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MONDAY ASTORIAN.

The Astorian this morning presents the initial issue of its Monday paper, the first of the many improvements that are to follow under the new regime. The Astorian feels its readers will find the columns of this seventh-day paper very readable. A perusal will reveal that the Astorian has kept the first of the many promises made through these columns a short time ago. The additional telegraphic service is at once noticeable; the local pages are improving by degrees. But these represent merely the beginning. In the very near future the Sunday Astorian will be increased to twelve pages; these will include a comic, colored supplement. The Astorian quite realizes that the city of Astoria is worthy of a thorough, up-to-date newspaper, both from the standpoint of efficiency and typography, and is determined that the city shall be graced with such a medium.

COUNTRY'S BIRTHDAY.

One hundred and thirty years ago King George, of Great Britain, who looked upon the modest body of men who dared to conceive anything so grossly impudent as the Declaration of Independence, as a few revolutionary agitators whose careers could be snuffed out by the wave of his arm. His first surprise was when his loyal sons received a very severe setback in the hands of a few farmers, whom Americans fondly recall as the "Minute Men." Following the good King George was favored with a continuous surprise; this culminated, for a short period, with the surrender of Cornwallis. Since the treaty of Paris, which ended the Revolutionary war, the progress of the United States has been a further and continuous surprise, not only to Great Britain, but to the entire world. In little over a century the country has risen from thirteen small states to a nation whose shores are lapped by the two great oceans, whose beautiful stars and stripes are flung from two hemispheres, whose products find markets in the most remote corners of the globe and whose marvelously extensive territories support seventy million, thriving, industrious, patriotic and liberty-loving people. Never in its history has the United States assumed the aggressive. The immortal words of George Washington, "the most effectual method of preserving the peace, is to prepare for war," have become engraved so deep within the minds of Americans, they are often recalled, with the result that the Congress provides for additional ships for our increasing navy or for fortifications to protect our long sea coast. When war has come, we have been prepared; the Stars and Stripes have never yet been dipped. The United States today is a world power, a nation whose friendship is eagerly sought by the greatest countries in the world. Not a spot on this broad earth but what American enterprise and ingenuity has left its mark. True, we suffer various dissensions, as do other nations, but they are merely ephemeral. If the occasion arises to a man, Americans will again show the world that there is no North, no South, no East, no West, just one great country filled with a determined people who love their Stars and Stripes and who will give their lives ere they see those inspiring hues trailed in the dust.

GEORGE H. WILLIAMS.

With his relinquishment of the mayoral chair in Portland the public life of George H. Williams ended. This grand old man will return to private life, he will spend the twilight of his long and illustrious career, practicing law. That his regime in the municipal affairs of the exposition city has ended is most gratifying to some, but not to the majority, not to those who have known Mr. Williams, who have studied his sterling personality and who have followed the chain of brilliant achievements which have characterized his career since he first entered public life.

Upon him, in his eighty two years, has been visited some of the highest honors his country could bestow, he has held seat in the highest councils, he was one of the joint high commissioners chosen to settle the Alabama claims and the Northwestern boundary, as chief justice of the Oregon territory, he was one of the officials attending the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln, his friend and colleague; in the department of state display in the government buildings at the Lewis & Clark exposition, among the portraits of those who have guided this glorious country, may be distinguished his plain features as attorney general of the United States in the cabinet of President Ulysses S. Grant. He was President Grant's first choice as chief justice of the United States to succeed Salmon P. Chase. Whose career has been more honorable than that of George H. Williams? His record may be traced from the time he entered Pompey academy, in New York state, learning the rudiments of his education by working as a janitor, to the present day. As Judge of the first judicial District of Iowa, as chief justices of the Oregon territory as United States senator, as Attorney general of the United States, and last, as Mayor of the City of Portland, he fulfilled his obligation in the most admirable manner. Those whom he honored by living in their midst have repudiated him. The glowing tributes, of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, paid Mr. Williams at the opening of the Lewis and Clark exposition, that great and feeling eulogy of a great man by one, equally as great, fell upon idle ears; the harsh criticisms, the contemptible insinuations that have been cast upon the venerable statesman whose head is crowned with the snow of four score years will forever remain a stigma upon the City of Portland and its people.

COMMENT

But few people may conceive the good humor and really wholesome practical jokes that go to waste in the average newspaper office. Imagine the surprise of an editor on reading the following, which was designed to provoke the proofreader, but unfortunately fell into the hands of the powers that be. Portland, July 1.—There was little change in the complexion of the markets—WERE THEY BLONDS?..... today. Things along front street were generally quiet. A number of large shipments of produce are due to arrive Monday and it is expected that these will go readily. Fruit is not coming in very well. Oregon potatoes are now HAVING GLASSES FITTED TO THE EYES AND CAN SEE THEIR WAY AS CLEAR AS CAN BE, FOREVER holding their own against the California product. Eggs remain about the same AS THE REST OF THE ORE. FRUIT and there is a slight rise promised in butter.

The Cudahy-Swift-Armour outfit find themselves encased in something which promises to be more substantial than the sausage cases they have been purveying.

A representative body of Tacoma boosters visited the Lewis & Clark exposition yelling their slogan, "Watch Tacoma grow" at the tops of their voices. The next attraction will be a delegation from the Washington metropolis. These will cry "Watch Seattle Swell."

"We are authorized to deny positively the report that Mrs. Woodcock has been tendered the portfolio of Chief of Police of Portland," says the Evening Telegram. We take it that Mrs. Mary Woodcock has refused Mayor Lane's offer.

"That well worn joke about Tacoma's snail-like tendencies and sleepiness is a misfit in the light of what Portland is witnessing today. Thus far no other town has been so thoroughly and effectively advertised at the Lewis & Clark Exposition as Tacoma. Today marks a fitting climax to the systematic efforts along this line which have been under way since the Fair opened. It is hard to imagine a more forceful demonstration of enterprise than that which Tacoma has given here" comments a Portland paper. Considering that dead marches are played to liven crowds in the exposition city, the fact that the strenuous accompanying Tacoma's visit to the Centennial has astonished the natives, is not in the least surprising.

The Nahcotta correspondent of the South Bend Journal says: Phil Stamp was called home Saturday by the serious illness of his wife. Sunday he went to Ilwaco and brought back his mother who has been visiting her son John at Ilwaco. What relation is John to Phil?

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Casabianca's Celebration.

The boy stood on the burning porch Whence all had made a scot; A Roman candle in his hand Was just about to shoot.

A frazzled pinwheel at his side Was all that stayed to tell How father, minus half his hide, Had fled with grievous yell.

A busted bomb upon the floor, Some remnants of a hat, Suspender buttons—three or four— That was where grandpa sat.

An isle of safety on the lawn Where still the grass was green Marked where his sister dear had gone To rub on vaseline.

Anon the smoke rose from the yard, And then, through one small rift, We saw where mother scorched and Scarred, A smelling bottle sniffed.

And at the gate stood Uncle Bill In fragments of his pants, Demanding in his accents shrill; "Send us an ambulance!"

The boy as we remarked at first, A Roman candle held, He struck a match and lit the fuse; "This is the last!" he yelled.

The Roman candles fizzled and flared. The balls flew far and wide. His relatives, all badly scared, Once more essayed to hide.

Alas! Ere shelter they could find, The direful deed was done. He whirled the candles all about And pinked them every one.

In pain they crept up to the porch— They crept from brush and brush. And each implored in husky tones; "Let me get at that cub!"

There came a burst of thunder sound. The boy—O, where was he? By turns he was sent on a round That led from knee to knee. —Chicago Record, Herald.

"Dad." Some boys they call their Dad—Papa. Oh, Gee! That makes me mad. It sounds so stiff and like a book— You bet I call mine Dad.

And he's a ripper too, you bet. The boys all wish they had A father that would laugh and joke. And love them like my Dad.

Of course, sometimes, when all the bills Come in he's mighty mad. And then we sit as still as mice And hear him jaw, poor Dad.

It's always over soon, and then You bet we all feel glad. And then we all climb on his lap And hug and kiss our dad.

"You can't have kids and money too," He says, and so he's glad. The good Lord made him poor, or else He might'nt been our Dad.

I don't want to be President, Like every little tad! When I'm grown up, I'd rather be A nice man just like Dad. May Kelly, in Lippincott's.

Certainly Not. Editor—Look here, young man; you say in this paragraph that Brown was knocked down and relieved of \$50. Did anybody ever rob you? New Reporter—No, sir. Editor—Ah, that explains it. If you had ever been robbed or swindled you wouldn't describe the loss of \$50 as a relief.—Chicago Journal.

The Norsk Nightingale. Miles Standish ban having a courtship. Ven all of his fighting ban tru; Maester Longfellar tal me about it And so ay skol tol it to yu. He say to his roommate, Yohn Alden, "Yu know dis Priscilla, ay s'pose. Last week ven ay try to get busy Priscilla yust turn up her nose."

Yohn Alden ban nerry young faller, So Standish yust tal him, "Ole pal, Yust boost me to dis har Priscilla Yu know ay can't talk very val. Please tal her ay ban a gude sandler, And say ay have money in bank; Ay'd du dis myself, but ay tal yu My manners in parlor ban rank."

So Yohn go and call on Priscilla, And happen to finding her in; He sit close besider her on sofa, And give her gude lots of his chin. "Miles Standish," he say, ban gude faller, Hot stuff with his musket and knife,

And so ay ban coming to tal yu He'd lak you, Priscilla, for wife.

Priscilla, she listen to Alden, And den give him cute little venk, And say, "Vy not speak for yureself, Yohn? Miles Standish ban lobster, ay tenk!" So Standish got double-crossed dandy, And dat's yust vat ay vant, by yee, Ef ever ay ask any faller To doing my sparking for me! —Milwaukee Sentinel.

Particeps Criminis. Were you not partly to blame? Confess! How could I know what you really meant Your lips said No; but your eyes said yes.

You sat beside me, a wind-blown tress Touched me with ravishing blandishments; Were you not partly to blame? Confess! Why did I kiss you? A tenderness In your glance, I fancied, gave consent; Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes.

How could I help it, you sorceress? Your eyes—why, they are so eloquent! Were you not partly to blame? Confess!

Of course, you didn't quite acquiesce, But—well, I stick to my argument; Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes!

Who heeds, dear heart, what the lips profess, When the eyes say something different? Were you not partly to blame? Confess! Your lips said no; but your eyes said yes. —Charles Love Benjamin, in Smart Set.

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