

# Shirley's Surprise.

By Martha Cobb Sanford.  
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Shirley was superintending the annual charity bazaar and putting her whole incantation, magnanimous soul into the task, but that was Shirley every time.

And she had what she termed a "perfectly, splendidly unique" idea for this particular bazaar. As soon as she thought of it she called up each of the other girls on the committee by telephone to tell them about it.

"Perfectly impossible," one said.

"Too much work," complained another.

"Fine," agreed a third, "and just like you, Shirley. But you'll have to put it through yourself. All the rest of us have more than we can do now."

And so, a bit chagrined, but quite undaunted, Shirley proceeded "to put it through."

She had just executed her first victorious stroke when she came face to face with Philip Evans—that is, their machines met before a smart sporting goods establishment.

"You look as fresh as a morning glory, Shirley," was Philip's greeting as he sprang from his car and helped Shirley from hers. "How do you do it—with a whole charity bazaar on your hands?"

"Just come in her with me a minute, Philip, and I'll show you," Shirley answered, laughing.

Once inside the shop, Shirley asked for the proprietor. No one else would do, she said. When that pompous gentleman saw who it was demanding his exclusive personal attention his expression of annoyance underwent an instantaneous metamorphosis.

To Philip's intense amusement he fairly beamed upon Shirley. But, then,



"I'VE ALREADY BOUGHT THIS ONE."

every one beamed upon Shirley, for that matter, and Shirley beamed upon every one in return, or possibly it was just the other way round.

"You see, Mr. Brown, we're going to have a charity bazaar," she began, smiling so captivantly as she did so that her victim quite overlooked the fatality of the announcement. "And you have such perfectly charming and unusual things here that I knew you would be delighted to give us just one or two small articles to help us out." Mr. Brown managed to tuck an acquiescent smile in edgewise as Shirley, seating herself in a reclining hamper chair, announced: "Yes, we'd like this, I'm sure. It's delightfully comfortable. And, oh, that lovely tan Gloucester hammock! We must have that. Come over here and try it with me, Philip."

Philip obeyed without a moment's hesitation, although conscious that the eyes of several spruce young clerks were watching himself and Shirley as they sat like two children swinging side by side.

"And that will be all, Mr. Brown," Shirley announced merrily, jumping out on the fly, as it were, "just that chair and this hammock. You see, I've let you off very easy. I can't tell you exactly what we want them for. That's a secret, but it will be a splendid advertisement, and if they aren't sold, why, we'll send them back to you."

Mr. Brown, with many smiles and a sweeping bow, acknowledged himself pleased and honored to be of service.

"And I haven't asked you to buy a single ticket, Mr. Brown," Shirley reminded him generously.

Mr. Brown immediately put his hand into his pocket.

"No, thank you just as much," declined Shirley prettily. "But, you see, Mrs. Brown bought half a dozen yesterday."

"Shirley," Philip remonstrated soberly when they were on the sidewalk, "haven't you any conscience whatever?" But at Shirley's expression of absolute incomprehension Philip burst out laughing. "What are you going to do with the things anyway?" he asked, helping her into her automobile.

"That's my surprise," Shirley answered. "You'll see when you come to the bazaar. By the way, how many tickets do you want?"

Philip opened his billfold and slowly drew out six.

"Won't these be sufficient to let me in?" he asked teasingly.

"Where did you get them, Philip?" flashed Shirley.

"Oh, from two or three irresistible sources," he answered indifferently.

"Well, here are six more," Shirley

announced defiantly. "I saved them on purpose for you, Philip, so you'll have to take them. Now, you mustn't detain me a minute longer. I've got loads of other pieces to go to. See you at the bazaar."

"But I can't call before"—began Philip, abruptly tearing in two several small pieces of blue cardboard.

"No, you can't," interrupted Shirley, laughing. "I'm too busy. If you need any more tickets, Philip, let me know. Goodbye."

The bazaar opened with a blaze of social glory and continued its triumphant career for one entire week.

The center of attraction was "Shirley Burnett's little portable house," as it came to be called before the bazaar was half over. There it stood at one end of the long hall, immaculate and dainty in its coat of white and yellow, defying any one to find fault with it and inviting every one to come in for the small price of 5 cents.

Every one wanted to go in and remain to exclaim over its coziness. Not a corner of it was left unexplored. From the little living room with its artistic wicker furnishings to the diminutive kitchen with its miniature cook stove and shining rows of brand new pans and kettles.

And nearly every one lingered long enough to have tea, which Shirley served out on the porch with just as gracious hospitality as if she weren't charging the exorbitant sum of 15 cents a cup for it. The little portable house proved a most paying proposition.

And when the very last night of the bazaar it was put up at auction there were spirited bidding and much excitement.

"Four hundred and ninety dollars—four hundred and ninety dollars!" called the auctioneer impressively. "For this beautiful little house with all its furnishings complete. Come, gentlemen. Some one make it five hundred. Going, going—five hundred, do I hear? Thank you, sir. Gone at five hundred to the gentleman over there on my right. Will he please step forward and give his name?"

Shirley, who had been watching the scene from a window of the living room, suddenly disappeared as the crowd parted to give the purchaser right of way.

A few minutes later Philip Evans found her sitting on the kitchen table making pathetic little dabs at suspiciously red eyes.

"Why, Shirley Burnett!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? You ought to be the proudest girl in the world."

"Well, I'm not," Shirley answered disconsolately. "I'm the most miserable. I can't bear to think of any one else having this little house. I want it myself. I just love it. Don't you think the porch is the cutest thing you ever saw, Philip? Can't you just imagine sitting out on it away off somewhere in the moonlight?"

Philip nodded. Somehow he couldn't trust himself to speak.

"And the dear little living room—aren't it the budget little room you ever saw, Philip?"

Philip wasn't quite sure what "budget" meant, but he nodded again.

"And as for this little toy kitchen," Shirley ended dramatically, patting a nearby sashpan affectionately, "I adore everything in it! Don't you, Philip?"

"Everything," answered Philip solemnly, "and you, sweetheart, most of all. Oh, Shirley, can't you say the same?"

For a moment Shirley looked at him as if dazed. Then, her eyes sparkling with happiness and her cheeks growing rosy and rosy, she said softly and slowly, "I adore everything in this little kitchen, and you, sweetheart, most of all."

"You're quite sure, dearest," Philip questioned a few minutes later as, at Shirley's request, he held up the little kitchen mirror while she rearranged her much ruffled hair, "that you love me just as much as you love the little house?"

"It's your dearest rival, Philip," she answered playfully, "but just to prove to you that it won't count any more I'll congratulate whoever bought it. There, I couldn't say more. Who is he?"

"You don't know?" gasped Philip, unable to believe his ears.

"I don't want to see the monster," explained Shirley. "Just as soon as I heard that fatal word 'Gone!' I ran out here, where you found me. Philip," she broke off excitedly, "I have the grandest inspiration! Let us and me get another house just like this and spend our honeymoon in it. I think I could get one quite cheap for you."

"But, you see," confided Philip meekly. "I've already bought this one."

"Why, Philip Evans!" exclaimed Shirley, hugging him hard. "I don't believe it. Aren't you a love?"

An English Opinion.

"London is full of foreigners," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle, "and you may detect them in many infallible ways. But nothing perhaps displays a man's nationality more surely than the way he eats. Who may tell an Englishman, meet him where you may, by the fact that he grasps his fork firmly in his left hand and keeps it there instead of transferring it to his right hand as soon as his food is cut up. You can tell a Frenchman by his wife's disregard of fish knives and salt spoons. As for Americans—well, it is amusing to read of Benjamin Franklin's visit to Paris in 1777 and of the horror of the ladies of the court when he fell upon asparagus with hands and teeth and of their corresponding disdain when he failed to treat a melon in the same way, but ate it delicately with a knife and fork. They also professed disgust at his love for an egg broken into a tumbler."

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**A Horrible Hold-up**

"About ten years ago my brother was 'held up' in his work, health and happiness by what was believed to be hopeless Consumption," writes W. R. Lipscomb, of Washington, N. C. "He took all kinds of remedies and treatment from several doctors, but found no help till he used Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. He is a well man today. It's quick to relieve and the surest cure for weak or sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Asthma and all Bronchial affections. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Charles Rogers and Son.

**Her Lucky Number.**

The byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayer, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook.

"Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."

**Taking an Advantage.**

"Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe."

"Yes," answered Mr. Camrox. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—Washington Star.

**Truthful.**

"I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?"

"Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

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Racking la grippe coughs that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. The sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and a dangerous condition is quickly averted. Take only Foley's Honey and Tar in the yellow package. Owl Drug Store, T. F. Laurin, Prop.

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**FOR SALE—BUSINESS BLOCK;** the Waldorf, Kinney and Gribler, corner Eighth and Astor, two lots, 100x110; house 100x110, 40 rooms up stairs; 1 hall 40x100. J. F. Nowlen, 473 Commercial.

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**FOR SALE—ONE HOUSE, TWO** story, \$5250; one house, one-story, \$2250, or both for \$7000; property adjoins SE. cor. 34th and Franklin. Apply to J. F. Nowlen.

**J. F. NOWLEN, REAL ESTATE** and Employment Office, 473 Commercial St., Phone —. Have fine list of Astoria and country property. All classes of labor furnished.

**COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.**

**FOR SALE—RANCH AT SVEN-**sen, 25 acres; 8-room house; good barn and out buildings and orchard; partially improved; \$3000. Apply J. F. Nowlen.

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**RESTAURANTS.**

**U. S. RESTAURANT, 434 Bond** street. Coffee with pie or cake, 10 cents; first-class meals, 15 cents.

**TOKYO RESTAURANT, 351 Bond** street, opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.; coffee with pie or cake, 10 cents; first-class meals; regular meals 15 cents and up.

**HOUSE MOVERS.**

**FREDRICKSON BROS.—We make** a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

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**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**NOTICE—BIDS WILL BE RE-**ceived until Tuesday, January 5, 1909, for burying the county paupers for the year 1909; bids to be filed with the County Clerk; court reserving the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. Clinton, County Clerk.

**NOTICE—BIDS WILL BE RE-**ceived until Tuesday, January 5, 1909, for furnishing meals to prisoners in the County Jail for the year 1909; bids to be filed with the County Clerk; court reserving the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. Clinton, County Clerk.

**NOTICE—BIDS WILL BE RE-**ceived by the County Court until Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1909, for publishing County Court proceedings and publishing legal notices as authorized by the Court or issued from the other County officers; bids to be filed with the County Clerk; court reserving the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. Clinton, County Clerk.

**NOTICE—BIDS WILL BE RE-**ceived by the County Court until Tuesday, Jan. 5, 1909, for furnishing and delivering oil and supplies for the following County Draw Bridges: Young's Bay, Lewis & Clark Nos. 1 and 2, and Walluck for the year 1909; bids to be filed with the County Clerk; court reserving the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the County Court. J. C. Clinton, County Clerk.

**NOTICE OF PUBLICATION.**

**NOTICE OF PUBLICATION—NO-**tice is hereby given that the State Land Board of the State of Oregon, will sell to the highest bidder, at its office at the Capitol building at Salem, Oregon, on February 23, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, all the state's interest in the tide and overflow lands hereinafter described, giving, however, to the owner or owners of any lands abutting or fronting on such tide and overflow lands, the preference right to purchase said tide and overflow lands at the highest price offered, provided such offer is made in good faith; and also provided that the land will not be sold nor any offer therefor accepted for less than \$5.00 per acre, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids. Said lands are situated in Tillamook County, Oregon, and described as follows:

Tide lands fronting and abutting on Lots 3 and 4, Section 8, in T. 2 N., R. 10 W. of W. M. and beginning at a point on the right bank of the Nehalem River at the SE. corner of Lot 4, T. 2 N., R. 10 W. and on the line of mean high water. Thence: East 8.88 chains to mean low water. N. 8 deg. 30 min. E. 14.09 chains on mean low water line. N. 10 deg. E. 7.28 chains on mean low water line. N. 13 deg. W. 17.10 chains on mean low water line. N. 9 deg. 30 min. W. 2.00 chains on mean low water line to South line of Lot 2. West 0.50 chains to mean high water line.

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S. 9 deg. 30 min. E. 2.00 chains on mean high water line.

S. 4 deg. E. 14.79 chains on mean high water line.

S. 7 deg. W. 7.16 chains on mean high water line.

S. 18 deg. 30 min. W. 5.42 chains on mean high water line.

S. 27 deg. 15 min. W. 10.46 chains on mean high water line.

S. 13 deg. 15 min. W. 1.65 chains to place of beginning, containing 15.64 acres more or less.

Applications and bids should be addressed to G. G. Brown, Clerk State Land Board, Salem, Oregon, and marked "Application and bid to purchase tide lands."

G. G. BROWN,  
Clerk State Land Board.  
Dated Dec. 23, 1908.

**BIDS WANTED.**

**OFFICE OF THE CONSTRUCT-**ing Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Or., Dec. 14, 1908.—Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m., Jan. 13, 1909, and then publicly opened, for the construction, plumbing, heating and electric wiring and fixtures of one gymnasium and bowling alley and four double sets of N. C. O. quarters, and the construction, plumbing and electric wiring and fixtures of one double set of firemen's quarters at Fort Stevens, Or. Plans can be seen, and copies of specifications and instructions to bidders furnished, at the offices of the Chief Quartermaster, Department of the Columbia, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., and Depot Quartermaster, Portland, Or., also at the Quartermaster's Office at Fort Stevens, Or., where full information will be furnished. The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Construction" and addressed to the Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Or.

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**HOWARD M. BROWNELL, AT-**torney at Law, Deputy District Attorney. 420 Commercial Street.

**DENTISTS**

**DR. F. VAUGHAN, DENTIST,** Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

**DR. W. C. LOGAN, DENTIST,** Commercial Street, Shanahan Bldg.

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**DR. RHODA C. HICKS, OSTEO-**path. Office: Mansell Bldg., Phone Black 2065. 573 Commercial Street.

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**PRACTICAL NURSE, EXTEN-**sive experience, will take charge of most any kind of nursing; confinement cases preferred; terms reasonable. Mrs. Chas. Lind, 408 35th street, Astoria.

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