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The Quarrel

By KEITH GORDON

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There were two sides to the question, of course. There always are two sides. He, being a man, saw only the masculine side, while she, being every inch a woman, could see only the feminine aspect of the matter that rose between them like a wall.

According to his reasoning, the great pearl that beamed softly on the third finger of her left hand—his gift—was the solemn, final expression of his faith, his choice. It was the official seal affixed to his avowed belief that she was the supreme woman.

In his deeper, finer moments he would relive the moment when he had put it there, when the splendor of his own destiny had sobered and steadied him till his whole being had gone out in the wordless prayer, "God grant that I may make her happy."

From that moment she was the fixed star of his life. Indeed, she scarcely seemed to him a separate entity, but rather the finest part of himself. And this was where the trouble began. He was dashing and debonair, and the firmament of his life was strewn with stars of lesser magnitude, mere pinheads beside her, but in the aggregate by no means without interest and beauty. That they were feminine stars goes without saying, and if there were moments when they shone and twinkled for his especial benefit how could he do less than to acknowledge the compliment?

To him it seemed no more than a laughing byplay, the light, graceful variation of the grand love theme of his life. But the fixed star saw it differently—saw it with eyes that deepened and darkened with tragedy which, after a few weeks of smoldering, burst into the flame of anger.

Never, perhaps, had she appeared to him so superb, so obviously queen of the world, as at that moment when she had faced him, white with scorn, and accused him in plain, brutal, everyday English of being a flirt.

At first sheer amazement held him silent. But from the torrent of words that rushed from her lips he was soon in possession of the sum of his offenses—his attentions to Miss Lincoln, his evident enjoyment of the society of Mrs. Collin Stuart, not to mention Betty Pell and Lucia Armitage!

As Van Pelt listened to the cutting words of his fiancée his first amazement gradually congealed into something else. He had paid some attentions to Miss Lincoln, who was a visitor and friend of his sister, and Mrs. Stuart

had asked him for a dinner or so, and, as for Betty and Lucia, he never missed a chance to join them. Had they not been comrades since the days when their nurses wheeled their perambulators to the park side by side?

And, though he had frequently encountered Flavia under these circumstances, no hint of his possible displeasure had ever occurred to him. She was she not the only one, so near, so much a part of himself, that there was no more need for explanation than there was to his own soul? So at these encounters his eyes had leaped to meet hers without self-consciousness and without apology.

At first her confidence met his nobly. Then little gnawing doubts crept in. She would have liked him to protest, for, alas, she was but a woman! And sometimes the high, white place of his soul, where he kept her enthroned, made her shiver and long to be petted and scolded. And in place of that he made her a goddess, supposedly with the power of reading hearts.

"You have—quite finished?"

His cool, drawing voice filled her first pause with an icy suavity, and the steel of his eyes met the fire of hers unflinchingly. Involuntarily she caught her breath. He not only showed no inclination to explain, to explicate himself, but he had the look of a man who has received a mortal wound, whose deepest feelings have been mercilessly scooped at, jeered at, trampled in the mire.

At the words her heart turned to ice. Truth to tell, her outbursts had nothing more serious than the quick resentment of a warm hearted, high spirited woman at a fancied neglect from the man she adored. A pair of open arms and eyes that loved back, begging for tolerance and forgiveness—that was what she wanted and expected. But this man with the hard glance and the incisive, cold voice—what had she done?

Despite her terror, the world old battle between pride and love was raging in her heart, and it was pride that won. "Finished?" she queried bitterly, with an infection that conveyed that if she ceased it was by no means because she had reached the end of the list. "We will call it so at least." And with the words she drew off the ring and held it out to him. He received it with a low bow.

Obviously the episode was ended. But at the door he turned back. "When you have thought the matter over more calmly you may possibly have something to say to me. I give you one week to reconsider."

His mastery of himself, his unyielding resistance to her, thrilled her through and through. Never had she loved him so absolutely, but there was no trace of her feeling in her mocking reply.

"A week's grace! So good of you!" she laughed rather wildly. "And yet

do you know, it is seven days more than I shall need. I shall never!"

But he had gone. A moment later she heard the street door close with an ominous bang. She stood stupidly in the middle of the room trying to realize that there was no future—nothing but a dreary waste that belied the name ahead of her. Then she looked at her left hand, now so bare, so naked, no longer a hand consecrated, but simply a woman's hand shorn of all its sweet significance, its badge of dear dependence gone.

A clock struck the hour in silver tones, fetching her back to the dul present. Oh, yes, Mrs. Collin Stuart! She must go to that whatever happened; she must go to everything and be gay, gay, gay! Otherwise people would say that she cared. He might ever think that she did. The thought made her cheeks burn. And gay she was, a gay indeed that more than one of her friends turned long, inquiring looks upon her, looks full of puzzled questioning.

Once during the week of respite she met him, but at his cold, impassive greeting the little choking gladness that the sight of him had brought and which for a fleeting second shook her with its expectancy flickered out. He had bowed with cold courtesy—and passed on.

But one thought stood out clearly in the general confusion of her despair. She must get away. Piteously she realized that she must not run the risk of constant meetings. The Branham was sailing on Saturday. Why not go with them?

At the thought she started up, her blood whirling through her veins in the old fashion. That would be tit for tat. On her last day of respite he should see her name on the list of outgoing passengers. Then perhaps he would regret that he had passed her with nothing but a perfunctory lifting of the hat. A lively ringing of telephone bells, a scurrying back and forth of passengers, and the thing was accomplished.

It was Friday night. Her trunks had gone to the pier, and in her dismantled room she battled with the lassitude that follows a whirl of feeling. She was dull, emotionless, exhausted. The quarrel, her flight, life itself, had ceased to matter, and she dropped into a chair. It was then that her eyes fell upon the sampler.

The small mottled square of brown canvas, with its fading letters, had in some way escaped her attention until now and remained pinned against the wall. For an appreciable time she stared at its alphabet and figures, its stiff tree, its astonishingly alert birds, and at last at the inscription that always held a pensive interest for her, "Amy Castle, aged eight years, 1908."

More than once she had dreamed of that name. Who was Amy Castle? The sampler had been found in a chest of inherited stuff, and no one could recall the owner. The small hands that had wrought those bedimmed figures

were now dust, but what had come to them before the last resigned folding? Had Amy, too, loved and suffered and lost? Had her woman's pride smiled out on the world from a face drawn with pain? Tragedy or comedy, it mattered little now. All that remained of her passing was this small, mottled sampler. This was what it all came to in the end—this—

With a swift, eloquent gesture she arose and literally flew along the corridor to the telephone. "Quick, Central, quick!" she was urging a moment later. "It's—it's a matter of life and death!"

But all she could say when she got her number was a broken "Oh, Donald!"

A Good Foot Rule.

Hearing that a large boot and shoe establishment was giving away a present of a foot rule with every pair of boots or shoes it sold, a man told his wife about the bargain and said that as her shoes were nearly done he would give her money to buy a new pair if she gave him the foot rule when she came back, as he wanted to sell it and so get back part of the money paid for the shoes. His wife went to the shop and after a great deal of trouble got a pair to please her. As she was leaving the shopman gave her a small box, which, he said, contained a foot rule. She went home delighted with her bargain and, seeing her husband at the door, gave him the box. When he opened it he found, to his disgust, instead of the foot rule he wanted, a slip of paper on which was written, "Avoid tight shoes."

Hanging in Chains.

One of the last instances in England of an order being made for hanging in chains is that of a chimney sweep who in 1827 murdered a man on the highway. The culprit was tried by Mr. Justice Best at Lincoln assizes. The poor wretch's body never underwent the proposed indignity. The inhabitants of Briggs took fright and thought that the gibbet standing so near the highway would terrify people and hinder them from coming to market. They petitioned against the judge's order being carried out, and the authorities remitted the horror. The last person hung in chains was a man named Cook, who suffered for the murder of a Mr. Paas. This occurred at Leicester in 1834, the very year that the custom was put an end to by statute.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

FACTS ABOUT ASTORIA AND ITS INDUSTRIES

derful natural advantages Astoria bases its expectations of future greatness. Situated on the only fresh-water lation represents almost every nationality on earth, in consequence of which politan city of 15,000 people. Its popu- its wharves, it enjoys marked advantage. It is a lively center of business activity. Its advantageous location at the mouth of the great Columbia river makes it the trade mart of the vast productive region of northwestern Oregon and southwestern Washington, and it is the supply point for fully 25,000 people.

The estimate of population here given is conservative. The 1900 government census accredited the city with about 9000 people, but the launching of new enterprises, together with the natural growth, has added many hundreds to the population in the past five years. Failure to develop local resources has resulted in slow growth, but a new era of commercial activity is dawning and the prospects for the city's future are very bright.

On its magnificent location and harbor of importance in the world, with the broad ocean but 10 miles from ages as a shipping center. The gravity route of the Columbia river is nature's highway for the great inland empire, the immense product of which must be exported from the ocean port. At Astoria the largest ships may find safe moorings, and its harbor will accommodate all the shipping that may ever come to the northwest coast. It is pre-eminently the Pacific slope port, as New York is the Atlantic port, and must soon receive from the transcontinental railroads the recognition which its advantages justify, as has New York on the Atlantic coast.

Development of the lumbering industry will alone make Astoria great. There are 75,000,000,000 feet of timber standing in the forests near the city. This vast timber supply is great enough to keep in steady operation for 20 years 100 large mills, and to afford employment during that period to 15,000 persons in the manufacturing plants, to say nothing of the army of workmen that would be employed in the forests. The first steps towards the development of lumbering have now been taken, and four mills, with a daily output exceeding 300,000 feet, are in operation. The forests are only a short distance from the city, and the cost of

logs to Astoria is light, making this a most desirable point for the manufacturer of lumber. The advantages offered by this city as a milling point are beginning to attract the attention of millmen who desire to operate economically, and before long Astoria will rank as the largest lumbering producing port on the Pacific coast.

The growth of the salmon industry will likewise prove of great benefit to Astoria. By means of artificial propagation, this magnificent business has come to stay. It will be built up, within a few years, to four times its present magnitude, and will then mean more than \$10,000,000 annually to the city. Several Alaskan salmon canneries are owned and operated here and each year bring large sums to their home office. The possibilities of Astoria as a fishing port or center in other lines of fishing industries are also of great importance, and the attention of capitalists is called to this city as a deep-sea fishing center; also to the great runs of genuine French salmon which come into the river by the hundreds of millions every year.

The lower Columbia river district, with its mild climate, offers unsurpassed inducements to dairymen, farmers and small-fruit growers. While small-fruit growing has not been extensively engaged in, those who have followed it have been most successful, and one enterprising grower is now harvesting two strawberry crops a year—the only instance of the kind known in this section of the country. Settlement of the productive lands of the county will work wonders for the city and assist materially in its up-building.

There are many other resources which will combine to bring about the future greatness of Astoria. Here are to be found opportunities for men in every walk of life—capitalists, small investors, farmer, dairymen, fruit-grower and laborer. This new country, where fortunes await the energetic, offers to those seeking location the best advantages of any section of the west.

In every respect Astoria is metropolitan. It enjoys splendid facilities of all kinds, is a pleasure-loving city and thoroughly up-to-date. Thousands of strangers visit Astoria every month, and during the summer season it is the Mecca of those who live in the interior. It has its different quarters, like the larger cities, and, best of

all, it is the healthiest spot on earth.

Astoria wants more people. Its natural resources will easily support from 250,000 to 500,000 population, yet there are only 15,000 people here to reap the benefits that nature has so generously placed at their disposal. The homeseeker will find no better place to locate, and few equal places. Labor is always in demand, at the highest wages, and there is much encouragement for the man who wishes to engage in business. Strangers often remark the uniform courtesy of the people and the general effort on the part of Astorians to make matters pleasant for visitors. The home-seeker or investor who fails to visit Astoria will make a great mistake, for no other community in the Pacific northwest offers such opportunities as the lower Columbia river district.

Astoria has a \$300,000 gravity water system, a paid fire department, first-class street car service, gas and electric lighting systems, free public library, unexcelled transportation facilities, complete school system, 40 civic societies, three daily and six weekly newspapers, excellent telegraph and telephone service, three banks carrying deposits of about \$2,000,000, two express offices, first-class theaters, 14 churches, labor unions representing every branch of trade, two energetic commercial organizations, two social clubs, admirably conducted hospital, miles of manufacturing sites, plenty of fine residence and business property; is the only fresh-water seaport on the Pacific coast; is situated at the mouth of a river that drains an empire; has a harbor large enough to accommodate the combined shipping of the Pacific coast; has a trunk-line railroad connecting it with four transcontinental railroads; is the uttermost railroad extension point on the American continent; is 200 miles nearer Yokohama and other oriental ports than any other Pacific coast port; is 160 miles nearer the Cape Nome mining country than any other port on the Pacific coast; is the salmon shipping center of the world; is the center of one of the greatest possible dairy industries that the country today possesses.

It is the only place where the royal chinook salmon is packed; has substantial public and business buildings, factories and handsome residences.

Astoria's School System.

Astoria's school system is not surpassed by that of any other city of the size in the west. At present there

are six large school buildings here. The schools are conveniently located in all sections of the city, and in every respect are modern in their appointments. Well-appointed schools are to be found throughout the county, and children living on farms and in villages enjoy educational advantages almost equal to those afforded city children.

Astoria's Water System.

Astoria possesses a \$300,000 gravity water system, which is not equalled in equipment by any other system in the Pacific northwest. The water works are operated by the municipal government as represented by the water commission, and constitute the city's most valuable asset. The water is brought from Bear creek, about 10 miles distant, which has its source in the mountains.

The reservoir is situated on the plateau back of the city, where the supply is regulated. The water system of Astoria is extensive enough to supply the needs of 100,000 people, besides affording fire protection to all parts of the city.

The Lumbering Industry.

The mouth of the Columbia river has the greatest body of timber tributary and available of any point in the world.

The lumbering business is the largest in the Pacific northwest; it outranks in value of product any other line. Production of wheat is a close second, being worth \$17,000,000 a year, while the value of the lumber output is \$18,000,000. Coal, gold and silver, fruit, cattle and sheep, wool and fish, all of which are produced in great abundance, fall far below, nor hardly equal in the aggregate, the wealth derived from the forests. The town, therefore, that commands the greatest resources available of fine timber must have a great outlook. Demand for timber will not decrease, but become greater with every year.

The timber trees of the forests tributary to Astoria are, in order of quality: Douglas fir, commercially known as Oregon pine; hemlock, spruce and cedar. There are also soft, or birdseye, maple, vine maple, alder, wild cherry, willow, etc.

The fir is both red and yellow. It grows five to 14 feet in diameter, and 150 to 200 feet tall; 351 feet is said to have been measured on one fallen tree in the coast mountains. Considerable noble fir, or larch, and some white pine are found on the highest of the coast

mountains, but little near Astoria. The spruce, of the tideland species, is found only on the west slopes of the coast mountains. It attains a diameter varying from about an average of six feet to 16 or 17; and specimens 57 and 63 feet in girth have been measured—19 to 21 feet in diameter. Hemlock occurs as a mixed or smaller growth with fir and spruce, trees seldom being of great height, although often very large. Yet cedar is found mixed with the other timbers, the trees seldom being of greater height, although often very large. Yet cedar is not plentiful in this section. In general estimates of timber production 20,000 feet to the acre are allowed. Single acres have been known to produce ten times this amount. Quarter sections of timberland on the market are usually estimated at 3,000,000 to 3,000,000 feet each, board measure.

Mills and Manufacturing.

Although manufacturing is as yet in its infancy in Astoria, more than 4300 persons are employed in the institutions now doing business here. The salmon industry employs by far the greatest number of persons, but the seasons extend over a period of only about six months, and at other times those engaging in it follow other lines of pursuit. The lumbering industry, including box factories, barrel factories, etc., is rapidly assuming proportions, and will, within a few years, outrank the fishing interests.

Astoria wants more manufacturing concerns, and offers the very best inducements to capitalists. Here are to be found unexcelled sites, with the advantage of both rail and water connections, and the intending investor in western properties should look over the Astoria situation. Sites can be secured at very low prices.

More than \$3,000,000 is invested in manufacturing plants here, while the value of the yearly product exceeds \$6,500,000. In all, 4341 persons are employed, receiving annual wages that aggregate \$2,059,800.

Salmon Industry.

Astoria owes its existence largely to the great salmon industry of which it is the center. Year after year the Columbia river has given up its wealth of fish, and in the past 25 years has yielded \$75,000,000, nearly all of which has been placed in circulation in this city. Where other crops have failed, the salmon supply has maintained its average of production, and in this respect can be classed as one of Oregon's

greatest resources.

The annual salmon yield of the Columbia river is valued at \$3,000,000. The spring fishing season lasts only about four months—from April 15 to August 25—so it means \$750,000 monthly to those interested in it and those who live at and near the seat of the industry.

The Dairying Industry.

Dairying in Clatsop county is in its infancy, and very few dairymen realize the natural advantages of this country. The climate, coupled with the productiveness of the soil, makes it an ideal district for production of butter and cheese; dairymen are taking more interest in the breed and care of stock. With the genuine butter cow, such as few here have as yet, much better results may be obtained, though even now the luxuriant pasturage enables the cows to furnish an abundance of rich milk, with more than an average of butter fat. A modern equipped creamery is in operation in Astoria, furnishing the farmers a ready sale for their cream, at an average price for the year of 22½ cents per pound for butter fat; and the cows yield, under good care, about 225 pounds of butter fat per year. There is general interest in increasing the dairy business; many of the dairymen are preparing to enlarge their herds, and new dairies are being started. Ever-growing grass and the best market in the world make this an inviting field for those who understand the care of cows.

All the Oregon coast country, especially that near the mouth of the Columbia river, is very similar to the great dairying sections of Europe, such as Denmark, Holland and the Channel Islands. The winters, however, are milder and the summers dryer.

The lands best adapted to grass-growing are the tidelands, which are river bottoms adjoining the Columbia or its branches, and overflowed by the highest tides. These lands may be reclaimed by diking, at an expense of about \$10 per acre. By diking large tracts by machinery—with steam dredges—the expense may be reduced, and more substantial dikes erected. One acre of tideland has been shown to be ample for keeping one cow the entire year. There are still in Clatsop county about 20,000 acres of tideland to be diked, much of it being easily cleared after the diking is done. This is no experiment, as many of the best dairy farms have been made on diked tideland.

For further information Send \$1.00 for a year's Subscription to the Weekly Astorian.