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WEATHER TODAY.

Portland, Oct. 27.—Western Washington: Friday, fair except possible local rains near coast.

Western Oregon: Fair, warmer in the south portion.

Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington: Fair and warmer.

"WILL ASTORIA GET ABOARD?"

For the better part of the month of October, 1905, the Portland Oregonian has been hammering Astoria, Astorians and everything Astorian over the head for daring to stand up for the pilots of Astoria in their professional contention as to the actual water depths on the Columbia River bar; viciously and contemptuously attacking the city, the pilots and this paper for the honest and natural stand taken in behalf of their own town and for resenting its nasty and uncalled-for abuse: And in Wednesday morning's issue it calmly asks "Will Astoria Get Aboard?"; meaning of course the ship of state progress or the state's train of development, or some such figurative vehicle of general prosperity.

In Heaven's name, has not this city and every live town in the state been trying to "get aboard" for years and years? Have they not contributed in all possible ways to the good of the State of Oregon whenever, and wherever, any opportunity offered itself? Has the press of any city in Oregon ever gone on record against the progress of its state or against the march of its metropolis, unless under the bitter goading and hounding of the Oregonian because it would not "get aboard" over the exact spot along the "ship's" rail pointed out to it by the "only" paper in the state that has the good of the state at heart? So long as the open gangways to the quarter-deck and other large and popular reservations were left to the Oregonian to display its sole prerogative in upbuilding the state, the lesser sheet might scramble aboard over the anchor chains or crawl through the hawse-pipe, or take any other humble and inconspicious manner of "getting aboard" it could, and that is its policy today.

The Astorian IS aboard. Has been aboard for the thirty-two years of its existance, and will stay aboard and do its "ship's" service to the best of its ability, the self-appointed, dictatorial captaincy of the Oregonian to the contrary not-with-standing. Astoria is part and parcel of the State of Oregon and knows its affiliated responsibility as well as the autocrat of the state press at Portland, and if given half a chance will perform its uttermost obligation to Oregon and Portland, its sole demand in the premises being that its views and plans and work for the building up of the commonwealth be treated with the respect due honest effort and honest purpose.

The Oregonian of Tuesday threw a spasm of real truth when it uttered the following exact and pregnant statement, the sum, substance and epitome of actual conditions and causes, and there is not a paper in the state that will not thank it for the splendid candor and fitness of it. This is it:

"A main purpose of the recent efforts of the Oregonian has been to "smoke out" the list of stockholders behind the local organ of plutocracy, which has been posing as champion of anti-monopoly and popular rights. The list is this, viz: W. M. Ladd, George W. Bates, A. L. Mills, T. B. Wilcox, W. F. Burrell, Allen Lewis, Edward Lang, J. Couch Flanders, J. C. Ainsworth, J. N. Teal, I. N. Fleischner, A. J. Giesy, C. S. Jackson, Leo Friede, and A. Bush, of Salem."

* * * * * * * *

"It would be a pity, indeed, if there were no power in Portland that had strength and courage to raise a voice against this plutocratic rapacity, that plans and plots to absorb the whole business of Portland, and of Oregon, or at least to make the whole business of Portland and of Oregon pay tribue to it. The effort, as everyone knows, and too many by experience, is to permit no one to do business, of any important kind, who does not pay tribute to this rapacity and greed. In every line of business men and women feel the pressure. And yet the arrogance must be resisted. It devolves on the Oregonian to raise the voice of protest. 'The combine' is in politics as in business; for plutocracy always connects business and politics, and endeavors to make politics and business support each other."

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"Development of Oregon has been held back two decades and more by the machinations of this power, which has discouraged and thrown back all proposals from other quarters to induce new capital here. Men who would have been investors have been told, through years and years, that there was money enough here, and that this thing and that thing wouldn't pay. So the country has been held back. Never till the street franchises could be sold—franchises worked up through politics and a pretended unselfish devotion to the rights of the people—was any outside capital offered any chance in Portland. But here was a chance at last for a great grab, and greed could realize."

This is the kernal in the nut. Portland first, Oregon afterward. The Oregonian's present quarrel with W. M. Ladd, and his associates, is nothing to towns and cities of the state at large, but it may as well be said, first, as last, that that quarrel, however righteous it may be, does not absolve the Oregonian from its participation in that same hoggish scheme for the advancement of Portland to the detriment of every smaller community in the state, and its very candor in this relation but emphasizes its co-responsibility with the men it condemns. "When thieves fall out honest men may get their due."

When the Columbia River Bar pilot association, its business and people and the Oregon Board of Pilot Commissioners, its office, business and people, are domiciled at Portland, under the controlling dictum of the shippers and shipping interests of that city, the Oregonian included, then, and then only, will the water guages of the Columbia river and its bar have due and proper estimate and report. Yes, the city of Astoria, and the Astorian, and every local agency it possesses to enhance the welfare of the state are "all aboard," but they will mutiny on every occasion the "autocrat" sees fit to use the "big stick." The terms "plutocrat' and "autocrat" are synonimous at times, and the Oregonian must not disparage the "strength and courage" of the smaller papers that "raise their voices against rapacity" of any sort from any source.

The Atsoria-bound traveler in 1906 will have an assurance dear to every experienced traveler's heart: That offering ample, luxurious, up-to-date hotel accommodations when he reaches the city. If you don't believe this, come out to the meeting of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, Monday, November 6, at 7:30 p. m.

Tired out, worn out woman cannot sleep, eat or work; seems as if she would fly to pieces. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea makes strong nerves and rich red blood. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

Owl Drug Store, 549 Com. St., T. F. The approval by Frank Hart, druggist.

SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR.

Alluring and Changeful Scenery of This Beautiful Spot.

If you should look at a detailed coast survey chart of San Francisco harbor you would observe that the broad peninsula extending southward like a sheltering arm between the ocean and the inner bay is creased and dimpled in a great confusion of mountains; that it has many indentations of coast, many streams and here and there a wee lake. But no scrutiny of the chart would lead you to guess it is a veritable Adirondacks alone by itself on the western edge of the world.

From the time of my earliest recollection I used to stand upon the hills of my native town and look longingly across the five miles of whitecapped water in the harbor to the alluring heights of this, to me, inaccessible region. It was always new to look at, never the same for two consecutive days. In the spring, when the clouds rolled from its heights, its steep, lean hills were green with fresh grass, and I could see those smears and streaks of yellow wild flowers which some folks say suggested the name of the Golden Gate. In summer came mile long streaks of white fog, half obscuring it at times. The rain ceased, and almost in a day the hills changed to deep rich brown. In the autumn came the clear, dry north winds, making it seem so near and sharp against the sky, and the gaunt cliffs stood forth in all their reddish brown and yellows, sheer to the white surf line. In winter came the rains again, and as suddenly as before it changed from brown to green and gold.

Later on I used to sail the waters which bounded it. There were smooth reaches extending far inland and tortuous tributaries straggling through marsh lands almost to the very buttresses of its Vesuvius and angry sheets of water so broad that one might sail away till the hills dropped below the horizon. And skirting along under the red brown cliffs—300 feet high they rose—one could sail out through the Golden Gate, past the iron bound headland on the north, with its wailing siren, and sail for days up the coast (if he dared get so far from home on the Pacific) with a line of growling breakers and towering cliffs on the one hand and the limitless ocean on the other.—Benjamin Brooks in Scribner's.

A Very Brave Man.

There is a certain very little girl who is also very cowardly. Her father, finding that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she said at the close of his lecture, "when you see a cow ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, certainly not, Evelyn."

"When you see a horse, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No, of course not."

"When you see a dog, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!" with emphasis.

"When you see a bumblebee, ain't you 'fraid?"

"No!" with scorn.

"Ain't you 'fraid when it thunders?"

"No!" with loud laughter. "Oh, you silly, silly child!"

"Papa," said Evelyn solemnly, "ain't you 'fraid of nothin' in the world but mamma?"—Short Stories.

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 Rapid Flea.

The record for rapid movement in the world of animated nature is held by the common flea, which jumps with an initial velocity of 850 feet in a second. If the insect could keep this up without stopping or tiring it would cover nearly ten miles a minute. The jumping mouse, found in the African desert, is not far behind. It is said to leap through the air, clearing about ten feet in a jump, at the rate of 800 feet in a second. Compared with these, the speed of the fleetest of the larger animals appears a crawl. Thus the measured speed of the ostrich is only 98 feet a second, that of the gazelle 80 feet a second and the swiftest dog—the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound—75 feet a second. Even the swallow's greatest speed does not exceed 400 feet a second.

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.

Young women going to Portland to study in the Holmes Business College are met at the train and taken directly to the home where they will live while in the city. Mrs. Holmes-Lawrence, the principal takes a personal interes in every student, and spares no effort to provide refined, congenial home surroundingss for a ll who attend her college. 25-33 Y. M. C. A. Building, Portland, Ore.

Cures Chills and Fever.

G. W. Wirt, Nacogodohes, Texas, says: "His daughter had chills and fever for three years; he could not find anything that would help her till he used Herbine. His wife will not keep house without it, and cannot say too much for it." 50c. Sold by Frank Hart, druggist.

Dr. D. A. Sanburn

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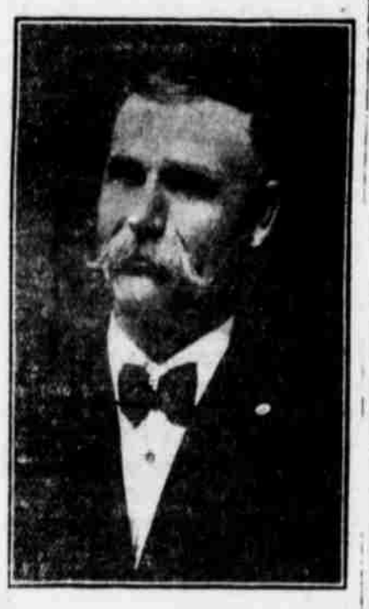

Is now in your city, introducing my wonderful arts of healing. Come one and all and I will tell everyone their disease and you will be made well. My medicines are all nature's remedies, roots, herbs, barks and berries.

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