

# Bring in Your Want Advertisements To-Day

TWENTY WORDS OR LESS, ONE WEEK FIFTY CENTS

## THE MORNING ASTORIAN WANT ADVERTISEMENTS

Are Read Every Morning by 10,000 People.

The Want Columns of THE MORNING ASTORIAN are consulted every morning by hundreds of persons in search of real estate bargains. Articles of sale, lost or found and people looking for employment. Rates: Twenty words or less three times, 25 cents; six times, 50 cents; one month, \$2.00.

### HELP WANTED—MALE

**BOYS WANTED—THE SATURDAY EVENING POST** wants a few energetic boys, over ten, to receive orders, deliver copies and make collections; high-class customers in best neighborhoods; no corner loafing with bad companions; good pay and short hours; extra prizes for good workers. Mr. W. O. Whitman, 502 Commercial street, Astoria.

**AGENTS WANTED FOR NEW** kerosene incandescent Mantle Lamp; brighter than Gas or Electricity; fifteenth cost; rapid seller; big profits. Continental Co., 335 Broadway, New York.

**WANTED—GIRL TO WORK IN** hotel. Enquire at Bay View Hotel.

**BOYS WANTED TO CARRY PA-** pers. Apply Circulation Department, Astorian Office. 9-17-11

**J. F. NOWLEN, REAL ESTATE** and Employment Office, 473 Commercial St., Phone —. Have fine list of Astoria and country property. All classes of labor furnished.

**WANTED—LADIES AND MEN** to wear our tailor-made clothes; perfection in fit and workmanship guaranteed. Osborne Tailoring Co. 10-4-1m

**WANTED—A BOY TO WORK IN** printing office. Apply Astorian.

**AGENTS—ARE YOU AN AGENT?** Do you want to be an agent? Do you want to make money in your spare time, or get into a permanent business? Send for free copy of this month's "Thomas Agent." Read about new agency propositions, new plans, and sure money-making pointers, and experiences of thousands of successful Agents. If already an agent, state what you are now selling. Address today, Thomas Agent, 377 Wayne avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

### HELP WANTED—FEMALE

**GIRL WANTED FOR GENERAL** housework in family of two. Address "C." Astorian office.

**WANTED—A YOUNG OR MID-** dle age woman to do light housework and act as companion to elderly lady; good country home and fair wages. Apply Mrs. C. F. Willcutt, Lewis & Clark, Astoria.

### FOR RENT—ROOMS.

**FOR RENT—NICE SUNNY FUR-** nished room; hot and cold water, electric light and bath. 450 Exchange street, corner Tenth.

**FURNISHED HOUSEKEEPING** rooms; two sets; all front rooms. Apply 458 Commercial.

**FOR RENT—THREE FURNISH-** ed rooms for housekeeping, on ground floor; pleasant and central. Enquire at store, 472 Commercial street.

### COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

**FOR SALE—157 ACRES LAND,** section 4, township 5, range 6, on Nehalem River, two and one-half million feet of timber, 35 acres cultivated; price \$6000. J. F. Nowlen, 473 Commercial street. 10-4-11

**FOR SALE—TIMBER CLAIM, 160** acres; NS. 1-4, S. 24, T. 5 N., R. 7 W., Grand Rapids; 3,000,000 feet green timber; 1,000,000 feet dead timber; price \$3000. J. F. Nowlen, 473 Commercial street. 10-4-11

**SMITH'S POINT—1 HOTEL, 3-** story; cost \$2000 to build; 3 lots, cost \$1500; brick foundation; cement walks all round; yard filled with fruit and ornamental trees; 5 good milk cows, 2 heifers; price, \$3500; half cash; half time. J. F. NOWLEN, 473 Commercial St., Astoria, Or.

### LOST AND FOUND.

**LOST—GOLD FILLED WATCH,** American movement; liberal reward for return to this office. Astorian.

**LOST—THURSDAY, A LADIES'** black elastic belt with silver buckle. Return to City Lumber & Box Co. and receive reward.

### RESTAURANTS.

**DO YOU LIKE HOME COOK-** ing? If so, try the Golden Gate Restaurant, 112 Eleventh street, Phone M. 2791. We make a specialty of preparing suppers for lodge banquets or private parties, and also send out meals. 10-4-11

**U. S. RESTAURANT, 434 BOND** street. Coffee with pie or cake, 10 cents; first-class meals, 15 cents.

**TOKIO RESTAURANT, 351 Bond** street, opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.; coffee with pie or cake, 10 cents; first-class meals; regular meals 15 cents and up.

**Oysters.** Bay Center Oyster House, 420 Bond street. Oysters wholesale and retail. George Saunders, Prop. 9-27-11

### FOR SALE—MACHINERY.

**ELECTRIC MOTORS FOR SALE,** direct current, 500 volts; one almost new Fairbanks-Morse 6 h. p. slow speed; one T. H. 2 h. p.; one General Electric 1 h. p.; one 30-light

### WANTED—TO BUY.

**WANTED—TO BUY A GASO-** line fishing boat. Apply at Occident Hotel, Mr. E. Silen.

**WANTED TO BUY A DOZEN** second-hand disc records; must be cheap. Apply Astorian.

### STENOGRAPHER.

**CARL KNUTSEN, STENOGRA-** pher, typewriter, bookkeeping, collections, notary public. 428 Commercial street, with J. A. Eakin.

**STENOGRAPHY—EXPERIENC-** ed stenographer would like to call mornings for dictation, returning same when complete; terms reasonable. Address X., Astorian office.

### PROPOSALS.

**OFFICE OF CHIEF QUARTER-** master, Department of the Columbia, Vancouver Barracks, Washington, October 29, 1908. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at the office of the Post Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Oregon, until 2 o'clock p. m., November 27, 1908, and then publicly opened for the supplying and installing one new "Mosher," or equal, water tube boiler in Quartermaster Steamer "Major Guy Howard." Full information can be obtained at the Quartermaster's Office, Fort Stevens, Oregon. The United States reserves the right to reject any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Boiler," and addressed to the Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Oregon.

### DYERS AND CLEANERS.

**PARISIAN STEAM CLEANING** & Dye Works; goods called for and delivered; ladies' work a specialty. 75 Ninth street, Phone Black 2185. 10-11-26t

### 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.

### CITY REAL ESTATE.

**FOR SALE—BUSINESS BLOCK;** the Waldorf, Kinney and Gribler, corner Eighth and Astor, two lots, 100x110; house 100x110, 40 rooms up stairs; 1 hall 40x100. J. F. Nowlen, 473 Commercial. 10-4-11

**FOR SALE—ONE LOT, SALOON** on Astor street; cozy corner; saloon fixtures; 7 furnished rooms; price, \$8500. J. F. Nowlen, 473 Commercial. 10-4-11

### BATH HOUSES.

**BATHS—TURKISH AND RUS-** sian, at the natatorium of George Hill, 217 Astor St.; rational prices; absolute cleanliness; private rooms; separate service for ladies; rheumatism and skin diseases treated with perfect success. 10-25-11

### MEETING NOTICE.

**A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE** A. A. A. will be held at the Court House, County Court rooms, Thursday, November 5, 1908, at 7:30 p. m. At this meeting the by-laws of the Association will be adopted and other important business transacted. Be sure and be present. By order of Board of Directors, G. C. Fulton, president. Attest: J. M. S. Hawthorne, secretary.

### WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

**WANTED—WE PAY HIGHEST** cash price for second-hand and new furniture; see us before you sell. Zapf Furniture & Hdw. Co. 10-9-26t

**WANTED—TO BUY A HORSE;** weight about 1250 pounds; not over 8 years old; must be good driver and gentle, also city broke. Address Astorian office. 6-9-11.

### FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

**FOR SALE—12 DAIRY COWS.** Inquire at Glenwood Station, or post-office address Warrenton, Herbert & Poole. 9-17-11

**LOOSE LEAF LEDGERS—ALL** kinds—made by The J. S. Dellinger Company.

**MAGAZINE BINDING OF ALL** kinds done at the Astorian Office.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

#### ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

**GUSTAF A. HEMPLE** Attorney-at-Law Suite 9-10 Odd Fellows' Building Tenth and Commercial Streets

**CHARLES ABERCROMBIE, AT-** torney at Law, City Attorney. Offices: City Hall.

**JOHN C. McCUE, ATTORNEY AT** Law. Page Building, Suite 4.

**HOWARD M. BROWNELL, AT-** torney at Law, Deputy District Attorney. 420 Commercial Street.

#### OSTEOPATHS.

**DR. RHODA C. HICKS, OSTEO-** path. Office: Mansell Bldg., Phone Black 2065. 573 Commercial Street.

#### DENTISTS

**DR. F. VAUGHAN, DENTIST,** Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

**DR. W. C. LOGAN, DENTIST,** Commercial Street, Shanahan Bldg.

### BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

#### TRANSFER COMPANY.

**Smith's Special Delivery** EXPRESS AND BAGGAGE Leave Orders at Star Cigar Store. Phone Black 2383 Res. Phone Red 2276 Stand Corner 11th and Commercial.

#### LAUNDRIES.

**WE WASH** Everything but the Baby and return everything but the dirt.

#### TROY LAUNDRY

Tenth and Duane Phone Main 1991

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

**Yokohama Bazaar** JAPANESE GOODS

#### Fancy Tea Sets and Fine China Ware of all kinds.

Bamboo Furniture made right here and warranted.

#### 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.

# SHOES

I carry the best Loggers' Shoes in town at the lowest prices.

My stock of men's and boy's shoes is unsurpassed for quality. Close buying and low expenses enable me to sell the best qualities at lowest prices.

**S. A. GIMRE** 543 Bond Street

#### UNDERTAKERS.

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

**Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night.** Tatton Bldg. 13th and Duane Sts ASTORIA, OREGON Phone Main 2111

#### 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 symptoms blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.

**THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO.** 162 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison PORTLAND, OREGON Please mention the Astorian.

#### PLUMBERS.

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

**Younce & Baker** PLUMBERS TINNERS Steam and Gas Fitting All Work Guaranteed. 126 Eighth Street, opp. Post Office. Phone Main 4061.

**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. Quick Service Excellent Meals Good Berths Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf Landing Portland Foot Taylor St. J. J. DAY, Agent Phone Main 276.

# JIMSIE OF THE TRESTLE.

By CECILY ALLEN. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Jimsie had learned to watch for her long before she noticed him. The 7:08 was never so crowded as the 7:23, and Betty Larned had no trouble in getting the same seat every morning, the next to the last in the third car.

She liked that particular seat because it gave her a long view of the marshy creek and the great bay beyond, pouring its restless waters into the sea.

Jimsie's post was on the great trestle approaching the drawbridge. At first he had simply watched the trains as they slowed up before passing over the draw.

Being a young man of considerable imagination, he could picture the long line of commuters winding to the ferries and then breaking on the shores of the big city beyond like a stream long confined to narrow banks. What a multitude of interests they represented! And to how many of the great warehouses, skyscrapers and stores they must scatter!

He felt quite sure that the girl with the light brown hair and gentle gray eyes worked very far uptown, for she never missed the 7:08, while most of the girl commuters preferred the 7:23, which brought them into town just in time to make offices and stores for the 8 o'clock openings.

In this Jimsie was wrong. Betty worked quite close to the ferry, but she was an earnest, ambitious young person with a horror of being tardy, so she took no chances on the 7:23 being late. Drawbridges, she had heard, were tricky.

This rumor was confirmed one morning when the excursion steamer Lena Belle turned contrary in the draw, and the 7:08 stood on the narrow trestle till the crew of the Lena Belle could bring her to time. And that was the morning Betty noticed Jimsie for the first time.

Jimsie might have run along with the rest of the railroad boys to watch the crew of the Lena Belle, but he had something more pleasant to watch—the girlish face at the first window from the end of the third car on the stalled train.

The third car stood right in front of his little shanty, and directly Jimsie had reported the delay of the train to headquarters by telephone he dashed back to the track, gazed up and met the soft gray eyes squarely.

Instinctively his hand went up to his hat, then dropped, and a flush blazed up under his healthy tan. The gray eyes opened very wide, then were hidden by long lashes.

No; Betty was quite sure she had never seen this very good looking young man before. He did not live at Greenport, and he had never worked in the store.

Maybe she had met him at the single dance she had attended at the Big Four Social club. But, no; he was not the sort of man who went to those balls, Betty was quite sure. It was because she had not liked the man that she had refused all succeeding invitations from the club.

She raised her lashes just a tiny bit and met a respectful but undeniably admiring glance from Jimsie's brown eyes. She tried to look across the aisle at the impatient passengers, then down the bay, but the sun danced so madly on the blue water that it hurt her eyes. And as she had to look somewhere she looked down again into the brown eyes of the young track foreman.

Then, with a jerk, the Lena Belle plunged forward into the current, railway men shouted orders, there were a creaking and rattling of machinery and chains, and the 7:08 plunged on toward town.

Jimsie waved a friendly hand after the retreating Lena Belle. Good old boat! It had given him a good chance to study the little girl at close range, and he had not been disappointed.

What was more, he knew that she had taken his measure and would know him the next time they met.

Now, the books on etiquette and the learned women writers for magazines tell you that you must be properly introduced to a man. You must be chaperoned, and the more pretty you are the more rigid must be the chaperonage.

But the workaday world changes many of these things. Jimsie began to plan on meeting the owner of the gray eyes somehow, somewhere, without the aid or consent of a chaperon. If you love a girl you love her and you win her—that was Jimsie's lexicon of good form.

And Betty fell to dreaming of the good looking young chap who was watching for her every morning when the 7:08 approached the bridge. First their eyes carried the message; then they smiled, and finally they nodded every morning.

When the spring weather made it excusable to open a window Betty took to gathering a few early blossoms every morning and dropping them over the sill as the train passed the track foreman's shanty. Jimsie was resourceful, but he could find no one who knew where the girl

lived, and he did not dare desert his post to come near the window and speak even if the train stopped long enough for this feat.

Well, there was only one thing—he'd take a day off soon and post himself at the ferry entrance when the 7:08 pulled in. She could do no more than turn him down, he argued, and somehow each day's glance into the soft gray eyes assured him this fate would not be his.

In the meantime Betty was doing her share of thinking and planning, and at last she wrote to Miss Gwendolin Graves, who conducted the Heart and Home page of the Evening Blazer. "When a young man is so desperately in love with you that it just shines out of his eyes and beams in his smile, but you don't know him or any one who does know him, but just see him every day on your way to work, what do you do? He might toss you a note—but then every one on the train would see it and think you were a flirt, and not for worlds would you toss him a note." And there was a stamped and addressed envelope, and please would Miss Gwendolin write very soon?

And Miss Gwendolin did, for the little letter had the ring of self respect and sincerity in it. But, alas! Miss Gwendolin wrote that the man would find a way if he really loved her, as his eyes proclaimed, and a certain fate was probably working this very minute to bring them together. Above all things, Betty was not to worry. Things would come out right.

Not a very satisfactory or practical reply. Yet Betty took comfort and carried it in her purse all day. If fate was really at work she would try to wait and be patient, but Jimsie's adoring eyes made this very hard indeed.

That night she slept with the little note under her pillow and the next morning tucked it back into her purse. As the long train pulled on to the trestle she took a fresh grip on the purse. It somehow seemed a connecting link between herself and the man who she knew would be waiting for her by the weather beaten shanty.

Were ever eyes so brown as his or teeth so white and regular? Then her thoughts came to a sudden grinding, terrifying stop. There was something wrong. They were not slowing up as they approached the little shanty, but racing on with a madness which broke all rules and regulations.

Then screams arose. Men rushed to the front of the car. They seemed to be lifted into space, then horrible noises, shrieks, curses and an awful plunge, a blow that she hardly felt, because it was so terrific—and blackness.

When she woke up, she looked straight into the brown eyes of which she had been dreaming when the blow fell.

"Darling," he was saying, and her eyes were open very wide despite the dreadful pain in her head—"darling, I thought I'd never get to you. Tell me you're alive! Tell me you ain't hurt much! Tell me you love me!"

Betty gasped. Fate must have been very busy while she slept. She reached for her purse and touched her dress, now drenched with water. She reached for her hat. It was gone, and her hair was dripping water too. Then she realized that the owner of the brown eyes was dripping likewise.

"Something went wrong. The train went through the draw," he explained rapidly. "There's a lot drowned, and the ambulances are coming. They'll take you away, and I've got to go. They'll take you to the hospital 'cause your head is cut, but first you tell me you're all right—you're going to get well. And what's your name? I'm coming to the hospital tonight. See!"

"My name's Betty Larned, and I guess I ain't hurt much, but you can't come to the hospital. We've never been introduced." She felt very faint.

The clatter of an ambulance tearing around the bank made Jimsie jump, and he gathered her close to his arms in the midst of the awful scene of wreckage and death.

"Say, this ain't the time for being lousy," he murmured earnestly. "I love you, and I thought I was going to lose you. I'm coming to the hospital soon as I get off. See!"

Betty looked up into the big brown eyes, and a fluttering smile crept around her white lips.

"Yes, dear," she said and closed her eyes.

The ambulance surgeon bent over her.

"I'll take care of her," he said sharply to Jimsie.

Jimsie laid the unconscious form beside another in the ambulance. Then he gripped the young surgeon's sleeve. "Say, you be careful with her. She's my girl. See!"

#### What Would You Do?

In case of a burn or scald what would you do to relieve the pain? Such injuries are liable to occur in any family and everyone should be prepared for them. Chamberlain's Salve applied on a soft cloth will relieve the pain almost instantly, and unless the injury is a very severe one, will cause the parts to heal without leaving a scar. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Speak to-day what you think is true, and contradict it all to-morrow if necessary.