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Cor. Fourteenth and Exchange Sts. One block back of Post & Stokes Store. J. H. ANSON, Prop., Astoria, Ore. Board and Lodging \$1.00 and up. Cleanest Beds in the City. Fine Table Board. New Furniture Throughout. Rates made to steady Theatrical Troupes.

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Corner Seventeenth and Duane Sts. 75 cents a day and up. Meals 20 cents. Board and lodging \$4 per week.

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That such is the case has been conclusively proven by scientific research. Prof. Unna, the noted European skin specialist, declares that dandruff is the burrowed-up cuticle of the scalp, caused by parasites destroying the vitality in the hair bulb. The hair becomes lifeless, and, in time, falls out. This can be prevented.

Newbro's Herpicide kills this dandruff germ, and restores the hair to its natural softness and abundance. Herpicide is now used by thousands of people—all satisfied that it is the most wonderful hair preparation on the market to-day.

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When you buy canned clams ask for RAZOR BRAND Clean and wholesome and a home product. For sale by all leading grocers. Warrenton Clam Company, Warrenton, Or.

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This wonderful Chinese doctor is called Great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, barks, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies, which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure constipation, indigestion, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of testimonials. Charge moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. First stamp. CONSULTATION FREE. ADDRESS: The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co. 253 Alder St., Portland, Oregon. Send Medicine paper.

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A large shipment of Japanese initialed silk handkerchiefs just received from the Orient. They contain all the latest Oriental designs and fashions. You will want some for Xmas, if you see them.

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SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaliba, Cubeb or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

Sold by all Druggists.

LOVE'S BLACK SHADOW

By HARTLEY WILLARD

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"I tell yo', gal—I tell yo' I'd rather see yo' dead twice over than jined to Abe Taylor. Befo' I would see it cum about I'd kill one or t'other of yo' with my own hand. Whar's yo'r pride? Whar's yo'r shame? Whar's the respect yo' owe yo'r dead mother? If yo' was jined up to Abe Taylor d'ye reckon me an' yo'r brother Bill could hang around yere agin what folks would say? D'ye think we could look our nayburs in the face arter that?"

High up on the side of the grim old mountain father and daughter sat on the steps of a humble log cabin on a summer's afternoon. He was a man of fifty, loose jointed and a typical mountaineer; she was a girl of nineteen, with a face and form that had no equal for twenty miles around. He sat braced with his back to the jamb,



"POP, YO'VE KILLED A MAN, BUT IT'S YO' OWN SON BILL."

while she leaned her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands and kept her eyes on the ground.

"An' why?" she finally asked.

"An' why?" he fiercely repeated as his eyes flashed. "If yo' don't know why then yo' are no gal o' mine! Heven't I bin tellin' yo' why ever since yo' was able to understand things? Wasn't yo' ten y'ars old when I brung home the dead body of yo'r brother Jim? Wasn't yo' fo'teen when I cum crawlin' home with two bullets in my body? Wasn't yo' sixteen an' sittin' right yere on this spot when a bullet fired from the thicket over thar knocked my cap into yo'r face? Yo' remember all these things, Mary—yo' heven't forgot—an' then yo' ask me why yo' an' Abe Taylor can't jine up. Lawd, gal, but I wouldn't be mo' astonished if yo' struck me a blow in the face!"

"See yere, pop," said the girl as she straightened up, clasped her hands over her knee and looked away into the laurels, "twenty years ago, befo' I was bo'n, yo' got up a fuss with the Taylors."

"They dun got up a fuss with me, gal."

"Well, there was a fuss. It was about a mewl or a hawg or sunthin'. The Taylors an' the Renfrews went to killin'. Yo' dun for the old man."

"Yes, I did."

"An' then one of his boys dun for our Jim."

"Shot our Jim down like a dawg an' never gin him no show!"

"An' then our Bill dun for one o' them."

"He did, an' I'm mighty proud o' him."

"An' then yo' git almost dun for."

"That's it, gal. One o' them varmints ambushed me an' put two bullets into my body, an' the lead's thar yit. I've been waitin' a hull y'ar to ambush a Taylor in return, but the durned cowards ar' as cunning as foxes. The chance will cum, though—it will shorely cum. Me an' Bill will never rest easy as long as thar's a Taylor left livin', an', thank God, thar's only two of 'em dodgin' aroun' on top the airth."

The girl was silent for a moment, rocking to and fro. Then in the same quiet, even voice she said:

"A quarrel lastin' twenty y'ars an' three or fo' killin's becase yo' an' the old man Taylor fell out like two boys! Yo've carried murder in yo'r heart all these y'ars, an' it's thar yit. It might hev bin so with the Taylors once, but yo' know they've wanted peace for five y'ars past."

"Becase they ar' cowards, gal!"

"Becase they've got sense, pop. They can't see that the game is wuth the candle. A y'ar ago I met Abe Taylor over at Bridge Cove. I knowed him on sight, an' he knowed me. We knowed that we orter hate each other like pizen becase of the quarrels an' killin's, but somehow 'twas jest the other way. We seen each other ag'in an' ag'in, an' we Nixed each other better an' better every time. Abe has bin for makin' friends, an' so hev I. We uns didn't start the quarrel. We uns wasn't skasnly bo'n then. We uns can't feel that these shootin's an' killin's is right. Bimeby me an' Abe falls in love an' would git married, but yo'

an' Bill stand in the road. Yo' ar' my pop, an' Bill is my brother, but I'm tellin' yo' straight that Abe Taylor is an' squar' an' white as either one of yo' in' he's got a heap less murder in his heart. I'm lovin' him, pop—lovin' him well nuff to be his wife an' do all a wife kin do, but when he wanted me to run away with him—wanted it becase yo' stood ready for mo' killin's—I wouldn't agree. I said I'd come an' tell yo' all about it an' hear what yo' had to say. I've told yo', an' what answer hev I got?"

"You've got my answer that I'll shoot Abe Taylor on sight!" shouted the father in fierce tones. "Yes, gal, if yo' was his wife ten times over I'd shoot him down. I wasn't spectin' this treachery from yo', Mary. I've bin father an' mother to yo' these many y'ars, an' I'd never believed that yo' would throw yo' own pop over an' side agin him. Yo' couldn't git Bill to do it—no, not if yo' would offer him all the land 'twixt yere an' the river."

"I can never make yo' understand," sighed the girl. "I love yo' as my pop, an' I'm grateful for all yo'r kindnesses, but don't yo' see that I can't pick up this old quarrel an' hate as yo' do an' feel yo'r feelin's for revenge? It's the same with Abe. He wants peace an' friendliness. Together we want a weddin' an' cabin home. I said Abe Taylor is a squar' man. If he wasn't would he dun agree to cum over yere this evenin' an' hold out his hand to yo' an' ask yo' to bury the past?"

"Abe Taylor comin' over yere?" asked the father in a voice hardly above a whisper.

"I'm lookin' for him every minit."

The father rose and entered the house and took down his loaded rifle, and when he sat down on the steps again the weapon lay across his knees.

"Is it for Abe?" asked the girl.

"For shore. I'll shoot him dead in his tracks!"

"Then yo' ar' a coward, an' I'm no kin to yo'!"

For a minute they looked into each other's eyes—his showing the darkest passions, hers revealing contempt—and then they turned their heads. Thus they sat for ten minutes without further speech, and the westerling sun sunk to the hill tops and blazed full in their faces and half blinded them. A sudden step caught their ears and both turned their heads to the right.

"Abe!" gasped the girl.

"I'll kill him!" growled the man.

Some one turned the corner of the house and stood in the full blaze of sunset. The old man lifted his rifle and fired over the girl's shoulder before she could raise a hand to prevent. For a minute a smoke cloud hung low and obscured the body on the ground. Then the girl said quietly:

"Pop, yo've killed a man, but it's yo' own son Bill!"

The old man staggered over and knelt beside the body, and as he knelt, his face drawn and haggard and his breath whistling in his throat, a young man turned in from the road and halted close beside the girl.

"Pop thought it was yo'!" whispered the girl.

Abe nodded his head.

"Wait till I bundle my things an' we'll go."

Merry, but Not Wise.

The saying of Charles II., the king who, according to the severe yet just epitaph written upon him by the earl of Rochester,

Never said a foolish thing And never did a wise one,

are so many as to show us plainly why he should be so beloved even by those who could not approve his actions. He was a merry monarch, and he was "good company."

His was a name of nicknames, and he was widely known as "Old Rowley," the name of an ill favored horse in the royal stables. One day a young lady at court was in her apartments singing a satirical ballad called "Old Rowley, the King," when Charles knocked at the door.

"Who is it?" she called.

"Old Rowley himself, madam," he returned good naturedly.

He could convey a reproof with wit and gentleness. When Penn stood before him with his hat on the king took off his own.

"Friend Charles," said the Quaker, "why dost thou not put on thy hat?"

"'Tis the custom of this place," returned the king, "that never above one person should be covered at a time."

Good Training.

Miss Sightseer (in Egypt)—Mr. Newrich, you scale up these rocks as if you'd been climbing pyramids all your life! Were you bred in the mountains?

Mr. Newrich—Oh, no; but I carried a hod up a two story ladder for a good many years before I struck oil.—Detroit Free Press.

The Retort Caustic.

Mr. Supleigh—I spent last evening in the company of the one I love best in all the world. Miss Pert—Indeed! And weren't you tired of being alone?—Illustrated Bits.

In the reign of George III. hats were taxed. The least tax was threepence. Those above 12 shillings in value paid a tax of 2 shillings.

His Lawyer's Bill.

Client—This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items in it that I don't understand at all. Lawyer—I am perfectly willing to explain it. The explanation will cost you \$10.—New Yorker.

Knew What Was Coming.

Pat—Well, here's where ye live, Mike. What shall I do now? Mike—Plase—hic—ring the doorbell first and then—hic—ring for th' emulance.—Puck.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

RATES:

First Insertion, One Cent a Word. One Week, Each Line, 30c. Two Weeks, Each Line, 45c. One Month, Each Line, 75c.

Astorian Free Want Ads.

Anyone Desiring a Situation can Insert an Advertisement in this Column of Three Lines Two Times Free of Charge.

HELP WANTED.

THE ORIGINAL JOHN A. MOLIER has opened one of the famous barber colleges at 644 Clay st., San Francisco; special inducements this month; positions granted; tuition earned while learning. Write correct number, 644 Clay st., San Francisco.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

FIRST-CLASS STENOGRAPHER and bookkeeper desires any kind of position. Address Astorian office.

ROOMS WANTED.

WANTED—FURNISHED OR UN-furnished housekeeping rooms and board, with some private family living near business district. Address R. E. P., this office.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

For Rent—Six-room house, corner 47th and Cedar streets, Alderbrook, two blocks from car line. Inquire of Mrs. K. Johnson, over Fisher Bros' store.

FOR RENT—A GOOD HOUSE ON the corner of Franklin and Third, account owner leaving city. Apply on premises of T. H. Bell.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS TO rent over Star theater. Inquire at theater.

For Rent—Furnished or unfurnished housekeeping rooms. 127 Seventh st.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

HORSE, BUGGY AND HARNESS for sale. Address M. Astorian.

INCUBATOR FOR SALE—400 EGGS capacity; also three 100 capacity brooders; first-class condition. Address A. Astorian Office.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS Office: 25c per hundred.

For sale—At Gaston's feed stable, No. 105 Fourteenth street; one Landis's harness machine; one Smith-Premier typewriter; one 20 hp motor and belt-ing; 1000 good sacks.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Stockholders' Meeting. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Astoria Electric Company will be held at the office of the company Page block, Astoria, Oregon, on Monday, the 9th day of January, 1905, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve during the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may lawfully come before the meeting.

C. N. HUGGINS, Sec. S. Z. MITCHELL, Pres. December 10, 1904. 11-18-25

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION—NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership of Hop Hing Lung & Co., doing business as merchants and contractors for Chinese labor at No. 374 Bond street, Astoria, Oregon, is this day dissolved by the retirement of Yen Jin Sang, Wong Hong, Lee York. The business will hereafter be conducted by the remaining members of the company. Chew Gong, manager, left on the Elder for Vancouver, where he will embark for China. He will return next year. His partners, Eng Fook and Jobg Hop, will manage the business during his absence.

HOP HING LUNG & CO. AH DOCK, Chairman.

"MISCELLANEOUS"

Hansen & McCanna, who occupy the shop formerly used by T. S. Simpson, adjoining the city water office, are prepared to do all kinds of sign and carriage painting. They will make a specialty of work of this class and guarantee satisfaction.

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A First Class Concert Hall Finest Resort In The City

ADMISSION FREE

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Is the only White Labor Laundry in the City. Does the Best of Work at very reasonable Prices, and is in every way worthy of your patronage. Cor. 10th and DUANE STS. Phone 1991

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