HER NAME'S SHADOW.

By ESTHER SANGBORN.

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If she had not been named Beryl perhaps Miss Stanhope would not have thought herself so hopelessly plain, so thoroughly and utterly unattractive. But that name-so beautiful, so poetical, sounding like an utterance in one short burning word of a womanly beauty almost divine-was as a curse

It made her morbid. She shivered lest people learn it and smile at the incongruity.

Superconscious of her angles, her lack of color and dark circled eyes, reflected in every shop window, Beryl wondered why she had been named so incongruously. She almost cried when a wizened old woman with a parchment skin, in charge of a fruit stand, answered to the name of Violet. What would she, Beryl Stanhope, be like twenty-five years hence?

She could not free herself from the tormenting thought. In old age, with ugliness intensified, she must still hear the musical Beryl applied to her, a name designed for a round, milk skinned creature, with hair like corn silk and eyes the color of a calm sea, the cool, restful blue that is more nearly green.

She was reasoning to silence her ever renewed womanly hunger for beauty of person when she tapped at the studio shared by her brother and Lindley Wood. Her brother was out, but Wood was painting feverishly, a seldom seen exultation on his serious

"Come in, Miss Stanhope," he called hospitably. "Dick will be back in a jiffy. We are both making hay while the sun shines this week. Miss Cuyler is kindly posing for us, and she leaves the city Monday.

Beryl had not glanced at the model throne, but at this she turned quickly and caught her breath with a little gasp. A girl with the sheen of corn slik in her hair and eyes like a lapis lazuli sea was silhouetted against a

background of pale green plush. A sharp pain that Beryl did not know was envy shot to her heart as she drank in the sumptuous coloring of the nonchalant beauty. Recovering her composure with an effort, she returned Miss Cuyler's greeting and stepped forward.

"Are you and Dick working on one theme, Mr. Wood?" she asked. "May I see?"

"Not one theme," answered Wood. "Dick is doing an Andromache, but mine is only a study, an ideal head, I'll be very glad of your criticism, Miss Stanhope. My work fails to sat-

Lindley Wood's pictures usually received praise from his friend's sister, but for once there were no exclamatory remarks. After a long look she drew back a step with heightened col-

"Wherefore the name?" she asked

haughtily. "Beryl?" said Wood unconcernedly, touching up the round white throat on his canvas. "That is just a fancy of mine. Haven't you names to fit your ideal types? I would not think of painting a blond Judith or a dark Rosamond. I've always had a liking for the name of Beryl!"-with boyish eagerness-"and Miss Cuyler happens to look my conception of it. Do you

like the pose?" "Very much," she replied, thankful she could say so honestly. But there was a strange inflection in her voice. despite her effort. Lindley Wood's keen ear caught it, and he responded with swift artistic intuition.

"You see something wrong with it," he exclaimed. "I want to know what it is! Be frank, and tell me why you do not like my Beryl."

The living Beryl trembled foolishly as she buttoned her coat. "Seek to please the institute committee, not me," she laughed. "My opinion is not worth that doleful expression, Mr. Wood. Tell Dick I shall expect him early." And, with a nod that included the model, she left the room.

Over their tete-a-tete dinner that night Beryl tried to question her brother about Lindley Wood's interest in Miss Cuyler. But she could not. Her brother had been strangely preoccupied of late, and table conversation was monosyllabic.

"Wood hasn't been here for some time," he remarked suddenly, and Beryl, surprised in her thoughts, was glad that the doorbell spared her a reply. When Dick returned his

friend's name was not mentioned. Beryl sat reading in the little parlor when her brother went out "to pay some calls," he said evasively. When the door closed behind him she dropped her book and assumed ease.

Pacing up and down the rooms, she assured herself that she would go to work at something presently and forget the episode. But, try as she would, her heart was filled with bitterness that her brother's friend-her friend, too, she had once thought-should have been so heartless, so utterly contemptuous of her as to paint an ideal Beryl. "He could not have told me my shortomings more brutally in plain words," whispered she passionately.

Then, seeing something white on the hall rug, she stooped and picked up a card. "Edith Cuyler," she read-ber brother's Andromache and Lindley Wood's Beryl! In that moment she felt almost as if she bated both artists and their model.

A chaos of thoughts danced through her brain, but through it all she always saw the pink and white face that had smiled from Wood's canvas above her name.

Unable to stay indoors, she put on her wraps and went out, but even the clear ozone of the winter's night did not arouse her from the strange thrall put upon her by the card.

She turned into the block where some friends, the Stones, lived, but she had no intention of going in, for she knew that Edith Cuyler was staying there. Suddenly a pillar of flame shot from a building ahead. In a moment the street was a confusion of hoarse shouts and screams. Beryl stood still and watched the residents, like a stream of human ants, carrying valuables to safety. Then, as one awakening from a troubled dream recognizes the environment, she realized she was looking at the Stones' house and that it was afire!

Attracted by a shrill scream, she raised her eyes to the third floor. The beautiful Miss Cuyler stood in a window, her blond head silhouetted against a curtain of fire.

Beryl was conscious of a commotion in the crowd. Then a man in evening dress fought his way to the burning structure and went up the ladder with eager steps. At the second floor a tongue of flame lit his features, and Beryl almost swooned with horror as she recognized her brother Dick.

The next five minutes were each a fearful, anguish laden century to the watching girl. At any instant the walls might collapse and engulf them

She saw the cameo-like face, pearl white against that red curtain, brighten with hope as she recognized the coming hero. Beryl saw Dick lift-her from the narrow ledge and begin the perilous downward journey with her arms around his neck.

They reached the second floor in safety, though the ladder swayed unsteadily. Willing hands held it as well as inexperienced people could, but danger threatened every step. Forgetting that she stood among strangers, Beryl clutched some one near. "I can't look!" she cried despairingly. "Oh, if they should fall!"

"Why, Miss Stanhope," answered an amazed, familiar voice, "why are you

She clung to Lindley Wood with a little sob of relief. "Tell me," she begged pitifully.

By the necromancy of intuition he understood. "They are safe," he said, tucking her hand under his arm. "Let me take you home. You are icy cold Dick is all right," reassuringly.

She trembled violently. To reassure her the artist assumed a light, jesting

"If Dick and Miss Cuyler were not already engaged they will be now," he went on. "How can I manage, I wonder, to make myself appear equally heroic to you, Miss Stanhope?"

"Why?" in a gentle whisper. "Because I love you," drawing her say it, but it is easier to say it here under the stars than it would be in your lighted rooms. I can better endure your 'No' if you cannot see its effect.'

"Your ideal Beryl is a cameo blond," she reminded. "I am plain"-

"What has my ideal Beryl to do with you?" he interrupted, looking his sur-"My name is Beryl," she answered.

"Didn't you know?"

"No!" he cried emphatically, and instantly the memory of his words in the studio stood before him in letters of flame and he saw their significance. "Tom always calls you Sis and-andbelieved your initial represented Barbara. A blond Beryl may be my ideal on canvas, but the woman I love and would call wife has eyes like deep, dark wells. Don't draw away, dear, Miss Cuyler is only a model to me." He paused a moment, as she did not speak. "Perhaps there is some one else," he said sadly. "I dare not hope that you can care for me."

The hand on his arm tightened gently. "There is no one else," she said softly, "none but you. If you are or envy my-future sister-her beau-

"Why should you?" cried he, press-ing her to his heart. "Beauty of soul shines from your every lineament, my queen and wife, and-don't you know that you are a true type of dark beauty, anyway?"

There is a man in a midland town whose name is Burst. It is a misfortune that would not have attracted much attention if he had not called his two children Annie May and Ernest Will .- London Scraps.

Good Luck.

our back fence last night. Mrs. Bug-Buggins-That's what it did. I hit it Record.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an Execution issued out of the Circuit Court for the state of Oregon, in and for Umatilla County, and to me directed and delivered upon a judgment, rendered and entered in said Court of the 18th day of March 1909; in favor of John Bergeviu, plaintiff, and against Walter Cameron, defendant, for the sum of \$3000 and for the further sum of \$90 damages; at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 18th of March, 1909; and whereas by said judgment it was further adjudged and decreed that the herein after described real propertyto-wit.

The Northwest quarter Southeast quarter or Lot Ten (10) Section Fifteen (15) Township Three (3) North, Range Thirty-five (35) E. W. M. be sold to satisfy said judgment and all 1909, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon of said day in front of the Court House door in the City of time for hearing said settlement on Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, said Walter Cameron, had in and to the above described real property, on the 26th day of July, 1909 or since then has acquired, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the proceeds to be applied in satisfaction of said execution and all costs:

Dated this 26th day of July, 1909: T. D. Taylor,

By B. C. Wilson, Deputy.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT. In the County Court of the State of

Oregon for Umatilla County. n the matter of the estate of James Renville, (true name Rainville)

deceased. Notice is hereby given that the administrator in the above entitled estate has filed his final account therein, and that the judge of the above entitled court has designated Saturday, September, 18th, 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and the County, Oregon, as the time and place, when and where hearing on said final report shall be had, and all persons interested are hereby notified to then and there appear and show cause if any they have why said final report should not be approved, the administrator discharged and his bondsmen exonorated.

Dated this 5th day of August, 1909. Joseph T. Rainville, Administrator.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County. in the matter of the estate of Joseph A. Reaville, (true name Rainville)

deceased. Notice is hereby given that the administrator in the above entitled estate has filed his final account therein, and that the judge of the above entitled court has designated, into the shadow of a building away Saturday, September, 18th, 1909, at ten o'clock in the forenoon and the office of the county judge in the county County, Oregon as the time and place, when and where hearing on said final report shall be had, and all persons interested are hereby notified to then and there appear and show cause if for the enforcement of law and the any they have why said final report closing of all business houses on the GUS LAFONTAINE, PROP. should not be approved, the administrator discharged and his bondsmen exonorated.

> Dated this 5th day of August, 1909. Joseph T. Rainville, Administrator.

NOTICE OF GUARDIAN'S FINAL ACCOUNT.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County. In the matter of the Guardianship of

the Person and Estate of John Mc-Intyre, Ingane.

All persons are hereby notified that Hugh McIntyre, guardian of the person and estate of John McIntyre, insane, has filed his final account and report in said matter and that Tuesday the 7th day of September 1909, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day has been appointed as the time and the county court house satisfied I will never again complain at Pendleton as the place where any and all objections and exceptions to the said final account and report will be heard and the settlement thereof made. The first publication of this notice will be made on Friday the 6th day of August A. D. 1909 and the last publication on Friday the 3rd day of September A. D. 1909.

Hugh McIntyre, Guardian.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla county.

Lela C. Lewis, plaintiff, vs. A. T. Lewis, defendant. To A. T. Lewis the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon Mr. Buggins-A black cat came to you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you gins-Did it bring you good luck? Mr. in the above entitled suit, within six weeks from date of the first publicathe first time I fired. - Philadelphia tion of this summons, and if you fail so to appear to answer the complaint or plead within that time the plaintiff Colors seen by candlelight will not for want thereof will apply to the look the same by day .- Mrs. Browning. above entitled court for the relief de-

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manded in her complaint filed in said suit, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of watrimony now existing

> and the defendant, A. T. Lewis. This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Circuit court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla county, made in open court on the 16th day of July, 1909, the first publication is made on Friday, July 23rd, 1909, and the last on September 3rd, 1909.

between the plaintiff, Lela C. Lewis

Attorney for plaintiff.

Homer I. Watts,

Notice of Final Account. In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County. In the matter of the estate of Made-

line LaCourse, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Madeline LaCourse, deceased, has costs. I will on the 28th day of August filed his final report and account therein, and that the county Judge of Umatilla county, Oregon, has set the Saturday the 14th day of August 1909, sell the right title and interest the at the county court house in Pendleton, Oregon, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at which time said settlement will be allowed except there be valid objections thereto. Dated at Athena, Oregon, this 16th day of July 1909.

Moses Taylor, Administrator. Watts & Neal, Attorneys for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Umatilla County. In the matter of the estate of John

McIntyre, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern that Hugh Mc Intyre has qualified as executor of the last will and testament of John Mc-Intyre, deceased. All persons having claims against his estate are required to present them to the said executor at his home in Athena, Oregon, or at the office of his attorneys Peterson & Wiloffice of the county judge in the county | son at Pendleton, Oregon, duly verificourt house at Pendleton, Umatilla ed as by law required, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice, which said first publication is on Friday the 6th

day of August A. D. 1909. Said notice will be published for four successive weeks, the last publication appearing on Friday the 3d day of September A. D. 1909. Hugh McIntyre, executor.

Up Before The Bar.

N. H. Brown, an attorney, of Pittsfiled, Vt., writes: "We have used Dr. King's New life Pills for years and find them such a good family medicine we wouldn't be without them." For Chills, constipation, Billiousness Sick Headache they work wonders, 25c at all druggists.

RESOLUTIONS.

1 1909, the following resolutions were carried:

First: That we heartily approve of all the resolutions adopted by the court house at Pendleton, Umatilla Baptist, and Christian churches, in regards to a Bucking Broncho Exhibit in this town on July 25.

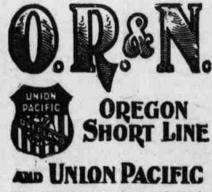
Also be it resolved that we the

members of said M. E. church stand Sabbath day. By order of the M. E. Church.

C. W. Geiszler, Pastor.

The Crime of Idleness.

ldleness means trouble for any one. Its the same with a lazy liver. It causes constipation, beadache, jaundice, sallow complexion, pimples and blotches, loss of appetite, nausea, but Dr. King's New Life Pills soon banish liver troubles and build up your health. 250 at all druggists.



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Daily.	TIME SCHEDULES ATHENA, ORE,	DEPART Daily.
1:05 p. m.	Walla Walla, Day- ton, Pomeroy, Lew- iston, Colfax, Pull- man, Moscow, the Goeur d'Alene dis- trict, Spokane and all points north.	1:05 p. m.
10:08 a m	Walla Walia - Pen dieton Special	10:08 a. m.
4:15 p m	Fast Mail for Pendleton. LaGrande, Baker City, and all points east via Hun tington, Ore., Also for Umatilla, Heppner. The Dailes, Portland, Astoria, Willamette Valley Points, California, Tacoma, Seattle, all Sound Points.	
5:50 p· m.	Pendleton - Walla Walla Special "	5:50 p 1a
1	E. M. Smith	Agent, Athena

T. J. KIRK, President, D. H. PRESTON, Vice President, F. S. Le GROW, Cashier, EDW. E. KOONTZ, Ass't. Cashier.

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Attorneys-at-Law Athena, Oregon. - Freewater, Oregon

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