Daily Astorian.

Telephone Main 661.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY.

Sent by mail, per year $6.00
Sent by mail, per month ..... .50
Served by carrier, per month..... .60

SEMI-WEEKLY.

Sent by mail, per year, in advance, $2.00

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.

ANTI-LYNCHING LAWS.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Constitution-makers in Alabama and Virginia are not giving their attention wholly to plans for so devising restrictions upon universal suffrage as to admit illiterate whites to vote while excluding illiterate negroes. They have many other problems to deal with, not the least of which is that of providing some method for putting a stop to the outrageous crimes committed in the name of lynch law. In both conventions propositions have been submitted looking to that end, and it is probable the results may prove highly beneficial.

The Alabama plan, to which attention was directed some days ago, provides that any officer of the state who fails to protect a prisoner from a mob shall be liable to summary removal from office, and heavy penalties are imposed upon all who take part in lynching. The plan submitted in Virginia is not so drastic in dealing with unfaithful officials, but it has none the less its good features. According to the summary reported in the dispatches the plan provides that "the governor shall offer a reward for the detection and conviction of persons aiding a mob by which the life of any person is taken; any one found engaged in such mob shall be deemed guilty of murder in the first degree. When murder is not committed, but great bodily injury is inflicted, persons aiding the mob shall be deemed guilty of riot. The governor is authorized to pay a certain sum out of the state treasury to the heirs of any person murdered by a mob and to charge the amount to the county in which the lynching was perpetrated."

Of course neither of the plans proposed can effect much unless supported by a resolute public opinion, but fortunately there is hope that such a sentiment will be found. The very consideration given to the subject by the two conventions is itself an evidence that the controlling element of the South has become aroused to the danger that threatens their communities by the toleration of such barbaric outbreaks as have too frequently happened. Thus, should the proposed provisions against lynching be put into the constitutions, there would be a fair expectation of their enforcement.

In addition to the evidence of a change in public sentiment in the South, which is afforded by the efforts of the two conventions to suppress the practice, there exists another in the diminished number of lynchings. The Chicago Tribune, which for a long series of years has carefully kept a record of all offenses of the kind recently pointed out that while in 1892 there was 235 lynchings in the United States up to November 13, the lynching record for the entire year of 1900 numbered but 101. The record as it stands is bad enough to constitute a national disgrace, but in comparison to what it was in 1892 there is evident a gratifying diminution in the frequency of the outrages.

The plans proposed in Alabama and Virginia may of course be modified before adopted, so it is possible that even better remedial measures may be provided than those now submitted. But of the changes in their constitutions, therefore, the two states may gain something better than restricted suffrage, and the illiterate negro deprived of his vote may at least obtain a surer protection for his life and person against the assaults of mobs.

SAMPSON OR SCHLEY.

Tacoma Ledger.

The navy of the United States is a big institution. It does not seem so large that with honor to all concerned it can contain both Sampson and Schley. This is the view of the outsider, the citizen, who has pride in the navy itself and no acquaintance with the principals in a dispute that has grown into scandal and has reached such proportions that it cannot be settled without the reaching of a climax.

If Sampson is fit to remain in the service, Schley deserves to be cast out in disgrace. If Schley is worthy, he has been most cruelly slandered, and Sampson is the man who should go.

So far as can be judged by the facts already available, Sampson is the guilty man. He has assented and connived in the berating of Schley as a coward, a liar and an insubordinate. He claims to have read proof on a so-called history praising him in terms that would have turned the stomach of a normal man and maligning Schley in every term that was orientable. This act alone would be sufficient to stamp Sampson as a boor and an ingrate, and this would be in keeping with his character as made plain through other incidents.

Schley has at least borne himself as a gentleman, and this Sampson has failed to do. Sampson is ready to discuss details, but Schley holds aloof. He merely points to the record of the Brooklyn, his own ship, and calls attention to the fact that it inflicted more than half the injuries on the Spanish fleet and received more than half the injuries given by the Spanish fleet, and this is a battle where he is accused of having skulked beyond range. The accusation falls by the weight of the official record.

The personal quarrel of two men could not ordinarily be of general moment. The present instance is an exception. The people of the country do not propose to sustain a navy to harbor cowards or liars. Schley has been accused of cowardice, and a writer, pausing between paragraphs to kiss the toe of Sampson, has sought to fix this verdict in history. Now, if Schley is a coward, let the truth be demonstrated, and unless it can be demonstrated, Sampson is a liar most gross. One or the other should be made to go stripped of honors. One or the other is a shame to the country which takes pride in the prowess of the navy and the high character of its personnel.

Lord Kitchener reports that the war will soon be over. Over what?

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, 25c.

"Oh, I am the prodigal son," he cried,
With a loud and ludicrous laugh,
As he ogled the girls at the bath hour
And watched for the fatted calf!

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

The Boer prisoners at St. Helena have started the publication of a paper called the "Degrisgefangene." This is really worse than breaking parole.

SEVEN YEARS IN BED

"Will wonders ever cease?" inquired the friends of Mrs. L. Pease, of Lawrence, Kan. They knew she had been unable to leave her bed in seven years on account of kidney and liver trouble, nervous prostration and general debility, but, "Three bottles of Electric Bitters enabled me to walk," she writes, "and in three months I felt like a new person." Women suffering from Headache, Backache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells will find it a priceless blessing. Try it. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Only 50c at Hart's Drug Store.

And now if the Youngers will refrain from suing the state of Minnesota for the time they have put in serving that commonwealth, all will be forgotten and forgiven.

STEPPED INTO LIVE COALS.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eade, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores for 30 years, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Sores, Bruises and Piles. Sold by Hart's Drug Store at 25 cents.

The tramp (between mouthfuls)—I wuz wunst a well'y married man, mum, but I am penniless now."
Kind lady—"You poor, unfortunate man! Why didn't you put your fortune in your wife's name?"
The Tramp—"I did—an' she learned her play bridge whist!"—Puck.

A POOR MILLIONAIRE

Lately starved in London because he could not digest his food. Early use of Dr. King's New Life Pills would have saved him. They strengthen the stomach, aid digestion, promote assimilation, improve appetite. Price 25c. Money back if not satisfied. Sold by Frank Hart, Druggist.

Some of the women thought their party was completely with the nomination of candidates. Others thought otherwise. "Form a party without principles?" argued the latter. "Or without refreshments?" exclaimed several whose native womanliness had hitherto kept them from joining in the debate. It went without saying, of course, that a party without foods or drinks was no party at all, but merely an informal, if indeed it were more than an informal.—Denver Journal.

A RAGING, ROARING FLOOD

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave him a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha, said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by Hart's Drug Store. Price 50 cents.

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.

The unanimity with which the correspondents go back to the '70s for hot weather comparisons shows that there was nothing wrong with the weather liar of twenty-eight years ago.

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

For a young and unsophisticated town El Reno seems to have a pretty accurate knowledge of the limit to which a crowd can be worked without killing any of the suckers.

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.

The newly-made benedict who dropped dead just as he was leaving the church between his bride and mother-in-law must have carried a rabbit foot.

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.

A New York woman who has invented a remarkable button has succeeded in making a contract to furnish the entire police force of that city with the button. This contract will make her rich, though she will have to give a considerable part of her profit to the man in authority who pushes the button.

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 prostrate 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.

Now that the lock-step has been abandoned in the New York prisons, the Gotham confidence man feels that he can go to the penitentiary like a gentleman.—Washington Star.

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

The German chemist who said he can make bread out of wood pulp should locate in Battle Creek, Mich., and get out some printing.—Chicago Tribune.

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

General Shafter has retired from the army, leaving a large cavity and a couple of chafed hammock ropes.

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

For every man, woman and child of the population, Boston owes $105.72, no other American city being proportionately as much in debt. "Culchaw" comes high.

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

The optimists who are congratulating themselves because they are only likely to get three summers like this in a life time should remember that they will be a long time dead.

It is easier to keep well than get cured. DeWitt's Little Early Risers taken now and then, will always keep your bowels in perfect order. They never gripe but promote an easy gentle action. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Lord Kitchener has had another Cape Colony Boer hanged. And so he keeps cheerfully on endearing himself more and more to those whom he wishes to accept him as the great modern agent of peace and good will.

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

Even the merely rich are up against it in such a season as this. There is no place to go but away—and it's just as hot.

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 digestants, hence must digest every class of food and so prepare it that nature can use it in nourishing the body and replacing the wasted tissues, thus giving life, health, strength, ambition, pure blood and good healthy appetite. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Fame is of peculiar growth. Today, for instance President McKinley, Lord Roberts, Dewey, Funston and the rest share public attention with the man who floated through the Niagra rapids in a barrel.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve should be promptly applied to cuts, burns and scalds. It soothes and quickly heals the injured part. There are worthless counterfeits, be sure to get DeWitt's. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

No, Maude, dear, when you see water standing in the cellar it is not necessary to offer it a chair."

"I wish to truthfully state to you and the readers of these few lines that your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is without question, the best and only cure for dyspepsia that I have ever come in contact with and I have used many other preparations. John Beam, West Middlesex, Pa. No preparation equals Kodol Dyspepsia Cure as it contains all the natural digestants. It will digest all kinds of food and can't help but do you good. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Stories of the Hour

REFLECTIONS.

The old man sits in a listless way,
In the light of the westering sun,
And the locks of hair on his temples gray
Give back the light in a silvery ray;
Do his thoughts go back to a far-off day,
And a youth that is passed and done.

Does he think, perchance, of his boyhood now,
As he waits for a by-and-by,
When he walked the furrows behind the plow,
And dark curls clustered about his brow,
Or what are the visions his years allow,
That call up the fluttering sigh?

Perchance he thinks of a day alight
With a glinting of eyes of blue,
And of whom he walked in the perfumed night
With the maiden fair when the moon was bright,
And they recked them not of time's swift flight,
Himself and the maid he knew.

Ah, would he might tell us his thoughts today,
Of a time when we were not,
Of a well-known path and of locks gray,
Of an old-time love and an old-time way;
Ah, now he is speakin—"What's that you say?"
"Gol bing it! but ain't it hot?"
—Houston Post.

KILLED BY A GHOST.

Wierd Tale By an Old Railroad Engineer.

The old engineer sat smoking his pipe, waiting for time to take out the fast mail. His eyes were fixed on the jet of steam which rushed out hissingly from the safety. There were wrinkles between his eyes not caused by time; there was a look on his face not usually seen there. The usually placid countenance was troubled.

"I dunno, Jack," he said to his fireman, as though in answer to an inquiry. "Maybe we'll all go the same way as old Hank Mitchell some of these days."

The fireman looked up from the oil can which he was filling from the tank, preparatory to "oiling around." He wiped his fingers on a bit of waste and then spoke.

"I don't believe I knew Hank," he said. "Never run on this road, did he?"

"No; he never came so far west. Poor old Hank—went the way of many another good railroad man."

"Forgot orders?" queried the fireman, taking up his oil can and unscrewing the cap of the cup on the guide bar.

"Who? Hank? Well I guess not. No, sir. He run a freight and then a passenger, and then a freight again, three years, all told, and was never called on the carpet in his life."

"What was the matter with 'em, then?"

The old engineer polished his plow and watched the fireman carefully examine and then lubricate every part of the valve machine over which he had control. When the last pin had been oiled and the surplus wiped away, he made room for the younger man on the little bench.

"Ghosts," he said solemnly, in response to a look of inquiry.

"Rot!" said the skeptical fireman.

"Well, maybe; but you wait a few years and if you stay on the road you'll see 'em yourself. Then you'll change your views quicker than a brakeman can throw a switch. Every railroad's haunted, my son, and sooner or later you'll acknowledge it.

"Now, Hank Mitchell was a brave fellow as ever got an order," went on the old engineer. "He hadn't a bit of superstition about him. He was strong as a connecting rod; his head was clear as a waterglass; his eye was bright as a headlight, and his nerves were steel.

"Well, one day he comes in with the fast freight, a physical wreck, to all appearances. He looked as though he had been sick for a year. When we got to the room that night—we roomed together—I asked him what was wrong. I had a good idea, but I wanted to be sure.

"'Jack,' he said, 'I've seen a ghost. The most horrible thing you ever thought of.'

"I didn't contradict him; I knew it would be better to allow him to free his mind.

"'I was sitting up in the cupola of the caboose about fifty miles down the line when she appeared,' he went on. 'It was a woman. She was all dressed in white and her face was the face of a friend. She did not try to enter the caboose—she just floated along beside the car and jeered at me. She threatened to kill me, time after time. And, Jack, that continued for twenty miles and I was all alone in that caboose. When we got to Bluestone she disappeared. What does it mean? And then he broke down and cried like a child.

"Well, I got him a nerve bracer, reported him too sick to take his train out, and in a week he was all right. He soon forgot all about his ghost, and was promoted to passenger conductor. All went well for nearly a year. Then that apparition came to him again and again he broke down. This time his nerve gave way. He asked to be given back his old freight. The old man wanted an explanation. Hank's record was way above par and he hated to lose him.

"He told Hank to take a rest for thirty days, with pay, and then come back, and if he wanted his freight run back he might have it. Well, Hank took the vacation. He went away to his old home and forgot about his ghost. As soon as he reported for work again the old dread came back and he insisted on taking out a freight. He told me he dare not be responsible for the lives of hundreds which would be under his care on a passenger.

"He was given his old freight train and worked on it for a year. He made confidants of his fellow workmen and, of course, they laughed at him. But he did not care. He became moody and possessed of the idea that the spirit woman would some day kill him. This grew on him so much that at night he absolutely refused to take a red light one night and go back to flag another train which was stalled in a snowstorm. He afterwards told me he was in fear of his life every minute he was alone after dark; that some day the spirit woman would kill him—and she did.

"He lost his train and was given a job switching in the yards. Then, one extra run, he was killed. I found him about 10 o'clock next day choked to death. The marks on his neck were plain enough and they were the marks of a woman's hands!"

"Do you really believe he saw a ghost, and that a spirit took his life?" asked the fireman in an awed tone.

"Yes, sir, I do. I know it. There is no other explanation. And some day, perhaps you and I will follow old Hank. Railroads is surely haunted. I ain't superstitious to any extent, but while we have been talking here a black cat ran up the track and sat for a minute on the pilot. That's bad luck, Fred, you may depend on it."

The conductor handed the old engineer his orders. With a sigh the veteran of the throttle climbed into his cab. The bell clanged out its brazen warning. The steam hissed through the guage-cock. The ponderous drivers began to turn and the fast mail was off on her long journey.

STORY OF MARK TWAIN.

"Mark Twain's" father was an ornithologist. He had several friends who were also enthusiasts on the subject of birds. Whenever any one of them discovered a rara avis it was the custom to have a consultation. Mark had been a witness of several of these bird inquests and had noted the delight of the old men in discussing a new-found specimen, says the New York Times. One day it occurred to him to provide the Hannibal ornithologists with a real circus in the form of a bird. He killed a crow and also a barnyard rooster. Plucking out the tail feathers of both the crow and the rooster he submitted the rooster's tail feathers for those of the crow, producing a unique effect. When he had the specimen nicely prepared he went to his father and, handing it to him, said:

"Here, father, is a very curious bird I shot. I thought you would be interested in it."

The old gentleman gazed upon the specimen with astonishment. That evening the ornithologists of Hannibal were assembled in Mr. Clemens' parlor. The rare specimen was put before them. The discussion was learned and long. The opinions expressed were various. One thought the bird was an offshoot of the bird of paradise family; others had equally ridiculous notions as to its ancestry. But there was one who refused to be swerved by the peculiarity of the bird's tail from the judgment that it was of the crow family.

"Why, just look here," he said, lifting the bird by its tail feathers. He got no farther. The feathers came out. Mr. Clemens started to leave the room.

"Gentlemen," he said, "please excuse me a few minutes; I will see Sam first and explain later."

HAS THE KANSAS IDEA.

Hans Jensen, a Dane, recently appeared before the magistrate of the district court held in Garnett, Kas., to be naturalized. At the close of the usual examination the judge asked the applicant: "Hans, are you satisfied with the general conditions in this country?" "Yas, yas," answered Hans, "only, I would like to see more rain." "You may be sworn," said the judge. "I perceive you already have the Kansas idea."

"I drink me to my lady's eyes—
Blue dreamers of the South!
To all the light that in them lies,
And to her rose-fed mouth!

"I drink me to—" I would proceed,
But come a sweet voice o'er:
"Two glasses are enough—indeed;
Dear Jack, don't drink no more!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Brides must on their wedding day
Have for luck, the old folks say,
Something old and something new,
Something borrowed, something blue,
So, when fair Marguerite was led
Down the rose-strewn aisle to wed
She had followed to the end
The rule that luck should her attend.
Borrowed blushes on her face,
That the hue of love should grace,
Bridal trousseau very new,
The groom was old and she was blue.
—Baltimore World.

"I'll turn her head,"
The young man said;
So he began to flatter,
With tricks and wiles
And fancing chatter.
He did it, yes!
But I confess
It made him feel quite yellow
For soon he learned
Her head had turned
Toward the other fellow!
—Boston Traveler.

Some of our citizens are very extravagant when it comes to spending time.

ASTORIA AND COLUMBIA RIVER RAILROAD.

EFFECTIVE JULY 6, 1901.

LEAVE	PORTLAND	ARRIVE
8:00 a m	Portland Union Depot For Astoria and Way Points	11:10 a m
*6:35 p m		9:40 p m
‖2:30 p m		

ASTORIA

7:45 a m	For Portland and Way Points	11:30 a m
4:10 p m		10:00 p m
		‖5:50 p m

SEASIDE DIVISION

8:15 a m	Astoria for Warrenton, Gearhart and Seaside	7:40 a m
11:00 a m		10:35 a m
11:55 a m		4:00 p m
3:50 p m		5:50 p m
*5:35 p m		
6:15 a m	Seaside, for Warrenton and Astoria	9:30 a m
9:45 a m		12:30 p m
2:30 p m		1:30 p m
5:00 p m		7:20 p m
		*6:30 p m

* Daily except Saturday.
‖ Saturday only.

Trains leave Astoria for Flavel, Hammond and Fort Stevens at 8:15 a. m. and 5:50 p. m. daily. Leave Fort Stevens for Astoria 7:06 a. m. and 3:26 p. m. daily.

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

J. C. MAYO,
Gen'l Freight and Passenger Agent.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

..Portland - Astoria Route..

STR. "TAHOMA."

Daily Round Trips except Sunday.

TIME CARD

Leave Portland .....7 a. m.
Leave Astoria ..... 7 p. m.

Through Portland connection with steamer Nahcotta 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

Vancouver, Cascade Locks, St. Martin's Springs, Hood River, Salmon and The Dalles.

TIME CARD

Leave Portland.....7 A. M.
Arrive The Dalles.....3 P. M.
Leave The Dalles.....4 P. M.
Arrive Portland .....10. P. M.

MEALS THE VERY BEST

Sunday Trips a Leading Feature
This Route has the Grandest Scenic Attractions on Earth.

LANDING AND OFFICE: FOOT OF ALDER STREET.
BOTH 'PHONES MAIN 351
PORTLAND, ORE.

E. W. CRICHTON, Agt. Portland
JOHN M. FILLOON, Agt. The Dalles
A. J. TAYLOR, Agt. Astoria
PRATHER & BARNES, Agts Hood River
ETHEL McGURN, Agt. Vancouver.

O. R. & N.

UNION PACIFIC

OREGON SHORT LINE
AND UNION PACIFIC

Depart	TIME SCHEDULES From Portland.	Arrive
Chicago Portland Special 9:00 a. m. via Huntington	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	4:30 p. m.
Atlantic Express 9:00 p. m. via Huntington	Salt Lake, Denver Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	8:10 a. m
St. Paul Fast mail 6 p. m. via Spokane	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth Milwaukee, Chicago and East	7:00 a. m

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

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE
—From Astoria—

	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco every five days	
7 a. m. Daily except Sun.	Columbia River To Portland and Way Landings.	4 p. m. exc. Monday

Steamer Nahcotta leaves Astoria on tide daily for Ilwaco, connecting there with trains for Long Beach, Tioga and North Beach points. Returning arrives at Astoria same evening.

G. W. LOUNSBERRY, Agent.
Astoria.

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

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clatsop, on the 15th day of June, 1901, upon a judgment rendered therein on the 18th day of March, 1898, in favor of J. T. Ross, J. E. Higgins, H. C. Thompson and E. Z. Ferguson, partners doing business under the firm name of Ross, Higgins & Co., plaintiffs, and against Silas B. Smith, defendant, for the sum of $365.46 and costs of said action taxed at $20.00, and which said judgment draws interest from date at the rate of 10 percent per annum until paid, and upon which there was realized upon execution and order of sale issued hereon and credited hereon, March 4, 1901, the sum of $89.30, leaving a balance due on said March 4, 1901, of $410.00 with interest thereon from said date until paid at 10 per cent per annum, 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 balance of said judgment, interest, costs and all accruing costs. I did on the 15th day of June, 1901, duly levy upon the following described real property, to-wit:

All that portion of the Solomon Smith Donation Land Claim situated in the County of Clatsop, State of Oregon, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the southeast corner of the town of Idlewild according to the map and plat thereof, recorded in the office of the County Clerk of Clatsop County, and as laid out and recorded by Silas B. Smith and his wife, thence in a westerly direction following the south line of said town to the north boundary of that certain tract of land in said Donation Land Claim now owned by Louis Kirchoff, thence east to the north boundary line of that certain tract of land in said Donation Land Claim owned by the Astoria and Columbia River Railroad Company, thence easterly along the said north boundary line of said tract of land owned by said Astoria and Columbia River Railroad Company to an intersection with the east boundary line of said town of Idlewild if projected, thence northerly on said projected line to the place of beginning.

Also all of blocks numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, and all of block 13, excepting lots 9 and 10, and all of block five excepting lot one, all in the town of Idlewild, in Clatsop County, State of Oregon, as laid out and recorded by Silas B. Smith and his wife, according to the map and plat thereof on record in the office of the County Clerk of Clatsop County, Oregon.

Also all that portion of the Solomon Smith Donation Land Claim situated in the County of Clatsop, in the State of Oregon, and lying west of the west boundary line of the said town of Idlewild, aforesaid, excepting a certain tract of land owned by The Flavel Hotel Company containing 13 acres, as per deed recorded in Volume "38," page 182, Records of Deeds for Clatsop County, and a certain tract of land owned by said Flavel Hotel Company as per deed recorded in Volume "38," page 186, Records of Deeds for Clatsop County.

Notice is hereby given that I will on Monday, the 23d day of July, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in front of and at the Court House door 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 of Clatsop County, Ore.
Astoria, Ore. June 18, 1901.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
July 9, 1901.
Oregon City, Ore.

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," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, Wm. H. Copeland, of Astoria, County of Clatsop, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3459, for the purchase of the southeast ¼ of section No. (31) in Tp. No. (5) N., Range No. (9) W. and he 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 on Thursday, the 3d day of October, 1901.

He names as witnesses: Geo. McFarland, of Olney, Oregon; August Adolph, of Olney, Oregon; James Burk, of Seaside, Oregon, and Thomas Bidwell, of Astoria, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3d day of October, 1901.

CHAS. B. MOORES,
Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Notice is hereby given that I will, on Monday, the 23d day of September, 1901, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at and in front of the court house door in the City of Astoria, in Clatsop county, State of Oregon, offer for sale and sell, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand at the time of sale, all and singular the real estate and property heretofore bid in for taxes by said Clatsop county, the said City of Astoria, and School District Nos. one and six of said county, or either of them and which they or either of them have acquired title by virtue of any such sale.

Said sale is fixed for said date pursuant to an order heretofore made by the County Court of said county, as the lists of such property could not be prepared by the first Monday after July 1, 1901.

THOS. LINVILLE,
Sheriff of said County.

Dated, July 11, 1901.

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