

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ANITA'S STRANGE ADVENTURE

In The Mountains of Italy She Found An Experience.

This is a true story; it was told to me by Miss Anita herself. Miss Anita is one of the brightest young girls I know. Her parents are very fond of traveling. Every year they choose a country that both are desirous of seeing, and learn all they can about it. The study its language, its history, and its literature. Then, in the summer, when Miss Anita's vacation begins, they take her with them to visit all the delightful scenes and places of which they have been reading. In this way she has been able to see a much larger part of this world than have most other young people.

Until last summer, however, Miss Anita had one grievance to mar the pleasure of her holidays—she had never met with a single adventure. It was most annoying, this entire lack of anything marvellous or thrilling in her varied existence, for Miss Anita has an impulsive, daring nature, and aspires to things heroic. People she met in her wanderings would recount to her the queer, the grotesque, and the sometimes even horrible things that they had seen, or done, or escaped, and Miss Anita would clasp her hands and exclaim:

"Oh, if I only had been there!"

But she never was there. Events that were strange, ridiculous or exciting seemed to hurry up and occur just an hour before she arrived on the scene of action, or to purposely wait over until a minute or so after she had departed.

Last summer, however, when she started with her parents on a walking tour through that wonderful region known as the Scotland of Italy, her hopes began to revive. She confided to her mother, at the outset, her belief that, in the heart of those vast mountain ranges, there was every chance of meeting with a truly blood-curdling experience.

Her parents were perfectly content to accept the commonplace life. Indeed they would rather have avoided a "blood-curdling" experience than otherwise. It was by no means a disappointment to them to find that modern hotels had replaced many of the old mountain inns, and that modern conveniences were obtainable.

When, upon one occasion, they found themselves obliged to pass the night in a disreputable-looking and little-frequented inn, they were anything but delighted at the prospect. Miss Anita, however, was enchanted. It was a weird and lonely situation, and the house seemed to have weathered the winds of more than a century. When the landlord led them through dirty brick courts and dark passages to two large, dreary rooms on the first floor, and announced that they were his only guests for the night, Miss Anita was delighted. Only an adventure was wanting to complete her happiness.

After supper she took one of the long candles that were their only means of light and started to examine their apartments. Then she became aware that the walls of both rooms were, to use her own expression, literally lined with closets. In an instant she had jerked open several of the doors and to her surprise, discovered that these closets were not at all the kind to which she was accustomed. Most of them were so long that she was sure they were passages, until she had traversed their length and found they had no outlet. Some of them curved and wound in and out through the walls, or branched in several different directions, and in most of them were dark recesses, where the ceiling slanted so low that one would have to creep on hands and knees to penetrate them.

"Papa!" Miss Anita exclaimed, after opening about the tenth door, "there is room enough in these closets for a whole band of brigands to hide in. I cannot think of sleeping in either of the rooms until I have searched every corner of every closet."

"My dear," said her father, "if there is anyone in the closets, the safest plan for you is to keep well out of them."

But Miss Anita did not agree. She set to work at once to explore each possible ambush, even crawling into all the dark, low places. The first room was very large and there were at least a dozen closets in its walls. By the time she had gone through them her ardor was almost exhausted. Her father noticed that she glanced rather wearily at the six or seven in the next room, which was to be her own that night.

"Suppose you don't bother with those closets, Anita," he suggested. "I don't think the day of brigands is about over; don't you?"

"But there are robbers still, papa," said Miss Anita, "and I never should close my eyes tonight unless I know there was no danger of my not opening them again."

In spite of this energetic statement, however, these closets were less carefully examined than the others had been; nor did Miss Anita think it necessary to indulge in the crawling process. She was about to open the last door, when her parents entered to say good-night. They suggested that Miss Anita should leave the door between the two rooms open during the night, as she would be alone. Then they went out, and everything became dark and quiet in the next room.

Somewhat this made Miss Anita feel rather lonesome, and she suddenly changed her mind as to the necessity of looking in that last closet. The day had been a fatiguing one and she was exceedingly tired.

The furnishing of the old inn was extremely crude. In Miss Anita's room a wooden table was made to serve as a washstand. After washing, she looked in vain for something to hold her soap.

There was no soap-dish of any sort, so she placed the cake on a piece of paper and laid it on the edge of the stand to dry. Afterwards Miss Anita remembered the exact position of the soap.

It was towards the middle of the night when Miss Anita, without any ostensible reason, awoke from her slumber and became aware of a slight noise somewhere in her room. This was simply perfect; just as it always is in story books, but strangely enough, Miss Anita failed to appreciate the fact. She only lay still, scarcely daring to breathe and strained every nerve to listen. It was a very slight noise, but it was too distinct to be imaginary. It sounded as though some one were groping in the dark among the things on the washstand. The truth flashed on her mind—a robber was feeling about, trying to find her candle. Both it and the matches, however, were on a chair by the bed.

All the delightful part of the adventure was lost upon Miss Anita. Her courage seemed to have completely deserted her. She clung to the hope that after all she might possibly be mistaken. Then there was a hard thud on the floor, and Miss Anita felt herself grow cold. Now there could be no doubt! That was her soap! The robber, while blindly fumbling, had knocked it from the stand! It had been very near the edge, she recollected.

There was a pause, the man was evidently waiting to assure himself that the noise had not disturbed any one.

Miss Anita's heart was beating so loudly that she was sure the robber must hear it, and her trembling made the bed shake quite audibly. She could feel that he was looking straight at her! Oh! if she only had searched the last closet!

Then it suddenly came to her that this was her first adventure.

"Now my turn has come to show my presence of mind—to be brave," she thought.

She remembered, gratefully, that the door between the two rooms was open and that her father was a light sleeper. She decided to call him under pretense of being ill, and thus give the robber chance to slip quietly away. She made several efforts before she could command her voice, and then it broke out in almost a shriek:

"Papa!"

"Yes, my dear," he exclaimed, instantly.

"Papa, I feel quite ill; do you think I can get a glass of water anywhere?" Her father had a pitcher of ice-water in his room. He rose at once to bring it to her.

With the sound of his voice Miss Anita's courage had somewhat returned. She determined, at least, that she would not permit him to face the danger for her.

"Don't get up," she cried. "If the water is there, I can get it."

This she considered, was the neatest ruse in the world for getting safe out of the room, for it never for a moment occurred to her that the robber was probably a Spaniard and, therefore, had not understood a word she had said. But her father's next words dashed her hopes to the ground.

"Most certainly not; I will bring it to you," he called back. And she heard him moving to the door.

Almost desperately she reached a trembling hand for a match and, lighting it, gave a hasty glance around. Nothing was to be seen and she grew bold enough to apply the match to her candle, just as her father entered the room.

"This comes from working yourself up in those close, dusty closets, my dear," he said, noticing how really ill she looked.

"That is my soap on the floor, isn't it?" Miss Anita inquired, faintly.

"Yes," he replied.

He picked it up and brought it to her with the water.

Miss Anita's heart actually jumped for joy, and she felt inclined to laugh aloud in relief.

She saw that one corner of the soap had been nibbled off.

So, her first adventure was not a real adventure, after all, but it proved quite sufficient for Miss Anita. And though this happened more than a year ago, the fright has remained so vividly impressed on her memory that she has not wished for a single "blood-curdling experience" since.

SEASIDE NOTES.

Mr. McGuire is building a new barn.

E. E. KleinSmith is erecting a new cottage.

M. J. Geist's new cottage is all under roof.

A good many ducks and geese are being shot.

Mrs. H. B. Parker is still occupying her cottage.

John Kopp is still here finishing his improvements.

W. J. Burns, of Portland, spent Sunday last here.

Mr. A. Gilbert and wife visited here on Thursday.

Our little town has now settled down to its winter business.

George Noland and family are spending the week at their cottage.

C. F. Sitter and J. B. Kellow, returned to Portland on Saturday.

R. L. Jeffery closed his cottage after a stay of nearly five months.

Two million feet of logs are in the creek awaiting a freshet to come down.

A good many salmon are being caught. The fish are quite large, averaging nine pounds.

R. S. Worsley was doing the town on Thursday, selling a good many suits of clothing.

H. F. L. Logan is anxiously waiting for rain to float his logs, as the boom is getting pretty empty.

C. F. Sitter and J. B. Kellow, of Portland, spent the week fishing, and, as usual, were well rewarded.

J. G. Woodworth, general freight agent of the O. R. & N. Co., with wife, mother and sister, spent Tuesday on the beach.

Sunday mails between Astoria, Warrenton and Seaside have been discontinued until the next summer season opens again.

Messrs. Duncan, Warner, Housman, and Bohardt returned from their trip to Tillamook. In swimming Nehalem river they lost one horse.

Mailcarrier Condit reports the surf on Elk creek and Cannon beach rather rough during the week, he having to climb every point in order to get around the same.

Architect DeLin and contractors Clinton and Sanderson were in town on Wednesday last viewing the country bridge, as appraisers in the suit of Sanderson & Ferguson vs. Hermosa Park Land Company.

A. T. Webb, wife and daughter, left Tuesday last for a tramp in Cannon Beach. They took the Canyon trail over Tillamook Head, and camped the first night on top of the mountain. They returned on Friday.

The road as petitioned for by Dr. Sitter and others from the O'Hanna creek to the ocean has been accepted by the county court and declared a highway, and in the near future we may see another county bridge across the Necanicum, this one above Bradbury's, where the old Clontie bridge used to stand and across the Holladay tract to the beach.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Graham, of Gaas Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that effected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Estes-Conn Drug Co.

How Are Your Kidneys?
DR. HOBBS SPARAGUS KIDNEY PILLS
 HAVE CURED THOUSANDS OF **Weak Backs.**
 They cure by healing the Kidneys and Purifying the Blood, from Life Acid and other Impurities. They cure Rheumatism, Backache, Neuralgia, Diarrhoea, Dropsy, Bladder Troubles, Female Weakness, etc.

I have heretofore thought that no matter how much I was helped by any medicine, I would not make known the results to any but my closest friends. But the good I have derived from using your Sparagus Kidney Pills impels me to cast my resolutions aside and let you hear my experience, so that if you wish you may publish it for the benefit of the man who may be suffering as I did. To give the opportunity is a duty I owe to my fellow men.

I was afflicted with kidney trouble, accompanied by severe pain in the small of my back, irregular urination, sometimes frequent and scanty, and at times too full and dark colored. My sleep was disturbed, and during the day I felt debilitated and drowsy, with occasional headaches and dizziness. The slightest cold would increase my difficulties. I heard of your pills from a friend who informed me he had been cured by them. I was encouraged to try their effect on myself although I had tried many remedies and followed the advice of a physician. After the first few doses my backache was less severe, and by the time I used one box it disappeared. I have not yet completely used the second box, and am entirely cured. Thanking you for the good your great remedy has done for me. S. C. MILLIGAN, (Former City Attorney, Tacoma, Wash.) 78 Montgomery block, San Francisco, Cal.

HOBBS Sparagus Kidney Pills.
 HOBBS REMEDY CO., PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTS
 Hobbs Pills For Sale in ASTORIA, ORE., by CHARLES ROGERS, Druggist, 604 Fulton's Building.

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NO HILLS TO CLIMB IN SUNNYMEAD

The surface of the whole tract is absolutely level, and there is no grading to be done before a lot is in readiness for building. Convenient to Astoria by motor or regular passenger trains on the Astoria & Columbia River Railway, it makes a most desirable place for a home. Property is cheap, considering the choice location, and the surroundings are both healthy and pleasant. One can reach Sunnymead from the Astoria depot in 15 minutes time by motor and the fare is so reasonable that it makes it possible to live

IN BEAUTIFUL SUNNYMEAD

and do business in Astoria. The plat is well watered by fresh water streams and the main streets are now being laid with wooden pavement. A neat little depot is located on the property, where all trains stop.

For the next few days a limited number of lots will be placed on the market at a reduced price, and the terms of sale made so easy that they are within the reach of all.

For particulars call on or address

JOHN ADAIR, Astoria, Oregon

See the Astoria Land & Investment Company's Advertisement

TERRIBLE DEFICIENCY OF WHEAT ABROAD—AMERICA TO SUPPLY THE WORLD.

Late advices from Washington, based on reports of government experts, report that the shortage in the world's wheat crop will reach the starvation figure of 112,000,000 bushels. America is relied upon to supply the deficiency out of our great product of 469,000,000. His deficiency can, with some aid of the rye and corn crop, be made up, but who could supply to the sick debilitated deficiency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. There is happily always a supply of that promptly helpful medicine adequate to the relief of the dyspeptic, the constipated, the bilious, and the rheumatic. It will, without interruption, continue to build up the weak, to protect the denizens of malarial scourged localities from chills and fever and kindred disorders, and to counteract a tendency to torpidity of the kidneys and bladder which, if disregarded, is speedily subversive of their organic health. No only does it renew digestion, but also appetite and sleep.

FAMILIARITY.

"Did you get anything?" asked Farmer Comtossel's wife, as he returned from his hunting trip.

"Nothin' worth speakin' of."

"You surely didn't come home empty-handed?"

"No. But it's next thing to it. I haven't anything but a couple more carrier pigeons with messages from the north pole tied to 'em."

You can't cure consumption but you can avoid it and cure every other form of throat or lung trouble by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Charles Rogers.

YOUTH AND AGE.

If youth could know what age knows without teaching,
 Hope's instability and Love's dear folly,
 The difference between preaching and preaching,
 The quiet charm that lurks in melancholy;
 The after-bitterness of tasted pleasure;
 That temperance of feeling and of words
 Is health of mind, and the calm fruits of leisure
 Have sweeter taste than feverish zeal affords;
 That reason has a joy beyond unreason,
 That nothing satisfies the soul like truth,
 That kindness conquers in and out of season—
 If youth could know why, youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urgency,
 The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,
 And with its swift, restlessness ebb and surge
 Make light of difficulties, sport of pains;
 Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it,
 That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,
 Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it
 And flashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,
 Which, counting dross for gold, is rich in dreaming,
 And, reckoning moons as suns, is never cold,
 And, having naught, has everything in seeming—
 If age could do all this—age were not old!
 —Susan Coolidge in Congregationalist.

The blanching of the hair and its tendency to fall off can be prevented and the natural color restored by Hall's Sillian Hair Renewer.