

LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Odd Fellows' Land & Building Association will be held on Thursday, August 23, 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. at Odd Fellows' Hall.
JOHN HAHN Secretary.
1-8-04.

RECEIVER'S NOTICE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Multnomah. Eleanor Olmstead, plaintiff, vs. The Traders' Insurance Company, et al. defendants.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the above-entitled court in the above-entitled cause receiver for the State of Oregon, of the defendant, The Traders' Insurance Company of Chicago, Illinois, and that by order of the said court, all persons having claims against the said defendant, The Traders' Insurance Company, arising on policies issued in Oregon, are required to present the same to the undersigned, at the address below given on or before the 31st day of October, 1906, if not so presented, the same will not participate in the distribution of the funds of the said defendant company, in the hands of the receiver.

Notice is further given that all return premiums will be computed from the 5th day of May, 1906, the date of the insolvency of the said The Traders' Insurance Company, and all policyholders of the said defendant company are urged to reinsure, if they have not already done so, and to present their claims properly verified promptly to the receiver with the surrender of their policies.

Forms for proofs of claims may be had from the receiver or from the former agents of the company.
A. H. BRRELL, Receiver.
Address McKay Building, Portland, Oregon.
Dated June 25, 1906.
A. F. FLEGEL and BEACH & SIMON, Attorneys for Receiver. 7-16-30t.

CITY NOTICES.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Committee on Streets and Public Ways, the City Surveyor and the Superintendent of Streets have filed a certificate of the completion of the 18th street sewer, from a point 15 feet south of the north line of Grand avenue to the north line of Exchange street, by W. A. Goodin the contractor, in accordance with general ordinance No. 3234 and the contract therefor. That unless objections are filed against the same, the same will be accepted at the next regular meeting of the common council by ordinance.
OLOF ANDERSON,
Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.
Dated, Aug. 2, 1906. 8-2-3t.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Committee on Streets and Public Ways of the Common Council of the City of Astoria, the City Surveyor and the Superintendent of Streets have filed a certificate of the completion of the improvement of 10th street, from the south line of Commercial street to the north line of Duane street, by E. A. Gerding, the contractor, in accordance with general ordinance No. 3254 and the contract therefor. That unless objections are filed against the same, the same will be accepted by ordinance at the next regular meeting of the common council.
OLOF ANDERSON,
Auditor and Police Judge of the City of Astoria.
Dated, Aug. 2, 1906. 8-2-3t.

NOTICE.

There is money in the city treasury to pay all warrants endorsed on the 20th day of July to the 8th day of August, 1905. This call includes a warrant drawn on the city hall fund in favor of Emil Schacht for \$853.36. Interest will cease after this date.
THOS. DEALEY,
City Treasurer.
Astoria, Or., July 31, 1906. 8-1-3t.

DEVERS' GOLDEN WEST

SPICES, COFFEE, TEA, BAKING POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS
Absolute Purity, Finest Flavor, Greatest Strength, Reasonable Prices.
CLOSET & DEVERS
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE MORNING ASTORIAN
QUICK RETURN COLUMNS

The supplying of any want that may arise in domestic or commercial life may be readily and quickly accomplished at a nominal cost by the publication of the want in the "Want Ad." columns of the Morning Astorian.

A necessity which may arise for buying or selling horses, carriages, furniture, pianos, real estate, sewing machines, bicycles, safes, watches, jewelry, typewriters, or thousands of other articles, can be met at once by the insertion of a suitable advertisement in the morning Astorian.

To secure help of any sort, or situation of any kind, to find lost articles, to secure board or boarders, lodging or lodgers, borrow money, obtain any kind of security; any of these wants may be supplied by using the "Want" columns of The Morning Astorian.

Rates For Classified or "Want" Advertisements

ONE INSERTION ONE CENT A WORD
Count Six Words to a Line. THREE LINES THREE DAYS, 30 CENTS
30 Cents a line a week.

"SITUATION WANTED"

For the benefit of persons out of employment, ads under the head of "Situation Wanted" will be printed three days free of charge.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—GIRL TO WORK IN PRIVATE family of 3. Inquire at Astorian office.

WANTED—GIRL FOR LIGHT HOUSE work. Apply 276 Bond St. 8-3-3t.

LOST AND FOUND.

FOUND—200 FLOATS OF 9 1/2 INCH mesh net at head of Sand Island on July 10th. Apply to George Barker's Cannery. 7-29-7t.

FOUND—JOHN ELEPHERIO, FISHING for Tallant & Grant, picked up out side of Peacock Spit, full net. Looser enquire at Tallant & Grant's Cannery. 7-28-7t.

NET LOST SATURDAY NIGHT AT the light house; 8-inch mesh; one-half net 53 mesh deep, other half 50 mesh deep; finder return to Combine cannery and receive reward, Fred Christofsen. 8-1-3t.

LOST—A WHITE AND RED HEIFER; has small bell; finder notify G. Tomberg, Seventh street and Young's Bay.

PERSONAL.

ELDERLY LADY WISHES THE ACQUAINTANCE of elderly gentleman of means; no other need apply. Address "J." Astorian. 8-2-3t.

FURNISHED ROOMS.

WANTED—3 FURNISHED ROOMS for housekeeping. Address N. J. J., Astorian.

BOARDING.

THE LEYDE.
Rooms with or without board; rates reasonable; good accommodation for transients. 14th and Commercial.

TWO OR THREE ROOMS WITH board at the Holden House, 405 Duane. 8-2-4t.

HOUSE MOVERS.

FREDRECKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane.

WOOD YARDS.

DRY MILL WOOD.
ALL KINDS OF WOOD—BOX WOOD from Humes Mill a specialty. Ben Ekooa. Tel. Black 2436. 1828 38th street.

WOOD

Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly, the transfer man. Phone 2191 Main, Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera house.

LAUNDRIES.

The Troy Laundry
The only white labor laundry in the city. Does the best work at reasonable prices and is in every way worthy of your patronage.
10th and DUANE Sts., Phone 1991.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

CHAS. H. ABERCROMBIE,
Attorney-at-Law.
General Practitioner. Notary Public. Rooms 35-36—Phone Main 2951. Page Block, Cor. Commercial & 12th St.

F. D. WINTON,
Attorney-at-Law.
Practices in all United States and State Courts in Oregon and Washington. Notary Public. Phone Main 941. rooms 2 and 3, Logan Building, corner Commercial and Sixteenth streets opposite O. R. & N. Company dock.

OSTEOPATHISTS.

DR. RHODA C. HICKS
OSTEOPATH
Office Mansell Bld. Phone Black 1066
578 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DENTISTS.

DR. T. L. BALL,
DENTIST.
524 Commercial St. Astoria Oregon.

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

Dr. W. C. LOGAN
DENTIST
78 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

NURSES.

MRS. JULIUS DAVIS
(late of Portland)
Graduate Nurse Royal London (Eng.). Hospital. Maternity cases requested. Hammond. Oregon.

MUSIC TEACHER.

WANTED—THREE MUSIC PUPILS. Inquire at Astorian office.

MANDOLIN LESSONS GIVEN—MRS. C. D. Stewart, 127 Seventh street.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

RESTAURANTS.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL
for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restaurant. 434 Bond St.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.
You can always find the best 15-cent meal in the city at the Rising Sun Restaurant. 612 Commercial St.

Parker House Oregon Restaurant
NEW AND FIRST-CLASS DINING-ROOM. ALL THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Corner Ninth and Astor Streets.

HOTELS

HOTEL PORTLAND
Finest Hotel in the Northwest.
PORTLAND, ORE.

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

THE SAVOY
Popular Concert Hall.
Good music. All are welcome. Corner Seventh and Astor.

Eagle Concert Hall
[320 Astor St.]
The leading amusement house.
Agency for Edison Phonographs and Gold Moulded Records.
P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

THE CHINOOK BAR
416 BOND ST.,
ASTORIA, OREGON
Carries the Finest Line of
Wines,
Liquors
and
Cigars
CALL AND SEE US

**"PaleBohemian
Lager Beer"**

THE BEER FOR THE HEALTHY AND WISE
on draught and in bottles
Brewed under sanitary conditions and properly aged right here in Astoria.
North Pacific Brewing Co.
ASTORIA, OREGON.

INEXPENSIVE
JAPANESE FIXINGS, MADE OF BAMBOO, LIGHT, STRONG, HAND-MADE, TABLES, STANDS, CHAIRS, WHAT-NOTS, BOOKCASES, SHELVING, ETC.
Yokohama Bazaar
625 Commercial St., Astoria.

OUT of THE SHADOWS

By Fannie Heaslip Lea

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

In the gentle current of Miss Sarah's life by far the wildest eddies were Paola's love affairs. Miss Sarah had never had a lover herself—she had always been too busy taking care of Paola, who was the younger sister, a slim, pale creature, with vivid eyes and a head that habitually drooped a little as though weighted by its own gold hair and a sense of languorous melancholy.

Beside Miss Sarah's old time courtesies Paola was as an orchid to a pansy, but underneath the melancholy was a certain irresponsible deviltry, a certain intangible witchery, that brought the most eligible youths of the neighborhood in supplication to her feet and filled Miss Sarah with unceasing wonder and amazement.

Whenever a new victim appeared upon the scene Miss Sarah thrilled with apprehension. As he was friendly, she approved of him; as he was more conspicuously attentive, she watched for him; then in gentle perplexity that never vanished with added experience she saw him hover, advance, retreat, hover again and plunge. When the little comedy was played out she took up her knitting with a sigh of relief, opened her volume of Felicia Hemans at the purple bookmark and prepared to rest before another siege.

Paola herself slipped from one emotional cataclysm to another, as the slender moon from cloud to cloud. They veiled her vivid calm for a moment, but she always emerged unfettered on the other side.

She had been wearing Francis Lockwood's roses for a month, when Miss Sarah one night, after three gentle calls unanswered, stepped through the long French window on to the moonlit veranda with a crimson scarf in her hand. The June night called for no such guard against its close, sweet warmth, but on the subject of damp and dew Miss Sarah was inflexible.

"Paola," she said anxiously, then, since there was no Paola in all the

lifted her eyes to the moon. "Oh, dear!" said Miss Sarah, almost aloud, "what a beautiful night it is," which was Miss Sarah's way of saying that the world was very good and she was happy. Then she lifted her skirts a little higher and sped into the heart of the rose garden.

Paola was sitting on the bench by the Black Prince—Miss Sarah saw that at once—and beside her was young Lockwood, as Miss Sarah had also foreseen, and Paola's head was thrown back, and one of Paola's slim white arms lay like a shalimar of moonlight along the back of the bench. "Positively ravishing," murmured Miss Sarah miserably.

She was within a few feet of them and a call trembled on her lips, when Paola's own voice stopped her.

"Go on," said Paola in a soft, hurried whisper, and Miss Sarah by some queer instinct drew back into the shade of the great oak behind the bench, fearful lest an incautious movement would betray her, fearful almost of her own breathing, for Miss Sarah was learned in the ways of Paola's suitors, and it was one of her best learned lessons never to interrupt them. So she drew back and waited, innocent of any desire to eavesdrop.

"Go on," said Paola again, and young Lockwood's voice came out of the deeper shadow, low and vibrant and rhythmic. Miss Sarah leaned closer instinctively to hear the words; they escaped her at first, then echoed clearer:

"Remember how when first we met we stood,
Stung with immortal recollections,
O fact, immersed beside a fiery sea,
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!

O beauty folded up in forests old,
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights;
Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green,
Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?
Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?
Were thine eyes strange? Did I not know thy voice?
All ghostly grew the sun, unreal the air,
Then when we kissed."

The last word quivered sentient on the air, and Miss Sarah trembled with a strange fear of it. Her fingers found the rough bark of the tree and clung; she waited, hungered, for the rest, but young Lockwood's voice broke from the beat of verse into uneven words:

"Paola, my beautiful, it is our story."
"It is the story of Paola and Francesca," said the girl dreamily.

"Paola and Francesca—Paola and Francis—what does it matter? Were thine eyes strange? Did I not know thy voice?"

Miss Sarah, dizzied and enrapt by she knew not what roseate mist, saw the white grace of Paola waver and lean to the shadow and heard a few moments of magical silence, the whisper, tender, exultant:

"And in the book they read no more that day."

Miss Sarah felt her way back to the path with unnecessary care. If her light footsteps had been the crash of brasses they would not have reached the two by the Black Prince, but Miss Sarah did not know it. She hurried along between the roses, catching her breath in little gasps as she went, and the wraiths of lost years swarmed around her, stinging her to wild, indefinite regret. She passed through the moonlight and up the steps, through the open window, and caught up her neglected knitting with a pathetic desire for things tangible and commonplace. She opened the volume of Felicia Hemans at the purple bookmark, but without knowledge of a line.

"I never knew what it was like!" she said pitifully to herself. "I wish I had known." The magic of the moonlit garden swept over her again, and the music of the lover's verse murmured in her ears. Miss Sarah trembled with a vague, unhappy longing for the things that she had never known—the things that were the inheritance of Paola, her sister, yet had never been hers.

Beyond the window the garden lay vast and wonderful beneath the moon, to her a land where life ran in strange currents between banks of enchanted blossoms.

Suddenly and without warning a tear slipped down Miss Sarah's cheek and splashed upon the purple bookmark. Another followed it and yet another; then Miss Sarah drew herself together and shut between the leaves of Felicia Hemans poems her one belated vision of romance. "And in the book they read no more that day," she said to herself, with a sad little sigh. Then she took up her knitting again to wait for Paola.

SEASIDE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lewis & Co., Druggists

Full line of drugs, souvenirs, stationery, confectionery and soda waters. Office of Dr. Lewis at drug store, Bridge street end of the bridge.

SEASIDE, OREGON.

COLONIAL HOTEL

LINDSLEY & SON, Proprietors
Modern and Up-to-Date
Electric lights, hot and cold water; free bus to all trains. Rates, \$2.00 per day and up.

SEASIDE, OREGON.

OCEAN SALOON

A high class place for refreshments for ladies and gentlemen
B. J. CALLAHAN, Prop.
Seaside, Oregon



SARAH DREW BACK INTO THE SHADE OF THE GREAT OAK.

shadow dappled length of the veranda, raised her voice a little and called again, "Paola, dear!"

A mocking bird in the cedar by the gate gurgled a liquid impertinence that ended in a low call to his mate, but the rest was silence.

Miss Sarah looked across the lawn, then down at her feet.

"Paola must have this scarf," she said to herself sternly, "and I suppose she is sitting on the bench by the Black Prince—the most imprudent child!" That the Black Prince was a beloved rosebush saved Miss Sarah's remarks from their apparent impropriety, and, mindful of her steps, she hurried into the path that led to the Black Prince's domains across the lawn.

The moon burned white above her in a cloudless sky, and Miss Sarah responded delicately to the influence of the hour. A faint fragrant dream, with boyish eyes, called to her as she went slowly down the path, and young faces swam vaguely in her memory as if they had drifted there with the smell of the box in the hedge.

She thought of the night her mother died, another June; of a flowered gown she had worn the day she was sixteen, of a poem, something about daffodils, or was it roses?

"The love that came with the daffodils and went away with the roses—that was it," said Miss Sarah, with a little sigh of satisfaction, "only the daffodils come back with the spring and every summer there are roses, so I really don't see the sense of that. Those love songs are nearly always rather silly." She stopped to thrust back the darning sweetness of a yellow banksia.

"The garden is very sweet tonight," said Miss Sarah to herself, "and God walked in the cool of the garden. I wonder was it like this." She paused on the edge of the Black Prince kingdom, where it lay half in shadow, and