

# FORTUNES IN OIL AND GAS

## Right at the Mouth of the Columbia River Rich Oil Fields Now in Operation Near Astoria

That OIL and natural GAS have been discovered in paying quantities across the Columbia River from Astoria at Onieda, Washington, has been important enough to a number of well-known reliable parties to cause the organization of the Pacific Coast Gas & Oil Co., with a capital stock of \$300,000. This company has just placed a number of shares of stock on the market at the low price of \$50.00 per share. READ ON--

### What the Company Is

The Pacific Coast Gas & Oil Co. is composed of reliable business men of Oregon and Washington whose only purpose is to develop the property to the best of its ability and produce a paying mine of oil and gas that all who have purchased stock may share in its profits. The officers serve without salary and include among them some of the most reputable citizens of the State. To make the company strong on account of its brilliant future it has secured leases on over 6000 acres of land. It has obtained the highest expert authority on the geological formation of the land, employed the strongest expert workmen to operate the drilling apparatus and given such other evidence of good faith to warrant any man making an investment with them.

Alex Sweek, president, Portland.  
Clayton S. Barber, sec. and treas.  
R. A. Wade, vice-president.  
Directors—John Nelson, Onieda, Wash.; Geo. L. Hutchins, Portland;  
Wm. Anderson, Deep River, Wash.

THIS famous oil property is located on the north bank of the Columbia River directly opposite Astoria, and right at the mouth of Deep River, at Onieda, Washington. The derrick machinery and drilling apparatus is on the ground at work daily, and open to the inspection of the public. Mr. John D. Magner and Fred E. Carl, two of the most competent oil and gas drillers in the country are in charge of the work. Go and see them drill in the ground. The location of the plant is right on John Nelson's place at Onieda where he has farmed for the past 26 years. He has been using this gas for the past 6 years that this company is now digging down for a plentiful supply. The gas is there because it has been put to practical heating and illuminating tests without a break. We want you to see the plant in operation. Look over the exceptional facilities for handling the product, and then form your opinion of those who own stock in the company. Take the steamer Julia B. or the Gen'l Washington any morning from Astoria and spend an hour at the plant and see it work. You can return in the morning or afternoon of the same day. This visit will prove a revelation. There is nothing like it in the northwest. This drilling outfit is the biggest and most up to date ever operated on the Pacific coast.

### Stock for Sale For Development Purposes

The per value of the stock is \$100 per share, but is now offered at one-half (\$50) and it is worth it. The company has already sold a limited amount of stock, equipped the property with the best working machinery in the world and it has plans for a great future. The money secured from the sale of stock will be to push the work. Every dollar will be used to prepare for the best interest of the company. As the drill goes down the stock will surely rise. The price it is now offered at will only be a short time. A good rule is to let opportunity in when it knocks at the door. For an investment there is nothing more tangible, brighter or more sure dividend paying than this stock, particularly at \$50 per share. Don't wait until it goes to par, but buy now. It is really a chance that comes seldom. Further particulars at the addresses given below.

# PACIFIC COAST GAS & OIL COMPANY

402 Commercial Block, Portland, Oregon. Higgins & Warren, Savings Bank Building, Astoria, Oregon.

### IMPROVING ON INSTRUCTIONS

By Taylor White.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Ben Runyon regarded with amusement, if not approbation, the diminutive applicant for the vacant post of office boy. The lad's fluent talk, heavily flavored with the slang of the moment, was diverting even while it exposed his unfitness for the place.

"I'm afraid it's no deal, Lippy," he said, his tone tinged with kindly regret. "You don't quite fill the bill."

He turned back to his desk, but a grimy hand grasped his coat sleeve.

"Forget it, boss," pleaded Lippy (he had confessed that to be the only name he knew). "I'm in wrong. Get that? I don't live wid me fader and mudder, but it's 'cause I ain't got none, see? What ef I do live in a lodgin' house and ain't got me pants pressed? I'll be Johnny on de spot and wort' a dozen dude kids. Len' me t'ree iron men and I'll be back here wid de glad rags in a half hour. Is it a go? Give a feller a chanct, will yer?"

Lippy tried hard to keep a stiff upper lip, but the nervous twitching betrayed his anxiety, and there was a pleading look in the sharp greenish eyes. Runyon drew a five dollar bill from his pocket and handed it to the boy.

"It's a go," he agreed. "Now, for heaven's sake, get a decent looking suit! Don't come back here looking like a prize fighter's sparring partner, and hurry up."

With a muttered "Thanks" that was meant to be brusque, but which spoke wholly volumes of the boy's delight, Lippy sped from the office. He was back within the prescribed half hour, a clean shirt and a paper collar had replaced the tattered garment that once had been his body covering. A suit well worn, but clean, and a pair of shoes described by Lippy as "new secondhand" completed the outfit. Lippy was installed.

For a few weeks things went well in the Runyon office. Lippy learned the rudiments of a more conventional speech, and his alertness brought many a smile of approval from Runyon. Lippy was keeping his promise

to be "Johnny on the spot." Then came a blue Monday, when all went wrong. Runyon came to the office with the temper of a bear. He passed Lippy with a curt nod and shut himself in the private office, whence presently came a demand for the typewriter. Lippy reported that she had not yet arrived and pointed out that she still had fifteen minutes grace. But the fifteen minutes stretched to half an hour, and still the girl



"DON'T MENSUN IT," MUTTERED LIPPY, BACKING AWAY.

had not come, while Runyon's temper grew more savage.

Then came a telephone message. Miss Blake had been married the day before and had gone on her honeymoon. Her mother hoped that it would not inconvenience her employer, but her fiancé had been ordered west and the girl had accompanied him.

"What am I going to do without Miss Blake?" stormed Runyon. "There are important papers to be got out. I can't trust them to a public typewriter."

"Get another girl," advised Lippy sagely. "The man what makes the machines keeps girls in cold storage. Phone him and he'll push one down here special delivery."

"No go," dissented Runyon. "I must have one in whose discretion I can trust. The only recommendation those girls require is that they use the machine."

"Ain't you th' hep gamoosh to some dame wit' th' hurry fingers?" suggested

Mr Lippy. "Your fren or your fren's fren?"

Runyon started. "It may do some good," he told himself. "It will show that I am not disposed to hold anger. Take this card and ask the lady if she can come down at once," he added to Lippy, handing the boy a card which he drew from his vest pocket.

Lippy was out of the office like a whirlwind, and presently he was standing in front of a handsome house in the residential district debating with himself if this could be the address. His debate was short. To Lippy orders were orders. He climbed the steps and soon was standing in the hallway, while the butler went off to find the girl.

"You have a letter from Mr. Runyon?" she asked as Lippy was ushered into a room all sweet smells and soft toned colors. Lippy shook his head in a negative.

"He didn't have no time to write," he explained. "He couldn't wait fr' that. He told me to hot foot it up here and tell you he couldn't wait s'leven seconds wit'out you. You're to come down wit' me."

"What's the matter?" she asked in astonishment. "Mr. Runyon is in some trouble?"

"Up to his neck," declared Lippy. "Say, if you don't get down in a hurry he'll go dead nutty. He was mos' bug-house when I went away from there wit' somethin' t' tell you."

"Wait in the hall. I'll be right down," she promised, while her trembling hands toyed nervously with a ribbon. "I—I did not know it was so serious—that he would take it this way."

"Serious!" echoed Lippy. "I'll bet we find two cops and the ambulance doc in th' place if we don't get there pretty quick."

The girl rang the bell for her maid, and Lippy went down to the front hall to spend a pleasant ten minutes in impertinent conversation addressed to the butler with the delightful knowledge that the staid functionary did not dare hit back.

Then the girl came down the stairs looking even more attractive in her heavy furs, and Lippy wonderingly followed her into the automobile that stood at the curb. This sort of typewriter was new to him.

The ride was all too short, and the girl pressed after him as Lippy raced down the hall and proudly threw open the door with a shrill "I got her, boss."

Runyon came out of his private office and halted as he looked at the girl. "You have come, Aline? You forgive?" he asked hoarsely.

"The boy said you were nearly distracted," she explained. "I should not have come if he had not led me to believe that you were on the point of committing some rash action."

"I sent him for that typewriter you recommended," explained Runyon. "My girl got married yesterday and left town. I had the address of this girl of whom you had spoken. Lippy, let me see that card."

Lippy produced the now battered pasteboard. It was one of Aline Brevat's own cards with a penciled address on the back, but the pencil marks were almost obliterated through friction with other papers.

"I did not notice that the pencil address was blurred out," explained Runyon. "I suppose that Lippy did not even notice the marks. He is responsible for the trouble to which you have been put. But, dear, can't you see the hand of fate in the development? Won't you believe in the sincerity of my penitence and forgive my ill humor?"

Lippy, catching the drift of the remark, searched the girl's face. His quick perception saw in her clear eyes the dawn of forgiveness long before his employer read his answer, and he plucked at Runyon's coat.

"Say, boss," he shrilled. "I'll go out and get me lunch." And as he departed he innocently slipped the spring latch that these two, who were oblivious to all else than themselves, should not be disturbed by the intrusion of book agents or peddlers.

It was an hour before he showed up again, and Runyon was working feverishly at his desk, while Miss Brevat sat by the window enjoying the panorama of the city spread before her gaze.

Runyon handed him a letter. "Take that to this address," he said smilingly. "It is the address of the new typewriter. When she comes, give her these specifications to copy. I shall not be here when you get back. I shall not be back until tomorrow."

"I'm sorry I didn't get her th' first time," said Lippy hypocritically. "It's all right," assured Runyon as he added a five dollar bill to the envelope he still held out. "You improved upon instructions, and we, Miss Brevat and myself, are very much obliged."

"Don't menshun it," muttered Lippy, backing away, for Miss Brevat was smiling upon him, and the radiance of that smile abashed the boy's assurance for the first time in his eventful young life.

Morning Astorian delivered by carrier, 60 cents per month. Contains all the Associated Press reports.

### Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager.

Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos—Boxes Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

433 Commercial Street.

Main Phone 121

### THE GEM

C. F. WISE, Prop.

Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars  
Hot Lunch at All Hours.

Merchants Lunch Room  
11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m.  
25 Cents

Corner Eleventh and Commercial.

ASTORIA,

OREGON

### THE TRENTON

First-Class Liquors and Cigars

602 Commercial Street.

Corner Commercial and 14th.

ASTORIA, OREGON

## Pure Food

All our wines and liquors are guaranteed under the Pure Food Law.

### AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

589 Commercial Street