

GREAT FURNITURE SALE

Of the bankrupt stock of Heilborn & Co. is now in full blast. If you want a piece of furniture, carpets, lace curtains, lineoleum, window shades, COME EARLY

DOORS OPEN AT 8 A. M.

This Stock Must Be Closed Out This Week.

MOHAIR AND ALPACA.

These Fabrics Come From Two Entirely Different Animals.

The other day I heard a couple of men arguing about mohair and alpaca, one of them gravely asserting that they were different names for the same fabric," said a New York importer.

The assertion was very far out of the way. The cloth known as alpaca, if genuine, comes from the wool of the animal of the same name, which survives only in the Andean regions of Peru and Chile in South America. The alpaca, or paco, which resembles the llama, looks a good deal like our domestic sheep and has a most beautiful fleece. Great flocks of them browse on the highest ranges of the Andes and are the property of the native Indians, who shear them once a year. Many efforts have been made to breed the alpaca in different parts of Europe and Australia, but without success. A cargo of them was brought to Baltimore some time in the middle of the last century, but the experiment of raising them in the United States was likewise a failure.

The cloth known as mohair comes from the Angora goat, a very different animal from the alpaca. The Angora is found in South Africa, but the largest flocks are found in Asia Minor."—Exchange.

PARIS AND LONDON.

Contrasts in People and Manners in the Two Great Capitals.

In the streets French traffic all goes to the right; London coachmen drive always to the left. Parisians live together in large houses like barracks. Londoners have one family in a house. The Londoner has a latchkey, the Frenchman a concierge.

Paris has its cafes, London its clubs. Parisian beds are up in an alcove in the wall; Londoners sleep in the middle of the room. Londoners take three or four meals a day, Parisians two.

Paris dines, London eats. Paris leaves are long, London leaves are square. Paris drinks wine, London beer. Paris takes coffee, London tea.

Frenchmen while dining talk to their neighbor and enjoy each other's society; Britons sit alone at table and don't say much, but enjoy their food.

London workmen work in their ordinary clothes, call each other "mate," smoke clay pipes and punch each other's heads occasionally; Parisian workmen do their business in blouses, call their friends "citizen" or "sir," smoke cigarettes, take their hats off to each other and do their fighting with their feet.—London Tit-Bits.

Defective Education.

An old darky in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who is a student at the Atlanta uni-

versity, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Look hyar, boy," he said, "you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Getting education, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Larning 'rithmetic an' figgering on a slate, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't tak two whole days ter make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," answered the boy.

"Waal," said the old man, "you was going ter bring that hatchet back in an hour, wasn't yer? An' hit's been two whole days sence you borrowed hit."

"What's the use of yo' education ef you go ter school a whole year an' den can't tell how long hit takes ter fetch back dat hatchet?"

African Natives' Drum Signals.

All through the continent of Africa the natives have a very perfect system of signalling with drums, by which means they rap out messages from village to village, and it is quite wonderful how swiftly and how far they are able to spread news.

The drumming is always done at night, when sound travels farther, and as one lies awake on a still, clear night the ear is often gently assailed by the low, musical roll from a drum in the village near, and one waits with pleasant expectancy till the answering echo comes, muffled by distance, from a village sometimes two miles away.—Wide World Magazine.

Bohemia.

Bohemia is youth. Youth is everywhere. It is bounded on the north and east by the barren desert of middle age and on the south and west by the steep and impassable mountains of success. The true Bohemian is drunk on nothing but ambitions and ideals, and, though these leave no headache, they frequently leave an emptiness of the stomach. The true Bohemian has an appetite the morning after, but there is often no breakfast.—Sydney Bulletin.

Public Opinion.

Public opinion is a will-o'-the-wisp. It is here today and gone tomorrow. Public opinion crucified the Christ, and the centuries have condemned it for its act. Ever since that time the public has been making blunders, committing crimes, furnishing the evidence of its own unwisdom in every time and country.—Boston Herald.

Business Sense.

"Has that titled son-in-law of yours any business sense?" "Yes," answered Mr. Dustinstax. "I must say I admire his foresight and sagacity. He absolutely refused to take any chances on my regarding him as a poor relation."—Washington Star.

WORKED HIS WAY.

His Job an Energetic Student Took to Cross the Atlantic.

Jack had paid his way always. Out of the poverty of his childhood he had fought his way through the university. After graduation he felt he must see Europe, and with the little accumulation he had he "crossed the pond," trusting to good luck to get home again. But, his trip of sightseeing over, he found himself in Liverpool without money and with no means of getting any.

He thought he would just go down to the steamship, go on board and see how it would seem if only he were going home.

As he wandered over the big liner his attention was attracted by a crying baby. The mother was traveling alone, and while she was attempting to see to all the thousand and one details incident to the beginning of an ocean trip the baby had resented the neglect he felt he had received and was crying. The mother was at her wits' end.

Jack's kind heart prompted him to say: "Let me take the baby, madam. Perhaps I can keep him quiet until your preparations are made."

This request, so unusual from a stranger and especially from a man stranger, naturally filled her with surprise, but she looked Jack squarely in the eye for a second and trusted him. "I wish you would," she said.

Jack's care was extremely satisfactory to his babyship, and when, in a half hour, the mother was ready to reclaim her child she found a happy baby cooing and trying to devour a bunch of keys at one gulp.

She laughed as she took the youngster and thanked Jack. Then she added, quite in fun, "I wish you were going clear across."

Jack saw his opportunity. He said: "Madam, I'm a college student, out of funds and longing for home. If you will pay my passage to America I will take care of your baby all the way across."

His proposition was accepted, and he kept his word. He is a prominent lawyer now, and he looks back with considerable amusement to his experience in getting home from Europe.—Youth's Companion.

MURDER OF THE SEAL.

The Way the Animals Are Slaughtered by the Hunters.

The ice echoes no footfalls, so the murder of the seal is a stealthy act. Yes, it seems like murder. On the pail lies a whitecoat alone. Up to it buries one of the hunters. Lifting his hat above his head, he measures the distance; then, swinging downward the iron shoe point, he strikes the skull of the seal such a blow that it is crushed in as if of pasteboard. Tossing aside

the bat and whipping out the scalping knife, while the creature is still quivering, with a swift undercut and two or three side strokes the keen blade has severed the hide and the layers of fat beneath so they can be rolled into a pelt, the hide holding the fat in its folds. The next whitecoat is with its parents. Their hide is coarser, but worth having, so the gunner takes a quick aim, lodging a charge of shot in the head of the growling mate just at the base of the brain. Here the skull is thinnest. One of the batters stands guard over the blowhole to prevent the mother from escaping, while another bats the cub. Then the female, who would desert her offspring to save her own life, is clubbed on the head. A few strokes of the knives and three more bloody carcasses crimson the ice. The pelt of the first seal is piled with the other three in a pan. The flagman sticks a flag by its side, and the hunters hurry forward, leaving the pelts to be towed back to the ship when the hunt is ended.

Thus the slaughter continues hour after hour until nightfall only ends the stroke of the bat and thrust of the knife. If it began at daybreak the field may be strewn with thousands of dead seals, for if the pan of ice is thronged with them, as is sometimes the case, a hundred men will kill ten times their number in a day, since most of the seals are harps, which seldom try to protect their young, and are slain without attempting to defend themselves.—Day Allen Willey in Metropolitan.

Bunions and Hank.

"It is extraordinary," writes Sir Henry Drummond Wolff in "Rambling Recollections," "to observe in England the weakness that most people have for boasting of their friends in high places and the deference that they show to them. The daughter of a lady of very high rank had some pain in her foot which the mother asked the governess to be good enough to look at. The latter after examining it said, 'If it were not for her ladyship's exalted rank I should say it was a bunion.'"

Sign of Precocity.

"I believe," declared the Irishman, "that the youngest son's born 't' be a surgeon."

"Phwat leads ye 't' say that?" asked his friend.

"O! caught him usin' th' scissors on a book O'd lately bought an' before O'd stop him be cut out th' appendix."—Bohemian.

Joy.

Joy in life is like the oil in the lamp—when the oil commences to fall, the wick burns with a glimmering red flame, filling the air about it with a black smoke. Life also without a little joy burns unprofitably, filling the air with depression and sadness.

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. E. H. Morrison, mother of Miss Hazel Morris, of Portland, accompanied by Miss Green, of that city, is in the city. They are guests at the home of Miss Flora Pohl.

State Fish Warden and Mrs. H. C. McAllister arrived down from Portland yesterday, and were immediately absorbed in the official Regatta throng.

Senator J. G. Megler and wife came over from Brookfield yesterday to take in the pleasures of the Regatta, and found them ready to hand, rain and all.

Admiral Mike Gorman, of the Cathlamet Regatta, came down to Astoria yesterday, on an official visit to the big festival now underway here and to say a good word for the jollification to come off up his way in the near future.

State Senator W. G. Cole and little son were Regatta guests in Astoria yesterday, and will leave up for the Eastern country this morning.

R. M. Jenkins, of the A. & C. general staff, was a well pleased visitor amid the Regatta throngs yesterday. He returns to the metropolis this morning.

George B. Small, editor of the Baker City Democrat was among the thousands and enjoying the Regatta fun here yesterday.

Editor S. G. Williams, of the Skamokawa Eagle, who has but lately attained to the dignity of grandpa, was down yesterday to look in on the baby show and get a point or two on the handling of fragile humanity. He seemed to be profoundly interested in the swarming youngsters.

J. B. Eddy, the well known right-of-way man for the O. R. & N. Company, came over from the northshore beaches yesterday to partake of the Regatta festivities.

William Harder, of the Great Northern Railway service, was an interested participant in the Regatta fun of yesterday in this city.

Ed Nelson, one of the best known tug of war men on the Pacific Coast and middle west arrived last night to attend the tournament. "Ed" is getting too fat now to pull, but he is as big a "fan" as any of them. He is a guest of Captain Planck of the tournament.

F. A. Seufert of The Dalles came down to Astoria last night.



Barrington Hall The Steel Cut Coffee

Is just pure Mocha and Java prepared in a new way. The coffee berry is cut up (not ground) by knives of almost razor sharpness into small uniform particles. Thus it is not crushed, as by the old method of grinding, and the little oil cells remain unbroken. The essential oil (food product) cannot evaporate and is preserved indefinitely. This is one reason why a pound of Barrington Hall will make 15 to 20 cups more of full strength coffee than will any coffee ground the old way; why it excels all other coffee in flavor and why it will keep perfectly until used.

But the main thing about Barrington Hall Coffee is that it can be used without ill effect by those who find ordinary coffee injures them, because the yellow tanning-bearing skin and dust (the only injurious properties of coffee) are removed by the "steel-cut" process. A delicious coffee not a tasteless substitute.

Price, per pound, 40 CENTS FOR SALE BY A. V. ALLEN

PRINTING PLATES

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