*************** What's in a Name?

By Martha Cobb Sanford. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

****** Just ahead of her Barbara King caught sight of Bertram Mathews, Thanking her lucky stars that he had sightseers. not caught sight of her first, she darted through the wide open doors of the Bbrary building and rested for a few minutes against one of the large marble columns in the lobby.

After she had given Mathews plenty of time to pass she ventured to the or and reconnoitered cautiously. Heavens! He had turned around and was coming straight toward the library! Barbara bounded up the stairs like an antelope and disappeared.

With no apparent signs of haste or purpose Bertram Mathews followed her lead. At the top of the broad flight of stairs, however, he came to a standstill and leisurely scanned the long. empty corridor.

As there was nothing to indicate which way the golden haired vision had fied, he started on a lazy stroll through the maze of special reading ms, sure of finding her somewhere.

It was clever of him, he mused, to have crossed Barbara's trail without her knowing it. He smiled at the thought of her blushing surprise when he should unexpectedly stumble upon her. What would she have to say to

He was aware that he was deliberately forcing Barbara's answer after a key followed. rielding to her entreaty for an interregnum of courtship which would terminate only by strictly accidental meeting. But it had been two whole weeks since he last proposed to Bar- ing time?" bara, and human restraint has its Braitations.

Barbara didn't blush, however, nor was she the least surprised when Berfram at last discovered her in the secluded nook reserved for legal reference. So absorbed was she in reading a popular fiction magazine that his presence falled to establish that telepathic communication proverbially supposed to exist between lovers.

Bertram, bis eyes dancing mischlevously, tiptoed daringly near her and then passed out to the catalogue files. Lifting down the drawer labeled "Ba," he ran his fingers rapidly over the cards until he found two titles that evidently suited him.

With punctilious deliberation he copsed these on a little printed slip and after filling in the blank spaces prepared for the reader's name and seat number handed it in at the delivery desk and waited developments.

Before long a small, freckle faced page in brass buttoned uniform tripped by him toward the legal reference zoom, one small book under his arm. Bertram followed at safe distance.

"One of 'em's out, miss," announced the page, indicating with a grimy finthe slip of paper which he handed Barbara.

"'Why Men Remain Bachelors," read Barbara aloud solemnly, and beneath It, "'Bachelor's Gulde to Matrimony." "But I didn't order either of them," she informed the page indifferently. "There's some mistake."

"Ain't that your name and number, miss?" he had the impertinence to ask

Barbara examined the slip more closey. "B. Mathews," it read, "seat 15, legal reference room." She glanced about suspiciously. There was onlyone other occupant, and that was not "B. Mathews."

"Well, is it or ain't it?" demanded the page, his tone suggestive of a dangerously overwrought forbearance.

"Is what?" asked Barbara vaguely. "Well, by thunder!" ejaculated the diminutive government official. "Donteher know yer own name?"

"Of course I do," Barbara answered him with a childlike naivete, "but I ahan't tell you, you little imp, so run

"Then yer can't have the book," brass buttons retaliated as he marched off with the "Bachelor's Guide to Matrimony."

Barbara watched him out of sight and then straightway forgot all about him in the thrilling occupation of scribbling in various styles of chirogsuphy, "Barbara Mathews, Mrs. Bertram Mathews, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Mathews," etc., on the page margins of her magazine.

"What's in a name?" commented a masculine voice suddenly over her shoulder.

Barbara, blushing pink to the tips of her ears, closed the magazine with a bang, tucked it under her arm and started to beat an indignant retreat.

Bertram, however, observing that there were only empty chairs for witnesses, playfully barred her exit. Around the table he chased her in a scandalously undignified scramble. If walls have eyes as well as ears, surely the forbidding legal tomes on the surrounding "bleachers" had never before been spectators' to anything so indecorous.

Covered at length, beyond hope of escape, in a decoy ending in a dormer window on one side and flanked by projecting bookshelves on the other two, Barbara faced her pursuer with Tweaks me by the nose? wildly thumping heart.

"You aren't playing fair," she accused him breathlessly. "You've broken your promise, Bertram Mathews, This isn't accidental meeting at all. It's an-an ambush. You followed me here. You can't deny it, because 1 saw you out in front of the library. That's-that's why I came in here."

the Earbara was too much in carnest to detect it.

"You deliberately ran away from me, Barbara. Was that playing fair? questioned Bertram.

"But I couldn't tell you-I mean we couldn't talk it over out there on the street. It would have been so unromantic and-and such a stupid anticlimax." Whatever Bertram had on the tip of

checked by the passing in and out of an unsympathetic group of curious To bridge over the interruption Bar-

bara pretended to be absorbed in watching the glow of the sunset. "It is beautiful, isn't it?" she asked dreamlly as soon as they were alone

again. "Glorious!" answered Bertram fervently, his gaze never leaving the sun Office. flecked waves of her hair. "But you can't see it, silly. Turn

around." As he didn't turn, Barbara faced about to learn the reason and, catching his look of undisguised adoration, lowered her eyes before it, her self posses-

sion utterly vanquished. "Oh, sweet, tantalizing Barbara King," he pleaded, "am I never to know if you really love me? Won't you give me some little bit of hope to warm the cockles of my heart?"

For answer Barbara suddenly surrendered into his keeping the telitale magazine, which up to this time she had guarded jealously from him. "Is that enough?" she asked him

Whereupon in that apparently deserted little reading room "no conversation above a whisper" broke the stillness for some time on. At length a door

slammed to, and the ominous click of

"Oh, we're locked in!" gasped Barbara, rushing to the door and rattling the knob excitedly. "Why, whoever would have guessed it was near clos-

"Not I," admitted Bertram, with shameless candor. "Here, let me bave a try at that knob."

"Hold on!" yelled an exasperated voice on the other side. "I'll let yer out if yer'll give me a chance. Who is thunder is it, anyhow?"

"Barbara Mathews," called Barbara promptly through the keyhole. "I mean," she corrected hastily, while A. Sherman, 508 Duane. Bertram laughed at her mercilessly. "it's Barbara King."

When the door finally swung open it revealed a very disgusted young per- 42 ACRES OF TIDE LAND WILL son composed chiefly of freckles and big brass buttons.

"Well, I'll be blowed," he exclaimed in astonishment, "If it ain't the same one, and she don't know her own name yet. Ain't that the limit?"

A Lawyer's Somersault.

Speaking of somersaults, the anecdote which Lord Eldon related of the corner 35th and Franklin. Apply W. eminent English lawyer John Dun- A. Sherman, 501 Duane. ning, afterward Lord Ashburton, will bear repeating. "I had," says Lord Eldon, "very early after I was called to the bar a brief as junior to Mr. Dunning. He began the argument and appeared to me to be reasoning very powerfully against our client. Waiting till I was quite convinced that he had mistaken for what party he was retained, I then touched his arm, and upon his turning his head toward me I whispered to him that he must have misunderstood by whom he was employed, as he was reasoning against our client,

"He gave me a very rough and rude reprimand for not having sooner set him right and then proceeded to state that what he had addressed to the court was all that could be stated against his client and that he had put the case as unfavorably as it were possible in order that the court might see how very satisfactorily the case against him could be answered and accordingly very powerfully answered what he had before stated."

Badly Confused.

Lord Bramwell, says the biographer of that jurist, used to tell a story illusmay affect the human mind at trying moments.

One day when he was on board a Rhine steamboat he noticed a lady, evidently in great distress, trying by signs to explain to the officials some she was a countrywoman of his own, he asked:

"Do you speak English?" The poor lady had really lost her head, and she could only stammer out. 'Un peu"-that is, a little.

Then Lord Bramwell continued the conversation in French, but it became evident that the lady understood scarcely a word. German and Italian gave equally bad results. Finally she muttered audibly to herself:

"How I wish I were safe at home!" "But surely you do speak English!"

exclaimed the baron. "I can't speak anything else," she sobbed. "That's what makes me so belpless among these foreigners."

Kean's Funny Slip.

Charles Kean was a very nervous man, easily upset by any mistake, and one night when playing Hamlet he came to the passage:

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate Plucks off my beard and blows it in my

Getting rather flustered for some reason or other, he rendered it thus: Who calls me villain, breaks my pate

Plucks off my beard, tweaks me by the And blows it in my face?

The contretemps completely paralyzed Kean, who amid shouts of laughter from the audience signaled for the LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS-ALL It was with difficulty that Bertram curtain to be lowered at once.-Cleverefrained from breaking into a laugh. land Leader.

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Said wrecked vessel is now lying at the east end of the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company's dock in said City of Astoria, where it can be viewed by prospective bidders upon application to the agent, George W. Roberts. Cargo and vessel will be sold to

the highest bidder, cash in hand; car go consisting of lumber and shingles; bull consisting of the wrecked vessel, machinery and appurtenances thereto. Bidders are requested to name price, cash in hand, at which they will purchase said property. A reasonable amount of time will be allowed for the unloading of the cargo of said wrecked vesel in case cargo

All bids must be sealed and all communications addressed to George W. Roberts, Agent of The Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, Astoria, Oregon, who hereby reserves the right to reject any and all bids that may be received by him.

and hull are sold to separate bidders

Dated this 25th of September, 1908. Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co. By G. W. Roberts, Agent. 9-26-10-1

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ASSESSOR'S NOTICE.

ASSESSOR'S NOTICE—(EQUALI zation of 1908 Assessment). To the Taxpayers of Clatsop County, Oregon: Notice is hereby that the Board of Equalization for Clatsop County, Oregon, will convene at the Clerk's office at the Court House in Astoria on the 19th day of October, 1908, the same being the third Monday in said month and the time fixed by law for the meeting of said Board of Equalization, which will continue its sessions from day to day, exclu-9-26-tf sive of Sundays and legal holidays, until the examination and correction and equalization of the assessment rolls for said year shall be completed which said Board will continue in session for one month from said date, unless the labors thereof are sooner completed. Petitions or applications for the reduction of a particular assessment shall be made in writing, verified by the oath to the applicant or his attorney and filed with the Board during the first week it is required by law to be in session, and any petition or application not so made, verified and filed shall not be considered or acted upon by the

T. S. CORNELIUS, Assessor for Clatsop County, Ore.

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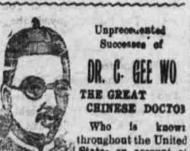
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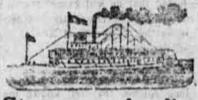
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