

The Gantlet And the Mitten.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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Muriel stood by the steamer rail, smiling goodby to a group of summer frocked girls on the wharf. Suddenly the wind whipped one of the long white gloves out of her hand as she was waving a last farewell and carried it down to the deck below. There was a little ripple of laughter from the watching girls, and Muriel, in order to escape attention, hurried quickly into her stateroom.

It was an unlucky omen, she argued to herself, but quite in accordance with the losing game she had now been playing for three long, desolate months. She took off her hat, arranged her wind blown hair and studied herself critically in the little stateroom mirror. "I ought to be pale and interesting looking," she said to the reflection that looked earnestly at her, "but I'm only disgustingly healthy."

She turned away with a sigh, and then with quick determination opened the door of her stateroom, placed a chair where she could look out on the restless water when she felt so inclined and began cutting the leaves of a new magazine.

But the story selected either did not interest her or else interested her so personally that she soon forgot the print before her eyes and was lost in introspection.

Up till now, the middle of August, she was sure she had presented a very brave and cheerful front and that none of the girls she had been visiting suspected for a moment the real state of her heart. Why had she broken it off? That was the question she had to answer everywhere. Varied as were the reasons she gave, they were also all more or less flippant.

"Why, you see," she explained to one of her most intimate friends, "Tom and I had known each other since we were children. It was almost prearranged by our families that we should marry. We were the end men, as it were, in a minstrel show that every one was watching. At last Tom popped the



question. I answered it according to what was expected of me, and everybody saw the joke except Tom and myself. When it did dawn on us some time afterward we laughed and parted the best of friends."

Now, as Muriel recalled with what glibness she had rattled off this bit of fiction, even laughing to herself over the apparent humor of it, she blushed at her duplicity.

What had been the real reason, after all, for her falling out with Tom? A difference of opinion, so far as she could remember, over the relative advantages of spending one's summer in a house boat or camping out.

She was rather unpleasantly conscious that Tom had been willing to split the difference, but that she had argued that if they couldn't come to a perfectly harmonious agreement about spending their summer they very probably would be equally at swords' points over the other seasons of the year. And so at her request they had broken the engagement.

Muriel looked out at the billowy water and for a few moments was conscious of the speed with which the big steamer was plunging through it. By morning it would bring her to the Cliffs, where it all happened—the courting and the quarrel. Would she be able to be brave and cheerful under such conditions when everything reminded her of—

A peal of thunder started her. They were speeding into the midst of a terrific storm. Tom had always been such a dear in a thunderstorm! Muriel tossed her magazine into the berth and hurried down to the dining room, where she would at least have the comfort of other people about her.

"No, not a seat by the window," she said to the head steward who hovered her in. "I prefer one in the center."

He placed her at a little round table with one other woman and two men. Muriel, absorbed in her own thoughts, presently took the seat offered and began to read the menu. In the tedious interval before her order was served two of the guests left the table, and she made a very startling and discomfiting discovery.

Meanwhile the thunder and lightning increased in severity, and Muriel was

not only very embarrassed, but very nervous. It was a relief when dinner was finally served. Suddenly, glancing up, Muriel noticed the steward talking to the man across from her. He was evidently, by his gestures, talking about the bread in the center of the table. She overheard him say, "I thought you were together, so I brought the bread on one plate," to which the man smilingly replied: "It doesn't matter. It will be all right."

For some time neither Muriel nor the man opposite seemed to take any bread. Then suddenly, as if by one impulse, each reached for the same roll, and each as suddenly withdrew empty handed.

Immediately, with very fluttering gallantry, the man passed the bread to Muriel, and she, not to be outdone in courtesy, took the "roll of combat," broke it and offered her table companion half.

An hour or so later in her stateroom Muriel lay crying her pretty eyes out, whether from an overflow of happiness or because of regret for her past silliness she could not for the life of her have told, when she heard a knock at the stateroom door.

"Who is it?" she called cautiously.

"Steward, miss. I have a message for you."

Muriel took the envelope and broke it open with haste, her heart thumping tumultuously as she read:

Dearest—I know perfectly well why you wouldn't recognize me at the table. You did not want to excite public curiosity or criticism, and I admired you for it. But how I wanted to hold your hand tight whenever I saw you tremble at the lightning! But you were unspookably sweet in the way you let me know that we are friends again and much, much more, dear girl. I hope!

Now that we have "broken bread" together can't we talk together too? It is full moon tonight, you know. In about fifteen minutes I shall be strolling around the upper deck and shall expect to find you tucked away in a corner there somewhere. Six weary months ago you gave me the mitten, little Muriel. Come and see now what I have to offer in return.

THE SAME OLD TOM.

P. S.—By the bye, I'm on my way to visit with your mother. She and I have always been good chums, you know. I heard you weren't to be at Cliffs this summer, so I thought perhaps your mother might be a bit lonesome. Queer she didn't tell me you were coming!

It was lucky that Tom had given Muriel fifteen full minutes of grace in which to obliterate somewhat the unbecoming traces of her tears. She had no sooner established herself comfortably in a deck chair on the lee side of the pilothouse, that Tom appeared idly dangling by his side one long white glove.

Muriel caught it instantly.

"Silly boy!" was her greeting. "Where did you get it?"

Tom stood smiling down at her respectfully.

"Why, of course, I was watching you when you lost it. Several of us made a scramble for it, and I got it. I knew then my luck had changed."

"And I thought," Muriel told him, crushing the glove in her hand, "it was an omen of misfortune. Why, what's in it?" she exclaimed suddenly. "I feel something hard!"

And she began to investigate each finger. Tom sat down close beside her and watched her with absorbing admiration.

"Why, it's—it's my engagement ring!" gasped Muriel, shaking out the third finger of the glove. "Isn't that funny? I hadn't had it on at all because—"

Then as she realized the unpleasant truth she had stumbled upon and also how the ring had really come there she looked up at Tom and smiled her adoration.

"Won't you put it on again, Tom, dear?" she asked with very sweet humility.

A Thoughtful Conductor.

Ignorance often saves much disquietude. Many have heard the story of the woman whose first experience in a railway train ended with an accident. Thrown from her seat and shaken up generally, she nevertheless retained her equanimity. When asked if she were frightened she replied: "Frightened! No. I didn't know but that was the way they always stopped." It is to be hoped that the trolley passenger in Mr. Howell's anecdote, introduced into "Confessions of a Summer Colonist," was possessed of the same trust in the event. The conductor, at least, preserved his presence of mind. Says Mr. Howell:

"I had long expected to see some one thrown out of the open trolley car at some of the short curves. One day a woman was actually hurled from her seat into the road. Luckily she alighted on her feet and stood looking about as if in a daze.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed a passenger. "She's left her umbrella!"

"The conductor promptly threw it out."

"Why, did that lady wish to get out?" I asked.

"The conductor pondered a moment before he answered:

"Well, she'll want her umbrella anyway."

Ruby Glass.

In his book on "The World of the Infinitely Small," Professor Gruner of Bonn gives an interesting account of ruby glass. Genuine ruby glass is expensive, because it is prepared with gold. It owes its color to the presence throughout its mass of particles of gold too small to be seen with the microscope. Only the ultra microscope, which renders visible objects perceptible by means of their diffusion of light, is able to show the existence of these minute particles. With the ordinary microscope the glass appears as a uniform transparent mass, but the ultra microscope shows that it is filled with points of light resembling stars on a black background. These points in fact are the presence of the particles of gold to which the color of the glass is due.

A CEYLON PLAGUE.

The Land Leeches Are Worse Than the Snakes or Mosquitoes.

It is nearly always the case that exceedingly beautiful countries are overrun by different kinds of pests. Beautiful Ceylon has mosquitoes said to be the most adroit and audacious in the world and snakes and a thousand more plagues of poor human beings, but the worst of them all is a species of leech. The Ceylon land leech is a thin creature about two inches long and very nimble and flexible. It will crawl up a man's leg and, traveling underneath the clothing, will climb as high as the throat. These leeches do not crawl like the leeches that are known to medicine, but rear themselves up on their tails to watch for prey and walk off to attack it with amazing rapidity. In walking through the jungle hosts of them may be seen by the roadside, where they wait to victimize cattle. Horses, it is said, are driven half wild by them, as also are palanquin bearers and coolies, whose bare legs are their favorite resort, the men's hands being too engaged to pull them off. The leeches may be seen hanging round their ankles, from which tiny trickles of blood run over the foot—London Standard.

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whenever the system is weakened by overwork or worry, and needs to be toned and strengthened. Beecham's Pills equalize the circulation, carry off the waste materials, help the stomach, and carry health to the nerve cells. They are quick to restore normal conditions, enable the brain to recover its poise and unflinchingly

RAT CATCHERS.

One of the Methods by Which They Make Big Haunts.

"Rat catchers, like horse tamers, try to make a mystery of their trade," said a zoo keeper.

He pointed toward the large gray rats that played about the corners of the carnival house.

"But they can't mystify me in any phase of the rat question," he went on. "Living as I do, surrounded by an army of the largest, finest rats, I know the animals too thoroughly. I could set up as a successful rat catcher tomorrow."

"This is the way the men work. They go to the infested place late at night with a pair of tongs, a powerful lantern and a lot of bags.

"They walk softly about in the darkness, and they make a low, chattering, whistling noise, like this."

At the sound all the rats in the corners of the big room looked at the keeper inquiringly. He went on:

"This is the signal whereby a rat tells his mates that he has hit on good feeding. That sound made in the dark gathers rats as moosees gathers flies. The catcher, having made it, opens his strong lantern, the rats are dazzled by the light, and he picks them up with his tongs and drops them in his bag.

"Of course there are other ways to catch rats, but of the secret, mysterious ones this is the best."—Exchange.

MORE BLACK HANDS.

MONESSEN, Oct. 16.—Frank Cassini, a well-to-do Italian, received a black hand letter, ordering him to meet an agent of the society last night and pay him \$500, refusal to be followed by death. Cassini went to the meeting place but two policemen concealed nearby arrested the agent. Three other Italians tried to rescue the agent and drew safety revolvers which failed to discharge because the men did not know how to operate them. A hand-to-hand fight followed in which the police won. Six revolvers, two razors, several stilettes and brass knuckles were found on the quartette.

Hard Luck.

Wife—What luck? Husband—None whatever. Wife—Were there no servants at the intelligence office? Husband—Yes, lots of them, but they had all worked for us before.—Saturday Sunset.

What Willie Saw.

When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother: "Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"—Delineator.

Are You Only Half Alive?

People with kidney trouble are so weak and exhausted that they are only half alive. Foley's Kidney Remedy makes healthy kidneys, restores lost vitality, and weak, delicate people are restored to health. Refuse any but Foley's. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

CONFESSES A CRIME.

Mystery of Dynamite Outrage at Baker City Explained, Perhaps.

SHERIDAN] Wyo., Oct. 16.—Details of an affidavit said to have been made by A. S. Burroughs relative to a dynamite outrage at Baker City, Oregon, about two years ago, are made public today.

Burroughs, it is said, swears that Ed. Mizener placed a bomb at the gate of the residence of Sheriff Harry K. Brown, No. 312 Third street, and that it exploded as Brown was passing through the gate at 9:30 o'clock in the evening, killing the officer. Burroughs, according to the alleged affidavit, says he was an eye witness to the crime and that Mizener was a member of the Western Federation of Miners.

The Sheriff at Baker City has been notified by telegram of the alleged confession and that Burroughs is held pending instructions from him.

Woman Interrupts Political Speaker

A well dressed woman interrupted a political speaker recently by continually coughing. If she had taken Foley's Honey and Tar it would have cured her cough quickly and expelled the cold from her system. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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whenever the system is weakened by overwork or worry, and needs to be toned and strengthened. Beecham's Pills equalize the circulation, carry off the waste materials, help the stomach, and carry health to the nerve cells. They are quick to restore normal conditions, enable the brain to recover its poise and unflinchingly

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Saved His Boy's Life

"My three year old boy was badly constipated, had a high fever and was in an awful condition. I gave him two dozens of Foley's Orino Laxative and the next morning the fever was gone and he was entirely well. Foley's Orino Laxative saved his life." A. Wolkush, Casimer, Wis. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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Chinook and Ilwaco.

The launch Haida I. will leave on the tide, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, two round trips, for Chinook Landing at Lurline dock for freight and passengers. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, for Ilwaco, with freight and passengers. CAPT. JOHN HAAGBLOM. 10-4-11

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