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Political Announcements

Voters of Astoria, Vote For

26 X H. F. PRAEL

Republican, Councilman-at-Large.

Against Jens Hanson, Democrat.

Remember Prael's name and number. Mark your ticket with cross.

Chas. W Barr

—FOR—

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Notice To Voters.

The voters of the City of Astoria, will take notice that I am an independent candidate for the office of Water Commissioner, from the Second Ward of said city, and for the four-year term.

ISAAC BERGMAN.

STENOGRAPHER.

CARL KNUTSEN, STENOGRAPHER, typewriter, bookkeeping, collections, notary public. **428 Commercial street, with J. A. Eakin, 10-4-f.**

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A GOLD ARMY BELT buckle on black elastic belt; lost between Eighth street and Foard & Stokes' hall. Leave at this office; reward. **10-4-f.**

MASSAGING.

MME. AND PROFESSOR HARRIS, colored face and scalp massaging; cures dandruff; stops hair from falling in three treatments. Prof. Harris, the Chiroprapist. Give us a call. **458 Commercial street, upstairs, rooms 2-3, 10-4-f.**

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—RANCH AT SVEN- sen, 25 acres; 8-room house; good barn and out buildings and orchard; partially improved; \$3000. Apply **J. F. Nowlen, 10-4-f.**

FOR SALE—4-ROOM COTTAGE with lot; lot 2, block 21, Warrenton, at private sale. **R. A. Abbott, administrator, 10-4-f.**

FOR SALE—1571 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-f.**

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. 10-4-f.**

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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-f.**

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MARTIN OLSEN, AUCTION AND Commission House. Furniture repairing, upholstering, carpet laying, etc.; just opened up in Welch Block, Fifteenth street, between Commercial and Bond. Give me a trial. **10-4-f.**

CIVIL SERVICE MEN WANTED.

CIVIL SERVICE—We want young men who wish to enter the U. S. Civil Service. If you are over 18, an American, and can read and write, we can qualify you to pass examinations. Write at once for "Civil Service Booklet," stating age. International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

Notice.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Columbia River Packers' Association will be held at the office of the Association at Astoria, Ore. On Monday, December 14th, at 11 o'clock a. m. **Geo. H. George, Secretary, 10-4-f.**

ELECTRICIANS WANTED.

ELECTRICAL WORKERS WANT- ed—We can fit you for a good, well-paid position as an electrician, or electric railway, lighting, or dynamo station foreman or superintendent, or telephone manager. We can teach you by mail, in your spare time and at small cost. The only qualification needed is ability to read and write and the determination to succeed. Write today, stating the subject which interests you. International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington street, Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

CARD WRITERS WANTED.

SHOW-CARD WRITERS AND window trimmers wanted—Every retail store in the country uses show-card writers and window trimmers. The demand for men skilled in these professions is enormous. We teach both show-card writing and window trimming by mail. Write now, stating whether interested in both subjects, or which one. International Correspondent School, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

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BOOKKEEPERS WANTED—This is an age of business, and there is accordingly a great call for bookkeepers thoroughly trained in modern methods. We teach the most approved and up-to-date systems at a low cost, by mail. Write today for "Commercial Circular," International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

STENOGRAPHERS WANTED.

STENOGRAPHERS AND TYPE- writers wanted—There is a steady demand everywhere for stenographers and typewriters. Stenography is many times a short cut to high confidential positions. We teach stenography and typewriting thoroughly and practically by mail in your spare time and at low cost. Write today for "Commercial Circular," International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

AD WRITERS WANTED.

AD WRITERS WANTED—There are many positions open for ad writers and advertising managers. Salaries run as high as \$16,000 a year. We can teach you advertising in your spare time and at a low cost. Ability to read and write and ambition to succeed are all you need. Write today for "Two Hundred Million Dollar Advertising Booklet," which gives full particulars. International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington street, Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

ENGINEERS WANTED.

YOUNG MEN WANTED WHO desire to earn better salaries and do more congenial work. If able to write, and ambitious to succeed, we can qualify you for a position as mechanical, electrical, steam, civil or mining engineer, architect, etc., etc. Write at once, stating position wanted. International Correspondence Schools, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **H. Harris, Representative, 10-4-f.**

DRAFTSMEN WANTED.

MECHANICAL DRAFTSMEN wanted—The demand is always in excess of the supply. We qualify young men, at small expenses, to take well-paid positions as mechanical draftsmen and mechanical engineers. All that is needed is ability to read and write and willingness to study. Write today for "Mechanical Drawing Circular," International Correspondent Schools, H. Harris, Representative, 425 Washington St., Portland, Ore. **10-4-f.**

VETERINARY COLLEGES.

BULLETIN SAN FRANCISCO Veterinary College now ready; mailed free. **Dr. C. Keane, 1818 Market street, 10-4-f.**

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. **10-4-f.**

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All Work Guaranteed. 126 Eighth Street, opp. Post Office. Phone Main 4061. **10-4-f.**

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Attorney-at-Law
Suite 9-10 Odd Fellows' Building
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JOHN C. McCUE, ATTORNEY AT
Law. Page Building, Suite 4.

HOWARD M. BROWNELL, AT-

torney at Law, Deputy District Attorney. 420 Commercial Street.

DENTISTS

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

DR. W. C. LOGAN, DENTIST,
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When Desired.

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Gold Fillings.....\$1.50 up
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Silver Filling.....50c to \$1.00
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A written guarantee of 10 years goes with our work. Lady always in attendance. Swedish and Finn interpreter. Office hours: 8:30 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Sunday: 10 a. m. to 12 m.

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ILL WIND'S GOOD.

By CHARLES GRAVES.
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Literary Press.

A flood of golden morning sunshine streaming through the windows and falling full upon his face awakened Tom Goodhue. It awakened him with a rather unpleasant start and brought to his mind the disquieting suspicion that he had overslept.

He came out of bed with a bound and looked at his watch. It was 9:30—half past 9, and he had an appointment to go sailing with Helen Caverly at 9 sharp! Surely the gods of misfortune severally and collectively were following in his trail!

He dressed in record breaking time, bounded down the stairs and, breakfastless, made all speed to the long pier in front of the hotel, his mind busy with the many apologies he would undoubtedly need in a few moments.

But the apologies were doomed, for the present at least, to remain unspoken, for when he reached the pier he saw, running out of the harbor before the smart breeze, a knockabout with a well known pennant fluttering from the mast.

Evidently Miss Caverly had grown weary of waiting for him. Goodhue took a long, inglorious look at the distant sail and groaned.

Yet he was not the man to submit tamely to adverse circumstances. At the end of the pier lay hope in the shape of his own power boat, pulling at her painter as she swung to the tide. In a moment he had scrambled aboard, pulled the cover from the engine and turned over the flywheel.

There was a series of sharp reports. He threw off the moorings, sprang to the little wheel in the bow, and the power boat went tearing away from the pier, sending up twin waves of white spume at her bow as she sped in pursuit of the distant knockabout.

The engine of a power boat, however, is not one of the things to be classed among such certainties as death and taxes. Scarcely had he



"I'M GOING TO FINISH OUT THAT PROPOSAL," HE DECLARED.

passed the can buoy on the outer ledge when there was an ominous coughing of the exhaust.

Immediately it grew spasmodic and seemed to take a half hearted, despairing note. Then it ceased altogether, and with this cessation the little craft lay helpless on the long swells coming in from the bay.

Countless precedent cases had taught Goodhue what to do. He pulled off his coat, caught up a wrench and attacked the engine, not without a certain grim wrath.

At the end of half an hour, despite all his art and all his mad efforts with the wrench, the engine, beyond a few derisive, choking puffs, refused to respond.

Goodhue hurled the wrench angrily into the locker, shook a vindictive fist at the balky machinery and delivered himself of his opinions coarsely and forcefully.

Then he looked despairingly at the sail momentarily growing smaller to the eastward and ruefully surveyed the blue streak of shore behind him, not without certain poignant longings for breakfast.

All his labors had merely succeeded in getting him stalled here in the middle of the bay. He grunted his disgust, tied his handkerchief to a boat hook as an improvised signal of distress and set it up in the stern. Then he stretched himself upon the cushions and calmly went to sleep.

He was awakened by rippling laughter. He jumped up to find close alongside a knockabout with its sail rattling sharply as it headed into the wind. By the tiller was Helen Caverly, her eyes sparkling as she took in his plight.

Goodhue struck a melodramatic attitude, one hand on his forehead, the other at his throat.

"Help!" he cried, nodding toward his distress signal.

when I got down to the pier and found you gone I started out in the power boat—without any breakfast."

"What noble self sacrifice!" she mocked.

"And I'd have caught you, too, but for that engine. It always breaks down when you want it most. However, you've seen my plight and come alongside, and that's the main thing, after all. We can have that sail now, can't we?"

"Do you think she deserves it?" "Frankly, I don't, but I'm going to trust to your generosity."

She looked at him doubtfully for a moment. "Of course," she said at length, "I can't desert you like this, helpless as you are upon the high seas. Come aboard. I'll tow you back. You must be very hungry by this time."

Goodhue caught up the boat hook, pulled the power boat alongside the knockabout and scrambled over her rail. In a moment the painter was fast, and, towing the helpless craft behind her, the knockabout was headed shoreward.

The girl held the tiller. Goodhue sat down beside her.

"I was particularly anxious to come out sailing with you this morning," said he.

"So it would seem," she observed dryly.

"There was a very particular reason why I shouldn't miss it," he went on placidly, ignoring her tone. "I wanted to finish out what I was saying to you night before last on the Gregory's piazza when that idiot of a Benson came out and interrupted us."

A wave of color surged into the girl's cheek. Her nose went up in the air a fraction of an inch.

"Under the circumstances," said she, "considering the fact that I have just rescued you from a rather trying situation, it seems to me no gentleman would take advantage."

Goodhue moved closer to her.

"No gentleman would have missed his appointment with you this morning," said he. "Therefore I am no gentleman. Following out the same course of logic, the fact that I am no gentleman absolves me from playing the gentleman's part of silence just now. I will take the tiller, Helen."

He took it. The girl began hastily trimming the sheet.

"I am going to finish out that proposal," he declared. "If you won't listen to me I shall refuse to be saved. I shall return to the power boat and trust myself to the mercies of these treacherous waters," he ended, looking tragically at the quiet sea about them.

"Besides which," he went on, "kindly remember that I have had no breakfast. Will you listen?"

The girl turned to him with flushed face, but her eyes were shining.

"You certainly must have that breakfast," she chuckled. "Go ahead. I am all attention."

London Fog.
A London fog brings out hundreds of thieves, but it also brings out men who are wanted by the police. A detective told a representative of the press about two curious instances of thieves being caught in this way:

We had been on the lookout for weeks for a swindler who had stolen bonds in his possession. The inspector who had the warrant at last declared that the man must have got out of the country. But one densely foggy night the inspector happened to be in a quiet street not far from Bedford square, when a stranger, against whom he nearly ran, said:

"Can you tell me precisely where I am? I've got mixed up somehow."

"Follow me and I'll show you," said the officer. And he did show him to the police station, for the man was the very one he had been looking for.

In another case a sergeant, in one of the thickest fogs ever known, politely helped a lady in distress near the Kensington road. The lady couldn't even recognize her own house among several all alike, and the sergeant, on her behalf, knocked at a door and was answered by a man.

The lady did not live there, but an hour or two afterward I arrested the man who had come to the door. He was a German baker, the head of a large firm, and we had been seeking him for months.

The Man in the House.
The hour was midnight in the home of the Ramscatters. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ramscatter and their young son, George, almost at the age of maturity. All had retired when suddenly