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PAYS TO ENTERTAIN.

Among the members of the National Editorial association, during their inspection of the local salmon canneries, laudatory comment, relative to the cleanliness of the packing operation was common.

REPLY TO NONENTITY.

The Astorian prefers that it shall be ruled by an itinerant, an idiot, a person blessed with a generous vein of ego, whose ability is so far below mediocre, it permits of naught, but lame English and who is possessed of a swollen head rather than by one who has lived his life among a people, only to earn their contempt.

COMMENT

In San Francisco, a man, in attempting to shoot a cat, narrowly escaped hitting a woman. Fortunately, the woman was not his wife, otherwise he might have regretted that he did not succeed in exterminating the "cat."

Dispatches from New York say that Charles Brinsmade, while on his honeymoon was a raving maniac. Such intelligence recalls that he must have been mad when he stood before the altar.

A dredging company in New York has thrown up a contract. This should interest physicians who are studying phenomena.

Missouri has removed to California Secretary of War Taft has been invited to attend a mass meeting in San Francisco at which the Native Sons of the G. W. will "show him" what's what in the yellow peril proposition.

Dime novel publishers will now go out of business. Tales of "Deadwood Dick" killing forty Indians in two minutes, washing his hands in seven buckets of blood and carrying off the beautiful maiden, with the way blond locks, upon his manly shoulders; of "Sly Harry," the veteran sleuth and his thrilling capture of a band of train robbers; of "Uke Maglucky," the "Terror of the Sea," and of characters of like ilk will no more grace the windows of book stores to leech the small boys' nickels. Young Americans will now read the daily press offering vivid accounts of "Piracy on the

High Seas" or "Mutiny Aboard the Kniaz Potemkine."

Of Local Significance.

"Hello Bill. The Bonhomme Richard left out."
"What?"
"Uh?"
"What did she leave out?" The native's lips curled in scorn, he cast a pitying glance upon his interrogator and meandered down to the dock to see if any craft had arrived in.

At Birmingham, Ala., two trains collided smashing a number of cars. Now the Louisville & Nashville and the Southern railways will simply have to purchase some new rolling stock. Where no casualties occur, wrecks have a few virtues.

If bovines are turned loose in the streets of Odessa, or in Loda, what dolorous suffering will result. It would be well to import a few matadors from Spain to govern the ire the red flags may cause to arise.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Just so.
When everything goes crooked,
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick nor fuss nor fidget;
Just—you—smile!

Its hard to learn the lesson,
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin!

When some one tries to "do" you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant;
Just—you—laugh!

But if you find you're stuffy
(Sometimes, of course, you will!)
And cannot smile nor grin nor laugh,
Just—keep—still!

Wisdom.

Men called him stupid, dull—yet he prevailed,
And won the maid, where all of them had failed.
But was he witless? Read and you shall know
Why she, at least, refused to think him so.
One day he said: "I would not seem unkind;
But, do you know, your hair looks queer behind."
She tucked the wild strands underneath her hat,
And thought: "Wise man, to know as much as that."

She wore a gown—a late and modish thing,
And he at once, its praises sought to sing;
The yoke, the sleeve—he mentioned every point,
Commenting sanely on each tuck and joint.
The other women he would criticize,
And view them through her biased eyes.
In argument, he scouted reason's laws;
He claimed that this or that is true, "because!"

He won his suit while at the matinee;
The idol handsome, debonair and gay.
Stood forth a hero! He refused to jeer,
But softly murmured: "Heaven's what a dear!"

A western editor remarks as follows:
" When a girl is first engaged she figures on a ten room house in a swell part of town. As the time goes on the house gradually decreases in size until it is a four room structure. Then the fancy trimmings are left off, and next the house is located in a remote part of town. Finally, when the wedding comes off it is announced that the couple reside with the bride's father."

A Rural Conversation.

"Hey, boy, where's your brother?"
"In the barn shoein' horses."
"Where's your mother?"
"In the barn shoein' chickens."
"Where's your father?"
"In the hammock, shoein' flies."

Butte Inter-Mountain.

How Names Are Made.
The teacher was trying to make out the name of the new pupil, a shiny little negro boy.
"Joseph what?" she said.
"Joseph Propkins Juice, me'em."
"Joseph Propkins Juice!" repeated the teacher wondering.

A hand shot up from the other side of the room and a voice piped out.
"P lease, teacher. It's Joseph the Prophet, king of the Jews, Tompkins and he lives in our block. He can't talk plain yet.—Town Topics.

His Romance.
Death was flyin' all around—
Minnie balls a kissin'
Up the dust in little spots,
Bustin' shells a-hissin'!
Seen him flop his arms an' drop
Near the rattlin' drummers.
An' I bent and took these words:
From the lips of Summers:

"Goin', Jim—it hurt me here!"
(Blood was spurtin' from it—
Shell wound in his side—as he
Put his hand upon it.)
"Take this letter back to her—
Baby—Dick and Harry."
Then his voice sank lower. "Jim
Who'll take care o' Mary?"

Seemed like treachery to Joe,
But her eyes was heaven.
What did I keef if there was
Five, or six, or seven
Children on her hands, an' if
Summers says a ary
Word against it, I can say
I've took good care o' Mary.
—Detroit Tribune.

Not a Real Poet.

Bill—Who's that swell across the way
in the up-to-date automobile tog?
Jim—That's Gasoline Sprocket Perkins;
he writes verses for the magazines.
Bill—He doesn't look a bit like a poet
Jim—Who said he was.—Chicago Post.

Far Worse.

Mrs. Crawford—Now that the honeymoon is over, I suppose that you find your husband has grown economical with his kisses?
Mrs. Youngthing—He has grown to a worse stage than that, my dear. He has grown economical with his money.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Today.

The grass hath drawn its tide across thy grave,
And, like a pearl within its heart of wave.
A daisy lifts its head;
While, sweeter than the double reeds of Pan,
Or violin of some soul-troubling man,
The river sings a-bed.

And, in the fragrant, blossom-spotted hedge,
Or where the clover ripples in the sedge.
Glisten the wings of bees.
O hear o' me, O heart o' me, my love,
Canst thou not hear the cooing, milk-white dove
Between the crested trees!

I have forgiv'n thee—And thine error, too,
I have forgot; O dear one, let me woo
Thee, as thou art, in Death.
I will thicket thy grave with roses red
And gold—with thorn to guard and buds to spread
Jewels at ev'ry breath.
—Hugh McCrae, in the Sidney (Aus.) Bulletin.

A Lesson.

The wolf at the door howled balefully all night long
But the man in the house slept peacefully until the morning. Then he went to the door to get the paper and was confronted by the weary, hoarse wolf, whose endurance had been exhausted.
"Get off my steps," said the man.
"Dign't it disturb you when I howled?" asked the wolf.
" Why, no. My wife has taken the baby to visit her mother, and your howling made things so homelike and natural that I forgot my loneliness and slept the sleep of the just."—Chicago Tribune.

His Fear.

"John Henry," said the disappointed wife, "why don't you get out and hustle like other men? If you had taken advantage of your opportunities and exercised your talents we would have been in affluent circumstances by this time."
"I'd do it, Maria," he explained—"I'd do it in a minute if it wasn't that some fellow would begin writing magazine articles about how I got my money, and I want to spare you all that worry."—Judge.

From Bad to Worse.

"Yes, my wife used to get nervous at night every time she heard a noise downstairs, but I told her if burglars ever got into the house they wouldn't make any noise."
"I suppose that calmed her."
"Not much. Now she gets nervous every time she doesn't hear a noise."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Place For Him.

First Floorwalker—Poor old Bjones has completely lost his bearing. I'm afraid he will lose his job.
Second Floorwalker—Nonsense. He's to be transferred to the complaint desk.—Philadelphia Record.

PREHISTORIC BONES FOUND

Maryland Scientists Unearth Giant Skeletons.

Eight Specimens Discovered along the Banks of Choptank River. Nearly Eight Feet Tall. Will be Articulated and Restored.

Baltimore, June 29.—A number of gigantic skeletons of prehistoric Indians, nearly eight feet tall, are reported to have been discovered along the banks of the Choptank river, in this state, by employes of the Maryland Academy of sciences and are now at the academy's building where they are being articulated and restored. The collection comprises eight skeletons, of which are those of women and children. They are not all complete but all of the larger bones have been found and there is at least one complete specimen of a male adult. It is believed that the remains are about 1,000 years old. Signs of the camps of later Indians also were revealed about ten feet above the graves which contained the skeletons. At one point on the Choptank where the remains were found there are steep shelving cliffs of sand and gravel that extend to the water's edge. Beneath this bank is a layer of marl. The graves are in the sand a few feet above the hard marl and were covered by deposits of between twenty and thirty feet of sand and gravel.

KILLED AT FIRE.

South Brooklyn (N. Y.) Blaze Ends in Death of Man.

New York, June 29.—One life has been lost and two firemen received serious hurts in a South Brooklyn fire. The property loss was only \$300. William Gardam was suffocated while trying to reach the street to obtain aid for his wife and a servant girl. The firemen were on a hose cart, which they drove into an elevated railroad pillar to escape running down three women directly in its path.

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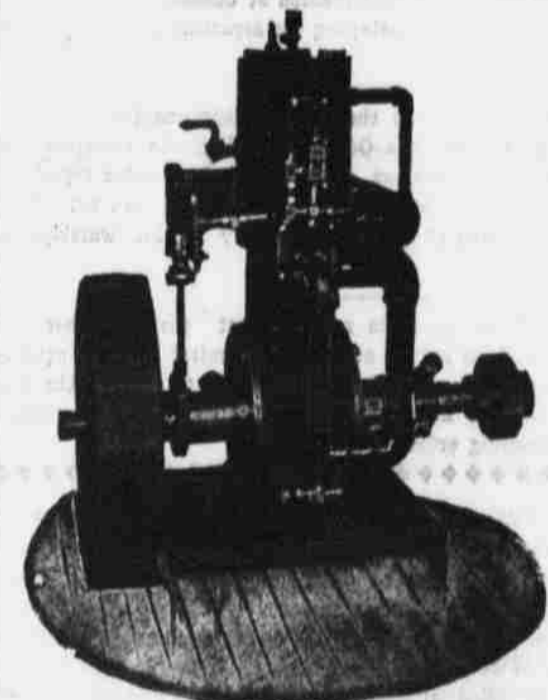
3-SPECIALS-3 for this week.

Table with 2 columns: Product description and Price. Includes items like 'MEN'S FANCY LISLE THREAD SOCKS' for 50c and 'MENS COTTON SOCKS' for 25c.

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