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A STUNNED LEADER.

New York Tribune. Some of Colonel Bryan's last ditch supporters may have suspected that this year's Democratic state convention in Ohio would succeed in a measure in dissembling its love for that "peerless leader" who the party at large had followed to two successive and unexampled reverses. They should not have been prepared, however, for the exuberance and enthusiasm with which the Democratic delegates gathered at Columbus kicked down the unlucky candidate of 1896 and 1900. Nothing was left undone apparently by the Ohio managers to emphasize their disgust with the follies written at Colonel Bryan's dictation into the Chicago Kansas City platform.

which they had been forced to subscribe to with unctuous submission at home, while the spell of the Nebraska leadership remained unbroken. In the resolutions adopted last Wednesday at Columbus all references to the national platforms of 1896 and 1900 is studiously avoided, and the special doctrines explicated as "paramount" by Colonel Bryan are coolly brushed aside without a syllable of intorsement. More than that, but six votes could be mustered in the convention in support of a declaration of confidence in Colonel Bryan's leadership, and when a lithograph of that "matchless commoner" was sought to be sandwiched among the effigies of dead Democratic heroes like Allen and Thurman, it was ignominiously torn down and trampled upon by delegates and speculators.

The vehemence of the Ohio reaction against Bryan and Bryanism cannot be questioned, though, like all reactions, it probably developed an intensity and explosiveness quite unforeseen by the managers who cleared the way for it. In a sense the convention's renunciation was a natural answer to the foolish challenges which Colonel Bryan has recently flung at the elements within the party which insisted upon its gradual reorganization. As is well known, "The Commoner" not long ago published an extraordinary edict of excommunication against all Democrats who harbor liberal ideas of party policy or party management. Addressing his followers, Colonel Bryan laid down this superlatively narrow and extravagant rule:

Do not allow a man to be placed upon any committee, precinct, county, state or national, unless he is a believer in the Kansas City platform. If a man opposed to the Kansas City platform is sent as a delegate to any convention he should be bound by instructions and should have associated with him a sufficient majority who are sound on the platform. If a man objects to instructions leave him at home.

Against such an ill judged piece of proscription it is inevitable that party interests, as well as party spirit, should protest; and it is not strange to find the McLean and the Johnson wings of the Ohio Democracy rivalling each other in eagerness to resent and discredit such a petty and selfish exhibition of national leadership. Whether the brutal snub administered to Colonel Bryan at Columbus is the beginning of a genuine counter revolution in Democratic politics, it is perhaps too early to determine. The exigencies of the state canvass, which enabled the conservatives to keep Bryan and Bryanism out of the platform, also compelled the admission to that instrument of the plank drawn by Mayor Tom L. Johnson and his followers—plank which breathes a spirit of radicalism quite as extreme as that which the hoisted Nebraska leader carried into his two exploited and passionate national campaigns. Between a Bryanized or a Johnsonized Democracy there

is certainly little to choose. But whatever its effect on the future politics of the party, there can be no doubt that the Ohio convention has dealt a smorging blow to Colonel Bryan's pretensions to continue party leadership. It is a blow from which he may partially recover. But the suddenness and violence with which it fell will leave him stunned politically for several months to come. It would be too much to expect, perhaps, that it will leave him speechless as well.

THE SITUATION ON THE FRASER

Victoria, Colonist. The situation on the Fraser seems to be improved for there has been no attempt to violence. This is doubtless due to the determined manner in which the Provincial chief of police, acting under orders from the provincial government, has insisted upon the law being respected. We are not without hope that the white fishermen, now that they see that the law must be observed, will recede from their position and go to work fishing. While no outsider can possibly know how much a canner can afford to pay for fish, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that men with large capital invested in canneries would take a course, which would have a tendency to render the investment worse than useless. It will take a very strong case on the part of the fishermen to overcome this presumption, and no one can fairly claim that such a case has been made out. The wisest thing the fishermen can do is to accept the situation as they find it. They must see that they will not be permitted to exercise coercion against the Japanese, and that to see themselves in open defiance of the law will prove an exceedingly unprofitable proceeding. Under these circumstances their best course by far is to accept the inevitable, and either go to work fishing or decide upon seeking for some other employment. For ourselves, we should much prefer to see them resume fishing. It would be with great regret that we would see this fishing industry of British Columbia pass into the hands of the Japanese. Whether it shall or not rests with the white fishermen. We believe that if the majority of them acted from their own ideas and, instead of listening to agitators consulted with themselves that they would be working in their boats again before 30 hours have passed. They must be fully satisfied that their leaders are blind guides, and that to follow them is only to meet with disappointment.

Herald-Examiner. It is now intimated through reliable sources that the river and harbor committee has sent an expedition to Alaska to look into the alleged snuff case. The expedition will consist of a party of 100 men, and will be under the command of Capt. H. H. Smith. The expedition will be equipped with a small steamer, and will be expected to return in 30 days. The committee has also received information that the Japanese fishermen are planning to establish a permanent settlement on the Fraser. This would be a serious blow to the white fishermen, and would also be a violation of the law. The committee is therefore taking prompt action to prevent this from happening.

These famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Rise, cure your liver and bowels in perfect order. They never gripe, but put you in a day's gripes again. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following a gripe. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health. CHAS. E. H. WALKER, Gal. Headache, Pains, Rheumatism, G.A. ROGERS, Druggist.

The first girl a fellow ever kissed usually takes into insignificance before the best. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and sores. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless imitations, be sure to get DeWitt's. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

You can never cure dyspepsia by dieting. What your body needs is plenty of good food properly digested. Then if your stomach will not digest it, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will. It contains all of the natural digestives of the stomach, and it will digest all kinds of food and can't help but do you good. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

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WHAT TWO CENTS WILL DO.

It will bring relief to sufferers from asthma or consumption, even in the worst cases. This is about what one box of Foley's Kidney Cure costs. Isn't it worth a trial? Hart's Drug Store.

Married women are usually advocates of home rule. Mr. John Tippa, Colton, Ohio, says: "Foley's Kidney Cure cured my little girl of a severe cough and inflamed tonsils." Hart's Drug Store.

Some men put on their best manners just as they put on a dress coat. These W. Carter, of Ashboro, N. C. had kidney trouble and one bottle of Foley's Kidney Cure effected a perfect cure and he says there is no remedy that will compare with it. Hart's Drug Store.

Bathing suits are not always modest, although they may be shrinking. Science has found that rheumatism is caused by uric acid in the blood. This poison should be excreted by the kidneys. Foley's Kidney Cure always makes them well. Hart's Drug Store.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but Leander proved mightier than Penn. Dr. George Ewing, a practicing physician of Smith's Grove, Ky., for over thirty years, writes his personal experience with Foley's Kidney Cure. "For years I have been greatly bothered with kidney trouble, greatly enlarged prostate gland. I used everything known to the profession without relief, until I was induced to use Foley's Kidney Cure. After using three bottles I was entirely relieved and cured. I prescribe it now daily in my practice and heartily recommend its use to all physicians for such troubles. For I can honestly state I have prescribed it in hundreds of cases with perfect success." Hart's Drug Store.

Jas G. Amhart, of Della, O., writes: "I had an obstinate sore on my face which everything else failed to heal. After an application of Banner Salve it began to heal and after three applications it was entirely healed, leaving no scar." Hart's Drug Store.

You don't hear of any divorce suits these days in which the husband is charged with cruelty because he induces an actor operating all the bed clothes. Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee Banner Salve for letter eczema, piles, sprains, scalds, burns, ulcers and any open or old sore. Hart's Drug Store.

The greatest healer of modern times is Banner Salve for cuts, wounds, ulcers, piles and all skin diseases. It is guaranteed. Use no substitute. Hart's Drug Store.

The pills that annoy you go will be quickly and permanently healed if you use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Beware of worthless counterfeits. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

The Grand Duke Michael is engaged to wed of Mecklenburg-Schwern. A man named Mike ought to be a hit in a family named Mecklenburg-Schwern.

A bad complexion generally results from inactive liver and bowels. In all such cases, DeWitt's Little Early Rise produces gratifying results. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Rise taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe, but put you in a day's gripes again. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Four hundred and fifty tons of dried plumes were destroyed by fire in California the other night. If the incendiary will send his address to Boarder, Lewis, U. S. A., he will hear something to his advantage.

These famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Rise, cure your liver and bowels in perfect order. They never gripe, but put you in a day's gripes again. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and my life. I was treated in vain by doctors for lung trouble following a gripe. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health. CHAS. E. H. WALKER, Gal. Headache, Pains, Rheumatism, G.A. ROGERS, Druggist.

Stories of the Hour

THE OLD FASHIONED BOY.

Oh, for a glimpse of a natural boy— With his hair on his tangled head, With tumbled white, mouth tangled hair, And limbs devoid of grace.

Whose feet go in, while his elbows flap, Whose knees are puffed all ways, Who turns or ret as a lobster when You give him a word of praise.

A boy who's born with an appetite, To eat his "dinner" with resounding smack— Who isn't gotten on himself.

A "Raidman" ("Crisis") reading boy, Whose pockets bulge with rods and gun, Who knows the use of red and gun, And where the brook trout splash.

'Tis true he'll sit in the easiest chair, Of a good old fashioned day, That his hands and feet are everywhere, For youth must have room to spread.

But he doesn't dub his father "old man," Nor deny his mother's call, Nor ridicule what his elders say, Or think that he knows it all.

A rough and wholesome natural boy, God bless him, if he's still on earth, For he'll make a man some day. Detroit Free Press.

COL. JAMES BOWIE BEARS HIS NAME

There are men who seem especially created to fill a certain place in the affairs of their time. This has been particularly true in American history. The man that in the storm and stress of the period was most needed has always come to the front at the supreme moment. It ever thus demonstrated by circumstances it was in the early history of the Texas republic that stern-born soldier evoked from the local revolution of 1836.

In his remarks concerning the early history of Texas that President McKinley made in his recent tour he referred most felicitously, though briefly, to the four men who, under Providence, had been most prominent in the early days, when the greatest state in the Union in the matter of territory was a young and struggling republic—Houston, Travis, Crockett and Bowie. He spoke on classic ground, for he was at the Alamo, where he then stood, that three of the four owned with their lives their devotion to the young state, whose foundations they had laid deep and wide, and sanctified its consecration with the seal of their blood.

Of this group of heroes as worthy of place in song and story as any who so gallantly died under shield before they had seen the dawn of a new day in many respects the greatest was James Bowie, famous only by reason of the world-renowned knife called by his name. A few words touching his ancestry may be out of place. He was not from Maryland, as his name stands, but was born in Burke county, Ga., in 1796. In 1802 his father emigrated to Louisiana. That industry was then still under French domination. There had been large tracts of land granted by the French crown to the territory named for Louis XIV, and one of these, in the parish of Claiborne, was acquired by the elder Bowie. He was a man of substance, owning nearly 100 slaves. He soon had his estate well opened and was growing superb crops of cotton and corn. His son James was sent first to a famous private school at Natchez, Miss., and afterward to the Jesuit college then located in New Orleans.

James Bowie in 1827 was challenged to a duel with Neets Wright. The pocket pistols of that day were unimportant. It was long before the percussion cap had been brought into common use, and the fintlock arm was the only firearm known. It was liable to miss fire just when it ought not to. Bowie determined to rely upon a knife he had designed to be made for just such a contingency. He had taken a 14-inch long file, such as was then used to sharpen crosscut saws and the upright saws used for turning out planks from logs. He had the file marks carefully ground off, he file and the smooth piece of steel skillfully reduced by the grindstone until it was about the thickness and weight he desired. Then he took it to a spianard in New Orleans known as "Posito," the skilled cutler—a man who had learned his art in Toledo, where the finest sword blades in all Spain were forged. He tempered and finished the knife, fitted it was a crosscut and half. When it was done James Bowie had a weapon "fit to fight for a man's life with," as he said to Governor Wells. It was beautifully balanced, and the artist had hollow-ground it like a razor, with a double edge for three or four inches from the point.

The knife was fitted with a wooden scabbard, covered with leather, and was sharp enough to shave the hair off the back of one's hand. This was the original Bowie knife, though it was somewhat modified subsequently in shape. Bowie, a student in New Orleans, had studied the things besides the "momentum," as the head language of Greece and Rome were then called. By accident he found in his fencing master a man who could not only use the sword but was a master in the use of the cut-throat, the Spanish fighting knife, a weapon not unlike the Bowie. Our young student under-enthusiastically into the training and science of old Spain in that nation's once national weapon. And so his was much better

entitled for the deadly fight that was so near at hand. Natchez island, where the fight was to be, was midway between the Louisiana and Mississippi shores of the Great Father of Waters. Therefore it was a favorite meeting place for gentlemen who had to adjust affairs that might have a fatal ending, as the authorities of neither state could interfere. "I stayed all night with James Bowie," said a friend of his who died over twenty years ago, in his ninetieth year. "On the night before the fight was to take place I never saw a man sleep more soundly than he did, nor eat a better breakfast the next morning."

It was understood that each of the principals should have but one friend, and certainly not more than two, on the ground. But Mr. Wright had five or six present. The fight began with pistols. One of Bowie's missed fire, while both of Wright's bullets took effect upon his antagonist.

Thinking he had Bowie at his mercy, Norris Wright sprang upon him. In a moment Bowie had drawn his deadly knife, and though two or three of Wright's friends were shooting at him and hitting him, too, Bowie made one awful slash at Wright's neck. The keen edge hit into the very neck bone. The blood shot out over Bowie, Norris Wright was dead before he touched the ground.

Seriously wounded himself, it was for some time a very doubtful question whether or not he would ever get well. But youth, a temperate life, and an excellent constitution finally brought him around, and in a year from that time he killed General Croatin with the same knife he had used in his first encounter. "The knife doesn't miss fire," he said to an intimate friend, Mr. Byram of the parish of Rapides, "the pistol does." This, of course, was long before the perfection of the percussion cap or the invention of the self-revolver, the latter revolver ever made.

James Bowie was engaged in the purchase and control of claims for great tracts of land that had been grants made by the French crown. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States and finally became a state there was good deal of trouble on this account over some of the titles to land along Red River and its tributaries. A man often had to fight for his plantation, as frequently he would not give it up to somebody with an old French or Spanish grant. It was in these contests that James Bowie did the most of his killing. He had sixteen lives on his hands from the use of that one bloody knife. After much consideration he had made a knife that has been the model and pattern for all the real Bowie knives that ever had the sanction of their originator.

In 1835 Colonel Bowie sold his Louisiana property and went to Texas. The Lone Star State was to the throat of a bloody revolution. The gallant resistance of Texas was acknowledged General Santa Anna was chief in command of the Mexican forces, that he would he would take any prisoners. When Bowie arrived in Texas and offered his services to the young republic, he was at once made a colonel of volunteers in the army of Texas.

In January, 1836 Colonel Bowie was ordered to San Antonio de Bexar to assist in holding that place against Santa Anna's coming forces. The siege ran along until March, when San Antonio, trusting in the pledged word of honor of Santa Anna, with a starved-out garrison, surrendered. A general massacre took place. Travis, Crockett and Bowie were murdered in cold blood, a stain on General Santa Anna's memory that time can never blot out. Colonel Bowie was badly wounded three times, and was in a room of the main work of the place called the Alamo. He opposed the surrender for as long as was possible. He was lying on his bed when he heard the triumphant Mexicans coming in. It was the first hint he had had of the surrender. He knew his life was ended. He could, however, move about a little. The instant the Mexicans came into the room they began shooting at him. He grasped his knife and leaped among them like an enraged tiger. And when the firing ended six of his enemies had crossed the Styx with James Bowie and gone with him to the shades—San Francisco Call.

ONE ON THE BOOK AGENT.

The woman had her arms in the tub and was fiercely scrubbing one dirty garment after another. Book agents don't often penetrate to that part of Chicago, but this one did. He knocked on the front door just as he was tired, and then he went around to the back door. The woman was holding up an towel over the washboard. "Good morning, madam," said the book agent, pleasantly. "Good morning," said the woman, shortly. "Pleasant day," observed the book agent, starting for an opening. "Good enough," answered the woman. "Excuse me, madam," said the book agent, "but I have here a work that I would like to show you." "Have you," answered the woman. "Well, I've got a lot of work that I'd like to show you." She took one sopping hand out of the tub, and waved it at a great pile of dirty clothes. "That's my work," went on the woman. "If your work can beat that, all right; if it can't, why skip out." The book agent skipped—Chicago Tribune.

ASTORIA AND COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD. EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

Table with columns LEAVE, PORTLAND, ASTORIA, and ARRIVE. Lists train schedules for various divisions like Astoria, Seaside, and Astoria.

Trains leave Astoria for Flavel, Hammond and Fort Stevens at 8:12 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. daily. Leave Fort Stevens for Astoria at 7:00 a. m. and 3:26 p. m. daily.

WHITE COLLAR LINE. Portland - Astoria Route. STR. "TAHOMA."

Table with columns TIME CARD, Leave Portland, and Leave Astoria. Lists train schedules for the White Collar Line.

Through Portland connection with steamer Nahcotta from Ilwaco and Long Beach points. Telephone Deck, Telephone 111.

THE DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE. STR. "BAILEY GATZERT."

DAILY ROUND TRIP EXCEPT MONDAY. Cascade Locks, Hood River, White Salmon, Lyle and The Dalles. TIME CARD. Leave Portland, Arrive Portland.

LANDING AND OFFICE FOOT OF ALDER STREET, BOTH PRIZES MAIN 351, PORTLAND, ORE. E. W. CRITCHEN, Agt. Portland. JOHN M. FILLON, Agt. The Dalles. A. J. TAYLOR, Agt. Astoria.

O. R. & N. OREGON SHORT LINE AND UNION PACIFIC.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, May 29, 1901. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," an extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, William W. Pope, of Olney, Clatsop County, State of Oregon, has this day filed in the office his sworn statement, No. 3271, for the purchase of lot 4, sec. 3, lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, of section No. 4, in township No. 6 north, range No. 7 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the register and receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Thursday, the 8th day of August, 1901. He names as witnesses: Mrs. Mary Denck, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Sebastian Glaser, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Mrs. Apollonia Johnson, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Sidney Dell, of Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adverse to the above-described lands are required to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of August, 1901. CHAS. H. MOORE, Register. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Thos. O'Connor, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are required to present the same to him duly verified according to law, within six months from this date. A. J. KLAFFKE, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. O'Connor, Deceased. Date of first publication, June 21, 1901.