a taste of a

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE Astoria Nat'l Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 15, 1908:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$437,627.22
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	6,567.06
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	47,500.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits.....	20,000.00
Other Bonds to secure U. S. deposits.....	34,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds, Bonds, securities, etc.....	52,888.21
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures.....	4,030.00
Other real estate owned.....	8,233.41
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	2,504.77
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	4,990.47
Due from approved reserve agents.....	129,700.61
Checks and other cash items.....	2,098.11
Notes of other National Banks.....	1,900.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents.....	345.02
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:	
Specie.....	\$76,507.75
Legal-tender notes.....	1,220.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....	141.75
Total.....	\$835,532.63

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 50,000.00
Surplus fund.....	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	17,508.47
National Bank notes outstanding.....	41,600.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$322,066.62
Demand certificates of deposit.....	\$46,945.46
Time certificates of deposit.....	\$257,270.33
Certified checks.....	141.75
U. S. deposits.....	\$0,000.00
Total.....	\$835,532.63

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss:
I, J. E. Higgins, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
J. E. HIGGINS,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of July, 1908.
E. Z. FERGUSON,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
GEORGE W. WARREN,
GEO. H. GEORGE,
A. SCHERNECKAU,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank

Of Astoria, at Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, July 15, 1908:

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$409,577.18
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,646.64
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	47,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds, Bonds, securities, etc.....	1,400.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	55,430.00
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	71,146.56
Due from approved reserve agents.....	21,071.73
Checks and other cash items.....	179,139.80
Notes of other National Banks.....	1,477.27
Nickels and cents.....	5,265.00
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz:	
Specie.....	\$190,500.00
Legal-tender notes.....	370.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation).....	190,870.00
Total.....	2,350.00
Total.....	\$988,046.03

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$100,000.00
Surplus fund.....	25,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	20,795.47
National Bank notes outstanding.....	47,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$634,723.72
Demand certificates of deposit.....	\$159,726.84
Certified checks.....	\$800.00
Total.....	795,250.56
Total.....	\$988,046.03

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss:
I, S. S. Gordon, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
S. S. GORDON,
Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of July, 1908.
V. BOELLING,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
G. C. FLAVEL,
W. F. MCGREGOR,
J. WESLEY LADD,
Directors.

"I certainly extend my congratulations," sneered the deacon, scowling at Simeon, "and I hope I haven't intruded."

"Don't mention it, Brother Partridge," Simeon grinned. "But, now, if you'll step into the house and let us finish pickin' you. Feathers is feathers these days, deacon, and we can't be over-particular what kind of a bird they come off of."

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