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New stock of fancy goods just
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Call and see the latest novelties
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You can always find the best
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612 Commercial St.

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for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, for
doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restau-
rant. 434 Bond St.

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Gord wood, mill wood, box wood, any
kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly,
the transfer man. Phone 2211 Black,
Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera
house.

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Home Cooking, Comfortable Beds, Reason-
able Rates and Nice Treatment.

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Corner Seventeenth and Duane Sts.
75 cents a day and up. Meals
20 cents. Board and lodging
\$4 per week.

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

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules are superior to
Balsam of Copaiba,
Cubebae or Injections and
CURE IN 48 HOURS
the same diseases with-
out inconvenience.
Sold by all Druggists.

Every Woman
is interested and should know
about the wonderful
MARVEL Whirling Spray
The new Vaginal Syringe, Injec-
tion and Suction. Best—saf-
est—Most Convenient.
Illustrated book—sent. Gives
full particulars and directions in-
valuable to ladies. MARVEL CO.,
41 Park Row, New York.

The Game of Life.
Life is a queer game of blind man's
buff, played in a mist on a mountain
top, and the players keep dropping over
the precipices. But nobody heeds be-
cause there are always plenty more,
and the game goes on forever.—H.
Rider Haggard.

Good to Have and Bad to Lose.
"A man, like a razor, must have
some temper to be any good at all."
"Yea, temper is a good thing to have,
but a very bad thing to lose."—Phila-
delphia Press.

An Impudent fellow may counterfeit
modesty, but a modest man can never
counterfeit impudence.—Goldsmith.

THE REAL TEST

Of Herpicide Is in Giving It a Thro-
ugh Trial.

There is only one test by which to
judge of the efficiency of any article
and that is by its ability to do that
which it is intended to do. Many hair
vigors may look nice and smell nice,
but the point is—do they eradicate Dan-
druff and stop falling hair?
No, they do not, but Herpicide does,
because it goes to the root of the evil
and kills the germ that attacks the
papilla from whence the hair gets its
life.

Letters from prominent people every-
where are daily proving that Newbro's
Herpicide stands the "test of use."
It is a delightful dressing, clear, pure
and free from oil or grease.
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 prop-
erly 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 dis-
eases. One dose relieves. Guaranteed
at 50c and \$1 by Chas. Rogers, drug-
gist. 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 Com-
pany, Warrenton, Or.

Dr. C. Gee Wo
WONDERFUL
HOME
TREATMENT
This wonderful Chi-
nese doctor is called
great because he cures
people without opera-
tion that are given up
to die. He cures with
those wonderful Chi-
nese herbs, roots, barks,
and vegetables that
are entirely un-
known to medical sci-
ence in this country. Through the use of
these herculean remedies this famous doctor
knows the action of over 400 different
remedies, which he successfully uses in different
diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asth-
ma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness,
stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of
testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and
see him. Patients out of the city write for
blank and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULT-
ATION FREE. ADDRESS:
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SALOON
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Proprietors.
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Patrons will be furnished with the
best the market affords. Only the
best goods kept in stock.

HANDKERCHIEF CARNIVAL
A large shipment of Japanese
initialed silk handkerchiefs just
received from the Orient. They
contain all the latest Oriental de-
signs and fashions. You will
want some for Xmas, if you see
them.
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420 Commercial Street.

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

TWO BUTTERFLIES
By LOWELL O. REESE
Copyright, 1904, by Lowell O. Reese

A saint would have been driven fran-
tic by the girl. I threw up my hands,
figuratively, groaned literally and with
an expletive not at all in harmony with
the best ethics of polite society declar-
ed to my tortured soul that she had the
sphinx beaten a mile.

The same not being an elegant thing
to do, I excuse it only on the ground
that I was worried to the point of ir-
responsibility. I swore by all the gods,
from the little mud god of the Digger
Indian to the war god Thor, never to
have anything more to say to her. Fifteen
minutes later I was back on the
hotel veranda watching that tantaliz-
ing, inscrutable glint in her eye. For
I was human, and she was very dear
to me.

And the worst of it was she knew
it. Once let a girl know you love her
and you are lost.
"And you don't wish me to go out
with Mr. Blakeslee?" she said with pro-
voking mildness. "And why, please?"

"First," I broke out, "because you're
going to marry me, and that in itself
ought"—

"Indeed! And will you kindly tell
me just when I promised to marry you,
Mr. Jack Weston?"

She wasn't angry. I had not even
that satisfaction. But I was both an-
gry and in love.
"You—well, you know it's as good as
settled," I began, but she interrupted
me.

"As—good—as—settled!" she murmur-
ed dreamily. "Watch me now!" she
said. She lifted her hand toward a
brilliant butterfly which had alighted
upon a rose at the edge of the porch.
Her fingers opened. "See!" she said
breathlessly. "I reach my hand—my fin-
gers nearly touch him. Have I got
him, though? It seems all I have to
do is to close my fingers so—ah!" The
gaudy creature eluded her just as her
fingers brushed his striped wings. "I
didn't get him!" she sighed. "And I
was so sure of him!"

She jumped up, gave me a teasing
smile and ran down the steps. Presently
I saw her with Blakeslee going
toward the boat landing. A little later
they were moving briskly up the river,
and then I saw—
It made my heart stop. Blakeslee
palpably was the rawest dub in a canoe,
and a canoe with an unskillful



MISS MILWOOD, STRANGELY QUIET, HUD-
DLED IN THE BOTTOM OF THE CANOE.

hand on the paddle is about as dan-
gerous as a powder mill with a live
coal knocking about in it.

I started involuntarily toward the
boat landing where my own canoe
lay. Then I turned on my heel and
stamped back. Not to save a thou-
sand lives—my own included—would
I be seen following them. They and
all the rest of the world would at-
tribute it to jealousy, and—
And deep down in my poor, aching,
bedeviled heart I knew it would be
the truth.

I dug up my pipe and polluted the
sweet summer air for rods around. I
determined to be a pessimist and a
cynic and spend the rest of my life
sneering at everything I used to like.
I jeered at the idea of human felicity
and wished I'd never been born. I
had what is technically known as the
mollygrubs. And then—
Suddenly a great light broke over me,
and I saw where I had been playing
the fool instead of the wise general. I
had been giving her all the advantage,
and as I reviewed my case I grew ut-
terly and thoroughly ashamed of my-
self. The spectacle of a great six foot
grownup man toddling around, be-
seething a small girl to love him! How
could she, when I was so devoid of
stamina as that?

And then I determined that, come
what might, I would do so no more. It
might break my heart, but I was deter-
mined. Then, too, my heart was all
crushed to frazzles anyway, so a little
more breaking would be a mere inci-
dent not worth considering.

A mutter of thunder in the west, and
I glanced up in apprehension. A black
cloud was rolling up through the pines,
and already the wind was beginning to
sway the tree tops. I rose and looked

up the river. No canoe was in sight.
Filled with alarm I climbed into my
canoe, a tlay thing, and paddled fur-
tively up the stream ahead of the rising
wind.

Half a mile up the river, and no sign
of the canoeists. The wind swept down
and almost instantly the water was
beaten into whitecaps, and the little
shell bobbed like a cork, but I held it
straight ahead and watched it with the
instinct of one trained to the paddle.
And then the rain came!

As I rounded a bend in the channel
I saw them. They were huddled under
a heavy pine near the water's edge.
The waves were trying to drag the
canoe away from the bank, and Blakes-
lee, the picture of woe, was struggling
to get it ashore.

I ran my canoe close in and sprang
upon the bank before they saw me. It
was growing dark, what with the
storm and the lateness of the hour.
Miss Milwood turned and gave a glad
cry.

"Oh, Jack," she said piteously, "I'm
so glad! We've been unable to get
home! Our canoe was beaten back by
the storm, and it upset and we were
thrown into the water, and it was a
mercy it was near the shore, else we'd
have drowned!"

"How did you escape?" I asked
stiffly.

"We—we waded! And I'm chilling to
death, Jack!" Her lips were blue with
cold, and she shivered miserably. Poor
Blakeslee was in no better plight.

I hastened to right the other canoe
with Blakeslee's help. Then I put the
luckless boatman aboard, paddled him
across to the mainland and bade him
sprout for the hotel and get a roaring
fire ready. I then recrossed the river,
lifted the terrified girl into the large
canoe, tied the other behind and set out
in the teeth of the storm. Doggedly
and steadily, keeping as much as possi-
ble in the lee of the shore, we crept
down the angry sheet of water. Miss
Milwood, strangely quiet, huddled in
the bottom of the canoe and said not
a word. But I could hear her teeth
chattering and I felt love and pity
struggling hard with my new resolu-
tion to be grimly firm and uncompromising.

My muscles were aching and my
heart throbbing as though it would
burst when at last we drew into the
shelter of the boathouse. I fastened
the canoes and lifted the wet figure
ashore.

"Oh, Jack," she quavered, "I should
have died if you hadn't!"

"I beg you won't mention it, Miss
Milwood," I said with exaggerated
politeness. It was a mean thing to say,
I realized it at the time, but it was ne-
cessary if I was to crush the fierce long-
ing to take her in my arms.

I hurried her up to the hotel. From
time to time she pushed back her wet
hair and gazed at me with a pathetic
sadness which I affected not to see.
The storm had blown swiftly away,
and the big white moon was sailing
through the sky dotted with scudding
cloud drift.

I resigned her to the care of the so-
llicitous Mrs. Kerens, who was all
sympathy and bustling motherliness.
Blakeslee was there in an agony of con-
trition. I went away, changed my wet
clothing and sat down within the half
lighted library, gloomily watching the
pine logs in the wide fireplace.

After about an hour a timid hand
parted the curtains, and I knew with-
out turning my head who it was. She
came in slowly.

"Jack," she said tremulously.
I sprang to my feet and offered her a
chair. She refused to notice it. She
held out her hands. I in turn refused
to notice them.

"Jack," she whispered, "are you an-
gry?"

"Not at all, Miss Milwood!" I rejoined,
still excessively polite and proper.
"I am merely going to reform."

She knew.
For a moment she stood silent with
her head bent down. I stood gazing
over her head with eyes which dared
not look for a moment at hers, else all
were lost. Then I heard her sob.

"It was a bad day for butterflies," I
muttered huskily.

She glanced up, and I saw her eyes
filled with tears. "This butterfly is
tired, Jack—dear Jack!" she whispered.
"It doesn't want to fly!"

"Never—for always?"
"Never—for always!"

It was good—all that wretchedness
and anxiety of long months, when she
lay tight against my breast and I kissed
the perverse red lips—meek now and
sweetly submissive. Perverse no more,
for the butterfly was caught!

A Once Famous City.
Caerleon of Roman times and of the
days of King Arthur still exists. The
famous city that was once the garri-
son of the Second Augustan legion,
the capital of South Wales and the
seat of an archbishopric is now a
sleepy little town lying between the
industrial centers of Pontypool and
Newport, but is far enough away from
both to have maintained the dignity
and pathos of its isolation. Here are
to be seen the ruins of a Roman am-
phitheater, a great oval bank of earth
called Arthur's Round Table and an
enormous mound once fortified by the
Romans. The officers and men of the
crack Roman regiment and their wives
and families left many remains of
their occupation—tombstones, frag-
ments of household utensils, needles
and fibulae, remains of villas and
baths, lamps, glass and enamel orna-
ments, carvings, rings, seals and the
like, to be gazed upon in the cases of
the local museum. The whole place,
with its combination of hill and wind-
ing river, with low lying houses nest-
ling in abundant trees, forms a pic-
ture which many a painter has sought
to portray on canvas.

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RATES:
First Insertion, One Cent a Word,
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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.

THE ORIGINAL JOHN A. MOLER
has opened one of the famous bar-
ber colleges at 644 Clay st., San Fran-
cisco; special inducements this month;
positions granted; tuition earned
while learning. Write correct number,
644 Clay st., San Francisco.

SITUATIONS WANTED.
WANTED—SITUATION AS STA-
tionary 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 CHAM-
ber maid by lady of ability. Address
F. R., Warrenton.

LOST.
LOST—REX; A COLLIE; WITH A
white breast and white face; liberal
reward for return to Astorian office.

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HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR ALL
kinds of old junk. Bought and sold
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FOR RENT—ROOMS.
THREE FURNISHED ROOMS FOR
light housekeeping. Inquire at As-
torian office.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS
Office; 25c per hundred.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.
INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 EGGS
capacity; also three 100 capacity
brooders; first-class condition. Ad-
dress A. Astorian Office.

HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS
for sale.—At Gaston's feed stable,
No. 105 Fourteenth street; one Landie's
harness machine; one Smith-Premier
typewriter; one 20 hp motor and belt-
ing; 1000 good sacks.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.
U. S. ENGINEER OFFICE, PORT-
land, Ore., December 30, 1904. Sealed
proposals will be received here
for stone for extension of jetty at mouth of
Columbia river, Oregon and Wash-
ington, until 11 a. m., January 31, 1905,
and then publicly opened. Information
on application. W. C. Langftt, Maj.
Engrs.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
the co-partnership of Hop Hing Lung
& Co., doing business as merchants and
contractors for Chinese labor at No.
376 Bond street, Astoria, Oregon, is
this day dissolved by the retirement of
Yen Jin Song, Wong Hong, Lee York.
The business will hereafter be conduct-
ed by the remaining members of the
company. Chew Gong, manager, left
on the Elder for Vancouver, where he
will embark for China. He will return
next year. His partners, Eng Fook and
Johng Hop, will manage the business
during his absence.
HOP HING LUNG & CO.
AH DOCK, Chairman.

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A First Class Concert Hall Finest Resort In The City
ADMISSION FREE
ATTRACTIVE PROGRAM CHANGE WEEKLY
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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

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Of New Zealand
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Astoria, - - Oregon.