

Rheumatism Cured Free

After years of experimenting we have formulated a paste, which when applied to any portion of the body, suffering from rheumatism will immediately relieve, and eventually cure the most persistent case of rheumatism. If you are a sufferer and among the first to answer this announcement, we will send you, by prepaid mail, a box of this wonderful oil, all that is asked in return, is the privilege of referring to you (when cured) in corresponding with prospective customers in your locality.

NO TESTIMONIALS SOLICITED. NO NAMES PUBLISHED.

All that is required is your name, address, full particulars regarding your case, accompanied by this offer.

ASSOCIATED DRUG STORES,

The Morning Astorian. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Feminine Snapshots

Good That the Osler Dictum Has Done

The humorous remark attributed to Professor Osler that man reaches the climax of his powers at forty and at sixty ought to be gently chloroformed off the stage has done a world of good even though, as Dr. Osler claims, he did not really say this. The alleged saying has been printed throughout the United States and Europe. In England it has stirred up an almost exciting discussion. A London paper points out that now men will have a stronger motive even than women to keep young and conceal their age as they approach forty. To woman age means loss of physical attraction. To men, according to the alleged Osler dictum, it will henceforth mean "a serious depreciation in their cash value." The writer says, "If passing forty is to knock a considerable sum off a man's living or perhaps to deprive him altogether of a chance of earning a living, I have not the slightest doubt that a great number of men will deem it wise to remain at thirty-two or some such age until they are too old to summon enough breath to gasp out the lie." Good! Now let the masculine sex as well as the feminine wake up to the disgracefulness of growing old. The notable point of the quotation from the English paper is that the article from which it is taken was written by a man.

In Switzerland a German noblewoman, Princess Gertrude Philippine Alexandra Marie Augustine Louise von Isenbourg-Buendingen-Waechtersbach, has failed for \$15,000,000 and gone into bankruptcy. No wonder!

The recent antiquated vote on the women taxpayers' bill in the New York state senate shows its members to have reached that age where they might with advantage be Oslerized.

Nice civilized country this! The limb on which a negro was hanged in a lynching some time ago in a certain locality has been cut from the tree and made into "little relics and curios" by an enterprising genius who will sell them as souvenirs to all who wish to buy. Will the fair ladies of that region presently be wearing these precious souvenirs attached to gold chains around their snowy necks?

"The funeral of Mrs. Brown, widow of Peter Filkins Brown, will take place Thursday at 11 o'clock at the residence of her son-in-law, Joseph Jenkins Jones, Esq." Poor "relict!" She was merely Peter Filkins Brown's widow and Joseph Jenkins Jones' mother-in-law. In every stage of life she was only an appendage to some man, not even allowed to have a name of her own! One man's widow, another man's mother-in-law—that was all! Really, is a woman anybody?

Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, wife of the vice president, makes public speeches, and excellent ones, too, thus setting an example which other women of high social and official station will no doubt follow. In a recent address to a woman's club Mrs. Fairbanks said: "I believe women should set an example of loyalty and patriotism in the home. There is no better way of showing your devotion to your country than in helping to purify politics. I am in favor of politics for women."

What a sight for gods and men it must have been—General Linevitch in Manchuria passing along the lines of his army, kissing every soldier in the ranks!

Queer kind of upside down, wrong end foremost ways this feminine world has! At the time a woman needs to brace up and summon all her energy and grit in the supreme effort to keep young and maintain her activities, mental and physical, to the end of her days, at that very time her own children come around her and "begin to drive her out of life. She's too old to do this or that, she needs rest, she need not care any more how she looks or what she wears and at her age this or that thing is not proper for her. The pity of it is that many a time the mother lets herself be governed by the crude, selfish inexperience of her children and actually gives up all that makes life worth living at a time when her powers of body and mind are yet in their prime. It is nothing short of a crime for children thus to drive their mothers into dreary and useless old age. It looks as if the children were trying to coddle and "shoo" their mother out of the world instead of trying to keep her young and active. So, mothers, whatever else you do that you shouldn't don't let your children boss you at any age.

I have just seen the advertisement of

a fine seaside hotel conducted by "Mrs. J. J. Blank & Son." Good!

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Preparing the Case.

JOHN AT TWENTY-FIVE—BREAKFAST.
BUCKWHEAT cakes and sausage.
 Doughnuts boiled in grease.
 Ham and eggs and coffee.
 And a great big whalin' piece
 Of pie with lots of short'nin'
 And a dozen kinds of spices.
 Of course 'tain't hygienic,
 But it's all fixed nice.

DINNER.
 Roast pork and cabbage.
 Gravy fat and hot.
 Cold boiled ham and pickles
 And of doughnuts another lot;
 Nine kinds of vegetables.
 Three kinds of pie.
 Of course 'tain't hygienic,
 But, gosh, it's livin' high!

SUPPER.
 More pie to start on.
 With that there nice rich crust;
 Biscuit hot and soggy—
 I eat till I 'most bust.
 Green tea, good and strong;
 Preserves and pickles galore.
 Of course 'tain't hygienic,
 But I guess I'll take 'em more.

JOHN AT FORTY-FIVE.
 Rheumatism and Bright's disease.
 Dyspepsy and bad heart.
 Slight and heartin' both ain't good.
 Meals are far apart.
 Pills and patent medicines
 Now my diet rule—
 Wish't I'd been hygienic
 'Btid o' such a fool.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



A Strange Loan.
 A dentist in a western town one day had a tall, rawboned, corn fed young woman of about twenty-five years of age come into his office with the information that she had to have a "plum new set of teeth." When the dentist came to examine her mouth he found that she was wearing a peculiarly ill fitting set of upper false teeth, and he said to her:
 "What dentist ever made such ill fitting teeth as these for you?"
 "Oh, them ain't mine," was the reply.
 "I jist got the loan of them for this morning off my aunt."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Noley Old Sun.
 Scene: A garrison town. Time: Sunset.
 Old Visitor (startled as the sun is fired at sunset)—Dear me! What's that?
 Native—Oh, it's only sunset.
 Old Visitor—Why, does your sun set here with a bang like that? It goes down quietly enough at our place.—London Tit-Bits.

Quite So.
 "Deep mourning" for a widow means a heavy crape veil and all that, doesn't it?
 "Yes."
 "And what does 'second mourning' mean?"
 "Well, that usually means she's looking for a second."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Installments.
 Bacon—Did you ever get anything on the installment plan?
 Egbert—Yes; I got my household that way. First I got my wife, then her father and mother, and now I'm getting her brothers and sisters.—Yonkers Statesman.

As Represented.
 Patient—Look here, doctor; you said if I took a bottle of your tonic I would have a remarkable appetite. Why, I only eat one soda cracker each week.
 Doctor—Well, don't you call that a remarkable appetite?—Chicago News.

A Nile Defaction.
 "Down in the mouth."
 —New York World.

Didn't Get Kissed.
 "If I was a man I'd like to play poker with Jack Handsome. He's so easily bluffed."
 "How's that?"
 "I told him I'd be angry last night if he kissed me."—Houston Post.



What Little Freddie Knew About Figures

FREDDIE was a bright boy and at seven years of age was well grounded in the rudiments of mental arithmetic. It was the delight of his father to try to puzzle him with exercises of his own invention.

One afternoon in summer he swooped down upon poor Freddie as he was playing and, setting him upon his knee, attempted to "show off" his brilliant son for the benefit of a visiting friend.

"Now, Freddie," he said, "how much is two plus two?"

"Four," grudgingly admitted Freddie, gazing after his happy companions on the lawn.

"Well, if I gave you two apples and two plums how many would you have?"

"Four," said Freddie, beginning to wriggle away.

"Four what?" asked his father, taking a firm hold of the squirming youngster.

"Four," obstinately repeated Freddie. "Four what?" insisted his father.

"You can't go till you tell me." Freddie flashed a disgusted look upon his parent. "Four stomach aches, if you must know!" he said and was gone.

—St. Louis Republic.

Little In Much.
 In a small provincial town the clerk to the magistrates is much addicted to legal phraseology, and the rustics brought before the bench are often quite aghast when they hear their offenses set forth in legal diction.

Not long ago a man had struck his neighbor, who had summoned him for the offense, and when the case came before the magistrates the clerk read the indictment as follows:

"That you, Edward Jones, willfully and with malice aforethought and premeditation did assault, attack, assault, beat, batter or otherwise maltreat one William B., with intent to do the said William B. bodily harm, mischief or injury, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided."

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the clerk.
 "What! Doin' all that?" exclaimed the astonished offender.
 "Yes; guilty or not guilty?"
 "Why, I only punched Bill's 'ed!"—London Tit-Bits.

The One Exception.
 "Yes," said the voluble crank, "I used to be as bad as you, but I made up my mind to quit smoking, and I did it."

"Indeed," remarked Puffer. "I guess a man who can quit smoking could quit almost anything."

"Oh, yes!"
 "Except talking about it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Much to It.
 "No," said the doctor, "I can't make anything out of his case at all. It bothers me."
 "Why," replied his wife, "I thought it was only a simple cold."
 "Exactly. That's why I can't make anything out of it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

LOW EXCURSION RATES.
 Via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
 Via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.
 From Chicago to Asbury Park, N. J., and return, \$21.35. Tickets good going June 29, 30, July 1 and 2, valid for return until August 31 by extension.
 Stop-over at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.
 Through sleeping cars to Asbury Park, Baltimore and return, \$18.
 Tickets good going July 2, 3 and 4. Valid for return until August 31, by extension. Stop-over at Washington. The only line that operates through trains. Send for circulars to Peter Haway, Pacific Coast Agent, San Francisco.

B. N. Austin, G. P. A., Chicago
 Consult your nearest ticket agent for details.

Dying of Famine.
 is in its torments, like dying of consumption. The progress of consumption from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying different medicines and a good doctor in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery which quickly and perfectly cured me." Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers drug store, price 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. Trial bottles free.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.
 Maintains unexcelled service from the west to the east and south. Making close connections with trains of all transcontinental lines, passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspond with the following representatives:
 B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
 J. C. LINDSEY, Trav. Passenger Agent, 142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
 PAUL B. THOMPSON, Pass'gr. Agent, Coleman Building, Seattle, Wash.

A house of twine at the Lewis and Clark exposition is as large as a small cottage, and is composed entirely of twine balls and hemp. The roof is thatched with hemp, and hemp curtains hang over the windows.

A small car which contains 25,000 pounds of copper from a Wyoming mine, is exhibited at the Lewis and Clark fair to show the great richness of the Wyoming ores.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE any case of KIDNEY or BLADDER DISEASE that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

WAS GIVEN UP TO DIE.
 B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured."

TWO SIZES, 50c AND \$1.00.
SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

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MATCHLESS ACTS
Beginning June 12,

Matinee daily at 2:30 p. m.

OTTO FLECHTL'S TRYOLEAN QUINTET
 In English and German Warbling Especially.

THE SCAFFORD'S GOAT and DOG SHOW

THE MUSICAL THORS
 The Famous European Virtuoso

KELLY AND DAVIS
 The Greatest Comedians in America

THE SISTERS PERLE AND DIAMANT

Parisian Singers and Dancers.
LA BARR

Novelty Contortion Dislocation Act
ARTHUR ELWELL
 Pictured Melody, "What The Band Plays."

STARSCOPE
 "Frills How Jones Lost His Roll."
 Admission 10 cents. Reserved Front Rows 20 cents, Matinee 10 cents

Any Seat
 Evening, First Show, 7:30 and 9 P. M.

First Show at 7:30 sharp.

You Can Become An Army or Navy Officer

If you are a persevering, moral young man, between the ages of 17 and 35 years, possessing a good common school education and passing the necessary physical examination.

Further particulars for four cents in stamps, by addressing
H. W. PHILLIPS, Louisville, Ky.

The Astoria Restaurant.

If you want a good, clean meal or if you are in a hurry you should go to the
Astoria Restaurant

This fine restaurant is thoroughly up-to-date in every detail.

EXCELLENT MEALS. EXCELLENT SERVICE

AN ASTORIA PRODUCT

Pale Bohemian Beer
 Best In The Northwest

North Pacific Brewing Co.

The Best Restaurant.

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Regular Meals 25c.
 Everything the Market Affords.
 Sunday Dinners a Specialty.

Palace Catering Co.

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