MOVES LAND AGENT

Claim Made He Was Not Working In Harmony With Others.

TRIES TO WORK NEW THEORY

H. C. Cullom Believed that Men Under Indictment Were Lought Out by Political Enemies-Receives Instructions to Repart to Nebraska Jurisdiction.

Lewiston, Idaho, Oct. 25.-H. C. Cullom, special agent of the land department, who has been connected with the local land office since early in the year, when he succeeded Colonel Page, has reerived instructions to report to a Nebrasks jurisdiction. It is thought the transfer to Nebraska is only temporary.

The transfer of Mr. Cullom is one of the many results of the timber fraud examinations that are being held, and which this week go before the grand jury at Moscow. These examinations which have resulted in indictments against W. J. Kettenbach, George H. Kester and some of their friends, were conducted by S. F. O'Fallon, special inspector of the land department, who was sent here for the purpose. During the latter part of the work F. M. Goodwin, special agent, who has been working out of the Spokane and Coeur d'lene offices, was sent here to assist in the investigation.

Mr. Cullom, whose work at the land office here was not in connection with the investigation, held aloof from the other special agents. He has worked by himself along an entirely different theory from that taken by Mr. O'Fallon and Mr. Goodwin. Instead of assisting to get the evidence against the men under indictment, it was Mr. Cullom's theory that the political enemies of Messrs, Kester and Kettenbach wore themselves guilty of fraud.

The result is that with Mr. O'Fallon and Mr. Goodwin pulling on one end of the rope and Mr. Cullom on the other end, the investigation has been more or less hampered. Mr. O'Fallon, though he has used every particle of information that has come into his hands, it is not believed has been able to unearth any frauds on the part of the Thompson-Johnson faction, and became convinced that these men and their friends had not been in the deal.

The transfer of Mr. Cullom is believed to have been made by the department at this time because of the situation here relative to the investigation.

Don't Borrow Trouble.

It is a bad habit to borrow anything but the worst thing you can possibly borrow, is trouble. When sick, sore, heavy, weary and worn-out by the pains and poisons of dyspepsia, biliousness, Bright's disease, and similar internal disorders, don't sit down and brood over your symptoms, but fly for relief to Electric Bitters. Here you will find sure and permanent forgetfulness of all your troubles, and your body will not be burdened by a load of debt disease. At Chas, Rogers' drug store. Price 50c. Guaranteed.

The mountain spider of Ceylon spins a net of yellow silk 10 feet in diameter. A Chinaman can not be partial to his sons in his will. All must share and share alike.

Plans to Get Rich.

are often frustrated by sudden breakdown, due to dyspepsia or constipation. Brace up and take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They take out the materials which are clogging your energies, and give you a new start. Cure headache and dizziness too. At Chas. Rogers' drug store; 25c, guaranteed.

The Pall Mall Gazette rejoices in the fact that Canada is a "chip of the old block," because a steamship with supplies for the Hudson bay mounted police has been kept waiting at St. Johns for weeks while the police department and ministry of marine settle a dispute as to which shall control her movements.

Full of Tragic Meaning.

are these lines from J. H. Simmons, of Casey, In. Think what might have resulted from his terrible cough if he had not taken the medicine about which he writes: "I had a fearful cough, that disturbed m" wight's rest. I tried everything, but nothing would relieve it, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for C nsumption, Coughs and Colds, which completely cured me." Instantly relieves and permanently cures all throat and lung diseases; prevents grip and pneumonia. At Chas. Rogers' druggist; guaranteed; 50c and \$1.00, Trial bottle free.

Shipmates

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD

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She was slone. That much he knew. From the time the steamer left Bremen until it struck out into the open, Atlantic he hardly noticed her, but once at sea she spent every day on deck and always alone.

It was Colford's own loneliness which forced him, half unconsciously, into a stlent comradeship of sympathy with her. Ten years abroad in the Austrian consular service had made him feel like a foreigner now that he was among his own countrymen again. Nearly every one else on board had friends or made them readily, but for some reason-their own disinclination, he thought-the two remained apart.

She was in mouraing. The soft clinging black made her look even younger and more girlish than she was, and yet it gave her a certain forlorn dignity.

Once he passed her on a windy gray morning up forward. It was early, and there was no one else on deck. 'As he came abreast of her the wind in a vagrant frolic blew her long chiffon veil across his eyes. It was a clingy, exasperating vell. By the time Colford was disentangled he was angry and embarrassed until be met her laughing

After that he raised his cap when they met, and she acknowledged the silent greeting shyly. One night a wild spring tempest broke in sudden fury over the gray sea. It was after midnight. Colford stumbled into the cabin drenched with spray and met her face to face. Her face was white, and she held a sobbing child in her arms, soothing him gently, while the mother had hysterics in a corner.

"There is no danger," Colford said. She looked up at him, smiling.

"I am not afraid. There is never danger when one does not fear."

By the time Sandy Hook was reached, the sixth day, Colford knew he was overboard. It was her shy dignity that attracted him, her air of absolute self rellance and reserve, when he knew she was forlorn and desolate. She told him her story the day after the storm. It was a simple bit of tragedy, a trag-



THE GIRL IN BLACK STOOD LOOKING BACK

edy of circumstances. She was an Austrian and an orphan. Her father had been a Viennese surgeon.

"And after he died, a year ago," she had told Colford, leaning over the bulwark, her gray eyes dreamily watching the long, swelling waves sweep back from the steamer's sides, "we lived at Brazza, on the coast-mother and I. It was her old home, and there was nothing else to do."

"And then"- said Colford as she paused.

"Then, a month ago, she left me also. She told me to come to America. I have an uncle, my father's brother, who will meet me in New York. He is the only relative I have in the world." "Are you sure he will meet you?"

"I cabled him I was coming. He is a physician also," she said gravely. "He loved my father dearty. I know he

will meet me." "And if he does not?"

She glanced up with troubled eyes. "But he will. There is no one else in all the world who would help me." "One other."

Colford spoke quietly, but a trifle unsteadily, as he looked down into her serious, childlike eyes. "You must not say there is no one

else. I, too, am slone in the world. Does not our mutual loneliness give us a claim on each other? Surely you will let me help you?"

A faint color rose slowly to her cheeks. She looked back at the sea.

"I think I should, perhaps." When the stenmer swung from the Hudson into its slip on West street, Colford sought her for the last time. The rest of the passengers crowded the bow of the boat, half crasy with joy, as they recognised friends and relatives on the pier, but the girl in black stood aft, looking back at the sunlit river, back toward the open sea and Austrie ...

"Are you sorry it is over?"

"Europe?" She spoke wistfully. "No; the voyage." He went on as the did not answer. "Has it been nothing at all to you? Do you care, The King of Cures Helene?"

The purser came hurriedly from the cabin, a telegram in his hand. "Helene Vorga?"

She opened it slowly. The message was brief. Colford caught the paper as it fluttered from her hand. It was from a city hospital and merely stated that Josef Vorga, physician, and died six months previously.

"There is no one else," she said helplessly.

Colford led her to the cabin

"There is one other-you forget," he told her. "Let me be the one, Helene." She waited where he left her, tearless, helpless, yet with the quaint dignity that seemed to infold her like a magic cloak of separation from the world. It was half an hour before Colford returned. There was a new look on his face as he bent over her, a look of protection and determination,

"Dear heart, this glorious land of the free refuses to let a little foreign maiden all forlorn on its shores. You are a walf, sweetheart, a friendless, penniless waif, according to the officials downstairs, and as such they propose in a friendly, courteous way to ship you over to Ellis island as an unwelcome immigrant and deport you to Austria on the first steamer sailing." She smiled for the first time, a faint roots, herbs, barks and berries.

filled with tears. "It is terrible, I know," she said. He took her hands in his. "The land of the free is willing to allow a girl immigrant to enter provided some one marries ber. Helene, it's Ellis Island or me. Can you choose, sweetheart?" The steward came up the stairs, saw cial street, rooms 1 and 2. the two figures and vanished. Out on the river a tug whistled shrilly.

"When one is alone"- she began, Colford raised the hand he held to

"When two are alone," he corrected, "they cannot possibly be alone. They have each other. The voyage has only begun, little shipmate."

He Saved His Life.

he relinquished his office. When he returned to the village of his birth his greeted him affectionately and said:

"My boy, you have had four years in lucrative federal office. Tell me, now that it is over, what have you saved?" He was nonplused for the moment. Not a penny of his salary remained. In an outburst of frankness he turned to her and, leaning over her, said with hearty fervor:

"Mother, I saved my life."-Harper's Weekly.

Some Nautical Terms. The word "yacht," like many other nautical words in the English language, is of Dutch origin. This is natural, since the English learned the art of seamanship from those old masters of the sea, the Dutch. Other Dutch words are "skipper," "smack," "sloop," "reef," "boom," "taffrail." From the Netherlands come also the words "smuggling" and "hoy," as in "ship ahoy." When one reads how Lord Nelson was taken down to the "orlop" deck to die at the battle of Trafalgar, one has yet another term taken from the Dutch.

"Schooner" is a word of American manufacture. At Gloucester, Mass., about 1713, Captain Andrew Robinson built the first vessel called by that name. As it slid off the stocks into the water a bystander shouted, "Oh. how she scoons!" (skims). Robinson instantly said, "A scooner let her be." The name has been universally adopted, but, singularly enough, is spelled in the Dutch manner, though it is provincial English.

Why Women Are Pretty.

According to an English specialist who has made a careful study of the subject, the reason why women are better looking than men is because they are more indolent and are not called upon to use their brains as much as men are. Hard intellectual work and assiduous attention to business, he says, are harmful so far as physical beauty is concerned. As proof that his theory is correct be points to the Zaros, whose home is in British India. Among them women hold the place which in other countries is occupied by men. The Zaro woman manages the affairs of state, goes into business on her own account and does not walt for a proposal of marriage, but proposes berself, whereas the Zaro man has nothing to do but cook the meals and look after his children. The natural result, says the scientist, is that the men of this singular tribe are very pretty and the women are unusually

Even Worse,

Mrs. Hoyle-I hear that your husband died intestate. Mrs. Doyle-Well, I don't know what his trouble was, but he had to have an operation.-Town

Malice eats up the greatest part of her own venom and therewith poison eth herself.-Montaigna

Dr. D. A. Sanburn FRENCH SPECIALIST.



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Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 8 p. m., at tthe Megler House, 680 Commer-

Consultation free at Astoria, Ore.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the registration books of the city of 'Astoria, for the primary nominating election to be held in this city on Monday the 13th day of November, 1905, will be opened A group of congressmen who happen- at the Auditor's office in the city hall, ed to be at the capital during a recess on Monday the 23rd day of October, of the national legislature helped to 1905, and will close for said primary while away the time by exchanging election on the 7th day of November, stories, and one of the statesmen from 1905, at the hour of 4 o'clock p. m., said constituent. This man, who lived in registration books will be again opened one of the small towns in the Keystone on Thursday the 16th day of November. State, was appointed naval officer at 1905, for the general election to be held the chief port in the state. He immedi- in this city on Wednesday the 13th day ately packed up his belongings and es- of December, 1905, and will close on tablished himself in the metropolis of Saturday, the 9th, day of December, the commonwealth. At the end of four 1905, at 4 o'clock p. m. All persons years the administration changed, and must register in order to be entitled to

first visit was to his aged mother. She Dated, Astoria, Oregon, October, 21st,

OLOF ANDERSON,

Auditor and Police Judge of the city of

The Best Doctor,

Rev. B. C. Horton, Sulphur Springs, Texas writes July 19, 1899; "I have used in my family Ballard's Snow Liniment and Horehound syrup, and they have proved certainly satisfactory. The liniment is the best we have ever used for headache and pains. The cough syrup has been our doctor for the last eight years." 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

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