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PLAYING CARDS.

Peculiarities of Those Used by the Different Nations.

"One of the most interesting collections of foreign loot that I've seen recently," said a man ordinarily too busy to make the trip over the seas himself, "is an assortment of playing cards from various parts of the world."

"In every country the owner of the collection visited—and he went to a good many—picked up cards of local manufacture and so representative of the nation."

"The Russian cards are perhaps the most elaborate. The faces of the kings and queens are different in each suit, indicating the racial elements that go to compose the empire."

"On the Greek cards classical heroes and heroines are represented. Nestor, for example, is the king of hearts and Orestes the knave. Agamemnon is the king of clubs, Hercules the jack of spades and Minos and Danae the king and queen of diamonds. The Greek pack is rather a cheap one and scarcely does honor to the celebrities portrayed."

"Cadiz is a center for card manufacturing. The idea of the Spanish card-maker seems to be to get as much color on the cards as possible. The royal robes are of unusual magnificence. The clubs are big bludgeons in green and red, and the knave of clubs, gayly caparisoned on a prancing horse, reminds you instantly of Jack the Giant Killer. The spades are ugly little daggers, and for hearts and diamonds there are disks and dice cups. The cards in some of the Spanish packs are very thin and have a capital spring."

"The Madeira cards come from Lisbon. The figures are more conventional in design than on the Spanish. The ace cards are adorned with typical Portuguese scenes."

"A peculiarity of the pack bought in Constantinople is that the ace cards, in addition to the single spade, diamond, club or heart in the center of each, have diminutive aces at the upper left hand and lower right hand corners."

"The Italian face cards portray decidedly gloomy personages. Each one of the face cards, by the way, carries in small print the name and address of the maker. There are tiny packs, an inch and a quarter by an inch and three-quarters in size, which can be bought on the streets of Naples for a soldo. These resemble the Spanish cards to some extent, although the royalties are more dignified."

"Cairo is a great card emporium, and Mousky street offers rich returns to the card hunter. Fortune telling cards must be in demand there, to judge from the samples I saw in the collection. The Cairo playing cards come mostly from Germany. They are brilliant in their coloring. The aces carry scenes from lands both west and east."

"The gem of all the packs comes from Switzerland. The cards are small, one and three-quarters by two and a half inches in size, and the back design is the edelweiss. The kings, queens and jacks are delightful studies in Swiss costume, and the purchase certainly gets his money's worth, for each face card has two half figures quite unlike. On the aces are Swiss scenes and objects of interest, also two to a card, the subjects including the castle of Chillon, the Matterhorn, the bridge at Lucerne and the Lion of Lucerne."—Indianapolis Star.

Silvering Mirrors.

Mirrors are usually silvered by coating the glass with amalgam. For this purpose a large, perfectly flat stone is provided, and upon it is evenly spread a sheet of tin foil without crack or flaw. This is covered to the depth of one-eighth of an inch with clean mercury. The plate of glass, perfectly cleaned from all grease and impurity, is floated on to the mercury by sliding, so as to exclude all air bubbles. It is then pressed down by loading it with

weights in order to press out all the mercury which remains fluid. This is received in a gutter around the stone. After about twenty-four hours it is gently raised upon its edge, and in a few weeks it is ready to frame.

His Perseverance.

Henry Arthur Jones, the noted English playwright, was giving the students of Yale an address on the drama. "Your American vernacular is picturesque," he said, "and it should help your playwrights to build strong, racy plays. But neither vernacular nor anything else is of moment if perseverance is lacking. No playwright can succeed who is like a man I know. I said to this man one New Year's day, 'Do you keep a diary, Philip?' 'Yes,' he answered. 'I've kept one for the first two weeks in January for the last seven years.'"

His Good News.

"I have," said a lawyer as he entered his condemned client's cell, "good news at last."

"A reprieve?" eagerly exclaimed the prisoner.

"No, not a reprieve, but your uncle has left you \$500, and now you can meet your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf will not go unrewarded."—London Tit-Bits.

Honest.

Boarder (on leaving)—Madam, you are one of the most honest persons I have ever met. Landlady—I am glad to hear you say that, sir. Boarder—Yes; your honesty is conspicuous on the very front of your establishment. Your sign says, "Boarders taken in!"—London Telegraph.

If we fail to conquer smaller difficulties, what will become of us when assailed by greater?—Thomas a Kempis.

In Job Lots—The Astoria Electric Company yesterday received the second of the three immense carloads of new machinery for the power plant, which has been en route for the past eighty days. The last load must arrive before any of that on hand can be set in place or utilized, and the delay has been a source of extraordinary annoyance and practical loss to the company.

Leave Hospital—Gladys Fraser, the daughter of F. Fraser of Ilwaco, who sustained an operation for a disorder of the internal ear about three weeks ago was discharged from St. Mary's hospital yesterday, and returned home. Another passenger on the Nahcotta for Ilwaco was nine year old Oliver Graham, who sustained an operation for appendicitis some two weeks ago, at St. Mary's Hospital.

LISTEN

and remember the next time you suffer from pain—caused by damp weather—when your head nearly bursts from neuralgia—try Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will cure you. A prominent business man of Hempstead, Texas, writes: "I have used your liniment. Previous to using it I was a great sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia. I am pleased to say that now I am free from these complaints. I am sure I owe this to your liniment." For sale at Hart's drug store.

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A Mystery of the Sea

(Copyright, 1906, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

We were making the round voyage from Liverpool to Sydney, calling at Cape Town, and the day's observation had shown that we were about halfway between Cape Town and Australia, when a man aloft sang out that he could desecrate a ship's boat about two miles away on the lee bow. For eighteen days we had not sighted a sail. We had been as much alone on that ocean as if ships and men did not exist.

It was driving with wind and sea, and until we fell off our course and passed it within biscuit toss we supposed it to be empty. As we passed it we saw a girl crouching in the bottom, and when we raised a shout she stood up and supplicated us with hands and arms to save her.

The bark was brought to the wind and a boat lowered, and after a little we had the girl aboard. I say girl, for she was not a day over sixteen and was of German birth, though she could speak English tolerably well. It was only when she was safe aboard that we found she had lost her mind and was like a child. Of course the first thing was to overhaul the boat. She had no name. There were a few biscuits left, but the water keg had been empty for at least three days. There were no cans, no spare clothing—not the slightest thing to give us a clue to the identity of the girl or the name of the craft from which she must have cast off. She had not suffered greatly in a physical way, but was mentally upset and looked about her so strangely that we wondered if she had ever seen a ship before. She was given a spare stateroom and fell asleep almost at once and did not open her eyes for sixteen hours. Meanwhile her clothing had been inspected for marks or initials. There were none. While the garments were serviceable, they belonged rather to a wealthy girl than a poor one.

It was hoped that when the stranger awoke her mind would be clear and that we should hear her story, but in that we were disappointed. She met us with a smile and asked how she came aboard. She did not even recollect being taken from the boat. I said she had lost her mind. Perhaps it would be nearer the mark to say memory, though at the same time it could be seen that the hardships she had passed through had more or less affected her mind as well. We saw how it was almost at once and did not crowd her. From the first she seemed to feel at home, calling each of us by a name she had selected herself, and she had not been with us five days before the captain sat down to draw her out. There was nothing to draw. In other words, she remembered nothing previous to waking up in the stateroom after her long sleep. She was told that she must have been on a ship and that there must have been some for her leaving it. She had no recollection of such a thing. She must have been going from somewhere to somewhere. She admitted it, but could not name the points. If she had a father and mother, sisters and brothers, she did not know.

We were a rough lot of men, but that girl had the pity and sympathy of every man aboard. The many tricks we resorted to to call her memory back would make a book. The sailors before the mast were allowed to make suggestions, and every day some new scheme was suggested. She knew the uses of the comb, brush and glass, and she could sew. Her table manners showed that she had been well reared. She would take a book and read for hours, but it was a disputed point with us how much she understood. We mentioned the name of almost every town in Germany, but all seemed strange to her. Then we tried South Africa, and our earnestness made her laugh merrily. Nothing was surer than that her father and mother were Germans, but when a German sailor aboard sought to converse with her in that language she simply stared at him. Wherever our charts showed that the Germans had a colony in the Pacific we mentioned the name, but it did no good.

The girl spoke to us only in broken German and was a child in her ways. She regained her health and spirits after a few days and then wandered about the decks asking the name and use of everything she saw. She would exclaim in her native language and sing songs in German, but she would not speak it. She called the captain father and me Carl and was content not to even ask our destination. By and by we saw that it was useless and gave up trying. She had her own stateroom, was always ready at meal-time, and one not knowing of her affliction would not have suspected it from anything in her actions. It was only when she began to talk that you saw her mind was a blank. She was treated as respectfully as if she had been the captain's own daughter, and it was a hard task parting with her at Sydney. She was taken to the German consul there, and he at once bestirred himself to gather particulars. I am telling of what took place over twenty years ago, and yet I have a letter from Australia lying before me as I write that says the mystery surrounding the girl, who is now a middle aged woman, has never been cleared up. She has never recovered her mind and will continue to be an inmate of a home to the day of her death. Inquiries have been pushed everywhere and in every direction, but without success.

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