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

COMMISSIONS TO BE HAD.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An opportunity for the persons who are seeking for something to criticize about the army is afforded in the fact that the president has recently appointed and commissioned forty-five men from civil life to staff positions in the army, with the rank of first lieutenant, and that he is about to make eight more such appointments. That is, he will make these appointments when he can provide a sufficient number of qualified citizens who are willing to accept them, which has not been the case up to date.

The appointments made and to be made are to the rank of assistant surgeon, and the department has been almost compelled to resort to advertising to secure qualified applicants for the position. There are eight vacancies in the grade yet to be filled. Physicians from civil life are given the same opportunity for appointment as those who have seen service in the volunteers. In September next examinations will be resumed in Washington of applicants for appointments, and all information upon the subject may be procured by application to the surgeon general.

The same demand for surgeons has been seen in the navy recently, and the navy department has had some difficulty in securing men willing to accept the position. Yet it would seem that they would have some attractions for young medical men, whose profession is notoriously overcrowded. In both arms of the military service surgeons have the status and pay of commissioned officers. Moreover, in the navy particularly, promotion is as rapid as in any other line. There are, for example, surgeons on the navy list with the rank and pay of lieutenant commander who entered in 1890, while the youngest lieutenant commander in the line entered the service at least fifteen years before that time.

There has been no explanation yet offered why such positions as this, with such certainty of pay, such prospect of advancement, and such a status, should go begging, when they are to be filled from a profession notoriously crowded and difficult for a young practitioner. The fact remains, however, that both in the army and navy vacancies exist with a dearth of applicants to fill them and the same condition of affairs is reported in the British army.

GERMANS IN THE WESTERN CONTINENTS.

New York Sun. The frequently alleged but unproved purpose of German imperial policy to risk in South America an issue on the Monroe doctrine was recently discussed by the most important Russian journal, the Novoye Vremya of St. Petersburg. The tone of this newspaper's remarks on the subject was calm and generally philosophical, but somewhat less friendly to Germany than in the United States. The Novoye Vremya informs the German statesmen whom it suspects of expansionist designs in South America, particularly in Brazil, that "Americans have become aroused to the danger of the systematic envelopment of the entire globe by a spider-web of Germany." "The people of the United States," it adds, "think and combine more quickly than the people of old Europe, and so it is possible that over the ocean there will commence, sooner than here, the real struggle against the Pan-Germans."

HE KEPT HIS LEG.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan of Haverhill, Mass., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctor used amputation, but he writes that he used a 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.

THOUSANDS SENT INTO EXILE.

Every year a large number of poor sufferers whose lungs are sore and racked with coughs are urged to go to another climate. But this is costly and not always sure. Don't be an exile when Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption will cure you at home. It's the most infallible medicine for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung disease on earth. The first few bottles relieve. Astounding cures result from persistent use. Trial bottle free at Hart's Drug Store. Price 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

DON'T LET THEM SUFFER.

Often children are tortured with itching and burning eczema and other skin diseases but Bucklen's Arnica Salve heals the raw sores, expels inflammation, leaves the skin without a mark. Clean, fragrant, cheap, there's no salve on earth as good. Try it. Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at Hart's Drug Store.

Girls never marry a drunkard because you love him, nor a rich man if you do not love him.

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 does have to pay for a bottle of Hart's Drug Store.

Know when to say no; then follow your nose.

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

Mothers too often forget to say "don't" to their boys.

They've 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.

It is not so bad to get mad if you will keep your mouth shut.

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 work. Hart's Drug Store.

If you want to live right don't dwell on other people's faults.

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 describe 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.

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LAUNCHING OF THE ORISSON.

Oh, ship, like a crescent Phlox aimed, Oh bride the hoary and hair charmed Leap to his strong and proud embrace—

In freedom's squadron take thy place! Northwest a sheet of crystal sail, A sort of cloud from his breast.

Our mountain monarch Hoel will hail The mighty daughter of the West— And hail, with broad uplifted arms, The sea, the breeze and battle-flags.

While the vast hosts of obedient ships, Swept the deep song of worshippers, That brow of presence wreathed in dreams.

The mite through which his grandeur gleams, In storm and calm has brooded o'er The hard few that erstwhile came And wrought, in tears and blood and flame—

So stripes might stream and stars might war, The glory of thy chosen name! Launched on the golden gale day, Be thine a royal bridal day.

And Eric's crash of thunder, telling— Comes dreams of olden Salamis! When Greece was life's white morning star.

Come, welcome to a scene like this, The memories of Trafalgar, And Eric's crash of thunder, telling— How Perry's warrior heart was swelling—

Come, throbbing through the dusk of years, The drum-beat in Algeria, And from a hero's forehead lip, The whisper, "Don't give up the ship!"

To greet the mast, here behold, While waves enchanted streams and seas, October's misted seleniter bows, Our forests lit with lamps of gold, And many a leafy mountain shrine Dashed with the red Autumnal wine—

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Stories of the Hour

Side of shoes greeted this threat and then Weber put on his clothes. They heard his foot-falls coming across the floor and down the rickety stairs.

The absence of curiosity reigned as he entered the barroom, a square-shouldered erect young man, with calm brown eyes. He walked up to the bar, looking at Mace, while the half dozen boatmen in the room looked at each other and got ready for more fun.

Doc Huff, the "bad man" of Larkspur, and young Jones, guide, publisher and friend, were leaning against the dirty pine bar.

"I'm Weber, the new school teacher," began the stranger, addressing the young man behind the bar. "I was asleep upstairs."

"I suppose you come down 'treatly gang," interrupted Huff, grinning at Weber. The latter looked calmly for a moment at the interloper, and said quite clearly and indistinctly:

"You keep your gab out of this conversation or I'll treat you to the dinner house you ever sat in your life."

As he said it the school teacher squared around and stood looking at Huff as though hesitatingly selecting the best spot to strike. Absolute silence reigned. Every one but Weber expected to see Huff's gun go into the next belt. But for once the bad man was a bit slow on his feet.

"Purdy fresh for a teacher!" sneered Huff, his hand slipping slowly off the bar and then suddenly darting toward his hip.

Weber saw the motion just in time. His right hand shot out and caught Huff in the jugular, and down he went, his head striking on the floor and his great bulk rolling over, face down, on the floor.

"I'll just take this gang," said the school teacher, plucking the big revolver from Huff's holster. "I'm beginning to think I may need it in my business."

He was smiling placidly at the now standing on-lookers as he said it, and Mace Jones was staring, pale with astonishment over the bar.

"Come, fellows, help him up. I didn't hit him hard. He'll be alright in a minute," quoth Weber, cheerfully, as the good company came slowly around to lift their fallen aid.

"You see, Jones," said the school teacher to the young fellow behind the bar, "you see if I'm not sleepin' steady if you'll shoot off pistols right under my nose. You can laugh and drink all you like, but I won't put up with any shooting."

Huff roared as he saw Weber was finishing his polite "instructions" to the barkeeper. His first motion was to grab for his pistol. He looked round with a rather sticky, foolish air as he asked:

"Where is it?"

"Here's your pistol, Mr. —"

"Here's mine, Huff. Here's your mine, Mr. Huff," said the school teacher, again facing his interrogator. "Can't I think I over, I don't believe I can. I don't like the make. It's a pair of forty-five's uppers that run in a line."

Huff took the unobtrusive pistol, glanced at Weber for a second, tossed the handle as if in momentary hesitation, and then slowly returned it to his holder.

"I hope I didn't hurt you," the school teacher said smiling, carelessly, and smiling good-humoredly at every one. "I guess I was a bit heavy, but you know you Texans have a terrible reputation for 'getting the drop' on folks that's what you call it—and I was afraid you, Mr. Huff, were about to do something rash. I'm very sorry, indeed. I really ought to apologize, so here's my hand" (Huff took it) "and now to show there's no hard feelings, let's have a drink. Come, fellows!"

They lined themselves up in silence, tapped their glasses reflectively on the counter, filled them with "spider juice" and gulped without a word. Then Doc Huff cleared his hairy throat, and with a rather successful effort at a smile, said:

"Mister Weber, you talk me awakes. I want make no gun-play, and so won't lookin' for no hostile move on your part. Ye hit me a awful chug, an' I don't consider, I guess it was done fair. I don't say I wouldn't a liked 'fist-even up the line ye handed back 'em."

"I'm a souther gentleman, an' ye done it with a free hand, an' ye hit me half a notion 'let ye have it even then. But when ye ast us all up on 'em, an' bolted yourn like a real southerner, I says to myself, by Gad, Doc Huff, here is a Yank with genuine bowels an' a power us 'em."

The company allowed that Doc had, by his speech, recovered something of his dignity. They agreed that he thoroughly re-established himself by buying another round. They all commented on the fact that "the school teacher must be good stuff, because he didn't take no water with his pizen," and then the symposium ended.

Weber didn't have any trouble with his school. He ruled by main strength for six months, but he ruled absolutely. Larkspur is a good town now. It has electric lights. Doc Huff is the police force, there are forty children and two teachers in the school, and even the patriots of the settlement haven't the nerve to mourn "the good old fightin' days before the dang Yank come."

Ernest Weber is there yet. He owns the Larkspur bank and constitutes the school board. Mace Jones runs the "Brazos Hotel and Cafe," and the strong-arm school teacher is yet his star boarder.—Chicago Record-Herald.

ASTORIA AND COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD.

EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

Table with columns: LEAVE, PORTLAND, ARRIVE, ASTORIA. Times listed for various routes.

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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 6th day of June, 1901, upon a judgment rendered therein on the 10th day of March, 1901, in favor of H. E. Harris, plaintiff, and against George Hill, defendant, for the sum of \$52.32, 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 have attached the following described real property, to-wit:

Lots 6, 7, block 1, First Add. to Ocean Grove; lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, block 1, lots 1 to 27, inclusive, block 2, lots 1 to 27, inclusive, block 3, lots 1 to 27, inclusive, block 4, Hill's Second Add. to Ocean Grove; lots 13 to 35, inclusive, block 2, lots 1 to 18, 19 to 37, 38 to 54, inclusive, block 6, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65