

When Ben Sailed In.

By HARRIS INGALLS.

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"Come on out," pleaded Drakin. "There is only myself and the missus out here. I'll guarantee that you will not have to speak to any one else."

Ben Hubbard paused irresolutely, then he turned and suited his pace to the shorter steps of his friend. Drakin beamed.

"There's the sensible boy," he said approvingly. "I'll bet that you ask me to have your things sent out in the morning, so you can stay a week or two—the longer the better."

Hubbard shook his head and assured himself that a single night would probably be enough. It was only a year since Tom Drakin had married, and probably he would be bored by their absurd billing and cooing.

It was only for Tom's sake that he was coming out for the night, and only



HIS AMAZEMENT SEEMED TO INCREASE TOM'S MERRIMENT.

the fact that there would be no other woman there was his reason for going at all. Probably Mrs. Drakin would insist that he come again and would promise him an introduction to some friend of hers who would be just the one he should marry.

Hubbard was used to that. Bessie Grandin's enthusiastic efforts to marry him to a cousin of hers had sent him scurrying off to South America. He had announced that he would write a book on the flora of the Argentine Republic, but his real reason for flight was the fear that Mrs. Grandin would make good her threat to marry him to Helen Wilson in spite of himself.

For years Hubbard had lived in fear of marriage. He was not exactly a woman hater, but an excess of timidity left him stammering and afraid in feminine presence, and he had come to have a mortal dread of matrimony—so great a dread that more than once he had fled from some enthusiastic matchmaker lest he be led, protesting, but helpless, to the altar.

But he was just back from the South American trip and hungry for the companionship of his fellows. In that frame of mind he had run across Drakin, who had once been the geologist of an expedition of which he himself had been botanist.

They had had lunch together, and Drakin had urged him to spend the night with him that their talk might be continued.

Drakin lived in a small suburban town, and Hubbard regarded approvingly the neat little cottage they approached, even though a woman in something fleecy and white stood on the porch to welcome them. Drakin had gone into the telephone booth at the station to announce their coming and had emerged from the booth very red and confused.

Hubbard hoped that his coming had not been the cause of the confusion. He knew that there were times when things in the kitchen went wrong and when visitors were not welcome. He had suggested as much to Tom, but the offer to return to town had been hooted at, and Tom had laughed immoderately to cover his confusion at the discovery of his embarrassment.

But there was no embarrassment in Mrs. Drakin's face as she made him welcome. There was only interest and cordial friendship, and Ben was surprised to find himself rather envying his chum.

Of course Tom had been exceptionally fortunate in finding such a woman, but as Ben tumbled into bed some hours later he told himself that were there two such women he should like to marry the other.

They had sat talking until late in the evening, and when Ben finally woke he discovered a note on his dresser, in which Tom explained that it was necessary for him to go to the city on business, but that he would return in the afternoon and bring with him the trunk Ben had sent to the hotel.

Ben wavered—and was lost. He slowly dressed and went downstairs to find Mrs. Drakin sitting in the dining room waiting for her guest to come downstairs.

"Tom left his apologies," she explained as she poured him his coffee. "He had to rise at such an unearthly hour to make the train that we decided to let you sleep. He will be out on the 4:10, and in the meantime I am solemnly bound to hold you here at all hazards. Tom would never forgive me if you should be gone before he came back."

"You couldn't drive me away," declared Ben gayly. "I'll be well con-

tent to sit out on the porch and just think how lucky I was to run into Tom yesterday afternoon."

"I'll take my sewing out, and we can chat as I work," suggested Mrs. Drakin, and presently they were established on the broad piazza. To his surprise Ben found himself chatting with his hostess as freely as though she were a man and not one of the dread women.

Tom came out as he had promised, and Ben frowned as he caught sight of his friend perched on the seat of an express wagon in which was his trunk.

"Now you've got to stay," announced Tom. "We shall hold your trunk like they do in the hotels if you try to escape us."

"I think that you would be wise to ship me and the trunk back to town," said Ben seriously, but Drakin hooted down the suggestion, and when Mrs. Drakin added her entreaties to Tom's he gave in, and the trunk was taken up to his room.

That night when Ben put out the light he did not jump into bed, but long after the rest of the house was quiet he sat by the open window, looking across the moonlit fields and wondering what he should do.

Of one thing he was certain. He was in love, and in love with his friend's wife at that. What was more, it had seemed to him that as she had bidden him good night and had told him she was glad that he had decided to stay there was something more than mere friendship in the glance of the tender blue eyes.

Her hand had lingered for a moment in his, and she had paused by the door of her room to look after him. The memory of her smile was with him still, and when he at last flung himself upon the bed to fall into troubled slumber the problem was still unsolved.

But with the morning came calmer sense. As he came into the breakfast room there was no mistaking the soft flush that came to Mrs. Drakin's cheek nor the look that flashed into her eyes as she gave him the morning greeting.

Sick at heart, Ben followed his host out on to the piazza, while Mrs. Drakin remained behind to see to the disposition of the breakfast things and give her orders for dinner.

"Look here, old man, I've got to be getting back to town," he began.

"Not on your life," was the emphatic response. "Do you suppose that I took all that trouble to lug your trunk out yesterday to have you lug it in today? You are going to stay right here for the next two weeks. By your own confession you have nothing else to do, and I don't promise to let you go."

"But I must!" cried Ben miserably. "I must, old man! I—I'm in love! I can't help it, but I've fallen in love with your wife. I must get away before greater harm is done."

"Lola seems pretty fond of you. It was only this morning that she was saying that she hoped to be able to induce you to stay here while you write your new book. I think it would be a great scheme. You can put in the day working on the book and then sit out on the piazza in the evening and gather inspiration for the next day's work."

Ben regarded his friend with horror. It must be that he had gone mad, for now his face was contorted with laughter, and he rocked in his chair. Ben had heard of great shocks turning men's minds, but he had not believed that Tom would take his declaration so much to heart.

His amazement seemed to increase Tom's merriment, and Ben half rose to his feet to go into the house. Tom sprang up and forced him back into his chair.

"It seems a funny sort of thing to laugh at," he said chokingly. "but, you see, Lola is not my wife. I knew that if I told you the truth and admitted that there was an unmarried woman in the house you never could be induced to come out. I posted Lola from the station when you were worrying for fear it was inconvenient. My wife is visiting her younger sister, who is very ill. That is my sister, Lola, who is keeping house for me until Nell gets back. So sail in, old man, and may luck be with you. Where are you going?" he added as Ben shook him off and made for the door.

"I'm going to sail in," explained Ben as he vanished into the house.

The Judge's Joke.

Henry Keyes of Vermont was a life-long Democrat. Governor Mattacks, or Judge Mattacks, was for a brief period a Democrat also. After he got to be a judge he soon became a Whig. While holding court at St. Johnsbury he occupied a room at the leading hotel, which, as was usual during court time, was dull. Late at night Mr. Keyes arrived and wanted a bed. The landlord informed him that every bed in the house had two in it except the one that was occupied by Judge Mattacks.

"Go up and tell him that Henry Keyes wants to sleep with him."

The landlord went up, rapped at the judge's door and told him his errand.

"Henry Keyes," said the judge, half asleep—"Henry Keyes of Newbury? Democrat? Oh, yes; I've had it once. Let him in."

A Slave of Habit.

"Mr. Butcher," said the patron with the infant in her arms, "will you please weigh my baby?"

"Sure!" responded the busy butcher, depositing the little human bundle on his scales. "Just sixteen pounds and a quarter, Mrs. Riley."

"But," commented the watching parent, "your scales register only sixteen pounds."

"You're right, madam," said the butcher, reddening as he took another look. Then, turning to the bookkeeper behind the desk, he called out, "Annie, take off that quarter of a pound!"—Judge.

Johnny Helps Cupid.

By Abraham R. Groh.

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This is the simple narrative of the great services rendered by Johnny Gaylord to Dan Cupid. Who was Johnny Gaylord? Why, Johnny Gaylord, captain of the Little Giants baseball team, of course.

Furthermore, Johnny was the son of John Gaylord, president of the big Gaylord-Lorraine Iron company. Also, and this is more germane to the present narrative, Johnny was the small brother of Georgette Gaylord.

Georgette Gaylord had no rival as the social queen of Reading. Personal beauty and tact seemed to have united with the wealth and social position of her family to place her on a pedestal.

Marshall N. Joslin was the junior member of the firm of Shackleton, Smith & Joslin, attorneys for the Gaylord-Lorraine company. He was also the accepted suitor for the fair hand of Georgette.

Never was fate kinder to two young people. The sky of their future glowed.

This tale opens with the gathering of thick clouds. Marshall Joslin, scion of a wealthy house, graduate of a great university, brilliant member of a famous law firm, remarked that evening to Georgette Gaylord, social queen and lovely woman:

"If that is the way you feel about it, there is nothing for me to do but go."

To which Georgette Gaylord nodded her head slowly, but with dignity.

Then the young men moved to the hall, calmly put on his coat, took his hat, his stick and his gloves and only broke the intense silence to say in a distant, odd sounding voice:

"Good evening, Miss Gaylord."

And from the depths of the large half darkened drawing room came back in a low, controlled voice:

"Goodby."

Then he went out and shut the door behind him. Miss Gaylord did not move until his steps had died away down the stone walk that led through the big yard to the street. Then she dropped her lovely head on her arm



"OH, YOU'RE A DEAR LITTLE BROTHER," SHE DECLARED.

and sobbed, for Georgette Gaylord had behind a thickly curtained corner in the depths of her woman's heart a very, very warm feeling for Marshall Joslin.

Marshall Joslin made his way home in a sort of dazed condition. It is true he shed no tears, but neither did he sleep a wink that night nor eat a bite of breakfast the next morning. He smoked his usual maternal cigar in the office. These things were mere outward signs which he succeeded fairly well in concealing.

But there was an effect upon his brain which he was powerless to conceal. He and Shackleton, the senior partner, were working on a suit which involved thousands of dollars for their client, the big iron company. The morning Shackleton quickly noted the brain fog of the junior partner.

"What on earth is the matter with you, boy?" he demanded in his quiet way. "Where are your wits this morning?"

The junior partner smiled a sickly smile, and out of his dry throat came some words about not having slept very well. In his heart he didn't care what came of the lawsuit.

He suddenly wanted to get away somewhere and be alone with this greatest trouble that had ever come upon him. Life without Georgette Gaylord meant life insipid, useless, objectless.

The air of the office seemed to stiffen, and the questioning gaze of the senior member of the firm, looking soft and strong on the other side of the polished table, tormented him.

"I believe I will take a walk in the fresh air, if you don't mind," he said finally. "It will clear my brain, perhaps, and I will come back better able to do something."

He left the office abjectly miserable but relieved to find himself alone with his wretchedness. He remembered not that Georgette had spent considerable time recently in the company of a certain washing Captain Mostyn, who was visiting in Reading. Yes, there must have been something serious behind that affair in spite of her assurances to the contrary. She no longer loved him. He laughed in bitter contempt of himself.

And right at this critical point is where signal service was rendered to

Dan Cupid by Johnny Gaylord, captain of the Little Giants baseball team.

Into the consciousness of Marshall Joslin, walking to clear his brain, penetrated a boyish voice pronouncing his name:

"Hello, Mr. Joslin!"

"Why, good morning, Johnny. How are you?" said Joslin.

The question was merely formal, but it started Johnny's willing tongue.

"Oh, I'm all right," he chattered. "I never had anything the matter with me in my whole life except the mumps and the measles and the whooping cough. But I think sister's sick today."

"What?" cried the young man, bitherto so phlegmatic. "Sick, did you say?"

"Oh, I don't think she's very sick," said Johnny. "I guess she isn't very sick. Say, are you coming out to see us play the Little Sluggers? We've got a game with them Saturday. Say, you don't want to miss it. We're going to put it all over them."

Marshall Joslin's excited gesticulations could not stop Johnny when he was talking baseball until Johnny had finished.

"But your sister, Johnny—your sister! You said she was sick!" he cried when at last he had an opportunity to speak.

"Oh, I don't think she's very sick," said Johnny. "Only she wasn't down to breakfast this morning, and she generally gets up before I do. And last night I heard her in her room, and it sounded as if she was crying. I was awfully sorry, because she's about the best sister a fellow ever had. She gave me the money out of her own pocket to organize the Little Giants. I gave her an annual pass."

The captain of the Little Giants grinned as he raised his eyes to those of Mr. Joslin. The face of that young man had also undergone a remarkable change. It fairly beamed with joy.

"Is there anything else you need for your club?" he demanded suddenly.

"Well, I want to get uniforms for all the regular men," Johnny said seriously. "as soon as we get the money."

"How much will that take?" demanded Mr. Marshall Joslin.

"We can get some bully ones for \$12 a dozen, but"

The next moment Johnny Gaylord felt something thrust into his hand and saw Marshall Joslin striding down the street with rapidity. Johnny looked at what was in his hand. It was a greenback for more than enough to buy the

uniforms.

"Well, I wonder what I said to earn that?" he mused as he carefully stowed it in a place of safety.

When Johnny came home at noon a voice called him from the big, half darkened drawing room. It was the voice of Miss Georgette, and he hurried to her.

"Look what Mr. Joslin gimme, sis," he cried as he came toward her. He displayed the greenback.

"Johnny Gaylord, what have you been telling Mr. Joslin?" demanded Georgette, serious eyes fixed upon him.

"I didn't tell him anything," averred the captain of the Little Giants. "We were just standing on the street talking, and I happened to mention that I was going to get uniforms for the Little Giants as soon as I got the money. And then he just stuck this in my hands and rushed off before I could even get a chance to thank him. Oh, say, sis, but won't the team look fine in those blue uniforms with white stripes?"

But Georgette did not join with her usual enthusiasm in the plans for the Little Giants.

"Johnny Gaylord," she said solemnly. "You told Mr. Joslin something else. Now, tell me what it was you said."

"Why, that's all we talked about, honest," protested Johnny. "except that I told him I was well and that you weren't well because you didn't come down to breakfast and I heard you crying last night and"—

"Johnny!"

The serious tone of her voice caused Johnny to look up in wonder.

"So that is why he came," murmured Georgette, biting her lip.

Johnny was beginning to feel very uncomfortable when suddenly he was swept into the warm embrace of two strong arms, and Georgette placed a kiss right on his pouting lips.

"Oh, you're a dear little brother," she declared, hugging him.

Johnny went away mystified over the two strange events of the day, but happy in the possession of means to uniform the Little Giants.

When Marshall Joslin arrived again at the office he was so cheerful of spirit and vigorous of mind that Shackleton remarked upon it.

"Your walk seems to have done you good, my boy," he said.

"Made a new man of me, sir," declared Joslin warmly.

A Spanish Ghost Story.
The atmosphere of Spain agrees most

perfectly with all sorts of spirits, and a delightfully ghoulish story is told of the punishment of a bold, bad man who killed a friar. At the time of the crime the murderer escaped to Portugal, where he remained so long that on his return nobody recognized him. One morning when he was walking along the street, he saw a fine sheep's head in the market place and, fearing it might be purchased while he went home for a servant, he secured it, but, ashamed to be seen carrying a package, he concealed it under his cloak. Unfortunately, blood trickled from the head, and a member of the holy brotherhood, perceiving it, stopped him and asked, "What bearest thou, cavalier?" "Nothing," was the mercurious reply, which naturally excited suspicion, and the monk cried, "My brother, thou hast somewhat unlawful beneath thy cape." And behold, when the cloak was torn aside there was the head of the murdered friar. Angeles Times.

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