

AMUSEMENT LOVERS' OPPORTUNITY

ASTORIA THEATER IS TO BE LAUNCHED ON THE TIDE OF DRAMATIC FORTUNE TONIGHT, UNDER AEGIS OF "ROYAL CHEF."

At 9 o'clock tonight the curtain of the new Astoria theatre will rise upon the initial performance in that handsome and comfortable temple of the drama, which will be in perfect readiness for the launching.

All the final touches are being made and by the time the doors are thrown open to the public of Astoria there will be nothing wanting in the completion and accessories of the house. Manager Elvers deserves the utmost good will of the community for the faithful attention to detail he has given in the task he undertook some months ago, and this, coupled with the public spirit of the Messrs. Fisher Bros., who built the house, is responsible for the fact that Astoria has, again a fine and commodious building for the enjoyment of theatrical entertainment of all sorts.

"The Royal Chef," the musical comedy with which the opera house is to be floated upon the tide of fortune, is one of the brightest and catchiest plays now before the American public and is an apt and pleasant vehicle for the special venture of the night in this instance. That this has been fully anticipated goes without saying, once the box-office sheets are inspected by the curious or the interested observer, for the house will be crowded most comfortably and the initial clientele will show the best and most cultured elements of Astoria society.

The curtain was hung last night and all the appointments of the stage tried out to ensure their perfect working tonight; the 1,100 electric lights required in the service of the house have all been tested to the satisfaction of the management; the entire apparatus throughout has been scanned with care, so that nothing will be wanting tonight to ensure the comfort, convenience and pleasure of all who shall seek the Astoria for what it has to offer. And it is the hope of all concerned that the opening night may be among the most generous of the expressions to be made in behalf of this, the latest contribution to the business and amusement elements of the city.

DONE BY DEED.

- M. S. Warren to F. M. Youngs, lots 1 and 16, block 3, Hay Stack Rock Park, warranty \$ 200
- A. S. Sholes and wife to J. M. Carpenter, 160 acres Sections 24 and 25, T. 4 N., R. 6 W. 3000
- T. G. Farrell and wife to Taylor Sands Fishing Co., 90 acres river lands, Clatsop County 1
- J. T. M. Harrington and wife to Taylor Sands Fishing Co., river lands in Clatsop county 1
- Sylvester Farrell and wife to Pillar Rock Packing Co., 25.79 acres land, Clatsop Co. 1
- Clara S. Carlye to Lydia A. Carlye, lot 10, block 1, lot 8, block 2, Ocean Grove Annex 7
- H. A. Wilson and wife to Henry Lennpus, lot 6, block 61, Port of Upper Astoria, warranty 10
- National Brewing Co. to H. E. Noble, 15 acres in Section 6, T. 5 N., R. 10 W. 1000
- C. A. Newman and wife to Breita K. Newman, lot 9, block 2, Trullinger's Addition, warranty 1
- F. A. Rowe to James Finlayson, trustee, acreage in Clatsop Co. 2500
- Matila Berendes to G. C. McRoberts, lots 3 and 4, block 73, McClure's Astoria 2700

BAND CONTEST.

The person returning the largest number to Jose Villa cigar bands to the undersigned by October 15th will receive a box of 250 Jose Villas free to the next largest one box 12c. Jose Villas. Save the bands. Victor Miller, corner Ninth and Bond streets. s-w-f.

NOTICE.

All bills against the Astoria Rogatta Committee must be presented on or before Oct. 1, 1906, or they will not be honored. COMMITTEE. eod

As a dressing for sores, bruises and burns, Chamberlain's Salva is all that can be desired. It is soothing and healing in its effect. It allays the pain of a burn almost instantly. This salve is also a certain cure for chapped hands and diseases of the skin. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists. sep

Ordered by Mail

By Troy Allison

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Mrs. Johnson, coming unexpectedly into the dining room, where the new girl was laying the cloth for dinner, looked at her with a sudden intentness. "Haven't you been crying, Johanna?" she asked kindly.

"Ach, it is not much," the woman said, a refractory tear starting down her cheek; "it is that America so strange is—and the city—I the cows miss—and the garden and making the butter—yea." And her exceedingly blond skin turned red with the effort she made to keep the tears from coming in torrents.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes looked meditative while she tried to think what form of comfort to offer.

"I'm sorry you are homesick; it's an awful feeling; but cheer up," she said sympathetically. "I'll give the cook money for theater tickets, and you can both go to see that spectacular thing they say is so wonderful."

Johanna smiled gratefully. "You so very good is," she said as she went toward the kitchen.

In the midst of his dinner Mr. Johnson thought of something and commenced laughing.

"I had a most unusual order today from a customer down south. He or-



"I'm John Burden," he said simply, dered a whole list of things, then exclaimed with 'one wife for a widower of thirty-five.'"

Mrs. Johnson's eyes were wide with unbelief. "Charley Johnson, you certainly are joking! The man couldn't have been so foolish as to be in earnest?"

"It wasn't for himself; it was for a country customer—a young widower with a dairy farm on his hands that has been going to rack and ruin since his wife died."

Mrs. Johnson was evidently struck with an inspiration.

"Oh, Charley, how would Johanna do?" she suggested enthusiastically.

"I think she would do finely—just fill the bill—if she would go," Mr. Johnson finished dubiously. "But if I sent down a piece of pink and white yellow haired perfection as Johanna I am afraid I would have an order from every farmer in North Carolina and would be forced to open a matrimonial bureau."

"Do you know anything about the widower?" Mrs. Johnson asked at length.

"Yes; Hayes wrote me a letter and gave a pen picture of his life from the cradle to the grave—his wife's grave," he added, with a grin appreciative of his wit; "says he will absolutely vouch for him and that if I can find a woman who is suited to the man he described it will be a good thing for her. By Jove, I believe Johanna is the ne plus ultra—if she'll go. Pity she can't talk better English."

"Oh, her little foreign talk won't make any difference. He can stand it. You see, I'm able to stand your Latin or French, whichever it is—I can never quite determine from your accent."

John Burden pulled the horses up under the shade of an elm near the door of the ladies' waiting room and handed the reins to his companion, with a sheepish smile.

"Hold on to these, Mr. Hayes. You got me into this business, and you must help me through. Do I look much like a fool?"

Martin Hayes, dealer in general merchandise, chuckled as he took the reins. "No, sir. You are the personification of the gay and festive bridegroom—not an unnecessary sign of foolishness about you. Of course, the new suit and the rosebud in your buttonhole are allowable as befitting the occasion. Nicest suit I had in stock, old boy. Hope she'll like it."

Burden arranged his necktie with clumsy fingers. "Glad all this later-day quaking don't show on the outside. There's the train in sight. Gee! Don't believe there's ever a day made as hot as this." He made his way through the crowd

around the depot and stationed himself where he could get a good view of the passengers alighting from the train. "I've been staid and have traveled in the usual rut all my life," he commended with himself, "but if this ain't acting like a fellow in a novel, I never read one."

He kept on the lookout for a woman wearing a dark blue dress and carrying a suit case marked Johanna Gersler. Mr. Johnson had written that he would see that the name was printed in large letters and that there would probably be no trouble as to identify in a town where the incoming travelers were few.

Johanna stepped from the train, her blue eyes looking as wondering and as childish as they did when she landed in America six months before. She paused helplessly, and just then Burden saw the name on the suit case.

He looked at the woman's face—its blond fairness an unusual style in a southern town—and the thermometer seemed to jump several degrees upward.

"She looks like—like—an angel!" he muttered. "She will be disappointed in me," and he went to her anxiously and diffidently.

"I'm John Burden," he said simply. "You—you did want me to come?" Her voice trembled and he saw tears in her blue eyes.

"Want you? Want you?" His tone gained assurance. "Anybody with an ounce of sense would want you to come—and to stay," he said, his face radiant as he took the suit case from her.

After the dinner with Hayes at the hotel and the quiet marriage ceremony in the hotel parlor they drove the five miles to Burden's farm and reached there just at the beginning of the long summer twilight.

The climbing rose was in full bloom over the veranda, and a flock of white geese were wandering through the gate toward the barnyard.

"Do you like it?" he asked, his voice almost a whisper.

"It is so much home," she gasped in her halting English, "even the cows that in the farmyard stand."

He led her into the house and paused before a sweet, clean room whose muslin curtains blew in and out the open windows.

"This is your room," he said simply. "Mine is across the hall, where I can hear if you get afraid and call me."

His honest unburned face was full of kindness, and although her comprehension of English was limited, she caught a glimpse of his soul in a language that is universal.

"Take off your hat, little woman. I hear old Jenny putting supper on the table." He looked at the pale gold of her hair where her hat had pressed it tightly against her moist forehead, and he hesitatingly touched it with his hand and freed it from her temples.

"I hope you'll feel homelike and will grow to love the farm—and maybe some time—me," he added timidly. "I like it all—and you," she answered softly.

Pain from a Burn Promptly Relieved by Chamberlain's Pain Balm.

A little child of Michael Straus of Vernon, Conn., was recently in great pain from a burn on the hand and as cold applications only increased the inflammation. Mr. Straus came to Mr. James N. Nichols, a local merchant, for something to stop the pain. Mr. Nichols says: "I advised him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and the first application drew out the inflammation and gave immediate relief. I have used this liniment myself and recommend it very often for cuts, burns, strains and lame back, and have never known it to disappoint." For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

ABSCESS.

ABSCESSSES, with few exceptions, are indicative of constipation or debility. W. H. Harrison, Cleveland, Miss., writes, Aug. 15, 1902: "I want to say a word of praise for Ballard's Snow Liniment. I stepped on a nail, which caused the cords of my leg to contract and an abscess to rise in my knee, and the doctor told me that I would have a stiff leg, so one day I went to J. F. Lord's drug store (who is now in Denver, Colo.). He recommended a bottle of Snow Liniment; I got a 50c size and it cured my leg. It is the best liniment in the world." Hart's Drug Store. sep

STARVING TO DEATH.

Because her stomach was so weakened by useless drugging that she could not eat, Mrs. Mary H. Walters, of St. Clair St., Columbus, O., was literally starving to death. She writes: "My stomach was so weak from useless drugs that I could not sleep; and not before I was given up to die was I induced to try Electric Bitters; with the wonderful result that improvement began at once, and a complete cure followed." Best health tonic on earth. 50c. Guaranteed by Chas. Rogers, druggist. sep

WOOD YARDS.

WOOD Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man, Phone 2979 Main, Baro on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

It's a significant fact that the strongest animal of its size, the gorilla, also has the largest lungs. Powerful lungs means powerful creatures. How to keep the breathing organs right should be man's chiefest study. Like thousands of others, Mrs. Ora A. Stephens of Port Williams, O., has learned how to do this. She writes: "Three bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery stopped my cough of two years and cured me of what my friends thought consumption. O, it's grand for throat and lung troubles." Guaranteed by Chas. Rogers, Druggist. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. sep

But Cured by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

"When my boy was two years old he had a very severe attack of bowel complaint, but by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, we brought him out all right," says Maggie Hickox of Midland, Mich. This remedy can be depended upon in the most severe cases. Even cholera infantum is cured by it. Follow the plain printed directions and a cure is certain. For sale by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists. sep

Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month. Delivered by carrier.

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Every woman may be attractive. Bright eyes, pink cheeks and red lips are her nature-given right. A sallow skin, lack of animation, low spirits and weak nerves may be avoided by the use of Beecham's Pills, a remedy that well deserves the confidence of every woman. Again and again they have proved to be invaluable at those recurring times when so many women feel debilitated and suffer from nervousness, headache and depression. It is wonderful the way these pills assist Nature and relieve the suffering. Every woman who values health and good looks should become a user of

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Use Big 46 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, per extra, prepaid, for \$1.00, or a bottle \$2.75. Clinical post on request.

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IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT. Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after... Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

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