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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Fair.

JUST AN ABLE REPUBLICAN.

For reasons peculiarly its own, the Astorian has kept out of the state-wide debate upon the famous, and infamous, issue of "Statement No. 1."

Primarily, the Morning Astorian is not in favor of Statement No. 1, nor of any sort of adherence to it.

We disparage no man's oath nor seek its reckless abandonment; unless it shall be apparent that that oath was taken, and is respected, upon justly assailable hypotheses.

We believe it should be ignored, abandoned, unkept and unhonored, upon the larger estimate of the general good of the State.

Every lady and child attending the matinee from now to Christmas will be given a coupon which will entitle them to a drawing on a free present.

BAKERONIAN

CHRISTMAS MATINEE

Every lady and child attending the matinee from now to Christmas will be given a coupon which will entitle them to a drawing on a free present.

ADMISSION 10 CENTS SEATS FREE

When Elizabeth Came.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"When the home is ready, Roger, send for me and I will come," Elizabeth Atwood had said when her lover bade her goodbye.

Roger Blake had kissed her tenderly and gone into the western wilderness to make a home.

In spite of these assets five years passed away before the Wyoming farm was declared to be in readiness for a mistress.

In the east Elizabeth taught school, sewed on her simple trousseau and enjoyed herself as a healthy, attractive girl cannot help doing.

One August day, when the five years had expired, Roger made a last tour of inspection about the ranch.

The farm was paying at last. The poultry yards occupied a good acre. They were to be Elizabeth's special care.

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SHE UTTERED A LITTLE CRY AND HASTILY THREW BACK HER VEIL.

had been done by Roger, and now the home was ready.

A month before he had sent Elizabeth \$100. He had said he would expect her on the 10th of August and would meet her at the little station twenty miles distant.

This was the 10th of August, and Roger had not heard one word from his sweetheart. Nevertheless he harnessed the sorrel team to his buckboard and started forth to meet the 12:30 express from the east.

Roger whistled merrily as he rounded the sorrels before the lonely little station. The station master sauntered out and chatted about the weather and the crops.

There was a piercing shriek, and the express thundered along the platform. A couple of trunks were dumped from the baggage car, and a girl in brown alighted from one of the coaches.

The girl's face was covered by a thick, brown veil, but it was Elizabeth straight, slim figure, with its almost boyish freedom of movement, and the curve of dark hair at the back as she turned her head.

"Elizabeth!" he cried exultantly as he grasped her hands in his.

"Yes," she answered quite coolly. "How do you do?"

"Fine," he said mechanically as he released her hands and fell into step beside her.

"You have a carriage here?" she questioned.

"Around on the other side. You are glad to get here, ain't you, Elizabeth? Or were you tired of waiting?" There was agonizing appeal in his blue eyes as they reached the buckboard and he assisted her to a seat.

"It was a long journey," she replied, with a puzzled glance at him. "I suppose you are one of the farm hands?"

"Elizabeth Atwood! Don't you know me—Roger?" He turned his cleanly shaven, unburned face toward her.

"She uttered a little cry and hastily threw back her veil. 'Who do you think I am?' she gasped.

Roger Blake stared. It was the face of a stranger. Her eyes were soft and dark like those of his sweetheart, and her cheeks had the same oval framed in dusky hair.

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Dream Rescued Woman From a Terrible Death.

Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife was a woman of strong emotion and most delicate perceptions.

Mrs. Jones fell ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy not often seen, she died—that is, she appeared to be dead.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chiefly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep.

Still conceiving himself the victim of a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored.

"George! Save me! Save me, George!" He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a frenzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save her.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at last reached the coffin and wrenched off the lid. Jones shrieked. His wife was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed.

He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home.

Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every precaution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened, and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence.

Months afterward Elizabeth came to reign as mistress of Roger's home. But it was not Elizabeth Atwood.

It was that other Elizabeth who came to him in his great trouble and who, forgetting her own sorrow, sought to comfort him.

"Now?" "Of course he couldn't be worth being very sorry about, after all! And life is so good here—so clean and free. I love it."

"So do I," said Roger sincerely. "And about that other, I don't believe it is worthy of great sorrow. Shall we gallop?"

Whistling is understood everywhere to signify coolness, confidence, carelessness. These may be virtues in their proper place, but that place is not the society of one's fellow creatures, whether one be acquainted with them or not.

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraging his master generally.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the Duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room.

More people are taking Foley's Kidney Remedy every year. It is considered to be the most effective remedy for kidney and bladder troubles that medical science can devise.

Our Own Minstrels. Tambo—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de difference 'tween a walf an' an apartment house?

Interlocutor—I give it up, Jerry. What is the difference between a walf and an apartment house?

Tambo—De one am a homeless kid an' de uthah am a 'kidless home.

Interlocutor—Ladies and gentlemen, Professor Howlan High Esuah, the renowned tenor, will now sing his great topical song, 'I Love Him, Mamma; He Looks Like Fido!'—Chicago Tribune.

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