

ON A MAN-OF-WAR.

Hints to Landlubbers Who Want to Do the Proper Thing.

As you pass over the ship's side and step aboard, if you are a man touch your hat in salute to the flag.

Don't say "downstairs" or "upstairs." There are no stairs on board ship—only ladders. Say "below" or "on deck."

Looking forward—that is, toward the bow—the right hand is "starboard," the left hand "port."

Keep clear of the starboard side of the quarter deck. The quarter deck is the after—or rear—end of the upper deck.

Never peep into the officers' private quarters. They are no more to be entered into than any private citizen's bedroom.

Keep your hands off the bright brass work, the polished guns and the clean paint work.

Do not expectorate on the decks. This warning is unnecessary to gentlemen, who do not expectorate in public anywhere.

Never dream of tipping a man who shows you about the ship. He is sufficiently rewarded by the entertainment he gives you.

Never take a lady up or down an "undressed" ladder. It is immodest for the lady.

Upon leaving the ship salute the flag as upon coming aboard.—San Francisco News Letter.

MEDALS FOR BRAVERY.

Decorations That May Be Bestowed by Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam is not averse to bestowing decorations, says the Philadelphia Press. While the constitution prohibits government officers from accepting orders from foreign governments, the president has the power to award in signa, which mean considerably more than most of the stars, garters, etc., of the old world.

Besides the medals for conspicuous bravery in battle and the decorations for life saving on the water, the chief executive can honor men and women who display heroism on the railroad lines of the country.

Award of the decorations is made by the chief executive on recommendation from the interstate commerce commission. Applications must be accompanied by affidavits from eyewitnesses of the heroic deeds, and they must be approved by a committee of five of the commissioners.

A bronze medal and a button of gold and enamel are the insignia given.

The medal is about as big as a silver dollar. On one side, the obverse, there is a figure of a man upon a railway track, with one knee upon a rock which blocks an approaching train.

On the reverse side is a laurel wreath, symbolical of heroism. The inscription, "The United States Medal For Life Saving on Railroads," appears near the medal's rim, and within the wreath is the following: "For Bravery. Awarded to —."

Japanese Compositors.

Japanese "typos" have their troubles K. Sugimura, literary editor of the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun, says that he especially admires the linotype typesetting machines. "Unfortunately we are unable to use them in Japan, for our language has forty-seven letters, as well as over 3,000 Chinese characters, and such a number of types is, of course, beyond the capabilities of any machine yet invented.

Even in Bedlam.

The manager of the Insano asylum frowned. "What is that woman in cell 77 howling and shrieking about?" he asked impatiently. "She objects to her straitjacket, sir," the keeper answered.

The Retailer.

"What business is Miss Gaddle in?" "Oh, she's in everybody's business." "Wholesale, eh?" "Yes; except when it comes to a bit of scandal. She retails that."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Sufficient Reason.

Brooke—Ginsson always calls a spade a spade. Lynn—That's because he lacks synonyms.—Bohemian Magazine.

FORETOLD HIS FUTURE.

The Message Carl Schurz Received From Spirit Land.

An extraordinary experience with a medium is given in the Carl Schurz memoirs in McClure's.

After receiving what purported to be a message from Schiller, General Schurz asked that the spirit of Lincoln be summoned to tell why President Johnson had called Schurz to Washington.

"The answer came, 'He wants you to make an important journey for him.' I asked where that journey would take me. Answer, 'He will tell you tomorrow.' I asked further whether I should undertake that journey.

"Having disposed of this matter, I asked whether the spirit of Lincoln had anything more to say to me. The answer came, 'Yes; you will be a senator of the United States.' This struck me as so fanciful that I could hardly suppress a laugh, but I asked further, 'From what state?' Answer, 'From Missouri.' This was more provokingly mysterious still, but there the conversation ceased.

"Hardly anything could have been more improbable at that time than that I should be a senator of the United States from the state of Missouri. My domicile was in Wisconsin, and I was then thinking of returning there. I had never thought of removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, and there was not the slightest prospect of my ever doing so.

"But, to forestall my narrative, two years later I was surprised by an entirely unexpected and unexpected business proposition which took me to St. Louis, and in January, 1869, the legislature of Missouri elected me a senator of the United States. I then remembered the prophecy made to me at the spirit seance in the house of my friend Tiedemann in Philadelphia."

CLEVER FISHERMEN.

Odd Methods of the Indians on the Sault Ste. Marie.

On the Sault Ste. Marie the Indians have a novel method of catching whitefish. Two Indians go with a canoe into the rapids. One occupies the bow and one the stern. The latter uses a paddle to keep the boat's head upstream.

They take with them a dipnet four feet in diameter attached to a pole or handle fifteen feet long. This is placed ready to the hand of the Indian in the bow. The fishing is done at the foot of the rapids, where the water boils and tumbles furiously.

With his pole the Indian in the bow holds the canoe or lets it float steadily sidewise, now up a little perhaps and then down, but always under perfect control. The Indian gazes constantly into the water, which is often ten feet deep where they are fishing and the depths of which no white man was ever yet able to school his eye to penetrate.

Suddenly he seizes the net by the handle with one hand, still manipulating the boat with the other, and plunges the net into the water, perhaps ten feet away, thrusting it to the bottom. Then he gives it a peculiar twist, draws it up and turns out into the boat often as many as half a dozen whitefish weighing from three to five pounds.

These Indian fishermen are unerring in casting their nets, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to capture 300 whitefish in a day. How they are able to see the fish in the bottom of the rapids is a mystery no one has yet been able to fathom.—Pearson's Weekly.

As Good as a Porter.

It is curious how many people are in ignorance of simple little facts in connection with everyday life which would save them a large amount of unnecessary labor and fatigue. Take the case of carrying a heavy bag or portmanteau, for instance. We all know the annoying way in which it knocks against our legs and the almost intolerable ache in the arm that is supporting the burden.

The Hat He Had.

"Mamma, if I had a hat before I had this one, it's all right to say that's the hat I had had, isn't it?" "Certainly, Johnny."

"And if that hat had a hole in it and I had it mended I could say it had had a hole in it, couldn't I?" "Yes; there would be nothing incorrect in that."

"Then it would be good English to say that the hat I had had had had a hole in it, wouldn't it?" "Yes, indeed."

"It takes a couple of sweethearts a deucedly long time to say goodby, even if they are parting for only a few hours."

"Much adieu about nothing, eh?"—Kansas City Times.

Amiable.

"Daughter, is your husband amiable?" "Well, ma, he's just exactly like pa. When he gets his own way, about everything he's just perfectly lovely."—Pathfinder.

OBEYED ORDERS.

The Lady Knew Just What to Do When a Fire Started.

Mrs. Wilcox had boundless faith in the wisdom and general effectiveness of her husband's advice, and consequently he had primed her with instructions for any emergency that might arise when he was absent.

So deeply was this advice impressed on her subconsciousness that her actions the day of the fire in her home were purely automatic.

She had bought a new hat, and the room being rather poorly lighted, she used the gas jet over her bureau as an aid to studying the new millinery achievement. Suddenly as she was lifting the lace creation off her head it slipped and fell directly upon the blazing gas jet.

The expected happened. The hat was soon burning fiercely, still on the top of the gas pipe.

Mrs. Wilcox, mindful of Jack's advice, grabbed a valuable Persian rug on the floor and, spreading it carefully over the lighted gas jet and flaming hat, rushed out to the telephone.

At the doorway she collided with her maid, Estelle, who, bearing the rapid movements in the room, was coming to learn the cause.

Running over to the bureau, the girl turned out the gas and, throwing the rug on the floor, stamped out the flames, which had burned a hole through the valuable tapestry.

"Why, Mrs. Wilcox," she cried, "why didn't you turn out the gas?"

"Turn out the gas?" answered her mistress. "Well, aren't you bright! I never thought of that. Jack has always told me to put a rug on a fire."—Youth's Companion.

A STORY OF NELSON.

The Presence of Mind of the Great English Admiral.

Captain Mahan relates the following anecdote concerning Lord Nelson's letter proposing a truce to the crown prince of Denmark, dispatched in the midst of hostilities:

The decks being cleared of all partitions fore and aft and all ordinary conveniences removed, Nelson wrote in full view of all on the deck where he was, at the casing of the rudder head, standing, and as he wrote an officer standing by took a copy. The original, in his own hand, was put into an envelope and sealed, with his arms. The officer was about to use a wafer, but Nelson said:

"No; send for sealing wax and candle."

Some delay followed owing to the man's having had his head taken off by a ball. "Send another messenger for the wax," said the admiral when informed of this, and when the wafers were again suggested he simply reiterated the order.

A large quantity of wax was used and extreme care taken that the impression of the seal should be perfect. Colonel Stewart asked:

"Why under so hot a fire and after so lamentable an accident have you attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?"

"Had I made use of a wafer," replied Nelson, "the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince. He would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry and that we had some pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."

He Didn't Like Pledges.

Judge Martin Grover of Troy, N. Y., was at one time approached by a young citizen who wished to be nominated to the state assembly. The shrewd old judge had certain doubts about him, which he expressed somewhat freely, and yet he was willing to afford him a trial. He therefore addressed the aspirant in this way:

"Young man, if you will give me your word that you won't steal when you get to Albany I'll see what kin be done about sendin' you there."

"Judge Grover," replied the young man, drawing himself up with great dignity, "I go to Albany unpledged or I don't go at all."

Small Tacks.

How is this for a stunt? The center of the tack industry used to be Bromsgrove, a town in Worcestershire, England, where all work was done by hand. It was a common feat for experts to forge 1,000 to 1,200 tacks so small as to fill the barrel of an ordinary goose quill, their weight being only about twenty grains.—New York Press.

A Glittering Bargain.

"Yes," said the prospective investor to the Billville real estate man, "your terms at \$2 an acre are very reasonable. Is there any gold in the land?" The agent looked around as if to assure himself that no one was listening; then he leaned over and whispered: "It's mostly gold!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Irresistible Attraction.

"What are you stopping for, John? If we don't hurry we'll miss our train!" "You can go on if you want to, Maria. I'm going to see how they get that balky horse started."

Out of a Job.

Minister—Is your father working now, Johnny? Small Johnny—No, sir. Minister—Why, only last week he told me he had a job. Small Johnny—Yes, sir. But the man he was working died.—Chicago News.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

Many a Astoria Citizen Finds the Struggle Hard.

With a back constantly aching. With distressing urinary disorders. Daily existence is but a struggle. No need to keep it up.

Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you. Theodore Huerth, living on Park Place, about two miles from Oregon City, Ore., says: "I found Doan's Kidney Pills do just what is claimed for them."

For a long time I suffered from a lameness and aching over the kidneys and an irregularity of the action of the kidneys. The trouble was not severe enough to lay me up but was very annoying and made it difficult without my back aching me. I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills from the recommendation of a friend, and procured a box. Their use absolutely removed the trouble with the kidneys, strengthened my back and in every way proved your remedy to be worthy of the greatest confidence.

Plenty more proof like this from Astoria people. Call at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store and ask what customers report. 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.

Men Past Sixty in Danger.

More than half of mankind over 60 years of age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate glands. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many old men of this disease. Mr. Rodney Burnett, Rockport, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure, I feel better than I have for twenty years, although I am now 91 years old." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headache, stomach trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturers refund your money. What more can any one do. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Hay Fever and Summer Colds.

Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief. The genuine is in a yellow package. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

What a New Jersey Editor Says

M. T. Lynch, editor of the Phillipsburg, N. J., Daily Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Excellent Health Advice.

Mrs. M. M. Davison, of No. 379 Gifford avenue, San Jose, Cal., says: "The worth of Electric Bitters as a general family remedy, for headache, biliousness and torpor of the liver and bowels is so pronounced that I am prompted to say a word in its favor, for the benefit of those seeking relief from such afflictions. There is more health for the digestive organs in a bottle of Electric Bitters than in any other remedy I know of." Sold under guarantee at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 50c.

She Likes Good Things.

Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 25c.

Twenty-Five Cents is the Price of Peace.

The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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