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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. A. Leberman is now in charge of the circulation department of The Morning Astorian, and is authorized to collect and receipt for all subscriptions.

Voters should not neglect to register. The formality is extremely simple, but absolutely essential.

Those East Oregonians who have no use for webfeet will find sentiment to be decidedly against them in the state convention. If they are anxious to secure the gubernatorial nomination they had better adopt a new battle cry. "Down with the Webfeet!" doesn't sound very good to West Oregonians.

The Oregon State Journal, ex-Secretary of State Kincaid's paper, thinks it strange that Clatsop, one of the smallest counties in the state, should have two candidates for high offices—offices that wield about one-half the patronage and power in Oregon. Mr. Kincaid refers to Astoria's candidates for the United States senate and the office of secretary of state. He forgets, no doubt, that Clatsop is a county noted for its brainy men—which is more than Lane can say for herself.

The school board should provide a schoolhouse for the convenience of people living in West Astoria. The population there is quite large and many children are now compelled to come to Olney and McClure schools. During the winter months this works a hardship, particularly on the younger children, and the people in that end of town are entitled to a schoolhouse. Alderbrook taxpayers have a school, though the East End is not as populous as the West End, and there is no reason, except, perhaps, lack of funds, why West Astorians should not be treated with as much consideration as is shown East Astorians.

The papers of Eastern Oregon are adrift on uncertainty's sea; they want something—everything—but they cannot agree. When the rabble started the gubernatorial boom in the sagebrush country it was supposed that Judge Lowell or W. J. Furnish would be the choice; but lo and behold! here comes The Dalles Chronicle, a lifelong Republican organ, with the announcement that neither candidate is satisfactory! The Chronicle says: "The Albany Democrat is mistaken when it says that Eastern Oregon 'papers' are pressing the claims of Judge Stephen A. Lowell and W. J. Furnish for the Republican nomination for governor. One Republican paper in the home of these gentlemen favors one of the candidates. The majority of the rest of the Eastern Oregon papers that have anything to say on the question are not dead struck on either of the candidates and have small hope, and very little desire, that either of them shall win the nomination." When Eastern Oregon demands the renomination of Governor Geer it will have made its attitude perfectly clear.

Eugene, Ore., has given the house graft a decided setback. Some time ago prospective investors asked the people of the valley town for $15,000 as an inducement for them to engage in the milling business. The "capitalists" promised to put up a mill that would employ sixty-five or seventy persons and distribute $3500 monthly. After brief consideration of the proposal, the matter was rejected by the citizens of the town. Their action is commendable, and it is to be hoped that other cities will hereafter refuse to give a cash bonus to any small enterprise. The subsidy idea has ruined many fields for investment. If a town is unfavorably located for the establishment of an industry, the cash subsidy will enable the investors to locate, but sooner or later the disadvantages will tell and the people will be the losers. If a town is favorably situated, no bonus should be required. The granting of sites to big concerns is a different matter, and at times proves most successful; but the subsidy policy has become so general in the Northwest that a capitalist's first question on entering a town is, "How much will you people give me if I locate here?" If industries have to be purchased in this manner, they are not worth having. Eugene has set a good example to other Northwest towns, and it is to be hoped Oregonians have heard the last of the bonus graft.

Dean Farrar in an article just published declares that the Church of England is rapidly losing its hold on the working classes of England, and he estimates that less than 5 per cent of working people attend the services of the church. While the reasons for this remarkable decline are many and complex, the dean singles out two for which he holds the church responsible. First of all, he says that the prayer book is not suited to the needs and intellects of the working classes. "I have," he declares, "heard those who labor in the poor parts of London often declare that the services of the Church of England are too stereotyped, monotonous and long. The language of the prayer book indeed is stately and beautiful, but it is not the language spoken by the people or understood by them; and if we are to draw the workingmen into our churches I think it absolutely necessary that the church, through convocation, should simplify the forms of service to be used in the poorer parts of great cities." In the second place, Dr. Farrar declares that the people who cater to the vices of drink and gambling offer greater attractions than the church. Yet the church appears to be unaware of its failure to attract the masses, and largely concerns itself with barren discussions about trival ceremonies. While there is undoubtedly much truth in this arraignment of the Anglican church, it is only fair to say that all Christian bodies are losing their hold on many working people. In Protestant and Catholic countries alike are to be seen evidences of this falling away, which is no less pretentious because silent. That the leaders of the churches are much concerned over this state of affairs needs not to be said. But not one of them has discovered any way by which the allegiance of the backslider can be regained. Even Dr. Farrar, whose ability, experience and zeal are unquestioned, can only say what the church ought to do, though he knows perfectly well that there is no possibility of the church's doing it. Many churchmen agree with him in regard to the prayer book; but any serious attempt to revise it in such a way as to make it acceptable to the masses of plain people who now reject it would provoke a revolution in the church.—New York Tribune.

The arrest of several anarchists in the state of Washington on the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails attracts attention to one of the most odious phases of the anarchist propaganda, and also of a certain and considerable school of socialism. That propaganda is directed not only against the state but equally against the family and the home, and against the very foundation of social morality. We need not at present seek to determine whether this is because of perverted morals, or because of a recognition of the fact that the family is the foundation of the state. The fact is indisputable. To most anarchists, and to many if not most socialists, the authority of parents over children is as hateful as that of monarch over subject, and fidelity of affection between husband and wife is an intolerable monopoly. The socialist demands community in conjugality as well as in industry and property, and the anarchist would abolish the marriage tie together with state law. These anarchists in Washington are charged with having sent indecent prints through the mails in a propaganda against marriage and the home, and in favor of "free love" in its most offensive form. So the murderer of McKinley declared himself to be opposed to marriage. So other teachers of anarchy and socialism, some of them conspicuous, have been noted for their practical disregard of domestic obligations, among them at least one sensational professor of "Christian Socialism." For such preaching and practice, there is, of course, good socialistic authority. Socialists as conservative and respectable as William Morris and Belfort Bax have categorically denounced the present marriage and home system, and have demanded the substitution of a system under which marriage should not be a lifelong contract, but merely an association terminable at the will of either party, and in which parents should not be responsible for their children, but the latter should be cared for by the state. Distasteful as these phases of the subject are, it is necessary to recognize them in order to understand aright the abominable character of the anarchico-socialistic campaign against law and order. It is something more than a movement against certain forms and theories of government. It is directed with implacable and insidious hatred against the very foundations upon which all government and social order and social morality are based. It is a propaganda against conjugal fidelity, against filial piety and against parental love.

QUAINT SAM HOUSTON.

Amusing Story of the Famous Texan When He Was in the Senate.

Recollections of Galusha A. Grow, in the Saturday Post.

General Sam Houston, of Texas, was the most picturesque figure in the senate during my first years of service at the capitol. Like Benton, he was very fond of young men, and soon came to count me as "one of the boys." Only those who were youngsters in the forties can realize the interest people felt in Houston in the days when his part in the struggle for the independence of Texas was still fresh in the public mind. Visitors to the senate chamber invariably asked to have him pointed out to them, and they were never disappointed in their hero, for he was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanor and had a lionlike countenance.

Always unconventional in dress, he would now and then appear at the capitol wearing a vast and showy sombrero and a Mexican blanket, a sort of ornamental bed quilt with a slit in the middle, through which the wearer's head was thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in folds around the body. His principal employment in the senate was whittling pine sticks, of which he seemed to have an unlimited supply. It was only at rare intervals that he broke silence, but when he did speak he always proved himself capable of contributing his quota of sound and patriotic advice to the deliberations of the senate.

No passage in Houston's career was nobler than the heroic stand against disunion which marked its close, while of his kindliness of nature and generous helpfulness to those in distress one could recall stories sufficient to fill a volume.

Near Quincy, Ill., there was a stretch of country known as the "Indian tract," to which Houston held title, a fact many of the settlers thereon, a careless pioneer brood, failed to search out. One of them called upon William A. Richardson, long a member of the house from the Quincy district and subsequently a senator from his state, confided to him that he had inadvertently settled upon 160 acres of Houston's land and that all he was worth stood in improvements on it. He wanted Richardson to see Houston and make the best terms that he could. Richardson upon his return to Washington told Houston the story and asked what he would take for a quitclaim deed to the 160 acres.

"What sort of a man is this constituent of yours who has blundered upon my land?" asked Houston.

"A good, square, honest man," was the reply.

"When I turn him off my land I reckon he and his family will be beggars?"

Richardson nodded.

"What's this farm worth now?" asked Houston.

"Improvements and all, about $6000," was the response.

"What was the bare place worth when you fellows went on it?" queried Houston.

"About $5 a acre, $800 in all," answered Richardson.

"Good fellow, this man of yours, Richardson?" This after a moment's thought.

"Best in the world," said Richardson.

"Tell him to send me $800 and I'll make him a deed."

In due time the $800 reached Washington in the shape of a New York draft. Richardson sought Houston, who, having executed a deed, took the draft and indorsed it.

"You say this man of yours is a good fellow?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Couldn't be a better one," was the emphatic answer.

"Send him back this draft and tell him Sam Houston has changed his mind. What can you buy a good saddle horse for in that country?" He was told that $200 would do it. "Well, then," said Houston, "write to your friend and tell him to buy a first-class saddle horse, about four years old, and keep him for me. When congress adjourns I will go home with you and ride the the horse down to Texas."

Without delay the man in Illinois received back his draft and bought a saddle horse, the best he could find. Just before adjournment Houston sought Richardson. "You say the fellow who's got my horse is a tiptop good man?" Richardson again declared him one of the best in his district. "Well," said Houston, with a sigh, "I should have liked first rate to see him and also my horse, but as affairs turn out I must go straight to Texas. When you get home go over and see this man and tell him to sell the horse and do what he pleases with the money. And, by the way, Richardson, I wish you would write and tell me if it was a good horse or not."

TESLIN, "CITY OF THE DEAD."

Stiles Nettleton, a well-known Seattle man, is now back on Puget Sound from his annual trip to Alaska. This is his sixth year of travels in Alaska and he is recuperating, according to a story from Seattle, preparatory to re-entering the Northern land in the spring.

He tells an interesting story of a deserted city in the far North on the abandoned trail of th "All-Canadian Route" to the Klondike. With his partner he was prospecting along the Hootlinqua, when they met some Stick Indians who told them that about 110 miles further in the interior was a "big town." They had never heard of the place, but, following the direction of the Indians, prospecting as they went, they came upon a well-built town of one and two-story log houses on Teslin lake. It was Teslin city. The stores were full of provisions, hardware, clothing and every manner of supplies needed in such a region. There were several saloons, but no whiskey. The Indians had drank all that. The travelers walked about the deserted streets, but did not meet a soul. In front of a cabin was a large dog that refused them admittance. This was the only building they did not enter. They reoutfitted themselves at this place, taking what they needed without a soul to say them nay. In one place was a great pile of bacon, much of it spoiled, but some still good. Only two articles of necessity were missing, sugar and soap. These the Indians had taken. From the sugar they made "hootch"—the native whiskey—and the soap was used for tanning the hides of animals that they had slain. A few miles away was a camp of Teslin Indians and Mr. Nettleton said they are the best-dressed people in Alaska. They live in happiness and for three years have been helping themselves to these goods, as they need them, from the stores.

"Why were not the stocks removed?" was asked.

"It would cost more to move them to the Klondike than to buy an entirely new store," was the explanation. "So the stores and all they contained were left when the crash came."

It will probably never be known just how many men died along the ill-advised "All-Canadian Route," but the number undoubtedly runs into the thousands. Many men were eighteen months and more on the trail before they finally reached Dawson. By far the greater number, getting well into the interior, perished. Teslin city is like a city of the dead; even the Indians won't live in it.

HENRY WATTERSON'S APPETITE.

New York Tribune.

Henry Watterson, the great Kentucky editor, is one of the greatest eaters among the public men of the United States. His capacity in that respect seems unlimited. As a fair example of his capabilities two incidents will suffice.

On one occasion he attended the bimonthly meeting of the Saimagundi club of Louisville. A banquet was one of the attractions of these meetings. Before, during and after the banquet there were discussions, but the banquet was the thing. On this night it was at the house of the editor of the Republican paper of Louisville. The menu was one of fourteen courses, with the usual wines. One course was quail, and Mr. Watterson had two; another was venison, and again he was served twice. This happened in about half of the courses.

Before the end of the dinner all the other club members were but tasting what was put before them, but Mr. Watterson was eating all, and often calling for more. When the dinner was ended the rival editors went to their offices together. When they reached Newspaper Row Mr. Watterson said:

"Colonel, I am hungry; let's go over to Bevmer's" (a cafe much affected by newspaper men) "and have something to eat."

"Great Scott, Watterson, I've filled all the space in my lockers. But I'll drop in and watch you eat."

The colonel claims that Mr. Watterson ate two pounds of cheese, half of an immense bologna sausage, a bowl of crackers, and drank six bottles of beer, and Mr. Watterson never denied it. After this he went to the office of the Courier-Journal and wrote his celebrated "Starved Goddess" editorial that was copied and commented on all over the United States.

At another time he entered a cafe in the rear of a saloon of which he was a regular patron, and called out to the proprietor:

"What have you to eat tonight? I'm hungry."

"Well, Massa Henry, I have some nice fresh Ohio river jack salmon."

"How many have you?"

"Six."

"Well, bring me all six."

The Ohio river jack salmon weigh about two and a half pounds apiece. These six cleaned and cooked weighed fifteen pounds, the proprietor weighing them out of curiosity. Mr. Watterson finished the six, all but the bones, with a salad, some bread and quite a little liquid on the side. This is one of his favorite dishes, and he has said that he has never beep able to get enough.

R. W. Pursell, Kintersville, Pa., says he suffered 25 years with piles and could obtain no relief until DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effected a permanent cure. Counterfeits are worthless. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Boston is much concerted lest the duke and duchess of York may think the baked beans the yeat in a Canadian lumber camp were the real thing.

Sid Darling, 1012 Howard street, Port Huron, Mich., writes: "I have tried many piles and laxatives, but DeWitt's Little Early Risers are far the best pills I have ever used." They never gripe. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

A Chicago divine says that there will be a great many more women than men in heaven. This will be unpleasant news for many good women.

Don't wait until you become chronically constipated but take DeWitt's Little Early Risers now and then. They will keep your liver and bowels in good order. Easy to take. Safe pills. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

The next time a naval battle is fought Uncle Same ought to know enough to send a cinematograph fleet with the attacking squadron.

Henry Braydon, Harris, N. C., says: "I took medicine 20 years for asthma but one bottle of One Minute Cough Cure did me more good than any thing else during that time. Best Cough Cure." CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Chicago janitors talk of going on a strike. The idea of these great beings wanting anything and asking for it will be new to most people.

George W. Lane, Pewamo, Mich., writes: "Your Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the best remedy for indigestion and stomach troubles that I ever used. For years I suffered from dispepsia, at times compelling me to stay in bed and causing me untold agony. I am completely cured by Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. In recommending it to friends who suffer from indigestion I always offer to pay for it if it fails. Thus far I have never paid." CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Dogs are assessable in Minnesota, but in fourteen counties the assessors failed to find any. Have the canines joined the tax-dodgers?

Many physicians are now prescribing Kodol Dyspepsia Cure regularly having found that it is the best prescription they can write because it is the one preparation which contains the elements necessary to digest not only some kinds of food but all kind and it therefore cures indigestion and dyspepsia no matter what its cause. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Chicago Tribune: "Since you refuse to 'star' me," ingidnantly exclaimed the ambitious soubrette, "I shall organize a company myself, and stand on my own resources hereafter." "Don't do it, my dear young woman," earnestly counseled the veteran manager. "They are too slender."

A report from Supt. J. C. Gluck, Reform School, Pruntytown, W. Va., Oct. 15, 1900: "After trying all other advertised cough medicines we have decided to use Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively in the West Virginia Reform School. I find it the most effective, and absolutely harmless."—Hart's Drugstore.

The passport A-At-Tacow! continues to admit many new members to Milwaukee's Independent Order of Influenza Victims.

Chas. R. Wessmay, Evanston, Ill., writes: "My boy, 2½ years old, had a severe cold which refused to yield to any treatment until we tried Foley's Honey and Tar. He was completely cured before using one bottle." Take none but Foley's.—Hart's Drugstore.

So far Historian Maclay has been conspicuous by his absence during the sessions of the Schley court of inquiry.

The civilized world ought to protest against the way the Boers are treating the British in South Africa.

After exposure or when you feel a cold coming on, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. It never fails to stop a cold if taken in time.—Hart's Drugstore.

Corbett says he is a pauper. Even in the hour of his poverty he does not forget that talk is cheap.

When suffering from racking cough, take a dose of Foley's Honey and Tar. The soreness will be relieved and a warm, grateful feeling and healing of the parts affected will be experienced.—Hart's Drugstore.

Seth Low declares he is ready to meet Tammany, but Tammany is likely to keep on saying nothing.

J. Odgers of Frostburg, Md., writes: "I had a very bad attack of kidney complaint and tried Foley's Kidney Cure which gave me immediate relief, and I was perfectly cured after taking two bottles." Be sure you take Foley's.—Hart's Drugstore.

The actress who refuses to be spanked is now dividing public attention with Czolgosz.

Backache should never be neglected. It means kidney disorder which, if allowed to run too long, may result in Bright's disease, diabetes or other serious and often fatal complaints. Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys well.—Hart's Drugstore.

Close scrutiny of Mr. Croker's knees fails to reveal any tendency to wobble.

S. A. Ingalls, Crown Point, N. Y., writes: "My wife suffered from kidney trouble for years. She was induced to try Foley's Kidney Cure and in less than a week after she began using it, she was greatly improved and three bottles cured her."—Hart's Drugstore.

Professional saints are very tiresome people. Amateur sinners are much more interesting.—Casting of Nets.

Mrs. T. Bridleman, of Parshallville, Mich., was troubled with salt rheum for thirteen years and had tried a number of doctors without relief. After two applications of Manner Salve, her hands became better and in a short time she was entirely cured. Beware of substitutes.—Hart's Drugstore.

To learn the worth of man's religion, do business with him.—Aphorisms and Reflections.

TOT CAUSES NIGHT ALARM.

"One night my brother's baby was taken with croup," writes Mrs. J. C. Snider, of Crittenden, Ky. "It seemed it would strangle before we could get a doctor, so we gave it Dr. King's New Discovery, which gave quick relief and permanently cured it. We always keep it in the house to protect our children from croup and whooping cough. It cured me of a chronic bronchial trouble that no other remedy would relieve." Infallible for coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Hart's Drugstore.

Rules of grammar cannot give us a mastery of language, rules of rhetoric cannot make us eloquent, rules of conduct cannot make us good.—Aphorisms and Reflections.

A DEEP MYSTERY.

It is a mystery why women endure backache, headache, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, fainting and dizzy spells when thousands have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Cherley, of Peterson, Ia., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself but Electric Bitters wholly cured me, and, although 73 years old I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes constipation, improves appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c at Hart's Drugstore.

A poet may be a good companion, but, so far as I know, he is even the worst of fathers.—Dri and I.

SHE DIDN'T WEAR A MASK.

But her beauty was completely hidden by sores, blotches and pimples till she used Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Then they vanished as will all eruptions, fever sores, boils, ulcers, carbuncles and felons from its use. Infallible for cuts, corns, burns, scalds and piles. Cure guaranteed. 25c at Hart's Drugsore.

"He was spirited away, you say?" said Gildersleeve to Sterlingworth. "That was about it. They got him drunk and carried him off."—Detroit Free Press.

OLD SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran, of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time in spite of good doctor's treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health." They always do. Try them. Only 25c at Hart's Drugstore.

"Uncle Tom, what is charity?" "Charity, Tommy is finding good excuses for the faults of people we don't like."—Detroit Free Press.

A never failing cure for cuts, burns, scalds, ulcers wounds and sores is DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salves. A most soothing and healthy remedy for all skin affections. Accept only the genuine. CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

Knives were used in the first hazing casualty of the new college year. Mauser bullets may be brought into play later in the season.

Norris Silver, North Stranford, N. H.: "I purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure when suffering with a cough doctors told me was incurable. One bottle relieved me, the scond and third almost cured. Today I am a well man." CHAS. ROGERS, Druggist.

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*8:30 a.m	At Woodburn (daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield, and Natron, and evening train for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	*7:00 p.m
‖7:30 a.m	Corvallis passenger.	‖5:50 p.m
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	SEASIDE DIVISION	
*8:15 a m 11:30 a m *3:00 p m	Astoria for Warrenton, Flavel, Fort Stevens, Hammond and Astoria	7:40 a m 4:00 p m *10:45 a m
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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 a. m. exc. Monday

Steamer Nahcotta leaves Astoria on tide daily, except Sunday, 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.