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If you want a good, clean meal or if you are in a hurry you should go to the

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This fine restaurant is thoroughly up-to-date in every detail.

EXCELLENT MEALS.

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Has always in stock a fine assortment of

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BALL BRAND RUBBER BOOTS.

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Pale Bohemian Beer Best In The Northwest

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Weinhard's Lager Beer.

A Few Fables By Uncle Eli

Stories With Morals About the Wayfarer, the Peasant and the Ass. A Lion and Mouse Tale-The Frogs and the Ducks.

A WAYFARER who had reached the foot of a long hill sat down to rest himself before going farther, and while he was taking his ease a peasant appeared driving a loaded ass before him. The beast plodded along willingly enough until he found the ground rising sharply under his feet, and then he stood still and refused to budge another foot.

The Peasant called him names and made threats and at length gave him a vigorous beating with a club, but all without avail. As a last resort the Peasant got behind the Ass and after an hour's hard work succeeded in pushing him and his burden up the hill. The Wayfarer had accompanied them at a slow pace and without comment, and as the brow of the hill was reached the exhausted and irritated Peasant turned on him with:

"You have seen it all and kept still, but now I suppose you have something smart to get off."

"Nothing extraordinarily good," replied the Wayfarer as he stopped to pick a pebble out of his shoe. "First, had you taken the other road and skirted the hill your Ass and his burden would have been two miles ahead ere this."

"Second, when your Ass balked you lost twenty minutes in swearing in a language he did not understand and ten more in administering blows he did not feel."

"Third, when you found he was determined not to proceed you could have removed his pack and carried it up without loss of breath, but you waited to push both Ass and pack."

"Fourth, having now arrived at the top of the hill and having done me the honor to ask my opinion of the affair, I will say—"

"You'll say that I'm another, of course."

"Nay, friend, I would not put it that way. Rather would I observe that having taken the wrong road and come



A PEASANT APPEARED DRIVING A LOADED ASS BEFORE HIM.

three miles out of my way, I will now hobble down hill again and bring about a family separation."

Moral.—"Gosh, but that was a close call for us!" exclaimed the Peasant to his Ass as he gave him a shove to start him homeward.

Once upon a time the King of Beasts, who was taking a little walk in hopes to pick up anything fat that might have escaped from the Dime Museum, suddenly found himself in a hole. Many a politician has done that and got out with only the loss of his coat tails, but in this case there was a big fish net to tangle things up and make climbing out impossible.

After biting and clawing and rolling over for half an hour the Lion gave it up and pictured to himself his skin lying on the library floor of a western beef packer. He had composed his nerves and was ready for the worst when a Mouse, who was on his way to town meeting, stopped to see what the row was. Hope rose in the Lion's heart at once, and he said:

"You are but a little thing, but you have sharp teeth. Would you do me the favor to gnaw through this net in about fifty different places?"

"With all my teeth," replied the Mouse, and he fell to at once.

Cord after cord was bitten through, and at length the captive got a brace with his hind legs and snapped the remaining cords and was free. He was profuse in his thanks and promises, and it so happened that a week later he looked in at the open kitchen door of a Peasant's cabin and saw the Mouse in a trap.

"It is my turn now to appeal to you," said the Mouse. "You see the situation I am in, and I am sure that one bite of your strong teeth—"

"Oh, certainly—greatest of pleasure," replied the Lion, and, opening his jaws, he swallowed trap, Mouse and all and sauntered away to observe:

Moral.—One good turn deserves another, but there is always a chance of overdoing it.

The Frogs and the Ducks had occupied the same pond for a year or two and got along without the slightest ill feeling, but when the water began to get low an old Drake called a public meeting of the Ducks and said to them:

"Being that we are the largest and

need the most water to swim in, the Frogs should take themselves off to some other place. All in favor of giving the Frogs a hint will please say

'Aye,' contrary, 'No.' The ayes have it, and I will take it upon myself to do some talking at an early date."

The Frogs had meanwhile got wind of what was up and also called a public meeting. After considerable talk it was resolved that the Ducks ought to go. When notice was served upon each faction by the other there was a hot old time, and it was finally decided to leave it to the farmer to say who should go and who should stay.

"It stands to reason that he must prefer us," replied the Frogs.

Both sides of the case were stated to Uncle Josh at length, and, after scratching his head for awhile, he said: "I had never thought of it before, but now that you call my attention to it I'll use the pond to grow cat tails and Kalamazoo celery."

Moral.—There might be a jar for a day or two, but the world could manage to run on if several of us great men died at once. It is when we appeal to others to flatter our usefulness that we find ourselves considered of no use at all. M. QUAD.

Dopey Dan's Find.



"Wot are yer cherishin' so tenderly in the bottle, Daniel?"

Dopey Dan—It's some gasoline I found. I'm gain' to look aroun' and see if I kin pick up an ottermobile.

Family Pleasantry.

Mrs. Snappem (who has been suffering from toothache)—Thank goodness, I've had that tooth out at last! Mr. Snappem—Happy tooth! Mrs. Snappem—What do you mean? Mr. Snappem—It's out of reach of your tongue.—London Tit-Bits.

In the Dueling Zone.

Patience—How did the duel come off? Patrice—There wasn't any. You see, each of the principals chose a girl friend for a second, but the seconds were so long dressing that the principals got tired and called the bout off.—Yonkers Statesman.

Why He Retired.

Henrietta—And what did you do when the bullets began to whistle about your head?

Henry—I made for the rear as soon as possible. Whistling of any kind always did set me crazy.—Boston Transcript.

Never Satisfied.

Wife—It's a measly shame that women are not allowed to occupy the presidential chair.

Husband—Huh! They ought to be thankful for the privilege of keeping out of the electric chair.—Detroit Tribune.

Eternal Feminine.

"A thousand stars are looking down on you this night," said the poetical young man to the girl.

And she unconsciously put her hands up to arrange the position of her hat.—Yonkers Statesman.

Bulling the Matrimonial Market.

Muriel—You ought to know that I prefer your company to Mr. Brown's. Stockton Bonds—Then I hope that as my company is preferred you'll have no objection if I should put it up to you?—Brooklyn Life.

The Literary Life.

"I understand that Penhall is devoting himself exclusively to fiction nowadays."

"Fiction? Well, I should say so! He's writing nothing but advertisements."—Judge.

Positively Brutal.

Mrs. Gabbles—I have resolved never to say another word against our neighbors.

Gabbles—I suppose that means there is absolutely nothing more to be said.—Chicago News.

Celebrated It.

"What did Brown get for that last story of his?"

"Drunk and ten days."—Atlanta Constitution.

Services Today.

There will be services in all the churches today at the usual hour. Rev. Dr. Toy will preach at the Methodist church in the morning, and services will be held at the other churches in the morning. In the afternoon there will be services for men only at the opera house. In the evening the churches will join in a union meeting at the Methodist church. Rev. Dr. Toy will preach and Mr. Dickson, Mrs. Geo. H. Watkins and Miss Larsen will assist in the music. A large choir will be present. The public is invited to all of these services.

Chamois Skins.

Chamois skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheepskin. The skins are soaked in lime water and in a solution of sulphuric acid. Fish oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of pot ash.

Mosquitoes Not Afraid of Alligators.

It has been said that mosquitoes object to the strong smell of the alligator, but if this be so they can overcome their dislike when there is a chance of a draft of human blood, for Humboldt relates that while dissecting a large alligator, eleven feet long, the odor of which infected the surrounding atmosphere, he and his assistants were fearfully stung.

Sandalwood.

Sandalwood is from a tree indigenous to India.

A Broken Contract.

Boulanger was once under contract with an American manager to make a lecture tour of the United States, but was dissuaded from the purpose by the Duchesse d'Uzes.

Intelligence Among Rats.

Rats are remarkably intelligent animals, as may be perceived from the difficulty that is experienced in catching them. They can be taught many tricks. Among other things it is possible to make them learn how to beg, to jump through a hoop, to drag a little cart in harness and to carry sticks or money.

Expert Smellers.

So expert have the perfumery chemists become that they can, with their different odors, counterfeit exactly the odor of any flower. The educated nose is not without its advantages financially. The possessor of one earns a large salary in the perfumery business.

Cold Air on Draft.

A chilling freak of nature in Korea is the cold wave cave—a cavern from which a wintry wind perpetually blows. The force of the wind from the cave is such that a strong man cannot stand before it.

Two Peculiar Springs.

In Korea there are two springs situated at a considerable distance from each other—in fact, they have the breadth of the entire peninsula between them. When one is full the other is always empty, and, notwithstanding the obvious fact that they are connected by a subterranean passage, one is bitter and the other pure and sweet.

Fontainebleau Silver Sand.

The Fontainebleau silver sand gets its name from the district where found, Fontainebleau, near Paris, and from its purity, which makes it suitable for the manufacture of the finest glass.

The Ivory Nut Grows Wild.

The grain of the Ivory nut is white and even of texture, so that it is easily carved, sawed and worked into any desirable shape. The Ivory nut tree is not formed or raised artificially, as is the banana tree, but grows in its natural state and after its own manner in the forests, the same as the hickory or the chestnut or walnut.

A Redhot Stone in Korea.

Among many remarkable wonders in Korea is the "hot stone," which from remote ages has lain glowing with heat on the top of a high hill.

Drinking Water.

That drinking much water lessens weight instead of increasing it, causing one to grow thin instead of fat, is the surprising result of recent experiments by M. Maurel, a French investigator.

Life in Norway.

In Norway the average length of life is greater than in any other country on the globe.

Dear Gus:—I have solved the mother-in-law problem, just given her regularly Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It will make her healthy, happy and docile as a lamb. 25 cts. Tea or Tablets. Frank Hart's drug store.

UNHAPPINESS DISPELLED.

Men and Women Unanimous About It.

Many women weep and wail and refuse to be comforted because their once magnificent tresses have become thin and faded. Many men decline to profanity because the flies bite through the thin tresses on their craniums. It will be good news to the miserably of both sexes, to learn that Newbro's Herculide has been placed upon the market. This is the new scalp germicide and antiseptic that acts by destroying the germ or microbe that is the underlying cause of all hair destruction. Herculide is a new preparation, made after a new formula on an entirely new principle. Anyone who has tried it will testify as to its worth. Try it yourself and be convinced. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herculide Co., Detroit, Mich.

Eagle Drug Store, 351-353 Bond St. Owl Drug Store, 549 Com. St., T. F. Laurin, Prop. "Special Agent."

ANDREW - ASP, Blacksmith.

Having installed a Rubber Tiring Machine of the latest pattern I am prepared to do all kinds of work at reasonable prices.

12th and Duane Sts.

Turn About.

"Yes, doctor, I've been going the pace that kills."

"Until now you've become a case that kills," smilingly observed the physician as he fixed up another bottle.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Cause of It.

Mrs. Blox—Miss Blank says she always uses lemon juice on her face. It's good for the complexion.

Miss Knox—I wondered what gave her that sour look.—Detroit Free Press.

The Battle.

The shifty pug Prepared to slug The rugged mug Of the other pug. But the latter dug His fat hercug In the visage smug Of the shifty pug. Who gave a shrug And essayed to hug The other pug In an embrace snug. But the other pug With a mighty tug Proceeded to plug The shifty pug. With the fighting bug Right to the rug. He gasped "Oug, gug"— They gave him a drug And proceeded to lug The conqueror pug Off to the jug.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Terrific Race With Death.

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers' drug store; price 50c.

ITCHING ECZEMA

In July, 1883, I began to break out with Eczema on my head, legs and arms, and began treatment with local doctors, but did not get much relief. They said the disease had become chronic. I then quit them and tried various ointments and soaps for another two years, but as soon as cold weather came I was as bad off as ever, so I finally decided to let medicine alone, and for twelve or thirteen years did nothing towards curing the Eczema, except bathing. This seemed to do about as much good as anything I had tried.

During the time I lost about one-half of my hair. I began S. S. S. doubtful of a cure, because the disease had run so long, but soon discovered your medicine was doing me good, and continued to take it. I used seven bottles, when I was completely cured, not having a single spot on my body, which before was almost completely covered. F. C. NORRICK, 107 Hackberry St., Ottumwa, Ia.

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Pictured Melodies Entitled "Good Night Beloved, Good Night."

EDISON'S PROJECTOSCOPE Showing latest Motion Pictures "Wanted, a Dog."

Admission, Any Seat, 10 cents.