

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For Humanity's Sake.

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Moses Kamoff, a Jew in Russia, in pursuing his studies discovered things that other men coveted. One of them was a dye for weavers. It was a popular color at once. A certain weaver saw that there was money in it, and because he could not buy the secret at his own price he went to the police and charged the Jew with talking treason. His evidence was unsupported, but it was enough. At twenty-three years of age, just as he was about to graduate with honors, Moses started out one evening to pay a visit to a young lady. That was the last heard of him for six years. Then a pardoned convict returned from Siberia to say that he had met him there.

Six years later, after serving in the mines for twelve years, Moses Kamoff received a pardon and returned home. A pardon for what? He had been punished again for being loyal. The czar had no more loyal subject in all the Russias. He had not expected or asked for a pardon. They simply removed his chains one day and told him he was to return. He reached home old and bent and a stranger even to his mother. He was glad, and yet in the midst of his gladness he was told that that was not the end. When the Russian police have once arrested a man he is never forgotten. They follow him up. He is fair game. A relative had died and left Moses fairly wealthy. He had not been home a month when the police began to bleed him. He must pay for being let alone. He wanted to live quietly and obey all laws and praise the czar, but it would and did cost him so much money per week to pay his fines that it ruined him.

In two years more he became but little better than a beggar. The police had stripped him. Then Moses found a situation with a chemist, but held it only a week. The man had to let him go or be arrested himself as a sympathizer with a suspect. The quicksilver mines of Siberia had made a wretched old man of him, but he shouldered a peddler's pack and began a tramp. In three days he was arrested and his goods confiscated. Two weeks later all who were giving him food and lodgings and sympathy were warned and had to drive him from their doors. He was arrested as a street beggar and kept for weeks in a cell. Whenever he got free the police were ready with another complaint.

There came a winter's night when Moses Kamoff huddled in a doorway, weak with hunger and exhaustion and knowing that he was freezing to death. He was glad of it. After death the police could not longer persecute him. In their rage they might kick his frozen body, but all feeling would have passed from it. In half an hour the man would have been dead had not the door opened and a hand drawn him inside. He was given food and drink and a comfortable bed, and he awoke next morning to find himself still alive. He knew at sight to what class his rescuer belonged. He was an anarchist. If he had private wrongs to avenge, then he would avenge the wrongs of the public. The man knew Kamoff by sight and had heard the story of his wrongs, and he argued that the Jew would be fierce for revenge. It was but natural that he should have been. For two days and nights the old man was fed and made comfortable, and then the other said to him:

"You will not betray me, for you have suffered. I have also won your gratitude. The police have hounded you to the brink of the grave. It is time you turned and had your revenge. It is for me to show you how you can secure it and run no risk."

obey the law," answered Kamoff.

"Yes, you have been loyal, but the police have punished you for it. For years I have worked on an invention that I might make myself feared. I have suffered almost as much as you have, but it is over and done with now. Tonight we will both begin our revenge."

And with that and trembling and laughing in his excitement the anarchist brought out a rifle. Its power was compressed air and its bullet an explosive one. Its discharge made no sound. There was neither smell nor smoke nor flame. Once on a housetop with the weapon one could shoot down a pedestrian a block away, and no living man could tell from whence the bullet came. It could be fired from any ambush in the suburbs—from behind wall or tree or bush. From window or house roof the czar could be picked off as he rode out. Officials could be shot down one after another, and those who lived would carry worse than death in their hearts. Kamoff looked the weeper on over and over again. He saw that it would do as its inventor said. It was a terrible weapon even in the hands of a coward. There was death wherever it pointed—grim, swift, mysterious death. In a day he could revenge his years of wrongs. A smile came to his face as he thought of this; then it faded as he thought of humanity. It was giving one man the power of life and death over hundreds, thousands, and that man with the lust to kill in his heart. It was wholesale murder. It was inhumanity. It was tragedy inconceivable.

When he had looked at the gun a long time Kamoff rose up and, putting all his strength into the blow, brought the barrel down upon a heavy wooden chair, and the labor of years was gone in a moment. Then he threw down the pieces and stood, with folded arms and bowed head, and did not even cry out at the stab that reached his heart. He had died for humanity's sake.

M. QUAD.

Strenuous Days.

"These fights over the banquets between college classes are little short of criminal."

"Oh, I don't know. My boy is a sophomore at one of the big colleges, and he is kept so busy paying his share of the damages wrought by his class that he hasn't any money left for ordinary foolishness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Hirsute Glory.

The young man was admiring her beautiful and abundant hair. "What a wealth of it there is!" he exclaimed. "When you loosen it, I suppose it drops to the floor?" "Huh!" broke in the little sister of the young woman. "It drops on the floor!"—Town and Country.

The Missionary From Michigan.

There was a missionary who went from Mich. With tracts to make more tractable. The savage heathen man. Alas, the missionary—The tale's too sad to pen! He'll go, that missionary, On nary Mich. —Grace Stone Field in Woman's Home Companion.

A Test Case.

"I'm a 'beauty doctor,'" announced the stranger with the hand satchel full of cosmetics and massage machines. "Do you think I could get any practice around here?" "You make ugly things pretty, don't you?" drawled the old farmer in the speckled shirt.

"That's my business, sir." "Waal, if you'll go down back of my barn you'll find an old slate covered cow with one eye and one horn and wrinkles like canals all over her face. She's the ugliest cow in seven states, and if you can make her pretty I'll agree that you be a 'beauty doctor' an' give you a dollar."—Chicago News.

SITUATION WANTED.

WANTED—POSITION AS COOKS in a logging camp for man and wife. Address "C," Astorian Office.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE.

WANTED—GIRL FOR GENERAL housework in family of 3 adults; good position for right party. Apply 86 W. Bond street. 3-10-tf.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE OF A 5-room house; all ready to move into; low rent; centrally located. WESTERN REALTY CO., 172 Tenth St.

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

ONE HUNDRED-ROOM HOTEL, for sale; doing a splendid business; good opportunity for a first-class hotel man. WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—ONE-QUARTER OR one-half interest in a summer resort hotel doing a fine business; over 100 rooms and always engaged 'way ahead. WESTERN REALTY CO.

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE of a large lodging house; rooms always full; low rent. WESTERN REALTY CO.

AS A CAPITALIST.

A Fakir Whose Abilities Equal Those of Captains of Industry.

The president of the Western Hemisphere bank sat in his easy chair smoking a fragrant Havana and meditating upon the lessons of the late business panic when the door of his office was opened and a tall, slim man wearing a Captain Streeter hat and a suit of faded black entered the room.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the caller, removing his hat and sitting down in another chair, "but you are the president of this bank, are you not?" "How did you get in here?"

"I was told by one of your subordinates that I would find you here, and"— "Who the devil are you?" "My name is Glasspy. I am an inventor of"—

"What do you want?" "Nothing, sir, if my presence is objectionable. My object in calling was to arrange for the depositing of a sum of money"— "The cashier attends to all that."

"I know it, but the amount is so large that I was sure he would refer me to you, and I thought it best to come straight to headquarters." "How large is the amount?" "One million dollars."

"In cash?" "In cash. I may add that it is the outcome of a financial scheme which in these uncertain days even the president of a great bank may well consider"— "But the money—is it in such a shape that you are ready to deposit it?"

"No, sir. As I was about to explain, the money will not be available until certain carefully considered plans mature, but it will be in cold cash when I"— "Is it contingent on a business scheme?"

"Yes, sir, it is. But the scheme rests on business principles as solid as Gibraltar and as broad as the Rocky mountains. It is contingent upon the success of two great inventions—namely, Glasspy's celebrated shaving compound and Glasspy's footpad discourager, an absolutely unique device, which I shall explain to you presently. In order to exploit these two inventions properly I need the sum of \$250, treasury notes preferred, to be regarded as a loan until the returns begin to"—

The president pushed a knob on the side of his desk, and a husky, uniformed bouncer instantly appeared. "William," roared the official head of the Western Hemisphere bank, "take this man out and fall on him!"—Chicago Tribune.

After Annual Dinner.



Tubbs—Come inside an' have a final, ol' man. Tootle-Don' shink sho. Rara late looking at his watch. How's the

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—2 UNFURNISHED office rooms, near court house. Inquire 386 Commercial street, upstairs. 2-7-tf.

FOR RENT OR FOR SALE—NINE room house, cor. Jerome and 17th streets. Apply to Capt. Ferchen, 330 17th street. 2-2tf.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE Attorney-at-Law City Attorney Offices: City Hall

JOHN C. McCUE Attorney-at-Law Deputy District Attorney Page Building Suite 4

HOWARD M. BROWNELL Attorney-at-Law Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at 420 Commercial St., Astoria.

DENTISTS DR. VAUGHAN Dentist Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN Dentist Commercial St. Shanahan Bldg.

OSTEOPATHS. DR. RHODA C. HICKS Osteopath Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2061 573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

RESTAURANTS.

TOKIO RESTAURANT. 351 Bond Street. Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.

Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts. FIRST-CLASS MEALS Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

U. S. RESTAURANT. 434 Bond Street. Coffee with Pie or Cake, 10 Cts. First-Class Meals, 15 Cts.

FURNITURE. Hildebrand & Gor Our clearing sale runs the year through. BARGAINS AT ANY TIME 467 Commercial Street.

MASSAGING. Massaging IN ALL ITS BRANCHES; WARM baths if necessary; thorough competency is assured. MRS. M. HEYNO, 87 W. Bond Street, Astoria.

LAUNDRIES. Those Pleated Bosom Shirts The kind known by dressy men in the summer, are difficult articles to launder nicely. Unless you know just how to do it, the front pleats won't iron down smooth, and the shirt front will look mussed. Our New Press Ironer irons them without rolling or stretching. Try it. TROY LAUNDRY, Tenth and Duane. Phone Main 1991

enemy: Tubbs—Oh, thash all right, ol' chap. She's in bed.

His Toast. The difficulty of saying a suitable thing about an unpossessing person was once cleverly surmounted by the great Duke of Wellington. At a Mansion House dinner he was called on to propose the health of the lady mayoress, whom he had never seen. The duke got up and proposed the toast, describing the subject as "the model of her sex."

Now, the lady happened to be a very plain, wizened little woman, so the then Lord Ellenborough afterward asked the duke how he could describe that ugly little creature as the model of her sex.

"Why," said the duke. "I thought I did very well. I had never seen her before and didn't know what she was like, and some models are blamed ugly!"

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is a new remedy, an improvement on the laxatives of former years, as it does not gripe or nauseate and is pleasant to take. It is guaranteed. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRICKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

HOTELS.

HOTEL OXFORD Sixth and Oak Sts., Portland, Ore.

A strictly modern hotel in center of business district; suites with or without private baths, running hot and cold water in every room; plenty of free baths. Rates \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. VICTOR BRANDT, Prop.

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

CABINET MAKERS. New Upholstering Shop First-class work guaranteed. Upholstering and cabinet work nicely and neatly done. Furniture of all kinds repaired. Prices right. 164 8th St., bet. Coml. and Duane Sts. J. H. BOWLSBY.

FISH MARKET. Seattle Fish Market 77 Ninth St., near Bond 'Fresh and Salted Fish. Game and Poultry. Groceries, Produce and Fruit Imported and Domestic Goods. P. Bakotitch & Feo, Proprs. Phone Red 2183

WINES AND LIQUORS. Eagle Concert Hall (320 Astor Street) Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town. P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

MEDICAL. Unprecedented Successes of DR. C. 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 diseases. SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT. If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps. THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO. 182 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison, PORTLAND, OREGON. Please mention the Astorian.

TRANSPORTATION. The "K" Line PASSENGERS FREIGHT

Steamer - Lurline Night Boat for Portland and Way Landings. Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m.

Leaves Portland Daily except Sunday at 7 a. m.

Quirk Service Excellent Meals Good Berths

Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf. Landing Portland Foot Taylor St.

G. B. BLESSING, Agent. Phone Main 2761.

TRANSPORTATION. CANADIAN PACIFIC "EMPERESS" Line of the Atlantic LESS THAN FOUR DAYS AT SEA

During the summer season, the Empresses sail from Quebec to Liverpool; fast and luxurious. Nine hundred miles in sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. Short ocean trip. Use this route and avoid sea sickness. Summer sailing lists and rates now ready. Apply to any Ticket Agent, or James Finlayson, Agent, Astoria, Or.

TRANSPORTATION. TIME CARD Astoria & Columbia River R. R. Co. Effective, Sunday, January 26, 1908—Pacific Time.

Table with columns for time and destinations: Astoria, Portland, Clatskanie Junction, Westport, Warrenton, Hammond, Ft. Stevens, Hamond, Warrenton, Gearhart, Seaside, Holladay.

Trains marked * run daily. *Telegraph Office.

Nos. 26 and 28 run from Astoria to Clatsop Beach via Ft. Stevens. No. 22 runs from Portland to Astoria and Clatsop Beach direct. No. 24 runs from Portland to Astoria only. No. 30 runs from Astoria to Clatsop Beach direct.

Nos. 21, 25 and 29 run via Ft. Stevens. No. 23 runs from Clatsop Beach to Astoria and Portland direct.

Connections—At Portland, with all trans-continental lines. At Goble, with Northern Pacific Railway Company. At Astoria with steamers for San Francisco and Tillamook and Ilwaco Railway & Navigation Company's boat and railway.

Through tickets sold to and from all points in the East and Europe. For further particulars apply to G. B. JOHNSON, General Agent, 12th and Commercial, Astoria, Or.

UNDERTAKERS J. A. GILBAUGH & CO., Undertakers and Embalmers. Experienced Lady Assistant When Desired.

Plumbers. JNO. A. MONTGOMERY PLUMBER Heating Contractor, Tinner -AND- Sheet Iron Worker ALL WORK GUARANTEED 425 Bond Street.

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MARY AYER, In "A Royal Slave," Astoria Theatre, Sunday March 15th.