

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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DR. J. A. REGAN Dentist. Office over A. V. Allen's Store. Office hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5.

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SANTAL-MIDY These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba. Cubes or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all Druggists.

Every Woman is interested and should know about the wonderful MARYEL Whirling Spray. The new vaginal hygiene. Injection and douches. Best-Safest—Most Convenient. At Cleanest Sanitary. Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARYEL, send no money, but send stamp for illustrated book—free. Gives full particulars and directions in-estimable to ladies. MARYEL CO., 41 Park Row, New York.

A FACT PROVEN.

Should Convince Even the Most Skeptical of Its Truth. If there is the slightest doubt in the minds of any that Dandruff germs do not exist, their belief is compelled by the fact that a rabbit inoculated with the germs became bald in six weeks' time. It must be apparent to any person therefore that the only prevention of baldness is the destruction of the germ—which act is successfully accomplished in one hundred per cent. of cases by the application of Newbro's Herpicide. Dandruff is caused by the same germ which causes baldness and can be prevented with the same remedy—Newbro's Herpicide. Accept no substitute. "Destroy the cause you remove the effect."

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. Eagle Drug Store, 351-353 Bond St., Owl Drug Store, 549 Com. St., T. F. Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent."

A Grim Tragedy. is daily enacted, in thousands of homes, as Death claims, in each one, another victim of Consumption or Pneumonia. But what Coughs and Colds are properly treated, the tragedy is averted. F. G. Huntley of Oakland, Ind., writes: "My wife had the consumption, and three doctors gave her up. Finally she took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which cured her, and today she is well and strong." It kills the germs of all diseases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed at 50c and \$1 by Chas. Rogers, druggist. Trial bottle free.

When you buy canned clams ask for RAZOR BRAND Clean and wholesome and a home product. For sale by all leading grocers. Warrenton Clam Company, Warrenton, Or.

PARKER HOUSE H. B. PARKER, Proprietor Free Coach Large Sample Rooms on Ground Floor. Rooms 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per Day. Foot of Ninth Street ASTORIA, OREGON

Dr. C. Gee Wo WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. His cures with these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these medicines remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. 527 Mission paper.

THE COMFORT SALOON Franteovich & Francisovich Proprietors. Logan Building Patrons will be furnished with the best market affords. Only the best goods kept in stock.

HANDKERCHIEF CARNIVAL. A large shipment of Japanese initiated silk handkerchiefs just received from the Orient. They contain all the latest Oriental designs and fashions. You will want some for Xmas, if you see them. J. W. KWONG CO. 420 Commercial Street.

The Astoria Restaurant MAN HING, Proprietor. Fine meals served at all hours. Oysters served in any style. Game in season. 309 Bond Street, Cor. 9th, Astoria, Ore.

From Over The Sea By KATE M. CLEARY Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

A resplendent mid-March morning; overhead a turquoise sky, across which shallops of pearl raced in radiant rivalry. The trees that bordered the broad avenues of the residence district were murmuringly important, each having harbored secrets of the coming summer to confide. Bertram Hale approached a charming residence set back from the street. It was a new house, all gables and garages and jutting windows and varnished shingles. The windows glittered goldenly in the morning sunshine. "Mr. Hale!" A shadow crossed the broad, kindly face of the Swedish maid who opened the door to him. "I—I am sorry, but—" She faltered. It was easy enough to utter the falsehood sanctioned by convention to any other caller, but to him who had always been so gay, so courteous, so truly the kind of lover that all the world performs must love, she found it impossible to speak the sentence with which he was to be greeted. "That's all right, Lena," he said quite as cordially as though she had held the door wide for him in the old fashion instead of standing stolidly on



"LENA," CRIED THE GIRL, "TELL ME WHAT IS WRONG?"

the threshold. "I know Miss Ruth wished you to say she was not at home to me, but—she is at home—if not to me. I want you to take her this box, Lena." He extended a square parcel as he spoke. "There are panicles in it. Panicles, you know, stand for kind thoughts." "I will try," Lena assured him, with friendly willingness. "Come into the hall—the parlor." "No; I'll wait here," young Hale decided and sat down on the ledge of the porch. Ruth Seldon looked up from her desk. "Come!" she called. Lena, her flat, muscular figure gowned in trim blue and white, her girth of body encircled by the strings of a snowy apron, and a bit of a cap adjusted stiffly on her sandy hair, advanced, parcel in hand. "Mr. Hale," she said coaxingly, "he says will you come down to see him just one little minute." Ruth Seldon was not a beauty, although Bertram Hale would have disputed this assertion. But she was a mighty attractive looking girl. The kimono of silvery silk which she wore, with its shell pink lining and loosely knotted, gold fringed girdle, was just the thing to bring out the fresh tints of her skin and the clear luster of her blue, black lashed eyes. "Take it back, Lena!" she commanded. "Say to Mr. Hale that I cannot receive him. Tell him that he will be handed a—a package from me this afternoon." Lena knew well what that package would contain, for on the desk were letters—many letters. On the shelf over the desk a photograph frame still stood, but the handsome face that used to smile forth from it so sunnily was there no longer. A tiny leather box topped the letters. Lena could not be positive what the box contained, but she did notice that no ring with one white flaming stone sparkled, as formerly, on the hand of her young mistress. "He does look that sad, miss!" Lena remarked, lingering. "I—I think maybe he is sick," she insinuated. Ruth flushed and her lips parted irresolutely. The next instant she turned back to her desk. "Take him back the flowers—I suppose they are flowers—and the message at once!" Lena's sigh seemed to be drawn from the very soles of her low shoes, but she went away—an obedient laggard. Hale saw her descending and stood up. "Never mind, Lena!" he said gently. "Leave the flowers on the hall table. She may change her mind. And here's something to buy a pair of gloves for your trouble." "Thank you, sir. I hope so, sir. Young folks do make mistakes sometimes!" He walked down the path and off up the avenue. The maid went back to her work. And Ruth, the package with all her love letters and little love tokens tied neatly up and ready to re-

turn, sat looking with a feeling of strange desolation at the frame which had held the picture of Bertram Hale. She wondered as the glorious spring day wore away how it would seem to go on and on without him through all the days to come. She was right to break with him. He had been wrong to show Mabel Harvey so much attention, even if she was his cousin and here on a visit. He had almost forgotten one of the dances she had promised him because he had been showing Mabel the family portraits. But how strange it would seem not to look forward to his approval whenever she donned a new dress or learned a new song or chanced on some beautiful thought or story! Yes, it would be all very strange—and sad—but doubtless she would become used to the separation. Only— A quick shriek startled her. It came from below stairs. It was such a choked cry of horror as she fancied might be uttered by one suddenly assailed—stabbed!

She sprang up, ran to the door and down the stairs. The front door stood ajar. Ruth could see the gray clad form of the postman crossing the street from their house. Lena, ghastly white, an open letter in her rough hand, was leaning against the banister. She had received some terrible shock. "Lena," cried the girl, "tell me what is wrong?" "I cannot read it," Ruth cried. "It is in your language. Tell me! You have had bad news?" "De worst news—de worst!" she panted. Her stricken face was uplifted. Its pathetic hopelessness, its bitter abandonment, went straight to the heart of the girl beside her. "It is my lover, Miss Ruth! He was to be my man, but I did get angry and sail away with mine own people, and say no, I would not marry him. But he did write to me, and I was sorry, and I did answer and say to him to come. But now he is dead—he is dead!" Her voice rose into a pitiful wail. "He is dead, and he can never come any more at all—not efer any more!" Then there was no sound save her broken, desolate sobbing. Ruth Seldon put her arms around the broad shoulders. She kissed the wet cheeks and soothed the coarse, yellow hair. "Poor Lena!" she whispered. "Poor Lena! Come and lie down. No, never mind the work! Come!" She shut the door and drew the maid away up to her own room. "I said I did not love him, but I did! I was angry, and I say not was not true. Now he will never know that I did love him always; that I will never have no other man in all my life, for he was the only vun for me!"

When she had quieted the suffering creature, Ruth left her and went back to her desk. She looked at the package, at the frame from which the picture was absent. It seemed as though this news that had been sent from over the sea had come directly to her. What if the message had been of Bertram? Would she be angry now, resentful? BH by bit she went over their little dissension. Was it worth a heartache when all was said? Could she ever love any other as she loved him? Her heart gave prompt reply. Mechanically she untied the package and replaced the picture in the frame, the letters in the drawer, the other treasures each in its accustomed place. Then she opened the tiny box and took out a ring that sparkled like a star of promise and slipped it on her finger. "For he was de only vun for me!" "Poor Lena!" said the girl, who, with shining eyes and rose red cheeks, went downstairs to the telephone. On the way she paused to open the little box on the hall table and to fasten the panicles over her heart.

Polite Conversation. In the days when conversation ranked as an elegant art to be cultivated with care exception might have been taken to Miss Janet Miller's application of the word. Miss Miller, however, had her own ideas as to what constituted conversation in Brambleville. Miss Miller was entertaining the sewing circle on the day when Mrs. Gregory, a summer resident, made her first appearance as a helpful member, and Miss Miller greeted her with great cordiality. "You've come a mite late," she said cheerfully, "but that's no matter. The folks are in the full tide of conversation, two groups of 'em, you see, and I'll introduce you round soon as you choose which you'd rather join and I can hand you your work. I circulate from one group to the other. "Those six ladies over in the bay window are hemming, and their subject o' conversation just now is dish mops. Those out in the back room are cutting and basting, and they are conversing about gas stoves. So you just name your choice, either one."

Fathers and Sons. Observers are struck with the camaraderie carried to the verge of equality which obtains between fathers and their schoolboy sons, so that their mutual companionship is a source of unfeigned pleasure to both and should prove a safeguard against many evils in the future. This is essentially a modern development and stands to the credit of the fathers of the present day.—London Spectator.

Shams and Realities. The good man quietly discharges his duty and shuns ostentation; the vain man considers every deed lost that is not publicly displayed. The one is intent upon realities, the other upon semblance; the one aims to be good, the other to appear so.—Robert Hall.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

RATES: First Insertion, One Cent a Word. One Week, Each Line, 30c. Two Weeks, Each Line, 45c. One Month, Each Line, 75c.

Astorian Free Want Ads. Anyone Desiring a Situation can Insert an Advertisement in this Column of Three Lines Two Times Free of Charge.

HELP WANTED. BOY WANTED—GOOD CAPABLE and active boy wanted. Apply at Astorian office. BOY WANTED—A GOOD, BRIGHT, energetic boy wanted at the Western Union Telegraph Co.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 Egg capacity; also three 100 capacity brooders; first-class condition. Dress A. Astorian Office. HORSE BUGGY AND HARNESS for sale. Address M. Astorian. OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THE Office; 25c per hundred. For sale—At Gaston's feed store No. 105 Fourteenth street; one Lane harness machine; one Smith-Prentiss typewriter; one 20 hp motor and boiler; 1000 good sacks.

FOR RENT—HOUSES. For Rent—Six-room house, corner 47th and Cedar streets, Alderbrook two blocks from car line. Inquire Mrs. K. Johnson, over Fisher Hardware store.

"MISCELLANEOUS." Hansen & McCanna, who occupy shop formerly used by T. S. Hump adjoining the city water office, prepared to do all kinds of sign carriage painting. They will make specialty of work of this class guarantee satisfaction.

SPECIAL NOTICES. U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, Portland, Ore., December 30, 1904. Se proposals will be received here stone for extension of jetty at mouth Columbia river, Oregon and Wash-ton, until 11 a. m., January 21, 1905, and then publicly opened. Information on application. W. C. Langitt, Engineer.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the co-partnership of Hop Hing Co., doing business as merchants and contractors for Chinese labor at 374 Bond street, Astoria, Oregon, this day dissolved by the retirement Yen Jin Song, Wong Hong, Lee Y. The business will hereafter be conducted by the remaining members of company. Chew Gong, manager, on the Elder for Vancouver, where will embark for China. He will return next year. His partners, Eng Fook and Jobg Hop, will manage the business during his absence. HOP HING LUNG & COMPANY, AH DOCK, Chairman.

LOST. WANTED—SITUATION AS STATIONARY engineer, or will take place as fireman. Apply at 131 Astor St. WANTED—SITUATION IN SOME established business; will invest some money in business if same is satisfactory. Address A. Astorian. WANTED—SITUATION AS CHAMBER maid by lady of ability. Address F. R. Warrenton. WANTED—POSITION AS STENOGRAPHER. Inquire at this office.

LOST. LOST—AN ICE-WOOL SHAWL, SATURDAY night, somewhere on Fourteenth St., between Commercial and Grand. Leave at Astorian. LOST—REX; A COLLIE, WITH A white breast and white face; liberal reward for return to Astorian office. LOST—A ROLL OF PAPER MONEY. Finder will please leave same at Astorian office and get reward.

JUNK DEALERS. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR ALL kinds of old junk. Bought and sold. 173 Tenth St. FOR RENT—ROOMS. THREE FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping. Inquire at Astorian office.

THE LOUVRE A First Class Concert Hall - Finest Resort In The City. Admission Free. ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM CHANGE WEEKLY. Seventh and Astor Streets CHARLES WIRKKALA, Prop.

The TROY Laundry Is the only White Labor Laundry in the City. Does the Best of Work at very reasonable Prices, and is in every way worthy of your patronage. Cor. 10th and DUANE STS. Phone 1991.

FRESH AND CURED MEATS Wholesale and Retail. Ships, Logging Camps and Mills supplied on short notice. LIVE STOCK BOUGHT AND SOLD. WASHINGTON MARKET - CHRISTENSON & CO.

Reliance Electrical Works R. W. CRYGUS, Manager. 428 BOND STREET. We are thoroughly prepared for making estimates and executing orders for all kinds of electrical installing and repairing. Supplies in stock. We sell the Celebrated SHELBY LAMP. Call up Phone 1161.

NEW ZEALAND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY Of New Zealand W. P. THOMAS, Mgr., San Francisco. UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS. Has been Underwriting on the Pacific Coast for twenty-five years. ELMORE & CO., Sole Agents Astoria, - - - Oregon.