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THE WEATHER

Oregon and Washington—Fair, with light frost in the morning.

CHEERFUL BANK NEWS.

Bank Examiner James Steel, of Oregon, is authority for the cheerful statement that the State and National banks are in prime condition generally, and that the deposits have increased, since November last, to the tune of a round million of money.

To the Oregon taxpayer, especially, it is very comforting, since he will be one of the largest users of bank money this year, and is already using it to meet the unconscionable burden cast upon him by the courts and commissions that have to do with the formulation of the tax-rolls.

But so long as the banks hold out in safe and comfortable condition as they are now reported to be, the average taxpayer may hope to have a fair show if being sold up for his delinquencies on the tax rolls.

CLAIMS THE RIGHT TO DIE.

Murderer Albert T. Patrick, now in Sing Sing, doing a life sentence, under commutation from the death penalty originally imposed, for the crime of killing Millionaire Rice insists that he has the right to die; that Govern-

AMUSEMENTS.

ASTORIA THEATRE

Sunday, March 17



JULES NURRY PRESENTS PAUL WILMORE

—IN—



ORIGINAL N. Y. PRODUCTION.

A comedy of New York National Guard Life, by Rida Johnson Young, and as presented at Lyceum Theatre, New York City, an entire season, A college-military play.

Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 25c. Carriage at 11 p. m. Full of music, youth life and vigor.

ASKING THE SPIRITS

By LULU JOHNSON.

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"Ghosts" repeated Paul Orford, with a smile. "To be sure there are ghosts. I have a personal acquaintance with half a dozen. I was one once. That was when the dramatic club put on 'Hamlet.'"

"Now you are frivolous," reproved Lucy. "It is a very serious matter to penetrate the veil that separates the present from the future and cross to that other shore. Mrs. Glendis says that we each should seek to test our mediumistic powers."

"There is one thing I like about ghosts," said Paul. "What's that?" asked Lucy quickly as he paused.

"Their answers generally are yes and no," explained Paul meaningly. For nearly a year he had been trying to pin Lucy down to a definite acceptance or dismissal of his suit, but that tactful yet uncertain minded young woman would say him neither "yes" nor "no," preferring to enjoy the greater freedom of action which is the privilege of the unengaged, while at the same time she held Orford firm slave.

"Ghosts say lots more than that," insisted Lucy. "Mrs. Goya was telling all about it. You start with the alphabet, and when you come to the right letter they give a rap, and in that way they spell out words. Mme. Goya says that it is the duty of every earnest thinker to develop mediumistic powers, because we never can tell whether we have the gift until we try to develop."

"She's right," declared Paul, with a greater interest than he had previously shown in the discussion. "Do you know I have thought for some time that I could develop along those lines with the proper sympathetic support?"

"You must join our circle," invited Lucy beamingly. She had been growing angry at Paul's covert sneers at Mme. Goya and Mrs. Glendis.

The latter had brought the adept to the attention of the Tuesday dancing class and had turned that select little company into a "circle."

Paul was not a member of the dancing class in spite of his devotion to Lucy, and he rather resented these sneers.

"I think," suggested Paul, "that it might be well to try me out before I seek to display my powers in public. It will be an hour before your mother gets back from the Bradleys, and your father is too busy with that new book he borrowed to interrupt. Suppose we hold a sitting now?"

"I never heard of a sitting with only two," objected Lucy. "Even with the fifteen or twenty of our circle we get scarcely any return yet, and I do not believe that the two of us could get any response at all."

"We can try it," pleaded Paul. "We cannot do more than fail, and there might come some slight indication that one or the other had mysterious power."

"Yes, we can try it," assented Lucy brightly, glad to see Paul's interest. "Of course you must promise that if there is no development you will not be discouraged."

"I'll promise that," assented Paul promptly. "I'll not be discouraged."

"Then we'll try," agreed Lucy as she cleared the magazines and books from a light table and brought it into the center of the room. She placed chairs on opposite sides, disregarding Paul's suggestion that they be placed side by side, and then, turning down the light, she took her place in one seat and called to him to take the other.

"They almost always sing," she belonged to me, he shouldn't stir a step; there now."

After a dozen encounters in the tribunals of this land, high and low, the ten years of unwavering contest between the forces behind the ex-communicated priest, Father Murphy, of Seward, Nebraska, for possession of the church from which he was cast out, and the interests of the pre-lacy headed by Bishop Bonnacum, the verdict falls to the doughy bishop, irrevocably. He is of the church militant, sure enough.

gan uncertainty. "Then we'll sing," assented Paul. "We'll follow all the process."

His hands closed over Lucy's resting on the table, and softly Lucy sang one of the songs approved by her circle.

"Now you must keep very still," she whispered. "Just concentrate on the desire to obtain a communication. It may be some time before we feel any response."

"That's all right," was the ready reply. "I'd be willing to wait hours to absolutely make certain."

"You don't have to hold my hands so tight," suggested Lucy. "Just rest your finger tips on mine to complete the circuit."

"This is better," objected Paul, with truth. "We establish a better contact or whatever you call it."

"Don't talk any more," cautioned Lucy. "The spirits won't come while you are talking."

Paul subsided into silence. It was very pleasant sitting there in the half light with Lucy's hands in his own. In the soft gloom he could just make out the oval of her face and catch faintly the eager gleam in her blue eyes. He was willing to experiment along these lines forever.

Outdoors the rain beat against the plate glass of the windows with a sharp rattle that added to the comfortable feeling of those within, and apart from that only the crackle of coal in the grate broke the silence.

For twenty minutes no sign came, and then there was heard a succession of sharp raps that caused Lucy to clutch Paul's hands in tighter clasp and somewhat shock his own placidity.

The trial had been an excuse for holding Lucy's hand. He had not expected any manifestation.

"Did you do that?" she whispered. "On my word, no," he replied. "You didn't tap with your foot, did you?"

Lucy shook her head. "I wouldn't cheat," she insisted reproachfully. "This is not a thing to make a jest of."

"Are the spirits present?" asked Paul, raising his voice slightly. And the response was a series of brisk raps.

"That is more than the proper number," objected Paul. "One is 'no,' and three is 'yes.'"

"I suppose that a lot means under-score marks," suggested Lucy. "Ask something else."

"Are you willing to answer me?" demanded Paul, and the three raps made an affirmative.

"May I ask some personal questions?" Again the three raps.

"I want to know if Lucy and I are to be married?" explained Paul. And Lucy gasped at this impertinence toward the spirits.

"They won't answer that," she insisted in a whisper, but the three raps came loud and clear, and with a little cry, Lucy sprang to her feet and turned on the gas.

"You were cheating," she cried. "You were kicking the table leg."

"See for yourself," he retorted, turning the light table so that she might see that there were no scratches on the polished legs. "I am more mystified than you are. There must be something in it, after all."

"There must be," she assented softly. "And you will accept their decree?" he asked. "You will marry me?"

"I suppose that I must, since it is the will of those 'over there,'" assented the girl. "I meant to some time, anyhow," she added half defiantly as Paul caught her in his arms, and the world beyond was forgotten in the joy of the life right here.

Late that evening Paul smoked his good night cigar in the comfort of the big armchair. At his feet lay Bunch, the English bulldog that was Paul's constant companion. Bunch was fast asleep on a rug, but he roused when his master stirred.

"Bunch," cried the jubilant Orford, "there was something in it, after all. I thought that spirit thing was largely a matter of imagination, but I'm certain that Lucy did not do the rapping, and I know that I didn't. It was a clear case of spirits."

Bunch blinked an intelligent eye and wagged his stumpy tail in assent. Paul started as the familiar rapping came again. Bunch's tail was pounding against the hardwood parquet border.

"So you were the ghost. You wagged your tail when we asked questions because you thought we were talking to you?"

Bunch's stumpy caudal appendage made answer again, and Paul's face was wreathed in smiles.

"We must never tell Lucy," he cautioned, and Bunch, almost asleep, made an instinctive effort to reply. Feebly the tail wavered, and only once did it strike against the floor.

"That's 'no,' and that goes," assented Paul. "You're all right, Bunch." And Bunch solemnly rapped out "Yes."

"Whoever this ship may sail, grant her a prosperous voyage." "Enable us by trading to acquire wealth." The very names of the junka would bring good luck if superstition could weave an actual fortune—Good Success, Golden Profits, Never Ending Gains.

Didn't Fall Quick Enough. In a room on the top floor of a large factory a boy was amusing himself by going through the bayonet exercise with a long handled brush in lieu of a rifle. His boss, coming quickly upon him, gave him a box on the ear for wasting his time.

The sudden blow caused the lad to lose his balance and fall down the hoist shaft; but, fortunately, he kept his hold on the brush, the handle of which, getting across the shaft, broke his fall and enabled him to grasp the chain, down which he slid in safety.

The boss was horrified at the effect of his action and rushed breathless and gasping with fear down the eight flights of stairs to the basement, expecting to find a mangled body for which he would have to account.

He was, however, just in time to see the lad drop on his feet unharmed; so, recovering his self possession and his breath, he exclaimed:

"Want to be a soldier, eh? Well, you're too slow for that. Why, man, I can walk down all those stairs quicker than you can fall down the hoist shaft."—London Answers.

MEETING OF MINE WORKERS.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 6.—Thomas L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers, completed today the arrangements for a meeting between the Mine Workers and the anthracite coal operators in Philadelphia next Thursday and will make a new agreement between the men and employers. President Calkins of the Individual Operators' Association has agreed to attend. At present there are three agreements to expire on March 31.

CHOPS DOWN TREES.

OYSTER BAY, March 6.—No callers were received by ex-President Roosevelt today. He spent the morning attending to his correspondence and the afternoon in chopping down trees in the woods back of the house. Colonel Roosevelt continues the policy of refusing to talk for publication. Plans are being made by residents at Oyster Bay to hold a farewell reception to the ex-President on the eve of his departure for Africa.

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For tickets, sleeping car reservations, etc., call on, telegraph, or write

WM. McMURRAY, Gen. Pass. Agt. Portland, Oregon.

SPRING OPENING

Mrs. R. Ingleton will have her Annual Spring Millinery Opening on March 15

30 Day Sale on Spring Hats

Also commencing Monday, Mrs. Ingleton will hold a thirty-day sale on all Spring Hats. A grand opportunity to secure an Easter hat cheap.

Don't fail to call on the Fifteenth and see the excellent line of Millinery on sale.

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