

Daily Astorian.

Telephone Main 641.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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SEMI-WEEKLY.

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All communications intended for publication should be directed to "Editor Astorian." Business communications of all kinds and remittances must be addressed to "The Astorian Publishing Co."

The Astorian guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

Advertising rates can be had on application to the business manager.

The editor of the Oregonian may be resourceful in satire, and brimming over with wit, but the most industrious searchers will not find a morsel of logic, nor an atom of argument in the contents of that journal against the contention of Astoria for terminal rates.

Ridiculous, vague indirectness and deliberate perversion of facts are the salient factors in the effort to deny Astoria and to maintain Portland as a "seaport," in spite of the often proven fact that by so doing the best interests of the entire state and splendid Imperial Empire are retarded. The Astorian recently reiterated a statement made over and over again in these columns that if there was no river this harbor would have common point rates with other ports on the Pacific coast.

The Oregonian repeats the paragraph and pretends to believe that the Astorian deplores the fact that the Columbia exists. The Oregonian understands perfectly the connection in which the illustration was used, and it also understands the fact that the Astorian desired to impress by the use of that illustration. Its satire is evasiveness. It dare not attempt to answer the statement logically; it never has attempted to discuss the problem with anything resembling argument.

ANOTHER MALIGNANT ATTACK.

The Portland Oregonian, in its malignant hostility to the administration, has from time to time sought to make some capital out of the appointments made by the president to positions in the regular army, hoping that it could find some concession to the politicians, who were alleged to be clamoring to have a certain percentage of the commissions distributed among their civilian constituents.

THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go on another "cure." But this is a costly and not always sure thing. It is an error when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for coughs, croup and all throat and lung diseases on earth. The first dose brings relief. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottle free at Hart's Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

HE KEPT HIS LEG.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "he said he tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and was cured. He used one bottle of Electric Bitters and his leg was sound and well as ever." For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them. Hart's Drug Store will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50c.

DO NOT LET THEM SUFFER.

Often children are tortured with itching and burning eczema and other skin diseases. But Dr. King's New Life Pills quickly heals the raw sores, expels inflammation, leaves the skin without a scar. Clean, fragrant, sharp. There's no saline on earth as good. Try it. Cure guaranteed. Only 50c at Hart's Drug Store.

POOD CHANGED TO POISON.

Purifying food is the intensive hygiene effects like those of arsenic, but Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poison from clogged bowels, greatly easing the cure. Cures Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Pevers, All Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. Only 50c at Hart's Drug Store.

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 dose of Foley's Honey and Tar costs. Isn't it worth a trial? Hart's Drug Store.

"Did you find the house as represented?" "Oh, yes." "Water on the top floor?" "Yes, the roof leaks."

Mr. John Timpas, Colton, Ohio, says: "Foley's Honey and Tar cured my little girl of a severe cough and inflamed tonsils." Hart's Drug Store.

"Dad! This is no way. The dirt in this room must have been here a month."

"Then blame the girl before, ma'am. I've only been here three weeks."—Philadelphia Times.

Thos. 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.

"If your hat blows off while you are with an evening trolley party, don't mind it."

"Why not?" "Because, madam, trolley parties are awfully good form."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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.

Hoax—You know what will flowers out of the Zoo? Hoax—Yes. Hoax—They won't hurt you.

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 and 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.

Talk about her pavements! Think of the place that is said to be paved with gold gratings.

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

The latest style of feminine hats are flat, but the prices are still high.

Any advertised dealer is authorized to guarantee Banner Solve for itching, eczema, piles, sprains, scalds, burns, sores and any open or old sore. Hart's Drug Store.

Of course, the active members of a club make the most motions.

The greatest healer of modern times is Banner Solve for cuts, wounds, sores, piles and all skin diseases. It is guaranteed. No substitute. Hart's Drug Store.

"What pretty white flowers they are on your plant." "Yes, but they don't stay in very long."

"No," they're bachelor buttons, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

The pills that annoy you as well as quickly and permanently healed if you use DeWitt's Little Early Bile. Beware of worthless counterfeits. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

"What do you think of 'The Love Letters of a Lady'?" "Too platitudinous."

"What do you mean?" "All who write love letters are liars."—Detroit Free Press.

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

"It was an American jockey who won at Paris." "I suppose he was aided to some extent by the horse."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Bile taken now and then will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never grip, but promise an easy gratification. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Pa, what is firmness?" "Firmness, Broadhead—The exercise of will power, my son."

Professor Broadhead—The exercise of will power, my son.

Those famous little pills, DeWitt's Little Early Bile, compel your liver, and bowels to do their duty, thus giving you pure, rich blood to regenerate your body. Are you to take. Never grip. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

When the weather man predicts a thunder storm is he a lightning calculator?"

"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 influenza. I took One Minute Cough Cure and recovered my health." Mr. E. H. Wines, Madison, Ga. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

STORIES OF THE HOUR.

RAG-TIME ROMANCE.

Holla, mah baby! Holla, mah honey! Holla, mah rag-time girl!

In the twinkling of an eye, pandemonium reigned in the sewing room of St. Agatha's mission. Twenty-two small girls dropped their French seams and buttonholes in a wild rush for the open window and their first love—the street piano man.

Their pretty teacher was fat (as legend has it) when the Heger, so little music could come into the lives of these slum children. Why deny them this pleasure? So she quietly gathered up the scattered pieces of unbleached muslin, smiling as she softly hummed the air which came clanging and clanking from the street below.

"O—Miss Grace—come an' see! He ain't got no monkey. He's got a man—a real, live swell, too!"

The Italian displayed his small, gleaming teeth, as he gazed up at the children, crowding upon the fire escape. The teachers in these missions—he had heard of them. They were fussy and violent, and always they gave their pupils, for the street musicians, a nickel, perhaps even a dime.

Grace Byrne slipped ten pennies into the hands of as many eager girls, then leaped over their wriggling, excited little figures to catch a glimpse of the extra attraction. In the center of a gaping circle was a well built fellow from her own walk of life—a certainly groomed chap, but he was clad in the conventional frock coat, gray trousers, cork hat and mackintosh. And he was laughing, actually laughing so that his head was thrown back and his eyes were closed.

"Hello! Hello!" screamed the piano in final triumph. The young man stopped dancing, whipped his polished hat from his shapely head and deliberately held it toward the gaping, laughing crowd.

"Oh, teacher, give us some more pennies—quick! See, he's got away, and he's so funny! Jew a couple, please!"

But Grace had stumbled back to her table, and was getting there now, when her white face hid under her slender hands.

The children, awed by her silence and pallor, settled quietly to their desks. In a mechanical fashion Grace directed the remainder of the afternoon's work, and finally each pupil, armed with a slice of warm ginger bread and murmuring "good-by, teacher," marched to the door.

The teacher walked back to the window and looked down intently upon the narrow street. Askin, she seemed to hear the ragtime air which he would have heard through the window. He had been there, she had seen her as she leaned over the table and his inconspicuous companion had long since rounded the corner and disappeared in the shadows of East-side tenement life.

The teacher entered the room. He no longer arranged the chairs and tables for the meeting of the boys' club in the evening. Grace drew herself up proudly, donned her wraps, and with a few courteous words to the attendant, swept out of the mission room, feeling that she never wished to see them again.

"That evening, as the dinner gong sounded in a certain residence overlooking the park a young woman, with a determined expression on her face and a contradictory trembling in her hands, trotted up two packages. One was very small and contained a jeweler's box. The other held eleven photographs, all of one young man at various ages and in diverse garments, a bundle of notes and letters, and some faded flowers. She directed them with care, then resolutely descended to the dining room.

But her appetite had taken flight. She toyed with her soup and sent the fish away untouched. Beef a la mode she declared to be too heavy for this season of the year.

Her father looked at her keenly. "You ought to give up that mission work, Grace. Can't you find some other field? Testimony air does not agree with you."

"Talking about testaments," broke in the irrepressible Tom. "we have a good one on lay on Fred Yerkes. Another bit of hot faith."

Grace, turning dizzy and faint, clutched frantically at her neck. Was she to hear the story of Fred's disgrace, here before the entire family? Wildly she thought of flight, then, taking a fresh grip on her napkin, which, by this time, resembled a snowball, she determined to "face the music."

"You see," continued Tom. "Fred made some foolish head the other day with Cummings. I didn't hear what it was all about, but, any way, the loser

STORIES OF THE HOUR.

RAG-TIME ROMANCE.

was to go down in the slums somewhere with one of those organ grinders, do a cake-walk and pass the hat."

Grace gasped. "I should say so! Any fellow ought to know better than to mix up with Cummings. He's always putting up a game. But having lost, Fred said his bet like a man—went down the afternoon with a lot of us in tow, to see that he played fair. And he did, by Jove! He put up a jolly good cake-walk and I guess that organ grinder thought he'd struck Klondike. We fellows all chipped in. But, best of all was when Fred got through, and a little chap marched right up to him, yelling, 'Say, mister, yer legs is out of sight, but yer steps is bum, werry bum, see?'"

Everybody at the table laughed. Grace wondered if that hysterical treble was really her own voice. She left such a ridiculous desire to cry instead. Finally she unrolled her napkin, and decided to try a bit of beef after all.

Half a hour later, when Tom dashed upstairs to his room, he was not in the din entry by his sister. She laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Tom, dear, you know that stick-up—the party one—you asked me for the other day? Well, here it is. You may keep it. I—I think it will look very well with that tie."

Then, kissing him kindly, she slipped back into her room, while Tom stared 90, muttering:

"Girls are queer things—a fella's gotta be the queerest of all. She turned me down good and hard when I asked for that pin before."

MUSIC'S CHARM.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island recently was a tall young fellow with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about 20 years old, and his companion was a pleasing and dramatic incident, witnessed by Arthur Henry. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled, and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. I shall make money. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply. "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow confidently. "With such a—tanning the black bag—I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

"The Pole laughed, and, opening the bag, took out a violin. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care."

"An you play it well?" asked the official man kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into the open space and lifting his horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." As the first note everyone in the great building stood still and listened. The four lines of immigrants became motionless. The furlen waiters in the pit looked on and their faces became tender. Even the meadow among them seemed to feel the charm of the pleading notes.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shows of "bravo!" "good boy!" "give us some more!" came from every side. The physician, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not-over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from the office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he heard them he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats and said: "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

The incident was a sermon on competence—a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or farming, or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows it, root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the young Pole pointed to his corner, and say, as he did: "With this I can go anywhere."—Bertha.

BACK EAST.

Here you are again, July, Here you are again, July, Strutting that of "Hot Time" tune From the "Dixie" life of June! Marching kindling at your feet, Puffing in the bluish haze, Wouldn't it be the doctrine you Are a preacher's kin be true, Same of doctrine that for you! Has his pulled in your ears By progressive thinker men With the once and with the pen, That of Satan's very like, Is a thin of foxy fake, An' that mortals from their birth Gilt their blades here on earth.

"Any fool can make money," said the man who makes a specialty of quotations.

"Yes," replied the short haired individual who had failed to pass some of his own make, "but it takes a wise guy to get rid of it."

ASTORIA AND COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD.

EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

Table with columns LEAVE, PORTLAND, ARRIVE. Includes times for Astoria and Portland.

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Trains leave Astoria for Flavel, Hammond and Fort Stevens at 5:15 a. m. and 5:30 p. m. daily. Leave Fort Stevens for Astoria at 7:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. daily.

All trains make close connection at Goble with all Northern Pacific trains to and from the East and Sound points.

WHITE COLLAR LINE.

Portland - Astoria Route. STR. "TAHOMA."

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

Table with columns LEAVE PORTLAND, ARRIVE ASTORIA. Includes times for the White Collar Line.

Through Portland connection with steamer Nahotta from Ilwaco and Long Beach points.

White Collar Line tickets interchangeable with O. R. & N. Co. and V. T. Co. tickets.

Telephone Dock, Telephone 111.

THE DALLES-PORTLAND ROUTE.

STR. "BAILEY GATZERT."

DAILY ROUND TRIP EXCEPT MONDAY.

Cascade Locks, Hood River, White Salmon, Lyle and The Dalles.

Table with columns LEAVE PORTLAND, ARRIVE THE DALLES. Includes times for the Dalles-Portland Route.

Meals the very best.

77 Sunday Trips a Leading Feature.

LANING AND OFFICE, FOOT OF ALDER STREET, BOTH PHONES MAIN 431, PORTLAND, ORE.

E. W. CRIFTON, Agt. Portland. JOHN M. FILLCOON, Agt. The Dalles. A. J. TAYLOR, Agt. Astoria.

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

Table with columns DEPART, TIME, SCHEDULE, ARRIVE. Includes routes to Chicago, Denver, Omaha, etc.

72 hours from Portland to Chicago. No Change of Cars.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE - From Astoria.

Table with columns ALL SAILING SUBJECT TO CHANGE. Includes times for various routes.

Steamer Nahotta leaves Astoria on Tuesdays for Ilwaco, connecting there with trains for Long Beach, Triana and North Beach points. Returning arrives at Astoria same evening.

G. W. LAUNSBERRY, Agent, ASTORIA.

A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.

SANTAL-MIDY.

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capivi, Cubebis or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS. Sold by all Druggists.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clatsop, on the first day of June, 1901, upon a judgment rendered therein on the 10th day of March, 1901, in favor of R. E. Harris, plaintiff, and against George Hill, defendant, for the sum of \$567.32, the further sum of \$50 attorney's fees together with interest thereon at the legal rate from the 10th day of March, 1901, and the costs of and upon this writ commanding and requiring me to levy upon the property of the above named defendant, to satisfy the judgment, interest, costs and all accruing costs, I did attach the following described real property, to-wit:

Block 6, 7, block 1. First Add. to Ocean Grove, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, block 1, lots 1 to 22, inclusive, block 2, lots 1 to 27, inclusive, block 3, lots 1 to 22, inclusive, block 4, Hill's Add. to Ocean Grove, lots 13 to 28, inclusive, block 4, lots 1 to 10, inclusive, block 5, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 6, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 7, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 8, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 9, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 10, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 11, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 12, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 13, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 14, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 15, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 16, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 17, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 18, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 19, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 20, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 21, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 22, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 23, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 24, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 25, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 26, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 27, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 28, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 29, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 30, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 31, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 32, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 33, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 34, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 35, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 36, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 37, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 38, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 39, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 40, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 41, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 42, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 43, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 44, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 45, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 46, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 47, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 48, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 49, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 50, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 51, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 52, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 53, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 54, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 55, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 56, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 57, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 58, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 59, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 60, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 61, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 62, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 63, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 64, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 65, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 66, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 67, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 68, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 69, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 70, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 71, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 72, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 73, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 74, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 75, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 76, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 77, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 78, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 79, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 80, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 81, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 82, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 83, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 84, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 85, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 86, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 87, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 88, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 89, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 90, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 91, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 92, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 93, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 94, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 95, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 96, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 97, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 98, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 99, lots 1 to 20, inclusive, block 100, lots 1 to 20, inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that I will on Monday, the 30th day of July, 1901, at the office of the Sheriff, in the Court House, in the City of Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the above described real property to satisfy said judgment, interest, costs and all accruing costs.

THOS. LINVILLE, Sheriff, Clatsop County, Or. Astoria, Oregon, June 10, 1901.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

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 2, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of public lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the public land states by Act of August 4, 1892, William W. Pope, of Oregon, county of Clatsop, State of Oregon, has filed in this office his sworn statement, No. 5671, 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 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 Deenk, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Sebastian Glander, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Mrs. Appollonia Johnson, of Olney, Clatsop County, Oregon; Sidney Dell, of Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adverse rights in said lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of August, 1901.

CHAS. B. 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 me within six months from this date.

A. J. KLAPFKE, Administrator of the Estate of Thos. O'Connor, Decatur, Oregon.

Date of first publication, June 21, 1901.