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AT ST. BARNABA'S FAIR

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Margery's eyes danced wickedly; she snuffed battle afar. Miss Catherwood, waddling majestically from booth to booth at St. Barnaba's fair, had stopped short at sight of her, setting her nose at least an inch higher and sniffing audibly. Since they were fellow church workers it would not do to say Miss Catherwood hated Margery, but even since young Warwick had fallen under Margery's spell the elder lady had shown herself spiteful beyond words.

All Eppington laughed at her, of course covertly. She was in a way its great lady, owning the biggest house, the handsomest grounds and nearly the biggest bank account in the village. Young Warwick's uncle, the major, had a thought more ready money, but since he lived modestly, never subscribed to anything in public and gave away by stealth more than half his income he was no such personage as Miss Catherwood, whose joy in life was to write her name in front of a good round sum at the head and forefront of every important list.

Margery said audaciously that it was Miss Catherwood's habit to let both hands know all that even her little finger did. Possibly it was that speech, with the necessary accretions from mouth to mouth, which first made Eppington's Lady Bountiful so high and haughty toward its prettiest girl.

Margery Lane was easily that and much more. There was a sweet soul at the bottom of her velvet eyes, wit and spirit a-plenty under her mop of floss silk curls. All the finest young fellows of the village were her chums and sworn champions, even to the two or three who had tried to be something more. Margery's compelling gaiety shed sentiment as a duck's wing sheds water. Thus she had laughed her would be swains out of sighing into a consciousness of what she persisted in calling their mistakes. When she had fully persuaded them to take her own sane view she sent them rejoicing on the way to court and marry other girls.

Thus in her own way she was easily as much a power as Miss Catherwood. Otherwise she would not have been what she was at the fair. Miss Catherwood was the fair's moving spirit. If she had dared she would have ignored Margery. Since she did not dare, she wisely resolved to make the utmost possible out of her enemy. Consequently Margery had the stall which dispensed impartially candy, cut flowers and literature. The girl's chums had behaved nobly in the matter of buying, to say nothing of her lovers, actual, possible and impossible. Major Warwick put himself at the head of the impossible, vowing things were at a pretty pass, indeed, when the girl he had brought up specially for himself was whisked away from him all in a wink by his scapegrace of a nephew.

Melville Warwick, the nephew, had been Miss Catherwood's protegee since he was in short frocks—this in spite of his own smoldering rebellion. His mother, a gentle half invalid, was devoted to Pamela Catherwood, and Melville never willfully crossed his mother in anything. He had worn Catherwood leading strings with what grace he might up to the day he was sent away to college. When he came back from it to find tomboy Margery a creature of infinite and tricky charm, withal the one woman in the world for him, he let it be seen he meant henceforth to have his own way. Within a fortnight he had courted Margery openly, getting a nay-say, of course, but equally, of course, whistling it down the wind.

"I'll give you time to find out your own mind," he had said. "It may take two years, but what is that beside living a whole life without you?" Now he leaned upon the flower counter so ostentatiously rapt in the choice of a rose that Miss Catherwood had to speak twice before he answered.

"What is it, Aunt Pam? You want a rose? Let me beg you choose instead some of those choice chrysanthemums. You see, everybody wants roses, and all the flowers ought to go. The chrysanthemums swamp any woman less majestic than yourself. A dozen of the biggest and halriest, please, Miss Lane. Change? Outrageous! Whoever heard of change at a fair?"

"I don't want flowers. Keep your money, or, if you needs must spend it, come to some of the sensible tables." Miss Catherwood said with what she meant for a withering glance at Margery, who smiled amiably.

"Do take him away, dear Miss Catherwood," she murmured. "I have done my best to get rid of him this last hour. If he stays longer all the rest will hate me. You are an angel to deliver me from such a dreadful fate."

"You mean I am an angel. Angels are all masculine. I leave it to the highest authorities if that is not true," Melville said, standing stock still, his folded arms propped upon the flower table. Margery looked at him reproachfully. "You are blocking the way of trade," she said. "I have somewhat of conscience, however you may be lacking in it. These flowers have got to be turned into flannels and soap and shoes for poor folks. Are you willing to pay in advance for all I don't sell?"

"Willing enough—more than willing!" Melville retorted. "Only show me how. I've been here three hours. Well, after

this I can give pointers to the poor man who fell among thieves!"

"Melville! For shame! What shocking irreverence! Still I am not altogether astonished," Miss Catherwood interrupted, raising her eyes to the ceiling. "Now, if you please, we will be going. Miss Lane, sell my chrysanthemums over again—and don't forget to add what they fetch to the amount of my original donation."

"Unless you buy them yourself, nobody will," Margery said, with a smile of infantine malice. "They are so big and dull and brickly red everybody has sniffed at them. Indeed, Mr. Saturne told me when he fetched them in, 'Pamela Catherwood is your one chance for these.'"

"Indeed!" Miss Catherwood was so near apoplexy she could not get beyond the word. "I'll give you a dollar apiece for them," she said, "and you can send them straight to the Home of the Homeless." Then, with a hissing shriek: "Girl, where is my purse? I had it a moment back—and laid it right there under your hand!"

"Yes, I saw it," Margery said, hurriedly turning about masses of blossomy green. Miss Catherwood watched her suspiciously, crying jerkily all the while: "My purse! Gold mounted, the clasp set with diamonds, and a hundred dollars! What have you done with it?"

"Hush!" young Warwick said imperatively, making to lead her away. People were gathering, staring, listening, craning necks, to see all about.

Margery let fall her hands, saying quietly, "It is not here."

The words took away Miss Catherwood's last vestige of composure. With a plunging lurch she overset the flower table, clutched Margery by both shoulders and shook her hard, hissing out: "You! You little bold faced thief!"

Stunned silence for a breath; then babel broke loose. Suddenly some one cried, "Miss Catherwood, there's your purse tangled up in the lace and set on your hanging sleeve!"

Miss Catherwood raised a mazy arm. There, true enough, the bauble gleamed. With one gasping look at Margery's set, white face, she fell all in a moaning heap at the feet of the girl she had accused, in her fall jarring down a big lantern and overturning it amid the rubbishy decorations.

Instantly there was a threatening flare. The flames ran leaping vengeance toward the groveling woman. If she breathed them once she was lost. Margery stood over her, her slight figure outlined against a heavy rich hued rug. Before another hand could be raised her arms went up, she tore the rug loose and, holding it banner-wise around and above her, dropped and smothered with it the flare at her feet.

An hour later Dr. Archer was saying as he patted Margery's burned fingers: "Little girl, it was a heap more than a life for a life. You thought only of your enemy, but you saved your friends as well. If the fire had gained headway every home in Eppington might be in mourning."

"I'm not trying to pay you, Margery—money cannot do that," Miss Catherwood supplemented from the depths of her easy chair. "But you shall be my helress to prove you truly forgive me, and you shall marry Melville Warwick to show riches make no difference in a true woman's love."

Bluffed and Lost.

An English nobleman was once present at a church service when a collection was announced for some charitable object.

The plate began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the edge of the pew desk before him ready to be transferred to the plate.

Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin.

This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first.

His grace quickly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board.

The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins.

Just at that moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns and ostentatiously rattled them into the plate. The duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket—London Globe.

Dismal and Carlyle.

No incident in Dismal's career is more pleasant than his offer of a pension and a G. C. B. to Carlyle. A friend of Sir William Fraser walked with Carlyle for two hours on the day on which Dismal's letter arrived. Carlyle described the letter being brought to him by a treasury messenger, the large black seal, his wonder as to what the official envelope could contain and his great surprise on reading the offer, conveyed in language of consummate tact and delicacy. Carlyle said: "The letter of Dismal was flattering, generous and magnanimous. His overlooking all that I have said and done against him was great."

He added: "The accurate perception of merit in others is one of the highest characteristics of a fine intellect. I should not have given Dismal credit for possessing it had it not been brought home so directly to me." He repeated the words "generous" and

"magnanimous" several times. Dismal's letter, by the way, though it entirely deserves the praises above quoted for its tact and delicacy, is by no means impeccable in grammar, for it contains within a dozen lines two instances of the hanging "and which."

Cheated Death.

Kidney trouble often ends fatally, but by choosing the right medicine, E. H. Wolfe, of Bear Grove, Iowa, cheated death. He says: "Two years ago I had Kidney Trouble, which caused me great pain, suffering and anxiety, but I took Electric Bitters, which effected a complete cure. I have also found them of great benefit in general debility and nerve trouble, and keep them constantly on hand, since, as a find they have no equal." Chas. Rogers, druggist, guarantees them at 50c. See the window display in the Owl Drug Store of the celebrated Eastman kodaks and supplies. New stock just received.

CHRONIC SORES

Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903. Some years ago while at work, I fell over a truck and severely injured both of my shins. My blood became poisoned as a result, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were healed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated, nor have the sores ever broke out again. Some 13 years have elapsed since what I have described occurred. Having been so signally benefited by its use I can heartily recommend it as the one great blood purifier. JOHN W. FUNDIA. Care Schulback Brewing Co.

Chronic sores start often from a simple scratch, bruise or boil, and while salves, washes and powders are beneficial, the unhealthy matter in the blood must be driven out or the sore will continue to eat and spread. S. S. S. reaches these old sores through the blood, removes all in purities and poisons, builds up the entire system and strengthens the circulation. S. S. S. is a blood purifier and tonic combined. Contains no mineral whatever but is guaranteed purely vegetable. If you have an old sore write us and our physicians will advise without charge. Book on diseases of the Blood free.

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