

HER BIRTHDAY GIFT.

By Gray Allison.

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The rarely used doorbell rang out an unexpected rusty summons, and Mrs. Jordan, engaged in putting the breakfast biscuits into the oven, tilted the pan in her excitement until the carefully cut forms slid down to one end of the pan, an avalanche of dough.

"Marietta, go answer that bell." She thought Marietta had not noticed the episode of the biscuits, and she would not for worlds have the girl think there was a vulnerable spot to her stolidism or that she owned to curiosity. "If it's a woman, don't let her in, for there ain't a woman round here that hasn't sense enough to know better'n to call before breakfast."

Marietta, without waiting for the end of the monologue, had opened the door. "Here's a package for you," said the man from the station, grinning and pointing to the small boy on the doorstep, "he's labeled to Mrs. Jordan."

The girl stared at the small figure in astonishment. "I'm Ned and I'm a birthday present to grandma and I'm hungry," he said, with no recognition of the need of pauses or punctuation, raising very blue eyes to meet hers earnestly.

"I guess he'll have to come in," said the girl in bewilderment. "I don't know anything about him, but maybe Aunt Ann does."

Mrs. Jordan, waiting in the kitchen door, gave a gasp of terror when she saw the small face under the leather sailor cap. "Bobbie!" she whispered faintly.

"No; I'm not named Bobbie. I'm Neddie, grandma." The small hands clung around her waist. "Papa said you would love me and be awfully glad to see me."

She sat down by the kitchen table and took the child in her lap. It was



"YOU DO WANT ME FOR YOUR LITTLE BOY, DON'T YOU?"

the first time she had ever been called grandmother, and she had never known there was a child.

When Robert Jordan went to the city six years before to study book-keeping and during the first year married one of the chorus girls belonging to the "Froth and Foam Extravaganza," his mother's Methodist principles had refused to acknowledge that she any longer had a son. His letters, unanswered, finally stopped altogether. There had been no word from him, direct or indirect, until this small boy, with the eyes and mouth of her own little Bobbie, called her grandmother.

"I never saw you before at all," he said, softly patting her cheeks with the cold little hands from which he had removed the mittens, "but papa said you would love me dearly and that every time you made cookies you would make me a large cake shaped like a doggie, with currants for its eyes. Will you, grandmother, please?"

Mrs. Jordan trembled from head to foot at the vision of another little boy of long ago watching her put the currants in for eyes. She could fancy his childish voice saying, "Mind, mudder, don't make him cross-eyed."

"Where is your papa?" she asked, unbuttoning the child's overcoat mechanically.

"Papa's gone away. He said he was going to stay with mamma and that I was to be your little boy. He sent you a birthday letter in my overcoat pocket. You do want me for your little boy, don't you?"

His childish mouth quivered apprehensively at her continued silence.

She left the letter unopened while she hugged him suddenly to her breast. "Yes; I want you for my little boy. I have wanted a little boy for years and years—so terribly long," she said, crushing the words against his short, curly hair.

"Marietta, take the child upstairs and wash his face and hands before breakfast. He's all covered with train dust," she said, suddenly becoming conscious that the young girl had been standing silent in the kitchen door.

Left alone, she looked at the letter long and silently. The years rolled back—she seemed to feel with all the intensity of her young motherhood. She realized that the letter must tell her that her son was dead, yet the

child, her child, seemed miraculously restored to her.

Bringing her glasses from a corner of the dining room mantle, she opened the letter.

"I shall not live to see your birthday, mother, but little Ned will be with you, and you can't help loving him. His mother has been dead a year. The doctor says he will see that the boy gets to you safely. And, mother, if you will only love him and forget these last few years—"

The woman leaned her head on the table, and deep sobs convulsed her.

Marietta, coming downstairs with an immaculate little boy by the hand, saw through the front window some one who caused her to run hastily to the door.

"Come to the steps a minute, John," she called softly. "I was afraid I wouldn't get the chance to see you today. I've determined to say 'Yes' even if Aunt Ann doesn't give her consent. She seems to have a horror of people getting married. It's getting unbearable. I wanted her to say I might marry you, but I'll do it anyway."

John Terry's strong hand closed on hers convulsively.

"Will you wear a veil and carry a big bouquet?" eagerly asked the child, overlooked by them both.

The man laughed good naturedly. "Hello, youngster, where did you come from? Yes, she can have the veil and bouquet, and maybe there will be a long train that you can walk behind and carry just like the picture of the princess and her little page. But who on earth are you, and when did you strike this town?"

"I'm Ned Jordan, and my papa's name is Robert Jordan, and I've come to stay with grandma, and I hope you are well," the child answered, with a polite timidity that caused him to rush through his explanations and wind up for lack of breath.

Torry gazed at the girl meaningly. "So? The old lady has relented at last, has she?"

"I don't think it's that," the girl answered softly. "I think Cousin Robert is—dead. She seemed wonderfully affected and more gentle than I have ever known her."

"Marietta!" Mrs. Jordan's voice called from the dining room. "Is that John Terry? Tell him to come in and have breakfast with us. It's awfully lucky to have a man caller on your birthday. I'm forty-nine years young," she added, with a laugh that held a sob. "And I'm going to start in the fifties right. You might as well let John come on in. I'll bet, he'll spend most of the year with you anyhow."

Torry, laughing, took the girl's arm and led her to the dining room.

"She's going to be married, and I'm going to carry her train for her, grandma," said the child excitedly.

"All right, Bobbie; come, sit in this chair by grandma, and let those people that are so much in love with each other sit by each other."

The child climbed into the chair and looked at her reproachfully. "I should think if I was your own little boy you wouldn't forget my name," he said.

"Yes, Bobbie, dear—I mean Neddie," she said, "bow your head now while John asks a blessing on my birthday gift."

Holland's Source of Wealth.

When it comes to coffee, sugar, indigo, spices and tobacco all the nations of the world have to take off their hats to the little kingdom of Holland," said Mr. Karl Van Valkenberg of Amsterdam.

"Once in every two weeks the Netherlands company sells more coffee than all the rest of the world's markets combined. This fortunate situation comes about through the ownership of our island colonies, Sumatra, which is almost thirty times as large as Holland, sends its tobacco crop to the home government. Java, tremendously larger, is also ours, and to it we are indebted for our coffee. Borneo, which would make a dozen of us, is our source of coal supply, and from the islands of Banca and Billiton we get vast quantities of tin. So you see that Holland's riches come largely from her insular possessions. Amsterdam and Antwerp cut the diamonds of the world."—Baltimore American.

Easily Grown Lilies.

Few people understand how easily lilies may be grown in abundance. The madonna or candidum lily is as hardy as a plum tree, multiplies rapidly and gives great stalks of superb flowers in July—fragrant beyond words to express. Plant them under your grape trellises or in your gooseberry rows. If a bulb gets injured in cultivation, there will be enough left. I have had 900 blossoms in a small bed about ten feet in diameter. You can grow the Japanese longifloras just as easily and in the same way, only you must plant them much deeper, about six inches, and you must not plant them in manure. Our native meadow lilies can be grown in the same way or even in sod if it is moist. Bury them ten inches deep. The auratum and Easter lilies require very deep planting, and I cannot promise that they will give you good results.—E. P. Powell in Suburban Life.

A Temperance Tattoo.

Kim Kyong Syop is a big, strapping fellow, energetic in body and zealous in spirit, who is engaged in selling the Scriptures in Korea.

Five years ago he was worshipping evil spirits, says a missionary who sends home the story to the British and Foreign Bible society. For three years he sacrificed a cow to them each year. When Kim became a Christian he cleared out of his house and premises twenty-seven "devils' nests" made

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Miss Lillian Ross, 530 East 94th Street, New York, writes: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound overcame irregularities, periodic suffering, and nervous headaches, after everything else had failed to help me, and I feel it a duty to let others know of it."



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Miss Marie Stoltzman, of Laurel, Ia., writes: "I was in a run-down condition and suffered from suppression, indigestion, and poor circulation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong."



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of paper and old rags. On the ball of each thumb Kim has a black spot, and the missionary asked him if they were tattooed.

"Yes," said Kim. "I did that when I vowed to give up strong drink, so that if ever again I raised a glass of liquor to my mouth in either hand I should see that spot and remember my vow."—London Quiver.

TRY THIS FOR DESSERT

Dissolve one package of any flavored JELLO-O in one pint of boiling water. When partly congealed, beat until light adding one cup whipped cream and six crushed macaroons. Whip all together thoroughly and pour it into a mold or bowl. When cool, it will jellify and may be served with whipped cream or any good pudding sauce.

The JELLO-O costs 10c. per package and can be obtained at any good grocer's.

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The best of all teachers is experience. C. M. Harden, of Silver City, North Carolina, says: "I find Electric Bitters does all that's claimed for it. For stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles it can't be beat. I have tried it and find it a most excellent medicine." Mr. Harden is right; it's the best of all medicines also for weakness, lame back, and all run-down conditions. Best too for chills and malaria. Sold under guarantee at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 50c.

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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.....	3,045.00
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).....	77,727.75
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.....	50,000.00
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.....	1,400.00
Bonds, securities, etc.....	55,430.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	71,146.56
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	21,071.73
Due from approved reserve agents.....	179,139.80
Checks and other cash items.....	1,477.27
Notes of other National Banks.....	5,265.00
Nickels and cents.....	671.85
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).....	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.....	\$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.

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