

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Only One Way to Save Him. "While the religion of some men is intellectual," said a well-known New York clergyman, "the religion of many is a thing of emotions." "Back in my boyhood days I remember a man in the country who used to go to camp meeting. After singing a few inspiring hymns he would become outward appearances the happiest and most pious man in the camp. But his emotion would always die out and his religion wouldn't tide him over to the next meeting. "A cynical neighbor of this man once remarked that the only way to save his soul was to get him happy and pious in one of the meetings and then kill him."—New York Press.

Too Much Name. A Maryland congressman tells of a baptism in a village in the black belt of that state. "What is the name?" asked the minister of the child's father. "John James George Washington Fitz-Hugh Lee Blaine Harrison Smith," answered the father. The old minister jotted down the names, and then, walking to the baptismal font, a crochery wash basin, said to the janitor: "Mose, get some more water. There ain't half enough to baptize this child if we have to take in all his names."

Trying to Be Charitable. "Mr. Bliggins means well, but he doesn't stop to think." "Perhaps," answered Miss Cayenne, "he feels that time is too valuable to be trifled away in hopeless undertakings."—Washington Star.

The Making of It. "If they're both deaf and dumb, I don't see how they could make love." "No? I should say it was the best kind—all handmade, you know."—Philadelphia Ledger.

snow Blindness in Tibet. To prevent snow blindness the natives of Tibet grease their faces and then blacken the skin all around their eyes with burnt sticks. Most foreigners when exposed to the snow in Tibet wear colored glasses. Douglas W. Freshfield tells of an experience in the mountains. "My party was overtaken at the height of 15,000 feet by a violent snowstorm. I had provided spectacles for all, but some had lost them. The Tibetans resorted to the primitive precaution; the Lepuchas wore veils with their long hair. They suffered more or less, but not severely and only for the first two days, while the myriad facets of the new fallen snow retained a peculiarly burning power. Though we afterward walked and camped on the snow for nearly two weeks, there were no further complaints."

His Nose. There was once a gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his nose. "My dear," said the lady of the house which he was about to visit to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular and make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." The young lady promised. Later in full drawing room it was noticed that she looked surprised and even bewildered, and those who knew her best waited hopefully for some remark which would, so to speak, make the home bright and lively. At last it came. "Mamma," she said in a clear, resonant voice, "why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any."

Japanese Courage. The little men of Japan can give the world many thrilling stories of courage and many of clever stratagem as well. One of the powerful nobles of the olden time was forced to flee from his enemy in haste. He hid in a barrel and was borne away by servants, who, meeting the enemy, declared that the barrel contained food. "If there is anything living in it there will be blood on my sword," said the nobleman's enemy and thrust his weapon into the barrel. It went through the hidden man's legs and made a terrible wound. But he, with quick thought, wiped the blade on the hem of his garment as it was drawn out, so that it went out clean, and he was not discovered.

Five Popes. There are five great religious heads on the face of the globe. They are the pope of the Latin church, the schismatic or orthodox pope of the Greek church, the father of the faithful, ruling at Constantinople; the pope of Tibet, who has 500,000,000 subjects, and the schismatic pope of the Mohammedan world, who reigns at Morocco.

African Peanuts. The largest peanut fields in the world are supposed to be in Guinea, on the north coast of Africa. There they are grown by hundreds of tons. The quality is inferior, however, and the bulk is shipped to Marseilles, France.

GOT HIS HAIR BACK.

Was Perfectly Bald When He Started to Use Newbro's Herpicide. Frederick Mansell, Maryland block, Butte, Montana, bought a bottle of Newbro's Herpicide, April 6, '99, and began to use it for entire baldness. The hair follicles in his scalp were not dead and in 20 days he had hair all over his head. On July 2 he writes, "and today my hair is as thick and luxuriant as any one could wish." Newbro's Herpicide works on an old principle and with a new discovery—destroy the cause and you remove the effect. Herpicide destroys the germ that causes dandruff, falling hair, and finally baldness, so that with the cause gone the effect cannot remain. Stops falling hair at once and a new growth starts. 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 Corn. St., T. F. Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent."

both of which were merely apple skins filled with a glass bulb, the bulb filled with an explosive. He chose one of the apples, and I brought away the other. The one he took he laid on his desk. An hour later I heard that there had been an explosion in his office, but he was not injured. My plan had failed. "But I am only the first link in the chain," she added. "There are many others. It will be accomplished yet." She offered to return my passport, but I contributed it to the cause of Russian freedom.

W. LEROY WISE.

The American Accent. There is no such thing as the "American accent" except in a few words such as "advertisement," wherein America is superior as to pronunciation and practice.

Nor does the American born man "talk through his nose." The real difference that we all notice is a difference in the general pitch of voice. The American voice is pitched in a slightly higher key than the English, and here you may find the reason why the American assimilates French so easily. Put roughly, the case is this: The Frenchman talks from his palate, the American from the top of his throat, the Englishman from his chest and the German from his diaphragm.—London Chronicle.

First of the Lazy Men.

During the civil war a captain of a company which had sixty men in its ranks, none of whom was as energetic as the officer thought he should be, hit upon a plan which he believed would cure the men's habits of laziness. One morning after roll call the captain, addressing his command, said: "I have a nice, easy job for the laziest man in the company. Will the laziest man step to the front?" Instantly fifty-nine men each took a step forward. "Why didn't you step to the front?" inquired the commander of the one man who did not come. "I was too lazy," replied the soldier.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Shopping Troubles.

"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday, and I want to buy a present that will tickle her." "We have a nice line of feather boas." "No, no, I mean something that would make a hit with her." "Anything in hammers?" "You misunderstand. I want something striking that." "Ah, you wish a clock." "That's all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When to Find Them.

Blimkins—No, sir, I tell you most friends are uncertain. I want friends who will be friends in need. Hodges—Take a fool's advice, old man, and look for them before you need them.—Brooklyn Life.

An Irishman's Dilemma.

They were cracking "hard nuts" in the smoking room after the tolls of the day were over. Some difficult cases of conscience had just been related where a conflict existed between duty and inclination, and one of these stories suggested the following "Irish difficulty." "As I sat fishing one day," said Con MacMahon, "I fell asleep. A terrible thing happened. There was I in a tiny, wee boat, with two colleens, Kathleen and Maureen. Faith, an' didn't I dote on Kathleen, though sorra a bit she cared for me! This is a contrary wurrld, especially in Kerry, for Maureen, it was aisy to see, liked me better than any of the other boys, though meself could hardly bear the sight of her. But, sure, she was Kathleen's friend, so I had to put up with her company. "Well, an awful storm came on, the waves rose mountains high, an' the girls called on all the saints to protect an' save thim. There was no chance with three of us in the boat. It had to be lightened. What was a body to do? I was fair distracted. Kathleen I couldn't part with, an' I dar'n't throw Maureen into the angry waters. Can any of yez tell me what I did?" Con's intelligent and interested audience suggested different ways of salvation; none was correct. "I awoke," said the story teller. "Yez all seem to forget I had been asleep."—London Tit-Bits.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

If you don't want to jeopardize friendship don't lend money to friends. When we hear of a person who refused to submit to an operation and got well we feel like cheering. The youngest girl in a family is liable to put on princess airs long after her sixteen-year-old complexion fades. Elderly men should not judge young men by themselves. Young men and elderly men are entirely different propositions. The colors in a tree don't appeal to a man so much as the lumber in it, and all the poetry in the world will not change him. Families should be good and large, so that every member will bear the real truth about himself from at least a half dozen persons. Old fashioned hospitality is dying out. Perhaps you are to blame for killing off some of it. Did you ever visit often and too long?—Aitchison Globe. Protecting Arlington's Trees. The ladies of Arlington, Mass., had a very practical and patriotic field day recently. The Tree Protective association appointed a day to unite forces and kill moths with creosote and wire brushes.

Agonizing Burns. are instantly relieved, and perfectly healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. C. Rivenbark, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., writes: "I burnt my knee dreadfully; that it blistered all over. Bucklen's Arnica Salve stopped the pain, and healed it without a scar." Also heals all wounds and sores. 25c at Chas. Rogers, druggist.

Obviating the Rules.

Mrs. Flat—I always insist that my husband wear evening dress when he dines at home. Miss Sharp—Yes, he told me that was the reason he took almost all of his meals downtown.—Detroit Free Press.

Did His Best.

The Woman—George, this is the anniversary of the day on which I promised to be yours. Have you forgotten it? The Brute—No, my dear, I couldn't. But I've forgiven it.—Exchange.

No encouragement For Him.

"So she refused you? Well, didn't she give you any encouragement at all?" "No, not a bit. She told me that before she'd consider the matter again I'd have to get a job and prove that I had it in me to support a family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A few counterfeiters have lately been making and trying to sell imitations of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds and other medicines, thereby defrauding the public. This is to warn you to beware of such people, who seek to profit through stealing the reputation of remedies which have been successfully curing diseases for over 35 years. A sure protection to you is our name on the wrapper. Look for it on all Dr. King's or Bucklen's remedies, as all others are mere imitations. H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill., and Windsor, Canada.

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