

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Marine Hospital Service. Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 1 to 4:30 p. m. 477 Commercial Street, 2nd Floor.

Dr. RHODA C. HICKS OSTEOPATHIST Mansell Bldg. 573 Commercial St. PHONE BLACK 2065.

C. W. BARR, D. D. S. Has Opened Dental Parlors in Rooms 817-818, The Dekum. PORTLAND, - - - OREGON. Where he will be pleased to meet Friends and Patrons.

DR. VAUGHAN, DENTIST Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN DENTIST 578 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

MISCELLANEOUS. C. J. TRENCHARD Real Estate, Insurance, Commission and Shipping. CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER. Office 133 Ninth Street, Next to Justice Office. ASTORIA, OREGON.

JAPANESE GOODS New stock of fancy goods just arrived at Yokohama Bazaar. Call and see the latest novelties from Japan.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL. You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 612 Commercial St.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD! Cord 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.

BAY VIEW HOTEL E. GLASER, Prop. Home Cooking, Comfortable Beds, Reasonable Rates and Nice Treatment.

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

THE COMFORT SALOON Franteovich & Francisovich Proprietors, Logan Building

Patrons will be furnished with the best the market affords. Only the best goods kept in stock.

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

The Astoria Restaurant MAN HING, Proprietor. Fine meals served at all hours. Oysters served in any style. Game in season. 379 Bond Street, Cor. 9th. Astoria, Ore.

HOSIETTERS CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS The Bitters is now recognized by sickly women everywhere as their "best friend." It has a stimulating effect upon their weak organs and cures Vomiting, Sick Headache, Sleeplessness, Costiveness, Fainting Spells, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. We urge a trial.

IT IS FOR LADIES, TOO. They Can Stop Their Hair Falling Out With Herpicide. Ladies who have thin hair and whose hair is falling out, can prevent the hair falling out, and thicken the growth, with Newbro's "Herpicide." Besides, Herpicide is one of the most agreeable hair dressings there is. Herpicide kills the dandruff germ that eats the hair off at the root. After the germ is destroyed, the root will shoot up, and the hair grow long as ever. Even a sample will convince any lady that Newbro's Herpicide is an indispensable toilet requisite. It contains no oil or grease, it will not stain or dye. Sold by leading druggists. Send 3c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

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.

Bridge of the Evil Man. Near Aberystwith, on the west coast of Wales, where the Monk river flows through a black, yawning abyss, there is a single arch bridge of unknown antiquity. The popular legend says that it was built by the devil, and far and near it is known as "the Bridge of Devils" or "the Bridge of the Evil Man." British antiquarians are united in the belief that it was built by the early monks, but that fact does not affect the popular legend in the least. "Old Harry's" part in its erection being never questioned by the inhabitants of Cardiganshire. Grose says that "the bridge is an honor to the hand that built it, whether that hand be Satan's or that of some monk."

Life's Changes. The great novel, the great book of any sort, is no longer being written for exactly the same reason that the Gothic cathedral is no longer being built, not because men have become incapable of it nor because its possibilities are exhausted, but because unforeseen changes in social and economic conditions have rendered it impossible.—H. G. Wells.

Satisfied Her. She—Stop! You shan't kiss me tonight—at least, not before I have had an explanation. I heard today that you had been engaged to sixteen different girls. He—But that was before I had seen your angel face, my love. She—So it was, to be sure. I never thought of that.

Samples Didn't Suit. Neighbor—Did that artist who stayed with you last month paint your doors and windows? Farmer—He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures I refused to let him do it.

His Doesn't Count. Dremer—My wife and I always pass upon and decide our household questions quite as seriously as though we were voting upon the national issues. Henpeck—Well, whenever my wife and I pull off an election like that she always wins by one vote.—Philadelphia Press.

Nobility of Purpose. Go before no man with trembling, but know well that all events are different and nothing to thee, for whatever it may be it shall lie with thee to use it nobly; this no man can prevent.—Epictetus.

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. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of those herbaries remedial the famous doctor knows the action of over 100 different medicines, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, such as, 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 diagnosis and circulars, send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. 1018-1020. The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. 827 Mission paper.

The LAVENDER PAPER DOLL By S. L. TINSLEY Copyright, 1904, by S. L. Tinsley

The ladies of the Children's hospital were giving a paper doll social at the home of Mrs. Townly. The grounds and house had been lent to them, and the ladies had planned a supper on the lawn, with a lottery and dance in the evening. Young girls were to be dressed as paper dolls and wait upon the tables. In the evening the young men must buy their partners for the dance in the lottery. The girls made paper dresses, with paper hats to match, and practiced a stiff, doll-like walk.

"Mildred Little? Oh, she is in lavender with violets," said Henrietta Summers in answer to a question. The woman who was interested in Mildred thanked Henrietta and walked away. She was a tall woman, with white hair and large, dark eyes—a motherly woman who wanted to help her son in his troubles, but did not know what to do. Seating herself at one of the tables, she began to watch the people. Twice was the girl standing by her side compelled to repeat her question before Mrs. Delcoe was aware of her presence. "May I serve you?" Mrs. Delcoe turned hastily toward the small, demure maiden, gowned from head to foot in pale lavender paper, adorned with bunches of violets. The face was expressionless. The blue eyes stared wide open, while no doll need have been ashen of those pink cheeks and that smooth brown hair. Mrs. Delcoe recognized Harold's ruling tyrant, Mildred Little. The mother understood in a moment her son's worship. This girl's charm had already stolen upon her. "Poor boy! I wish I could smooth out the wrinkles for him," she thought to herself. Aloud she said: "I was waiting for my son. I see him coming, so you may take our order."



"I SEE YOU HAD A LOVER." The young man's face became scarlet, and he looked in an opposite direction. Mildred served her table faithfully, yet her hand would tremble. Twice she tore her ruffled skirt and was compelled to hunt for glue, but whenever she passed Harold she was only a paper doll. The young man would have left the fete at once, but his mother detained him. Why she did so she could not tell, yet she felt that Harold would be needed. The supper tables had been carried away and the lanterns lighted among the trees. Henrietta Summers, the white doll, had been bought in the lottery by a tall, light haired youth, while Lottie Edwards, the scarlet doll, walked away with a young lieutenant. Thus they were chosen one by one. The only color missing from this rainbow was lavender. "I wonder who bought Mildred's ticket?" said Henrietta as she whirled about the room on her partner's arm. Now and then a smothered laugh was heard, accompanied by the soft rustle of tearing paper. Some unfortunate young man had entangled himself in his partner's fluttering ruffles. "Who did you say?" repeated Henrietta as she turned toward her partner. "Harold Delcoe," was the answer. Harold had left the room and was walking in the deserted garden among the swaying paper lamps. Beneath a tall, spreading tree was a tent in which a fortune teller had been sitting earlier in the evening. Finding it deserted, he entered. Lying upon a bench was the red and yellow flowered robe the fortune teller had worn. Sitting down, Harold leaned his chin upon his hands and looked gloomily out of

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder Cleanses and beautifies the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Very convenient for tourists. PREPARED BY S. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

the open door at the swinging lanterns. In the distance beneath a group of trees the young man saw a girl, her stiff gown standing out about the slender figure. "Do you 'now,'" he said softly, "that this looks more as though it had been made of Confederate money?" She flung up her head. "You didn't say so this morning." "I did not see it this morning," he protested. "The only expert opinion given was by your brother, who pronounced them to be genuine bills. There are no silk threads in these bills and not a trace of the yellow backed gold certificates." "I didn't have any yellow ones," she said, off her guard for the instant. He caught her wrist. "Do you mean," he demanded, "that you made this?" "I couldn't see you go to jail," she said, tears trembling on her lashes. "Did you think I was guilty?" he demanded. She shook her head. "I couldn't think that of you," she said simply, "but things looked so black against you, and I remembered stories of nice building nests—and I fixed this up." He was so close to her that she could feel his quick breath on her forehead. "Did you do this because you were sorry?" he asked. She raised her head bravely. "Not because I was sorry." "Because you loved me?" Her blushes were her answer. In a moment his strong arms were about her and she had hidden her burning face upon his shoulder. How long they stood there neither knew. It was Judge Hollis who interrupted them. There were new lines of care in his face as he came slowly forward from the doorway. "Chester," he said slowly, "God knows how I have been hoping that some day your union with Gertrude would give me the right to call you 'son.' I have looked forward to the day with no thought of what would have come before. You are cleared in our eyes, but while this hangs over you it is not well that you should marry."

With a cry Gertrude sank upon the sofa. Chester bent over and kissed her, then turned to her father. "You are right, Judge," he said. "Until this is cleared to our own satisfaction it is better so." He turned slowly to the door, to be jostled violently by Jack Hollis. "I've run all the way from the bank," shouted the lad. "We found the bills in the trial balance book. Old Dixon used them for a bookmark and then forgot all about them." Chester gasped. "And I thought all the time you had them," he cried. "Don't you remember handling them the afternoon they were missed?" Jack almost sobbed. "Did you keep quiet for me—or for Sis?" "For Sis" answered Chester quietly. And this time the Judge gave them his blessing.

His Only Victory. "Rarely, very rarely," asserted a west side resident, "do I repeat to a friend something that I've been saying to another friend. But I did say a good thing to my wife the other day. Generally I don't indulge in repartee with her. Ideas come to her more rapidly than they do to me. This was an exceptional case. I'll agree that women are pretty sensible in most things, but in some things they're unreasonable, especially in money matters. They have to make a little money go so far themselves that they imagine it can be stretched until it accomplishes wonders. My wife was discussing a new servant. 'I don't wonder that folks are poor,' she said laughingly. 'I get out of all patience with them, they're so careless and imprudent. Do you know this girl of ours had to walk up here? She didn't even have car fare.' 'Didn't you tell me,' I asked, 'that this girl worked in a hotel for \$3.50 a week, that she had to pay \$1.50 for a room, that her washing cost her a dollar a week, and that she had to clothe herself and look neat on a dollar a week?' 'Yes,' she admitted. 'Well, I said, 'what did you expect she'd have—a bank account?' 'We've been married fourteen years, and this was the first time that my wife didn't get back at me and make me sorry I'd spoken. I put on a swaggar that evening that made the house look too small for me.'—Providence Journal.

The Compromise. She—How sweet of you to own that you were in the wrong! He (absent-mindedly)—Yes; mother always taught me that it was easier to give in to a woman than to argue with her.—De Witt Treadwell

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. FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. BOY WANTED—GOOD CAPABLE and active boy wanted. Apply at Astorian office. INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 EGGS capacity; also three 100 capacity brooders; first-class condition. Address A. Astorian office. HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS for sale. Address M. Astorian. For sale—At Gaston's feed stable, No. 105 Fourteenth street; one Landle's harness machine; one Smith-Premier typewriter; one 20 hp motor and belt; 1000 good sacks. PERSONAL. WANTED—GENTLEMAN TO ASSIST middle-aged business woman (widow), in business. Address B. Astorian. JUNK DEALERS. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR ALL kinds of old junk. Bought and sold. 173 Tenth St. FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. FOR SALE—PARTLY IMPROVED place of 19 1/4 acres, 1/4 mile from Knappa; cabin, etc.; handy for fishermen; can land at any stage of the tide; will sell cheap. Apply to F. Hartman Knappa, Ore. FOR RENT—ROOMS. THREE FURNISHED ROOMS FOR light housekeeping. Inquire at Astorian office. OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS Office; 25c per hundred.

IT BUILDS YOU UP, and KEEPS YOU UP. The Best Cod Liver Preparation. Delicious to the Taste. Not a Patent Medicine. Vinol THE GREAT BODY BUILDER. CONTAINS ALL THE MEDICINAL ELEMENTS ACTUALLY TAKEN FROM FRESH COD'S LIVERS, BUT NO OIL. Vinol contains ALL the medicinal elements of genuine, fresh cod's livers and their oil; with organic iron, and other body building ingredients, in a deliciously palatable and easily digested form. It is everywhere recognized as the greatest BODY BUILDER AND STRENGTH CREATOR known to medicine—Vinol is the only cod liver preparation which contains no oil, grease, or any disagreeable feature, and sold on a positive guarantee of "money back if it fails to give satisfaction." For Old People—Puny Children—Weak Women—Debilitated, All Tired Out People—Nursing and Weak Mothers—To Gain Flesh—To Get Strong—All Weak People—Chronic Colds—Hacking Coughs—Bronchitis—Lung Troubles—Nothing equals Vinol. Try it—if you don't like it, we return your money. A. S. ROGERS, Druggist.