

HARBOR LINE MARKS

Arabia Crosses Out for China and Japan.

BAR BOUND FLEET GET AWAY

Harold Dollar Clears With an Even Million Feet of Lumber—Steamship Elaine Due Down Today—Some Vague News of Columbia.

A friend at the elbow of the marine man says he met a man yesterday who has a friend who heard from a friend in San Francisco who declares the S. F. & P. steamship Columbia will be ready to leave up for Portland on, or about, the 25th of the present month, if nothing happens and the Pacific don't dry up.

The steamer Harold Dollar cleared for San Francisco yesterday, with an even million feet of lumber on board, from the Old Oregon Mills, at Warrenton. She loaded at Flavel.

The barkentine Northwest was among the get-aways yesterday, going from Knappton to San Francisco, on the tow-lines of the big tug Samson, at noon yesterday.

The ship Two Brothers went to sea and San Francisco yesterday afternoon on the hawsers of the tug Sea Rover, with a big cargo of choice lumber.

The steamship Arabia, for China, left out yesterday afternoon, just after 1 o'clock, after a storm delay inside the bar of about forty-eight hours.

The British steamship Elaine, loaded with grainstuffs from Portland for the Orient, is due down the river some time today.

The steamer Northland went out yesterday bound for San Francisco with all the lumber she could carry.

The barkentine Amaranth, lumber laden for the Bay City, left out yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

Congregational Church.
Services will be held Sunday morning and evening. The pastor will preach at both services and will be pleased to have all Congregationalists in the city present. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Subject, "The Result of Right Relationship to Jesus." Evening service at 7:30. Subject "Work That Is Worth While." Sunday school at 12:20, and Young People's meeting at 8:30 p. m. Midweek meeting at 7:30 p. m. We cordially invite all visitors and strangers in the city to attend all these services. All residents not associated with other churches will find a welcome at any of the services of the church, and the pastor will be pleased to see any one who may wish to take counsel at any time. G. E. Moorehouse, Ph. D., minister.

Presbyterian.
Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Communion service. Theme of sermon, "The Gospel of Love and Law." Sunday school, 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30. Evening worship, 7:30, "Praise Service." The following special music will be rendered at the evening service: Violin solo, Miss Frederickson; solo, Mrs. Pearl Callender; solo Mr. Zeigler; male quartet; anthem by choir.

First Lutheran Church.
Gustaf E. Rydquist, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Miss Alema Hyland, Superintendent. Morning services in Swedish at 10:45; evening service in English, at 7:30. There will be celebration of Holy Communion at both services; also reception of members. All are cordially invited to attend. The confirmation class will meet this afternoon (Saturday) at 2 o'clock for the purpose of organizing.

First M. E. Church.
Morning class at 10:15. Sermon at 11:00. "Christian Experience Meeting at 11:00, "Christian Experience." Sunday school at 12:15. Epworth League at 6:30. Sermon at 7:30, "An Ancient Athlete and His Last Great Battle." A cordial invitation is extended to the public. C. C. Rarick, pastor.

Baptist Church.
Rev. L. D. Dutton will preach at the morning service. After the service there will be a meeting of the members of the church to consider calling a pastor. Sunday school and meeting

of young people at usual hours. No service in the evening.

First Presbyterian Church.
Of Warrenton, at the Warren Hall. Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Service of song, followed by preaching. Mr. E. S. Melroy and Mrs. George Warren will sing. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these services.

Alderbrook Presbyterian Church.
Preaching by the pastor at 10 a. m. Sunday school at 11 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 p. m., led by W. H. Howard. Strangers are cordially invited to these services.

DANGER IN DELAY.

Kidney Diseases Are Too Dangerous for Astoria People to Neglect.

The great danger of kidney troubles is that they get a firm hold before the sufferer recognizes them. Health is gradually undermined. Backache, headache, nervousness, lameness, soreness, lumbago, urinary troubles, dropsy, diabetes and Bright's disease follow in merciless succession. Don't neglect your kidneys. Cure the kidneys with the certain and safe remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills, which has cured people right here in Astoria.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A DOUBLE RUNAWAY AFTER DARK

HORSES RIDDEN BY TWO WELL KNOWN ASTORIANS MAKE SUDDEN AND NEARLY DISASTROUS BOLT ON BOND STREET.

At 8 o'clock last evening, as Mrs. John H. Jeffers and Miss Vina Coffman were enjoying a horseback ride on West Bond street, the animal ridden by Mrs. Jeffers, from some unknown cause, made a running bolt and got beyond control of his rider. The other horse, probably from sheer sympathy, started to run and for three or four blocks there was an exciting runaway that absorbed the interest of all the people on its course.

The wild ride culminated in front of the residence of Rev. E. Elefsen, No. 104 West Bond, where Mrs. Jeffers' horse, to which she had pluckily clung, undertook to leap a wood pile and fell, throwing his rider heavily to the ground, and rendered her unconscious. Miss Coffman succeeded in reining in her horse at a short distance beyond, and instantly returned to her friend's assistance.

By this time Mr. Elefsen and his family had come to the rescue and Mrs. Jeffers was tenderly borne into their home, where Dr. J. A. Fulton, whom they had thoughtfully summoned, arrived and ministered promptly and efficaciously to the unconscious lady.

She was very badly shaken and bears a number of bruises as evidences of the adventure, but no bones were broken. She rallied sufficiently in the course of an hour to permit her removal to her home on Commercial street, where she was resting comfortably, upon later inquiry.

Most happily, Miss Coffman sustained no bodily injuries and aside from the fright of the moment and solicitude for her friend, escaped all serious consequences.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc. A. C. Pitta, Rodessa, La., says: "I use Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family and find it unexcelled for sore chest, headache, corns, in fact for anything that can be reached by a liniment." Hart's drug store.

Gymnastics alone can never give that elasticity, ease and graceful figure which comes by taking Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. Tea or Tablets, 35c. For sale by Frank Hart.

IN THE LAST WALTZ

By BEATRICE STURGES
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Even a careless glance around the room showed that it was the last. The throng of dancers was thinning out, flowers were drooping, scraps of confetti strewed the floor, frills and boucians were looking a bit bedraggled, and a subtle somnolence marked the languid movements of the dancers, who were now circling the floor to the throbbing strains of the old but ever loved "I've Danube."

In one corner of the room stood a girl with pink cheeks and hazel eyes. Around her were four young men all claiming the same dance. Laughingly she held up her card, which showed a blank line opposite that number.

"Yes, I know," said one in reply to this, "you wouldn't let me write my name, but you promised just the same."

"Exactly," said another.

"Same here," ejaculated the fourth.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the girl in a confidential manner that made each man think she meant him especially.

"Yes?" they asked in concert.

"Let's all sit it out together."

"No," argued the man who thought he had the inside track; "let's take turns. I'll begin." And he started to suit the action to his word.

"No, you don't," objected the others, holding him forcibly. "We'd never see her again."

"My private opinion is that she gave it to somebody who hasn't shown up and she's really waiting for him," laughed one.

Some of the color left the pink cheeks. Could they have guessed how near the truth his jesting remark came? Why had she not slipped away before this last waltz, which she had purposely withheld all the evening? As a matter of fact, she had promised it two weeks ago, but much had happened in those two weeks, and now—well, no one should laugh at her or say she was breaking her heart for a man who didn't care for her. If she only could get through this waltz safely she thought she would have courage enough for anything else.

"The idea!" she exclaimed with a little laugh, shifting her big bunch of pink roses to her left arm; "I'll dance it with all of you. I love the 'Blue Danube' and I never miss it."

She stood ready and the first of the four was just about to swing her off into the throng when a tall young man with a clean cut jaw and steady blue eyes somehow stepped out of the



"THIS IS MY DANCE."

crowd, disengaged his arm with a quiet "This is my dance," and swept the girl away before any of the rest of them could say a word.

"How could you?" she protested. "I didn't want to dance."

"You looked ready to start," he retorted. "Besides, didn't you promise me two weeks ago?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then don't spoil it now. It's the same old tune, Marian, that we've danced to so often. The same old throb and the same old thrill, and I suppose it will always bring the same old ache. It will always make me think of you." He held her hand closer.

She flushed painfully. "Please don't," she whispered. "It isn't fair, Fred, and you know you don't mean it."

"Don't mean it? You ought to know that I have meant every word I have ever said to you."

She gave a bitter little laugh and looked over his shoulder with unseeing eyes. "I wonder then if you could explain to me just what you meant that night, two weeks ago, when you too made a promise, a promise that seemed to me a little more important than a waltz. Not only a promise, but an offer that seemed to me then very sincere and beautiful, and which I accepted, but I haven't seen you since and I heard yesterday that you were going away. Why did you come for this dance in this way tonight? Did you want to make a spectacle of me before them all?"

He looked at her in amazement and almost ran into another couple. "But

I went to see you the next day and you were not at home, nor the next, nor the next, and you did not answer my note. What was I to think? Only that it was

a pleasant evening's flirtation for you. Then unexpectedly I had this opportunity to go west to work with my uncle and it was too good to refuse, especially when there was nothing to keep me here. So I have bought my ticket and am going tomorrow. I did not mean to come to this affair tonight, but when I thought of this waltz I was determined to have it, so I came to say goodby."

"Oh, it is cruel to tell me this now," she exclaimed. "I saw you go driving past our house with some girl I didn't know, so naturally I went out myself for the afternoon."

"It was a friend of Sister Clara's I was taking to the station," he interrupted.

"Then the next two days I had to go see Aunt Julia, who was ill. Nobody told me that you came; I wasn't going to ask, and I never got any note."

"I put it in the box on the big elm in your front yard myself."

"We haven't used that box in years," she answered. "You couldn't very well expect me to write and ask you if you had written to me, could you?"

"Well, could you expect me to write again to you and ask you if you were going to write to me?" he retorted.

"What was in the note?" she asked, by way of reply.

He looked down on the wavy brown hair, caught a glimpse of the pink cheeks and the white neck rising from a soft pink gown.

"The same thing I told you before, Marian, the same thing this music tells you, the same thing your own heart tells you—I love you."

The whole room seemed to sway with the rhythm of the music then, the odor of her crushed roses filled the air, the painful tension of the past two weeks was gone, a delicious sweetness seemed to settle on her heart. She felt his eyes upon her, though she had not raised hers.

"Look up, dear," he said; "look up if you love me."

The hazel eyes were raised to his. "Sweetheart," she whispered through her quivering lips.

And the waltz was over.

They walked home slowly under a full moon. One of her pink roses had found its way to his coat and her hand was clasped in his.

Under the shadow of the big trees of her yard she paused.

"About going west?"—she began tentatively.

"I must, right away," he answered, "but I'm coming to see you first. Mind you're at home tomorrow."

"But your ticket?"

"I'll change it for next week if you'll go with me."

She hesitated. "Make it two weeks and I will," she replied.

"Done!" And he kissed her to seal the promise.

"Dear," she whispered, "wasn't it a lovely waltz?"

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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"

The MORNING ASTORIAN

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