## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED-A BOY TO LEARN THE printing business. Apply Morning Astorian.

A BRIGHT, INTELLIGENT YOUNG man who desires to learn the veterimary profession wanted for work in a veterinary hospital. Cooper's, 20 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal. 14-6t.

#### SITUATIONS WANTED.

WANTED BY MAN AND WIFE, POSItion in logging camp; woman to cook; experienced. Mrs. Hall, Bay City House. Tenth street.

#### FOR SALE.

FOR SALE-ONE SIX-POCKET POOL table and one billiard table. Apply to R. A. Abbott, Warrenton, administrator 1-14-6t of R. J. Abbott.

FOR SALE-A DE LAVEL BABY No. 2 Separator; for particulars apply to J. W. Wallingford, Warrenton. 1-12-7t.

FOR SALE-A RANCH OF 80 ACRES; 9-room house; good outside buildings, all newly painted; 200 fruit trees; 13 head of cattle; one span of young mares; two lumber wagons; mowing machine, hay rake, cultivator, plow, harrows, and a new separator; will be sold at one-half of their value on account of Office Manself Bid. Phone Black 1861 leaving the country. Address, Nels 1-4-12t. Olson, Oak Point, Wash.

FOR SALE-THE STOCK AND FIXtures of a general store located a few miles from Astoria; very clean stock, and will invoice about \$7000. Par-WESTERN REALTY CO.

ONE HUNDRED-ROOM HOTEL FOR apportunity for a first-class hotel man. WESTERN REALTY CO.

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### MONEY TO LOAN.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO make loans in any amount from \$2000 to \$10,000, on first-class security; state interest. Address A. B., care Astoria.

security at reasonable rates; bonds, county and city warrants and other securities bought and sold; agent State tention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Land Board; for investment funds 6 Duane. per cent interest. Insurance. F. I. Dun-207 Astoria Savings Bank Build-1-7-30t

### PROPOSALS FOR BIDS

NOTICE-Bids are hereby asked for publishing proceedings of the County Court for the year 1908. Bids to state price per inch or square and style of

All bids to be filed on or before February 1, 1908. Court reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk. 1-11-7t.

NOTICE-Proposals are hereby asked for the old Court House and any or all other buildings or removal of same, situate on block 28, McClure's Astoria.

Bids may be for all or any one of said buildings. It being understood that those securing said buildings shall take away all rubbish caused by the removal of said buildings.

Bids to state time same will be removed after acceptance of proposal by the Court. Bids to be filed with the Clerk on or before January 15, 1908. Court reserving the right to reject any

or all proposals. By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON,

County Clerk. 1-11-4t.

NOTICE-Bids are hereby asked for the redecking, replacing defective piling or stringers or caps. Also sway braces and proper railing of the Youngs Bay draw bridge. Turnouts to be made when new piles are driven.

Planking to be 3 in. 18 feet long and laid diagonally. Bidders to state amount and dimensions required. All of the present lumber now on said bridge that can be used, to be used. And all lumber that can not be used to be saved and to be taken care of by the Supervisor.

Court reserves the right to purchase the material if considered cheaper by the court.

Work to be done first-class and to be accepted by the county road master. Court reserves the right to reject any er all bids. Bids to be filed with the

elerk on or before February 1, 1908. By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON,

County Clerk. 1-11-18t.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

1-10-tf. CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE Attorney-at-Law

> Offices, City Hall City Attorneq

JOHN C. McCUE, Attorney-At-Law.

Deputy District Attorney. Page Building, Suite &

HOWARD M. BROWNELL,

Attorney-At-Law.

Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at Me. 400 Commercial St., Asteria.

### DENTISTS.

DR. VAUGHAN, DENTIST Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN DENTIST Commercial St. Shanahan Building

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DR. RHODA C. HICKS ORTEOPATH

578 Commercial St., Astoria, Ora.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOOD PASTURAGE FOR HORSES Apply at Kinney Farm, Lewis & Clark.

NOTICE OF ANNUAL MEETING OF Stockholders-Notice is hereby given sale; doing a splendid business; good that the annual meeting of the Union Fishermen's Co-Operative Packing Company, will be held according to the bylaws of said corporation, and at the hall of the Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union, in Astoria, Oregon, on Monday, January 27, 1908, at 1 o'clock

> CHARLES WILSON, President.

Attest: FRANS KANKKONEN,

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FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT. 17th st., P. E. Ferchen.

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MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE FREDRICKSON BROS-We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing: prompt at-

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NIGHT OR DAY SERVICE. Phone Main 3721.

MASSAGING.

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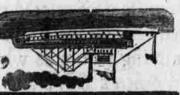
F ALL ITS BRANCHES; WARM baths if necessary; thorough compeency is assured.

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# Steamer - Lurline

Night Boat for Portland and Way Landings.

any piling gone, replacing any defective Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at

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Leaves Portland Daily except Sunday at 7 a. m.

Excellent Meals Quick Service

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Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf. Landing Portland Foot Taylor St. G. B. BLESSING, Agent. Phone Main 2761.

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Coffee with Pie or Cake to Cta. -FIRST-CLASS MEALS .-Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up

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Astoria's Newest and Best Hotel. Eleventh and Duane Streets.

Rooms, Single or en Suite, Steam-Heated, Baths, Running Water in Every Rates, 50e to \$1.50; Special by Week

Phone Main 3911. MRS. J. COLLINS, Manager.

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Finest Hotel in the Northwest PORTLAND, ORE. European Plan Only. H. C. BOWERS, Manager.

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Unprecedented DR. G. GEE WO THE GREAT

CHINESE DOCTOR Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.

No poisons or drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic disease

to rent; no children wanted. 330 If you cannot call write for symptom 12-15-tf. blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps

THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO. 1624 First St., Corner Morrison, PORTLAND, OREGON. Please mention the Astorian.

# No Students, No Cocaine, No Gas.

We will forfeit \$1000 to any charitable institution for any Dentist who can compete with us in crown and bridge work, or teeth without plates. Pay no fancy fees until you have consulted us. Our continued success in our many offices is due to the uniform high-grade work done by years of experienced operators. The prices queted below are absolutely the best opportunity to get your money's worth which has ever been offered. We use nothing but the best ma-

Best Silver Fillings..... 500 Gold Fillings ..... \$2.00 to \$5.00 S. S. White Layon Crown...... \$5.00 Gold Crowns, best 22k., extra

A binding guarantee given with all work for 10 years.

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Used only by us for Painless Extraction of teeth, 5oc. Read What Mrs. Jessie Level Says. I had 12 teeth extracted by the use of Vegetable Vapor, absolutely pain-less—the most pleasing effect—and highly recommend the method. Yours

MRS. JESSIE LEVEL. Lafayette, Oregon. NERVOUS PEOPLE.

And those afflicted with heart weakness can have their teeth extracted and filled without the least pain

Chicago Dental Parlors Northwest Cor. Commercial and 11th. Phone Main 3901.

The largest and best-equipped Den-tal establishment in the Northwest. Seventeen offices in the United States. LADY IN ATTENDANCE. See that you are in the right office

## Eagle Concert Hall

(320 Astor St.)

Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town. P. A. PETERSON, Pros.

## The Luck of Unlucky Peters

188 LOVILLA SCANLON sat in the doorway of her nephew's log shack in Wood river canyon humming happily as she made "tattin'." "Abigail and Salina make beautiful battenberg work," she was wont to say cheerlly, "but tattin' is the only fancy work I can do, and I'm going to make the best of

This was Miss Lovilla's philosophy of life-"to make the best of things," despite the repressive atmosphere enveloping the two younger sisters with whom she had "stayed" during a large portion of her life. She was born and brought up-as far as forty years-in New England, where birth statistics prove that there are not enough men to go around. This fact may have accounted for the "Miss" which lingered before her name, because with her sunny eyes and girlish mouth she was a comely woman, as the men of Camp Kirwin agreed and as twelve sprawling red lines on the logs opposite her place at table indicated.

"Such a boy as that Alfred is!" she thought, half amused and half vexed as her nephew mischievously chalked in line after line, more or less crooked, to represent the characters of her numerous sultors, "There's only one man in camp that'll get a straight mark," Alfred remarked as he drew the twelfth, "and if I have to make one for him," significantly, "I hope it'll be the last."

He referred to the owner of a solitary cabin on Spar just above timber line. Miss Lovilla, pausing now in her tattin' making, raised her eyes to it speculatively. The cabin was evidently deserted. The stovepipe, protruding through the roof, had emitted no smoke for several days. Miss Lovilla knew, because she had glanced in its direction far oftener than she cared to admit. "I wonder where he is," she thought, scanning the mountain slopes behind her. Suddenly she turned and bent over her work while a faint pink crept into her cheeks.

On the trail across Brown rode a man, followed by a pack horse. It was Peters the Unlucky, christened Robert some forty odd years before and named Unlucky for various legitimate reasons; he had made more good "finds' than any other man this side the divide and held the fewest. It was be who discovered the rich leads of Dundee, only to have his claims jumped by Dutch Jo. He had staked Sniffle, but failed to work out his assessments owing to the fact there seemed to be no one else to care for Shandy Long when he was stabbed in the saloon on the Meadows.

Alfred expounded the situation concerning Unlucky to his aunt in his usual lucid manner shortly after her arrival. "Unlucky probably won't die overcumbered with gold, but he'll die on the square, you bet!" And his aunt had responded sympathetically, "He's just making the best of things, ain't

he?" Across the pommel of his saddle he bore an immense bouquet of gay mountain flowers which he intended for Miss Lovilla, but which he did not offer directly, for Unlucky numbered



"BAY! MARRY MIT ME, HEIN?" HE FI

self consciousness among his misfortunes. He left his horses on the trail and came to the doorstone, hat in hand. "Good morning, Miss Scanlon," he said, raising his eyes in a quick flash to hers-so quick that he did not see the unusual flush in her cheeks. "Good morning, Mr. Peters," she re-

cordiality she felt. Hesitatingly the man sat down and nursed his bouquet on his knee. He wanted to tell Miss Lovilla all about his new claims over on Meadow creek, but what he actually said was, "Fair day today."

Miss Lovilla, longing to hear all that he wished to tell, answered staidly. "Yes, fair, but warmish." Then a silence fell. Unlucky stared fixedly at the stems he was twisting. but the woman made quick side obser-

vations as she piled her shuttle. His

view with satisfaction, not handsome but clear cut, with kind, steady eyes and strong white teeth which came to gether evenly behind straight firm lips Presently he glanced up at the mouth

of a tunnel on the mountain behind them. "Has Alf struck good ore yet?" he asked. "He tells me he's taking out pretty

fair stone: but, good gracious"-Mis Lovilla laid her shuttle in her lap and spoke with pleasing briskness-"the stuff in it that shines like gold ain't gold at all, just copper, he says, and I don't believe it's worth digging for; but, then, he's making the best of it, 1 Unlucky looked at her with a smile

to which his face was almost a stranger. Then it died away into an expression of thoughtfulness. "Sometimes, Miss Scanlon, I wonder if this sort of life is best for any of us fellows. There's your nephew." The man hes itated and gazed wistfully across the canyon at his own little shack. "He might better be trailin' a good home somewhere back east-and a wife"-Unlucky came to an abrupt stop and twisted the stems of the flowers, but there was an expression in his eyes that deepened the pink in Miss Lovilla's cheeks and caused ber to glance beyond him.

Immediately her attention was arrested by a man's head among the willows across the river. The head wore a brown hat and was moving toward the upper ford. She frowned as she recognized Dutch Jo, who kept a saglance also followed the progress of the brown hat, and when its wearer had forded the stream and turned toward them he arose, quietly laid the flowers on the stone and, with a brief "Good day, Miss Scanlon," departed,

Miss Lovilla glued her eyes on her work, apparently oblivious of the presence of the horseman until he had dismounted some distance away, his broncho refusing to approach so unaccustomed an object as a woman, and greeted her with a "Gut day, Mees

Then she arose and laid her work in her chair. "Good morning, Mr. Sahler. You want to see my nephew, I presume." Her voice savored only business "Nein." Dutch Jo covered her with a covetous albeit respectful eye and abstractedly fingered the handle of his

with more dexterity than he could the English language. "Bay! Marry mit me, hein?" he finally burst out. Instinctively Miss Lovilla shrank back and glanced at the flowers. "Oh, no," she cried hurriedly. "I couldn't-

possibly." The man wasted no further speech, but, stepping deliberately on the bouquet, ground it beneath his heel, mounted his horse and rode off, leaving an indignant woman nursing the trampled blossoms. The clock striking 11 aroused her to a sense of her household duties, and when her nephew er tered the lean-to kitchen she was her

busy, serene self again. "I declare, Aunt Lo." he exclaimed merrily, "you are getting nicer every day. I don't wonder the boys all want

to marry you." A half bashful smile touched his aunt's lips. "Pshaw, Alf. It's because I'm the only woman here. Now, if Abigail and Salina weren't married and were here you'd see"-

Alfred removed the towel from his face and interrupted solemnly. "Aunt Lo, when Gabriel comes down with his trumpet I expect to hear you tell him that if there happens to be a seat left after Abigail and Salina have been ushered to the front pew, why, you'll take it, please, and make the best of

"Alf!" Miss Lovilla remonstrated. Nevertheless she looked pleased. Praise had not come her way back in

New England. "And I'm lookin' to Gabe to say," Alfred continued, "that he's reserved a box seat for the best and sweetest and most unselfish little woman on earth. Now, Aunt Lo, don't be shocked, but tell me what poor unfortunate struck the matrimonial trail today. You looked guilty when I came in. Whose horse was it I saw at the door?"

"That-that Dutchman's from the Meadows," returned Miss Lovilla in a tone sayoring of the snap of a whip. Alfred threw his head back and roared. "Dutch Jo!" Still laughing, he

entered the living room, raising his voice as he continued. "By Jove! He's the thirteenth too. That's unlucky for himself or some one else. His mark can't be too crooked either, for if there's a man this side of Meeteetse

The closing kitchen door shut out the rest of the sentence.

without a conscience"-

Sniffle was throwing a long shadow eastward that afternoon before Miss Lovilla sat again in the doorway with turned, conscientiously repressing the her tattin' and greeted the stray prospectors as they struck the trall across Brown. It was Kilbraid of Meeteetse her eyes and sent her gaze searchingly down the canyon.

"Dutch Jo come up behind me fightin' drunk," said Kilbraid, laughing, with his quirt at every flower he passbest side such times as this."

Miss Lovilla glanced behind her at was a face that any woman might | ridden on. Then she laid her tattin' Trial bottle free.

aside and watched for the appearance of a brown hat on the canyon traff. Simultaneously with its appearance a figure emerged from the shack on the side of Spar and disappeared among the pines beneath the branches of which the rail alganged down to Bear ereck and met the canyon trail.

"You'll be sorry some day you ever left us for Wyoming," Abigail had remarked with a plous droop at the corners of her mouth as she bade the eldest sister goodby, and the memory of that cheerful parting flashed into Miss Lovilla's mind now as she arose and called, "Alfred, Alfred!" If any harm should come to Unlucky through her, "I shall just have to make the best of it alone," she cried aloud as the only reply to her call was a dull boom of a blast in the tunnel above.

Across the footbridge and through the willows she hurried, her breath coming faster and faster as she began the ascent to Bear creek. Farther up the trail sounded Unlucky's whistle, while down among the willows echoed the sharp click of a horse's boofs.

"If I'm only in time to warn him!" she whispered, but she was not. Nearer and nearer came the sound of the horse's hoofs. Dutch Jo, fighting drunk, was gaining on her. The next turn in the trail would bring him into view.

"I've got to stop him," gasped Miss Lovilla, trembling, but resolute.

Now, whatever Dutch Jo's original expectations had been in coming up to camp armed and whisky brave, he certainly did not expect to be held up by any such nonshootable object as a woman. Neither did his horse, which promptly snorted and backed, skirts having greater terrors for it than spurs.

"Shtand out of the way!" vociferated Dutch Jo, listening to the whistle. "I shan't do any such a thing!" re-

torted Miss Lovilla, occupying the middle of the trail and gathering up her apron through force of habit. Dutch Jo drove the spurs deeper and menaced the opposition with his quirt.

"Will you no shtand out of my way, hein?" he urged, his face purpling with anger. "No, I won't," declared Miss Lovilla. The approaching whistle rendered her desperate. She advanced precipitately into the pony's face, waving her apron

back with you!" That settled the matter. Unceremoniously the broncho showed a pair of iron shod heels to the up trail and departed Meadowward, with the bit in his teeth, leaving Miss Lovilla "all

frantically. "Shoo!" she cried. "Go

"Salina always said I was a bigger baby than either of hers," she qua six shooter, which he could manage vered and proceeded to demonstrate the fact by plumping herself down on the nearest log and weeping into the am-

ple folds of her apron. Here an instant later Unlucky stood as helpless before her tears as Dutch Jo had been before her unexpected onslaught. Miss Scaulon, what's the matter?" he implored.

"I don't know," came in faltering untruthfulness from behind the apron. This weeping over, she knew not what was the most bewildering proposition Unlucky had ever met with. "Has anything-have you-hurt your-

self?" he asked, bending over and laying a besitating hand on the apron. "No, I'm not burt." Miss Lovilla was glad she was not obliged to lie

this time. Unlucky's hand fell from the apron. "Why," he began perplexedly, "It can't be you are crying just to-to pass away the time."

Then Miss Lovilla's tears gave way

suddenly to smiles. She removed the

apron and looked up at Unlucky standing straight and tall and honest before her. It was good to see him there. "I'm so glad," she burst out between tears and laughter, "that you are allye." It was a strange speech. Dutch Jo a mile down the canyon would have understood it, but not Unlucky. To

him it meant something which filled

him with the joys of a courage he had

never expected would be his, and be

fore Miss Lovilla could protest-had she been so inclined—he had taken her comely face between his hands and kissed it. The sun had set, and Alfred was wondering what had become of his aunt, when she appeared, followed by Unlucky. There was an air about them both which arrested Alfred's at-

tention before Unlucky spoke. "Alf," he began, "I'm in luck. I've just staked the richest gold find in Wyoming, and no one's goin' to jump

my claim either." Alfred glanced at Miss Lovilla's smiling face, and a pleased grin began at his bearded lips and was lost in his dancing eyes. Without a word he crossed the living room and with one stroke of the red chalk drew the fourteenth and last line long and straight

### Rank Foolishness.

or when your throat is sure, it is rank foolishness to take any other medicine than Dr. King's New Discovery," says that finally brought a look of alarm to C. O. Eldridge, of Empire, Ga. "I have used New Discovery seven years and I know it is the best remedy on earth for coughs and colds, croup, and all throat "swearin' like a pirate and hittin' out and lung troubles. My children are subject to croup, but New Discovery quicked. It's a right good plan to be on Jo's ly cures every attack." Known the world over as the King of throat and lung remthe ominously crooked thirteenth line edies. Sold under guarantee at Chas. and shivered when her informant had Rogers' drug store store. 50c and \$1.

### "When attacked by a cough or a cold,