

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 306.

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. 378 Commercial St., Shanahan Building.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAPANESE GOODS

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

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

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.

BAYVIEW 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 Astoria Restaurant

MAN HING, Proprietor. Fine meals served at all hours. Oysters served in any style. Game in season. 209 Bond Street, Cor. 9th, Astoria, Ore.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

WONDERFUL HOME TREATMENT. This wonderful Chinese doctor is called Great because he cures people without operations that are given up to die. He cures with these wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this 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 blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. See mention paper.

A Few Precious Japanese Swords

FOR SALE AT Yokohama Bazar.

Jim's Mother

By A. M. Davies Ogden. Copyright, 1904, by A. M. Davies Ogden.

Miss Turnbull, her arms full of blossoming lilacs, entered the dusty day coach and walked slowly down the aisle. The car was crowded. Passing the seats where men sprawled over the hot looking red plush, she moved forward to halt by the side of an old woman, a gentle faced little creature neatly dressed in a threadbare black barege.

"May I sit here?" asked Miss Turnbull. The old woman, glancing up, moved quickly toward the window. "Pray do," she urged heartily. As Miss Turnbull settled down, her companion, attracted by the purple flowers, put out a wrinkled hand and stroked the fragrant buds.

"They remind me of early days when I lived in the country," she volunteered, with a shy smile. "Of course my son Jim gives me a nice house in the city now," with a touch of pride, "but I still love the country."

Miss Turnbull smiled, and insensibly the two drifted into conversation. Yet intelligently as her tongue answered, the girl's mind was absorbed in an undercurrent of its own. She was going home, back to New York; back to him. What good was a vacation? It would be three weeks tomorrow since she had gone away. Had he missed her? Dear Jim! It seemed almost absurd to remember that they had known each other less than a year!

One single dark thread mingled with the happy fabric woven by her thoughts. That was Jim's attitude regarding his mother. She would marry no man whose family did not welcome her, mused the girl, with spirited independence. And Jim knew that. The old woman's somewhat querulous voice brought her back with a start.

"Yes, my boy Jim lives in New York. And he's got engaged down there. I'm going down now to see his girl. Pears like as if no one was good enough for Jim. And, besides, this girl"— Then she paused, evidently recollecting that her listener was a stranger.

Miss Turnbull became conscious of a vague suspicion, a strange doubt. Could it be possible? "We must wait until you meet my mother. I am sure things will come right then," Jim had said. Somehow she had always imagined that Jim's mother disapproved of her.



"OH, MY DEAR, MY DEAR," SHE UTTERED, "FORGIVE ME!"

and she had resented the fact. She knew nothing of Jim's family save that he came from somewhere up state. And he had written that he was expecting his mother for a visit. The girl's eyes widened. Could it be credible that this woman, ignorant, unlettered, might be Jim's mother? For the moment a quick distaste made her draw back, then a look at the kindly, faded face with the steadfast blue eyes awakened a nobler feeling. After all, what were mere externals worth? Did not beauty of soul count for more than beauty of diction? And Jim loved her! The girl's eyes showed a new sympathy as she turned to her companion.

"Tell me"— she began. But the sentence was never finished. There was a crash, a jar, a sickening suspense, as the car wavered. Another moment and the heavy wood crumpled into cardboard. Flung to one side by the force of the impact, Emily Turnbull struggled to her knees. The car roof above her was split open. She was not badly enough hurt to prevent her crawling through that aperture to safety. All around her rose cries and groans. The girl shuddered. Her lilacs, fallen beside her, filled the air with their crushed sweetness, and a sudden thought made her start. Jim's mother! The old woman lay pinioned under a seat, senseless from a cut on her forehead. Emily hesitated. Could she leave her? Yet what good could she achieve by staying? And it meant death for both! The piteous shrieks for help were increasing. She could hear a crackle of burning wood. The car was on fire. With a tremendous effort Emily attempted to move the heavy seat. Useless. Yet she wrestled with the cruel iron, striving in desperation to lift it even an inch. The noise of the flames came nearer. The heat was becoming intolerable. Making one

last despairing effort, the girl sent her voice ringing out in a wild appeal for aid and then, exhausted, sank insensate beside the limp figure that she sought to save. On opening her eyes Emily Turnbull gazed about her in bewilderment. Was she dead? The room was quite unfamiliar. Bare white walls met her wondering eyes. A woman seated by the bed whereon she lay rose and smiled down on her.

"Do not be frightened," said the woman in a low, reassuring voice. "You are at the Warren House, where they brought you after the accident. A few days' rest will make you quite strong again. Some men found you just at the last moment. They heard your call. We people in the rear cars were not injured," she continued, "and, knowing a little about nursing, I offered my services." She did not think it necessary to add that the attraction of the unconscious girl's face had somewhat prompted her offer. "Now try to sleep." But Emily had turned white.

"Jim's mother—the woman with me!" she gasped. "Quite safe also. You were found clinging to her dress. You knew her then? She is a relative?" seeing that the girl wished to talk. "I only met her today," responded Emily. "But she's Jim's mother. Oh, I must telegraph to him!" anxiously. "He will be so worried, for he knew that I was to take that train."

The woman fetched pencil and paper and wrote the message. Then she let her eyes rest thoughtfully upon the girl.

"So you are Emily Turnbull, the actress?" she asked. Miss Turnbull nodded. "And—and you are sure as to the identity of that woman?" pursued her interlocutor. Her manner conveyed more than her words, and Emily looked troubled.

"Why, she said that her son's name was Jim and that she was going to New York to see his sweetheart, and—I knew that Jim's mother lived near Albany," she stammered confusedly. "I—I thought so."

"And you risked your life to save her on that chance?" cried the other impetuously. "for the men said that you could have easily escaped." Miss Turnbull lifted her clear, gray eyes.

"I thought that she was Jim's mother," came the simple response. With a smothered exclamation, half laugh, half sob, the woman dropped pad and pencil and sank to her knees by Emily's side.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she uttered. "Forgive me. How hateful, how narrow minded, I have been! I am your Jim's mother. I was bound for New York on a similar errand. It was a blow, I confess, when he wrote that he wished to marry an actress. But he was quite right when he said that I had only to see you to understand. Will you marry Jim, dear? I know he loves you." Her flushed, eager face was very close to Emily's, and for answer the girl put up her lips and kissed the delicate cheek.

"Oh," breathed Emily, "what a beautiful world it is! Don't you—don't you think that perhaps we might straighten things out for that other Jim's girl?" she added presently. "I want her to be happy too." And Jim's mother smiled.

She Spent It.

"Before you go downtown, Cyrus," said his wife, "you must not forget to leave me 50 cents. I've got to buy some things this morning."

"This abominating extravagance of yours, Belinda," replied Mr. Kneer, opening his pocketbook with visible reluctance, "is what keeps you poor. Where, I would like to know," he continued, becoming excited, "is the 50 cents I gave you last week? What have you done with it? Fifty cents in clean, cold cash, madam, gone in less than six days and gone for nothing! What have you got to show for it? Do you think I'm made of money?" demanded Mr. Kneer, taking out a coin and slapping it down on the table. "Do you?"

"Don't say anything more, Cyrus!" exclaimed Mrs. Kneer, with tears in her eyes and putting her hand hurriedly over the money. "I'll not spend any more of it than I am actually obliged to spend, and I thank you ever so much!"

With a mollified grunt Cyrus put his purse back in his pocket, took his hat and went downtown, and in less than half an hour Mrs. Kneer, trembling with eagerness, was on the way to the great dry goods stores.

For Mr. Cyrus Kneer, by the most calamitous and unaccountable blunder of his whole life, had given her a twenty dollar goldpiece instead of 50 cents.

Sign of Good Manners.

As the oldest of the family Anna felt keenly the necessity of keeping a close watch upon the manner of her two younger sisters lest disgrace be attached to the good name of the family. Her intentions, at all events, were beyond cavil, although as much could not always be said for her manner of carrying them out.

Certainly the provocation was great when Anna's younger sister deliberately put an entire hard boiled egg in her mouth in the crowded steam car on the way home from school. Only a few persons saw the dreadful deed, yet Anna straightway rose, crossed the aisle and administered to the offender a box on the ear which resounded from one end of the car to the other. Thereupon she resumed her seat in the proud consciousness of a duty well performed.

"Why, Anna, how could you do such a thing, and publicly, too?" said her mother later after hearing a tearful

recital of the incident from the lips of her youngest daughter.

"Well, I just wanted to show the people" was the reply, "that even though Letty behaved so badly I at least had been taught to have good manners."—St. Louis Republic.

Electric Fans in Winter.

The electric fan is generally associated with hot weather because at that time we are accustomed to resort to its use for cooling and ventilating our offices and living rooms, but it has its uses in cold weather, and in many of these and stores it maintains its position throughout the entire year. Its use in winter is principally to secure ventilation, though at times it is very convenient for obtaining a more uniform temperature throughout a room. An electric fan placed above a heater will distribute the warm air which would otherwise rise toward the ceiling and only reach the lower regions when displaced by still warmer air. The thorough circulation and stirring up brought about by the fan generally insure a pretty uniform temperature throughout the entire room.—Electrical Review.

The better a man is the less ready he is to suspect dishonesty in others.—Cicero.

A Crowded House.

Another crowded house at the Star theater shows that the public appreciate merit. The Cycle Dazzle is certainly an exhibition of marvelous riding and well sustains the reputation of being the champion of the world. Homes and Homes keep the audience in good humor by their versatile acting, while the great violinist is certainly a drawing card. The projectoscope is an attractive feature of the entertainment. The bill at the Star this week is certainly one of the best ever seen at a vaudeville show in Astoria. There is no doubt but the house will be crowded every night during the week.

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 J. H. Lyon, D.D.S.

ASTORIA SAVINGS BANK

Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$35,000. Transacts a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits. J. Q. A. BOWLBY, O. I. PETERSON, FRANK PATTON, J. W. GARNER, President, Vice President, Cashier, Asst. Cashier

168 TENTH STREET, ASTORIA, ORE.

433 Commercial Street Phone Main 121

Sherman Transfer Co.

(HENRY SHERMAN, Manager)

Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

HOTEL PORTLAND

The Finest Hotel in the Northwest

PORTLAND OREGON.

NEW ZEALAND FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Of New Zealand

W. P. THOMAS, Mgr., San Francisco.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHREOLDERS

Has been Underwriting on the Pacific Coast for twenty-five years.

ELMORE & CO., Sole Agents

Astoria, Oregon.

CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

G. W. Morton and John Fahrman, Proprietors.

CHOICEST FRESH AND SALT MEATS. — PROMPT DELIVERY

542 Commercial St. Phone Main 321.

THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY

ASTORIA, OREGON

BLANK BOOK MAKERS

LITHOGRAPHERS

PRINTERS LINOTYPERS

Most Complete Printing Plant in Oregon

No Contract too Large. No Job too Small Book and Magazine Binding a Specialty