A GREAT GIFT

for Xmas—for yourself or your family—is a permanent home, and it is our pleasure to place you in the way of obtaining one. Our real estate business is so extensive that we can furnish all conditions of people with just the kind they desire. We have city and country property in most advantageous situations. Also pianos, organs and graphophones. 424 Commercial street.

A. R. CYRUS.

Cold Weather Specials!

Now is the time to lay in your supply of beverages for the winter months

Vigoral Beef Tea $2.50 per jug

Fluid beef in tubes 50c per dozen, high grade Rock and Rye and all other standard bottle goods at the most reasonable prices. - - : -

AMERICAN IMPORTING CO.

Phone 1881. 589 Commercial St.

Importers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers

....FOR A....

VICTOR OR AN EDISON PHONOGRAPH

—)GO TO(—

JohnsonPhonograph Co.,

Parlors Second Floor Over Scholfield & Mattson Co.

Fast Freight Service

Daily Service Via

THE A. & C. R. R. CO.

Through merchandise Cars from Portland to Astoria leave Portland at 6 p. m. **Every Day** except Sunday. All less than carload shipments delivered at Freight House before 4 p. m. will arrive in Astoria at 9:5o p. m. For further imformation call on

G. B JOHNSON, Gen'l Agent A. & C. R. R.

12th St., near Commercial St. ASTORIA, OREGON.

FINANCIAL.

First National Bank of Astoria

DIRECTORS

JACOB KAMM W. F. McGREGOR G. C. FLAVEL
J. W. LADD S. S. GORDON

Capital $100,000
Surplus 25,000
Stockholders' Liability 100,000

ESTABLISHED 1886.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier
O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President FRANK PATTON, Cashier

ASTORIA SAVINGS BANK

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - **$232.000**

Transacts a General Banking Business Interest Paid on Time Depos

Four Per Cent. Per Annum

Eleventh and Duane Sts. - - - - - Astoria, Oregon

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

ASTORIA, OREGON

OUR MOTTO: "Safety Supercedes All Other Consideration."

THE TRENTON

First-Class Liquors and Cigars

602 Commercial Street.

Corner Commercial and 14th. - ASTORIA, OREGON

SCOW BAY BRASS & IRON WORKS

ASTORIA, OREGON

Iron and Brass Founders, Land and Marine Engineers

Up-to-Date Sawmill Machinery 18th and Franklin Ave.

Prompt attention given to all repair work. Tel. Main 2461

Thwarting The Freeze

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.

"OH, mother, they're gone, every one of 'em" and Nelly Blair rushed into the kitchen, where her mother was preparing a deliciously fragrant soup, and threw herself into a chair by the one window.

Mrs. Blair took a spoonful of soup from the pot and tasted it critically, then added more salt and pepper.

"What's gone, Nelly?" she asked at last as she lifted the pot and set it on the back part of the stove, where it could simmer on leisurely to the perfection for which her soups were always noted.

"My melons, an' I know it was them Carr boys that took 'em. They killed my chickens an' shot my pigeons, an' now they've stole my melons. Oh, dear! I just hate 'em. I don't see how boys can be so mean."

Two red spots burned in her cheeks, and her eyes shone angrily. Mrs. Blair paused in her work.

"I don't like that word 'hate,' Nelly," she said gently. "It's an awful word, especially when one comes to think about it."

"But, mother, I've been watchin' them melons every day an' thinkin' how much they'd bring an' how good some of 'em would taste if we could afford to eat 'em. An'—there's the chickens and pigeons. Folks can't help hatin' such things."

"I know, Nelly; I know. But there's other things to think about. Them poor Carr boys never had no bringin' up; their pa's in prison an' they've been allowed to run wild, with no schoolin' nor nothin'. Mis' Carr's a nice woman, but she's an invalid an' can't git out an' foller 'em up like she would if she was strong. But they're awful good boys to her, Nelly. They look arter her wants just like they were girls."

"Huh!" Nelly turned abruptly to the window and gazed out across the white, sandy fields to the Carr cabin, half a mile away. The melons were too fresh in her mind for her to be so easily placated.

"There's good in most folks if it can only be brung out," Mrs Blair resumed persuasively. "The boys ain't all bad, an' I'm awful sorry for poor Mis' Carr." She hesitated a moment, then added: "I made this soup for her an' was designin' for you to carry it over, Nelly, but I reckon I can walk that far. You can sort o' look arter the fire now an' ag'in."

"Oh, I'll take the soup," said Nelly brusquely. "I ain't nothin' ag'in Mis' Carr."

But as she passed through the small truck patch and across the palmetto and wire grass dotted fields the frown still remained on her face. She had planned to do so much with the melons—to buy a new dress for her mother and curtains for the kitchen windows and perhaps a pair of shoes for herself. She was only thirteen, but already the necessities of life had brought to her something of the experience of mature years. She and her mother planted an acre or two of the truck and raised a few chickens and gathered and sold huckleberries in their season. But the nearest market was three miles away, and, do the best they could, their united earnings only met a small part of the necessary expenses. If it had not been for the orange grove they would long ago have been forced to sell the place.

SHE NOTICED SEVERAL BOYS SHINNKING AWAY.

A regular grower would have called this orange grove by another name, for it consisted of only four trees in an irregular group behind the house, but to the poor widow and her daughter it was always an object of pride and admiration. Many years before a Blair had planted the trees with a view to shade and with little thought that they would ever prove the mainstay of some of his descendants. The trees were all seedlings, very tall and spreading and very thrifty. Some years each of them bore as many as twelve or fifteen boxes of choice fruit.

As Nelly approached the Carr cabin she noticed several boys shrinking behind a dilapidated shed. Her face flushed. Of course they were the thieves, she told herself indignantly. That proved it.

But a short talk with the placid, even tempered invalid cooled her down somewhat; only when she left the cabin she started on a run toward home. She was afraid that if she looked around she would see the boys and say something angry.

Mrs. Blair had been in the habit of occasionally employing the Carr boys to help in the truck patch, but Nelly was now so violently opposed to this that after a few ineffectual protests the mother yielded. Now and then Nelly carried soup or some other delicacy across the fields to the invalid, but she was careful to make these visits at times when she thought the boys were away. And on their part the boys seemed equally glad to avoid her.

As summer lengthened into fall and the clear, crisp days of October and November appeared the oranges grew larger and larger and finally began to turn yellow. Nelly watched them solicitously and tried to count the number of oranges on one limb and from this small basis to estimate the numbers of boxes on each tree.

"Do you s'pose there'll be fifteen boxes apiece, mamma?" she asked one day after she had made a long calculation on a piece of brown paper.

"I wouldn't be surprised, honey. They hang very full this year."

"That would be sixty boxes," said Nelly after a few seconds' work with her pencil. "Well, call it fifty. Fifty boxes at $2 a box makes $100. An' you know, mamma," triumphantly, "we reckoned up that $60 more would keep us through the year. Now, mamma," impressively, "if we make $40 extra can't you have the new dress and curtains an' me some new shoes?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Blair gayly, "an' you shall have a new wool dress, too, Nelly, an' select it all by yourself."

At length the oranges were ready to pick, but Mrs. Blair hesitated. There were rumors that the markets had been glutted by unwise shipments of fruit and that some forwarders would hardly make expenses. So she waited and listened eagerly to such meager market reports as came to her from the neighbors.

One afternoon Nelly went to the village with some eggs. When she returned there was suppressed excitement in her face.

"I heard 'em talkin' in the store 'bout a cold wave comin'," she said excitedly. "Mr. Tibbs said he 'lowed there'd be a good many oranges froze tonight. An' it's gittin' awful cold, mamma. My hands fairly ached."

Mrs. Blair was cooking and had not noticed. She now went outside. Yes, it was certainly growing cold. The wind actually stung her face as she stepped past the corner of the house.

An hour later it was still colder, and by the time the sun sank behind the pines she was as anxious as Nelly.

Neither of them thought of supper. They had occasionally saved tender vegetables from frost by a smudge fire so placed that the smoke would float across the endangered plants. Mrs. Blair was not very sanguine about its saving an orange grove in case the cold became excessive, but there seemed nothing else they could do. So piles of brushwood were made along the west side of the trees and covered with green boughs and anything that could prevent the fire from bursting into flames. For the most part they worked hurriedly and silently, Nelly bringing the material and her mother arranging it on the piles.

But when the fires were kindled the smoke refused to meet their desire. It rose thick and black, but drifted this way and that under the branches and over the branches and off to one side, but never covering the trees with the dense canopy they were longing for. And this failure only made them work the more desperately. It was getting colder and colder, and they realized with growing dread what the loss of the oranges would be to them.

Nelly was gathering up an armful of grass and weeds, reckless of the sand spurs which clung to her fingers, when she heard approaching footsteps. Looking up, she saw Bill Carr and his four brothers.

"Hello, Nelly," said Bill, rather sheepishly.

"Hello."

"Seen you uns' fires an' thought we'd come over an' sort o' he'p. Mighty cold, ain't hit?"

"Yes." Then, after an embarrassed silence: "Well, why don't you go to work? Plenty of it here."

"Shu! No use workin' that way," contemptuously. "Smoke don't scasely tech the trees. 'Sides, smoke ain't goin' ter scare this freeze. No, sir-ee! Hit's too big. Say, Nelly, we uns is plumb sorry 'bout them melons an' things. You an' your maw have been right good ter we uns. Maw and we uns have horse sense ter know hit. We'll be mighty glad to he'p."

"Well, why don't you then?" desperately. "Every minute's needed now."

"Not in makin' fires. That's fool work. Say, Nelly, why don't you uns pick them oranges?"

Nelly rose to her feet.

"Because we can't," she said, almost breathlessly. "There ain't time." But in her voice was a sudden thrill of hope.

"Ain't time! Sho! We uns kin work like a house afire when the notion gits us, an' you an' your maw kin tote in the bags as we uns let 'em down. Hit'll be easy's day work, fer there's a full moon. Jes' say the word."

"Yes, yes!" cried Mrs. Blair eagerly.

"All right. You uns go in an' clean out a room to hold 'em. Thar'll be a pile. An' now, fellers, tumble inter the house arter bags an' baskets. Remember, this is a set off fer them melons. Now scat!"

The next few hours were active ones in the Blair grove. Bags and baskets containing from a peck to half a bushel of oranges were being constantly let down from the trees, and Mrs. Blair and Nelly were kept busy hurrying back and forth between the grove and house.

At last Bill dropped lightly to the ground.

"I reckon that's 'bout all," he said composedly. "Thar's some few left on the ends o' the branches, but they're hard to git, an' we ain't no long ladders. Come, fellers, I reckon we uns had better be pushin' fer home."

But Nelly caught him by the arm.

"We're awfully obliged to you, Bill," she said earnestly. "I shan't ever forgit it."

"Oh, that's all right," then hesitatingly: "If you uns don't mind we uns 'll go up the trees an' fill our pockets with oranges. They'll likely be sp'iled 'fore mornin'."

"Take all you can carry home," interposed Mrs. Blair, "an' don't go up the trees arter 'em. An', say, Tom, come in the house 'fore you go. I've got somethin' for your maw."

During the next few days reports of the freeze came in from various parts of the state. The destruction was general, and the prices of oranges went up and up and up. When it was learned that Mrs. Blair had saved hers half a dozen buyers hastened to her with offers. Nelly was in the room during the conversation. When they left she danced wildly about the floor.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "we'll have the $60 to live on an' can git the

"HELLO, NELLY," SAID BILL.

dresses an' things, an' there'll be $100 left to put aside! Ain't it just splendid?"

The full extent of the freeze was learned gradually, but by the end of the week it was generally known that old trees had been only slightly injured. The Blair grove escaped with the loss of its leaves.

The Wisdom of Youth.

In the good old days when the child was "seen, not heard," it was the younger generation which received instruction. Nowadays adults are under high pressure in a strenuous attempt to live up to the intellectual requirements of youth.

A reasonably intelligent woman was out in the fields with a little girl of about seven years. "Oh, the lovely butterfly!" exclaimed the woman. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes," replied the small maid, rather patronizingly. "But isn't it a moth?" Mr. Jephson, one of Henry M. Stanley's officers in Africa, writes of his encounter with well informed childhood in "Stories Told In an African Forest."

"I was on a ship bound for the United States. One day I saw a sailor draw some water from the sea in a bucket, and I asked a bystander what he was doing it for.

"A small American boy of eight years was standing near. Hearing my question, he pityingly said:

"'Oh, don't you know? We are now in the gulf stream, and that sailor was drawing water in order to take its temperature and write it down in the logbook.'

"I immediately took a back seat, ashamed that my ignorance should have been so apparent."

Just as Easy.

"How to Get a Position and How to Keep It" is the title of a small book issued by a large publishing house and sold to the unemployed and others for 50 cents.

That is cheap enough if the rules laid down will work like a patent churn without putting a dollar's worth of intelligence along with each suggestion. Any man out of employment and starving would gladly give the 50 cents he didn't have for the book if he could stand off the restaurant man until he had read it.

Doubtless moving along the line of the simple rules will make a man president of a bank or manager of a moving picture show provided he can understand all of the big words on its pages.

However, there is one unfailing rule we will bet the author never mentioned, and that is to be born a millionaire. Then the reader won't care whether he keeps the position or not.

A Few Suggestions For Xmas

Ladies' and Gents' Watches,	Pocket Knives,
Fancy Bathroom Fixtures,	Table Knives,
Fancy Lamps,	Carving Knives,
Xmas Candles,	Plated Ware,
Banquet Candles,	Table Cutlery,
Thermometers,	Nut Picks and Cracks,
Revolvers and Air Rifles,	Chafing Dishes,
Fishing Tackle,	Coffee Percolators,
Carpet Sweepers,	Razors and Razor Sets,
Bread Makers,	Scissors and Shears,
Meat Choppers,	Scissors in Cases,
Cake Mixers,	Manicure Sets,
Boys' Wagons,	Serving Trays,
5 o'Clock Tea Kettles,	Crumb Sets,
Tea Sets,	Fancy Table Cutlery,
Alcohol Stoves,	Berry Spoons,
Fancy Baskets, of all kinds	Gravy Ladles,
Thermo Bottles,	Pocket Traveling Flasks,
Flash Lights,	Shaving Mugs,
Corn Razors,	Shaving Brushes,
Watch Charms,	Watch Chains,

A large assortment of the above will be found at

FOARD & STOKES HARDWARE CO.

Fisher Brothers Company

SOLE AGENTS

Marbour and Finlayson Salmon Twines and Netting
McCormick Harvesting Machines
Oliver Chilled Ploughs
Sharples Cream Separators
Raccolith Flooring Starrett's Tools

Hardware, Groceries, Ship Chandlery

Tan Bark, Blue Stone, Muriatic Acid, Welch Coal, Tar, Ash Oars, Oak Lumber, Pipe and Fittings, Brass Goods, Paints, Oils and Glass

Fishermen's Pure Manilla Rope, Cotton Twine and Seine Web

We Want Your Trade

FISHER BROS.

BOND STREET

John Fox, Pres. F. L. Bishop, Sec. Astoria Savings Bank, Treas.
Nelson Troyer, Vice-Pres. and Supt.

ASTORIA IRON WORKS

DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF THE LATEST IMPROVED . . .

Canning Machinery, Marine Engines and Boilers

COMPLETE CANNERY OUTFITS FURNISHED.

Correspondence Solicited. - - Foot of Fourth Street.

You want the best money can buy in food, clothing, home comforts, pleasures, etc., why not in education?

Behnke-Walker

Portland's Leading Business College

offers such to you and at no greater cost than an inferior school.

Owners practical teachers More Calls than we can fill
Teachers actual business men In session the entire year
Positions guaranteed graduates Catalogue "A" for the asking

M. WALKER, Pres. O. A. BOSSERMAN, Secy.

LET US TELL YOU ABOUT

Tungsten Electric Lamp

Greatest advance in lighting methods since the invention of incandescent lamps.

EXAMPLE—

32 C. P. Ordinary electric lamp consumes ..... 110 watts per hour
32 C. P. "Tungsten" electric lamp consumes ..... 40 watts per hour

Saving ..... 70 watts per hour

By using "Tungsten" lamps you can get 275 per cent increase in light for the same cost or in other words can have the same quantity of illumination for 35 per cent of the cost of lighting with ordinary electric lamps.

The Astoria Electric Co.

TIDE TABLE FOR DECEMBER

DECEMBER, 1908.

High Water.	A. M.		P. M.	
Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	ft.
Tuesday 1	7:23	7.5	7:23	6.7
Wednesday 2	8:19	7.9	8:45	6.7
Thursday 3	9:11	8.2	9:56	7.0
Friday 4	9:56	8.7	10:58	7.2
Saturday 5	10:48	9.0	11:53	7.3
SUNDAY 6	11:30	9.3	.....	.....
Monday 7	0:44	7.2	12:10	9.5
Tuesday 8	1:28	7.2	12:47	4.9
Wednesday 9	2:12	7.1	1:25	9.2
Thursday 10	2:53	7.0	2:01	8.8
Friday 11	3:33	6.9	2:38	8.3
Saturday 12	4:13	6.8	3:15	7.7
SUNDAY 13	4:47	6.8	4:00	7.2
Monday 14	5:38	6.9	4:52	6.6
Tuesday 15	6:12	7.1	5:52	6.1
Wednesday 16	6:59	7.4	7:07	5.8
Thursday 17	7:46	7.5	8:22	5.8
Friday 18	8:32	7.9	9:32	6.0
Saturday 19	9:28	8.3	10:32	6.3
SUNDAY 20	10:13	8.7	11:28	6.6
Monday 21	10:57	9.1	.....	.....
Tuesday 22	0:15	6.9	.....	.....
Tuesday 22	11:40	9.4	.....	.....
Wednesday 23	1:05	7.2	12:25	9.5
Thursday 24	1:52	7.3	1:09	9.6
Friday 25	2:39	7.4	1:55	9.3
Saturday 26	3:25	7.6	2:42	8.9
SUNDAY 27	4:09	7.7	3:37	8.3
Monday 28	4:56	7.9	4:37	7.7
Tuesday 29	5:48	8.0	5:47	7.0
Wednesday 30	6:43	8.1	7:07	6.6
Thursday 31	7:38	8.2	8:39	6.4

DECEMBER, 1908.

Low Water.	A. M.		P. M.	
Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	ft.
Tuesday 1	0:37	0.9	1:46	2.9
Wednesday 2	1:43	1.4	2:54	2.1
Thursday 3	2:47	1.7	3:55	1.3
Friday 4	3:53	2.0	4:55	0.5
Saturday 5	4:48	2.3	5:44	-0.3
SUNDAY 6	5:37	2.5	6:30	-0.8
Monday 7	6:33	2.7	7:13	-1.1
Tuesday 8	7:06	3.0	7:52	-1.1
Wednesday 9	7:46	3.2	8:31	-1.0
Thursday 10	8:27	3.5	9:06	-0.6
Friday 11	9:09	3.7	9:40	-0.1
Saturday 12	9:52	3.8	10:13	0.4
SUNDAY 13	10:41	3.8	10:48	0.9
Monday 14	11:38	3.6	11:24	1.4
Tuesday 15	.....	.....	12:30	3.6
Wednesday 16	0:07	1.8	1:20	3.1
Thursday 17	1:05	2.3	2:32	2.6
Friday 18	2:02	2.6	3:33	1.8
Saturday 19	3:02	2.9	4:23	1.0
SUNDAY 20	3:59	3.1	5:13	0.1
Monday 21	4:56	3.2	5:55	-0.6
Tuesday 22	5:46	3.2	6:33	-1.3
Wednesday 23	6:36	3.2	7:33	-1.5
Thursday 24	7:25	3.2	8:09	-1.6
Friday 25	8:15	3.2	8:50	-1.4
Saturday 26	9:07	3.1	9:26	-1.0
SUNDAY 27	10:04	3.0	10:22	-0.4
Monday 28	11:07	2.8	11:18	0.4
Tuesday 29	.....	.....	12:05	2.5
Wednesday 30	0:08	1.1	1:17	3.1
Thursday 31	1:10	1.6	2:31	1.0