

# The King's English.

By George M. A. Cain.

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Time was when Nellie More enjoyed two distinctions above the other pretty girls who sold everything conceivable from the counters of the big store on Sixth avenue. The first of these distinctions was that of being the cleverest manipulator of the latest slang. The second was that of being Michael Maloney's "steady company."

When Mike had arrived from the Emerald Isle and had been made a clerk in the branch of the Amalgamated Tea Stores company all on the same day he had been easily persuaded by some friends who had preceded him into the land of freedom to attend a dance of the Moonlight Athletic association in the evening. There Nellie had seen him and, seeing, had been well impressed.

"Who's the new harp?" she had asked with well disguised interest, whereupon she was duly presented to "Mr. Maloney, just over from Dublin."

Perhaps it was the unconventional-ity of her conversation that attracted the young Irishman from the start. Perhaps it was her fresh, young beauty. Perhaps it was the snap and go that marked all she said and did.

At all events, Mike and Nellie were "steadies" from that evening forth. In another sense Michael Maloney was as steady a young man as ever became a citizen of New York, and when he was promoted to the position of manager in the branch store being his sweetheart became a real distinction for Nellie.

But shortly after Michael's promotion Nellie acquired a new distinction which entirely eclipsed one of her old ones and certainly went far toward finishing the other. It all began innocently enough. No one would have suspected the results when she borrowed one of her favorite author's novels. There was no sign of danger until she had got well on toward the end of the book.

In fact, at the middle of the second page the girl had handed the volume back to its owner, with the comment, "I can't dope out this talk." But the other had urged perseverance, assuring Nellie that she would get used to the "swell guy talk" of the story and that the tale itself was "somepun grand."

And, sure enough, at page 223 Nellie was shedding real tears over the sorrows of the heroine. She nearly forgot to wait on customers, so absorbed had she become. The worst of it was that she had become fascinated with the "swell guy talk" itself. At the end of the book she began anew to study the lofty phrases of the empty conversations, for she had been converted to the idea that really nice people used that sort of language instead of the very lucid style of her past colloquies.

She instituted a process of self reformation. She suddenly forsook the dances of the Moonlight Athletes. She went to night school classes in English. She attended lectures on English at the settlement house. Her progress in the improvement of her conversational style was a thing to delight the hearts of the settlement workers.

In two weeks she had got so far that instead of remarking that it was a "swell day" she imparted to Mamie McDonnell that "the sun bids fair to shed his illuminating rays unimpeded by nebular obstacles."

Mamie promptly admonished her to "come off the roof." One by one her old friends forsook her and left her to the society of a pocket dictionary and grammar—and more of her author. Her little brothers and sisters took to spending their evenings on the sidewalk beyond her correcting influence—and palm.

Her father and mother openly sighed in relief when she sallied forth to attend her classes. But all these things only added zest to her earnestness by giving it a flavor of martyrdom. She had the makings of a real reformer.

It was when she undertook to reform Michael that she waded in the waters of real sacrifice to principle. Michael did not yet know how to wield the east side slang, but he had a brogue that could be cut only with an ax, and that brogue was incompatible with Nellie's new ideas of the refinement that must mark her future home.

At first she explained her lofty ambitions to her lover. He assented rather vaguely to the proposition. He even agreed to help her upward move, but his interest began to languish when she corrected his pronunciations.

For awhile he would repeat his words a second time with solemn earnestness. Then he merely said "all right" to her interruptions of his disquisitions and went on with what he was saying. He was hard hit by Cupid's arrows and was willing to stand for a good deal.

But on the evening when he had screwed up his courage to the point of asking that their relation as "steady company" be changed to that of a real betrothal, in spite of his misgiving about the recent changes in her make up, she made a fatal mistake.

"Don't call me 'swellheart'!" she said petulantly. "It should be pronounced 'sweetheart.'" His whole declaration of unbounded love had been given in language very different from that of similar declarations in the works of her favorite, and she felt disappointed.

His response to her correction must have been even more disappointing. The brief expletive used was more enlightening to Nellie than any other

words could have been. It showed her that in her beautiful programme of home refinement, of polite conversation, of high thinking and speaking, Michael Maloney was incapable of taking a part.

Promptly she explained to him that she felt convinced that future years would find them happier for avoiding the error of continued friendship. The venture of matrimony would be perilous where dispositions were so widely at variance. She hoped that he would remember her as she would remember him, etc. She had a good deal of her author by heart.

From all of which Michael gathered that he was being turned down. He walked away, his big shoulders stooped, his red locks drooped over his freckled face. And Nellie walked the other way, her back very straight, her "Merry Widow" hat very high over her eyes, which showed a strong suspicion of moisture.

No more did she suggest to her mother that she needed exercise when she came home in time to hear one of the younger Mores being sent on an errand to the tea store.

No more did she arrive at that emporium of close priced groceries just at the hour of closing. No more did she walk the shaded bowers of Stuyvesant square leaning upon Michael Maloney's manly arm, not for awhile. She spent a still greater amount of her spare time at the settlement house, improving her English, for awhile.

It was one Saturday afternoon in July that she sat in a front seat in the lecture hall of the institution for the improvement of herself and other Nellie Mores. A very famous authority had condescended to speak to the children of the slums, and up to one remark Nellie sat very erect and tried to look wise and not wish she was down at Coney Island with Michael Maloney.

After the making of that remark Nellie sat rather limp, looked toward the door and wished she were away almost anywhere. The great authority had stated distinctly that "the very best English spoken in the world is that of Dublin, Ireland."

With the directness of the American girl under such circumstances, she made her way boldly to the tea store just at the time when the clerks had gone home and Mike was there finishing up. She invested in a can of corn. Then she asked Michael if he would accompany her home.

As soon as they were started she began her apology. "Michael, it is my desire to request your pardon for my own grievous errors as to your use of English. I have learned today for the first time that the inhabitants of the city of Dublin are the best examples of the correct usage of your mother tongue."

"Is that so?" asked Michael, the hopeful look fading, then swiftly returning as he looked at her. "I never gave much thought to the question. There is another matter as is worritin' me a lot more. Will ye marry me, Nellie More?"

"Yes, Michael." She still held out for the full name. It was somewhere near Fort Wadsworth that he pressed her little hand to his lips for the twentieth time as they sat in a secluded corner of the Coney Island steamboat. It was about the same place that he ventured to risk the truth.

"Nellie, me darlint, maybe ye won't be takin' me afther all. But Oi cudden't be lying to ye. Oi niver saw Dublin in all me life. Sure, Oi come from Cork."

Nellie did not withdraw her hand. She gave the first real hearty laugh that had passed her lips in months.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'," she said gayly. "I've got troubles of my own thinkin' what a dub I've been. Why, Mike, I'd love you if you was a Dutchman."

### The Empty Chair.

It was a sale of wild animals, and a handsome tiger had just been knocked down to the highest bidder, a stranger. The late owner of the circus skidded up to him.

"Are you starting a show?" he asked. "No," was the answer. "Bought the tiger for some one, I s'pose?"

"Yes, for myself." The showman glanced reflectively at the tiger and then at his purchaser.

"Now, young man," he said, "you needn't take this tiger if you don't want to. There are plenty here who will take it off your hands. Surely you don't want a brute like that?"

"But I do," said the young man quietly. "You see," he added by way of explanation, "my dear mother-in-law has lived with us for ten years. A fortnight ago she left us forever, and—and I miss her." He paused to steady his voice. "So I've bought the tiger," he said.

"I understand," said the showman. "Say no more." And he turned away to hide his emotion.—London Scraps.

### Put Into Practice.

Poor Pattison went into the chemist's shop for some plaster for his head. "I've always tried to bring up my children to think before they speak," he said, with a sigh, "but I am convinced it is a wrong principle."

"Surely not, sir," answered the chemist sympathetically. "Yes, sir," Pattison replied. "I've told my children always to count ten before they say anything. This morning I went out for a walk with my eldest boy. We were walking near some partially built houses when Tom called out, 'Oh, father—'"

"Now, steady, my boy," I said, seeing he was excited; 'count ten.'"

"Did he obey you?"

"Yes, worse luck, he did, but before he had got to five the brick he had seen falling hit me on the head. Thank you. How much?"—London Mail.

### AN UGLY EXPERIENCE.

Man And Octopus Have A Tremendous Encounter.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—Wrapped in the tentacles of a giant devil fish, Martin Lund, a diver employed by the Coast Wrecking Company, fought for his life in the hold of the wrecked steamer Pomona, which lies in thirty feet of water in Fort Ross Cove, off the Marin County Coast. Lund arrived in this city yesterday after an experience such as comes to few men, and he will enjoy a vacation before again donning divers' dress.

The devil fish had evidently entered the vessel's hold during the night, and Lund was at work some time before he became aware of its presence. A giant tentacle, four inches in diameter, first gripped one leg. Before Lund could realize what had happened another encircled his thigh. The diver began to chop frantically at the rubber-like bonds and at the same time signalled to the barge above that he wished to ascend. Unable to free himself in due time, more tentacles squirmed out of the darkness and one tightened about his neck. The efforts of the men on the surface to comply with his signal threatened to pull his helmet off and he was forced to signal them to desist. With only his left arm free he hacked at the tentacles until they were partially crippled, but he was being drawn toward the deadly beak when he saw the outline of the devil fish's body. Plunging suddenly toward it he drove the knife with all his force into the head, repeating the blow until he had slashed it into sections. In its death throes the octopus tightened its tentacles until the diver was almost crushed in its embrace. Lund then cut himself free and was brought to the surface in a fainting condition.

Another diver brought some of the severed tentacles to the surface and it is hoped to raise the body and bring it to this city for exhibition.

### How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels, and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

### Of Interest To Many.

Foley's Bladder Cure will cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

### The New Pure Food and Drug Law

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### "ISLE OF SPICE."

"The 'Isle of Spice' which is the offering at the Astoria Theatre, Friday, October 2, was, during the New York, Chicago and Boston runs, aptly described by the press as a dream of color. The scene of the play is laid on an island in the Japan Sea, which gives ample opportunity for lavish scenic surroundings and which are depicted in all their Oriental splendor. As a spectacle alone the production is said to be a marvel, but aside from this there are many features to make it a notable achievement in the art of play producing. With its wealth of song hits, interesting story, sweet singing and clever dancing, it has enjoyed more liberal patronage than almost any production of high-class comedy at present before the public. The cast is reported to be unusually strong and is headed by that clever comedian, Sam Rose, and the well known prima donna, Roberta Wilson. They are ably supported by such favorites as Harry La Velle, Harry Watson, Robert Wilson, Harry Williams, Percy Bacon, Marie Watson, Lorette Broadwell, and many others equally well known and popular in the field of musical comedy of the highest class.

### THE "WILD SCOTCHMAN."

Arrival in San Francisco Of One Of Stevenson's Characters.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 28.—After a quarter of a century spent in voluntary exile in the South Seas, Thomas Fleming, the original of Stevenson's character "The Wild Scotchman," arrived here yesterday on the schooner Aeolus and to-day, arrayed

# A SURGICAL OPERATION



If there is any one thing that a woman dreads more than another it is a surgical operation.

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Mrs. Barbara Base, of Kingman, Kansas, writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

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Mrs. Arthur R. House, of Church Road, Moorestown, N. J., writes:

"I feel it is my duty to let people know what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from female troubles, and last March my physician decided that an operation was necessary. My husband objected, and urged me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day I am well and strong."

### FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, and backache.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

in garments of a fashion he has scarcely seen before, he proceeded to get acquainted with electric cars and other evidence of an advancing civilization.

Fleming is a trading agent at Arme Island, one of the Marshall Group, located 150 miles from the nearest white neighbor. When a boy of 15 he left his home in Paisley, Scotland, to sail the seas, the eventually he settled at Arme, where he has remained for 25 years. He made the acquaintance of Robert Louis Stevenson years ago when the author visited the island.

Fleming is accompanied by his wife. He has announced his determination to return when he shall have tired of sight seeing saying:

"Perhaps the life out there is lonely but somehow it gets into a man's blood and he stays there."

### Got Full Weight.

"Sir," says the aggrieved customer approaching the bookseller. "I have called to express my opinion of your business methods."

"What is wrong?" deferentially asked the bookseller.

"I bought a set of Shakespeare from you last year. It weighed fourteen pounds. Yesterday I ordered a duplicate set for my son's library, and it only weighs thirteen pounds and nine ounces. I'd have you understand, sir, that there is a city ordinance against short weights."

Thoroughly humbled, the bookseller made up the shortage with seven ounces of miscellany.—Exchange.

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# THE TRENTON

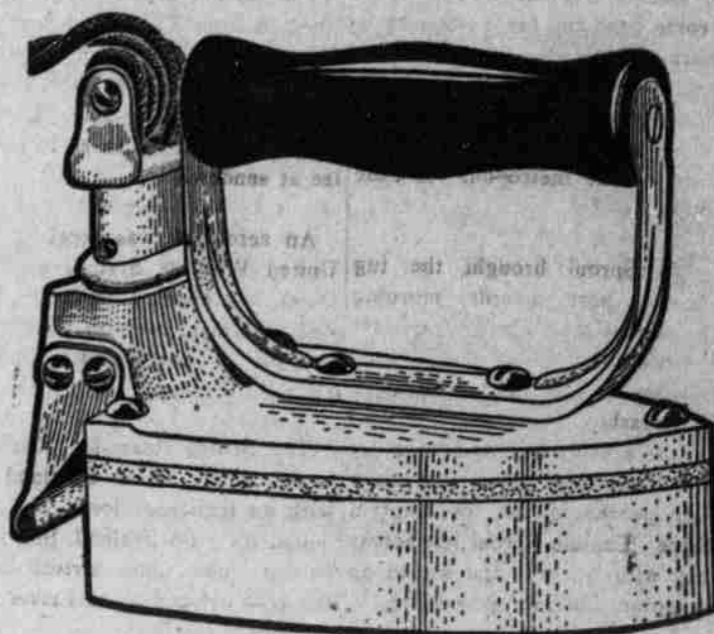
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