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WEATHER.
Oregon and Washington -
Probably occasional light rain.

"BUSINESS" FIRST.

The commercial instinct had another full-blown expression in the disaster that has overtaken the Valencia and her eight score people. Every master mariner of this day and time, has one supreme edict behind him that supercedes every provision of charter, chart and rule of the road at sea, and that is "TIME". This is the first essential, and must be observed if every man and thing on earth is sacrificed. A fast ship takes on added value with every minute she saves her owners in transit, and her captain is supposed to keep this everlastingly in mind. A charted coast, well lighted, equipped with every facility for live-saving, sparred and buoyed and marked, hedged like a country lane, is all right for the "wind-jammer" and the "drogher", but the crack steamship must ignore them all if one precious moment may be husbanded. It is the cardinal decree of transportation afloat and ashore, and hundreds of thousands of lives pay annual tribute to its observance. A lifetime of experience at sea offers no justification nor alternative for this insane and invulnerable code of "business", and it is time Congress should take a hand in the matter and enact laws that shall not be disregarded. Give a steamer her time limit; put a mechanical register on board under government seal and establish immense penalties for its violation. Do something that shall reduce this continual and dreadful destruction of human life. This is all beyond the exigencies of weather conditions. They have their place in the final calculations incident to such "catastrophes". That goes without saying. But the primal cause for ninety per cent of the disasters at sea and on railroads is found in the adherence to this craze for "time", and the means should be abated by some power equal to the task.

THE CHARTER OF 1907.
It is hoped by everyone concerned that the new charter of Astoria will be the best in the land in the way of organic municipal law. That it will provide amply for the better husbanding of her resources, financial and material; that it will offer the last and best methods for her expansion and adornment; that it will be carefully, simply and honestly drawn in behalf of every civic advantage applicable here, and that it will be so plain that everyone outside the legal profession may read, construe and apply it easily and comprehensively. But, we say again, none of these things will be apparent in the new bill, if lawyers and politicians are to dominate its framing. We want to make our position plain on this head, so if it shall be necessary to revert to the subject again, we may

do so without meeting the charge of meddling, or of partisan interference.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

President Castro seems to recognize no such thing as a closed season in international trouble-hunting.

Chicago's Council has just voted that it wants the street railways, and Santa Claus has plenty of time to think about the request before making his list of gifts for the poor.

A story is told of a man who, crossing a disused coal field late at night, fell into an apparently bottomless pit and saved himself only by grasping a projecting beam. There he clung with great difficulty all night, only to find when day dawned that his feet were only four inches from the bottom.

A native Indian ruler owns a musical bed. The weight of the body sets the works in motion, and it plays half an hour, while life sized figures of Grecian maidens at its head and foot finger stringed instruments. Fans are waved by a concealed motor, which keeps them going the whole night long.

Governor Vandam of Mississippi gets in all the newspaper headlines again by thrashing a negro convict detailed as a servant in the executive mansion at Jackson. Even a negro "trust" has uses not to be despised in the Governor's philosophy of self-advertisement.

According to one of the Brooklyn police, it is the "piggies", boys seventeen or eighteen years old, who raise the chief rumpus on the bridge at rush hours. The "piggies" as well as the "hogs" are now carefully looked after by the police, and as a consequence it seems as though the bridge nuisance were in a fair way to be abated. That's a plume for General Bingham's helmet.

Every man knows the difficulty and agony of a refractory collar stud. With a breakfast to eat, a train to catch and an appointment to keep, few things are more maddening than the collar which simply will not ally itself to the stud. But few things are so easy to remedy. All that is necessary is to dip the thumb and forefinger in water and slightly moisten the obstinate buttonhole. Then the stud slips in without a murmur.

It is agreeable to note that various religious, educational and philanthropic bodies are preparing to welcome with courteous hospitality the imperial commissioners who are on their way hither from China, but it is to be hoped something more than that will be done to signalize their visit to the American metropolis. The occasion properly, and indeed urgently, calls for public and official recognition of a distinguished character and steps to that end should be taken promptly.

An emigrant's outfit, including a cow, was in a forward car of a Kansas train, the emigrant himself being in the caboose. The train was making average time when the man suddenly exclaimed, while looking out of the caboose window: "Why, there is my cow," pointing to an animal that stood grazing beside the track. The trainmen told him he must be mistaken, but he insisted that he was right and finally succeeded in having the train stopped. Going forward, the door of the car was found open and the cow gone. It was not injured in the least by the fall from the train, and was grazing within a minute after the time it struck the ground.

Justice Gildersleeve decides that it is not unlawful to sell spirituous liquors to children of tender years when they are sent to bars by adults as messengers for that purpose. We must accept the decision as a sound interpretation of the law, but we must also regard the law as deplorably inadequate and in need of instant amendment. The object of the law unquestionably was not merely to prohibit the sale of liquors to minors for their own drinking—something which would in any case seldom be done—but also to prevent the sending of children into drinking places as messengers for their elders—something which is often done and will doubtless be much more often done now that this decision shows it may be done with impunity. Justice Gildersleeve is quite right in saying that the practice of having children of tender years "rush the grogler," though not criminal, "should be severely condemned and discouraged." It should also be declared illegal and put into the criminal category as soon as it is possible for the legislature to enact a law to that effect.

A STORM IN THE JUNGLE.
It Comes With a Hoop Like That of a Giant Waterfall.

People who have never been in a jungle talk of the sky as a painter talks of the horizon or a seafaring man of the offing—as if when you wanted to see it you only need use your eyes. But in the jungle you don't see the sky—at least you only see a few scraggy patches of it overhead through the openings in the twigs and leaves. Neither do you feel the wind blowing, nor get burned or dazzled by the sun, nor even see that luminous except by momentary glimpses about midday, from which it follows that a jungle man does not usually pretend to be weatherwise. If he does he is even a greater humbug than the rest of the weather prophets. On the afternoon about which we are speaking I remember setting forth on my walk in the still glow of the tropical calm and wondering rather at the intense stillness of the surrounding forest. Then the air grew cooler and the green of the foliage in front seemed to deepen, and presently there was a sound as of a giant waterfall in the distance. Waterfalls do not, however, grow louder every second, whereas the noise in front did so. Then there was a loud, angry growl, as of a dozen lions. A minute more and the whole jungle began to roar as if fifty squadrons of heavy cavalry were coming up at a gallop. Then came a drop of rain and a peal of thunder which seemed to make the world stop.

Then the storm began. The sky above darkened; the trees clattered; the brushwood beneath hissed and bowed itself. A deluge of raindrops blotted out the narrow view. Down it came, soaking through the densest leaves under which one fled for refuge, striking the grass and sand with millions of dull thuds, dashing furiously against the leaves as if they were so many hostile shields, streaking the air with innumerable perpendicular lines and hurling itself down with the force of bullets.

In such a downpour one may as well walk and get wet as stand still and get wet. Unfortunately one did not know where to walk. The "circumbendibus system" presupposes the fact that the wagon wheels and bullock tracks can be seen and noted, but when the cart track is no longer a cart track, but "all turned to rushing waters," such tracks cannot be seen, and unless you have a pocket compass you may as well try to fly as to get back to where you came from. When one reads of travelers lost in the backwoods, they always steer by the sun—and probably very badly—but when there is no sun what are you to do?—Siam Press.

The Ice of Greenland.
The largest mass of ice in the world is probably the one which fills up nearly the whole of the interior of Greenland, where it has accumulated since before the dawn of history. It is believed to now form a block about 900,000 square miles in area and averaging a mile and a half in thickness. According to these statistics, the lump of ice is larger in volume than the whole body of water in the Mediterranean, and there is enough of it to cover the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with a layer about seven miles thick. If it were cut into two convenient slabs and built up equally upon the entire surface of "gallant little Wales" it would form a pile more than 120 miles high. There is ice enough in Greenland to bury the entire area of the United States a quarter of a mile deep.—London Globe.

A Dowry on Approval.
A curious custom prevails among Rumanian peasants. When a Rumanian girl is of a marriageable age, all her trousseau, which has been carefully woven, spun and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attentions to the girl he is at liberty at first to open the box, which is always placed conveniently at hand, and examine the trousseau. If the suitor is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry he makes a formal application for the girl's hand, but if, on the contrary, the trousseau does not please him, he is quite at liberty to retire.

Man and His Valet.
"I never saw a man so entirely dependent on his valet."
"Quite helpless without him, eh?"
"Quite helpless. Mabel told me that when he came to propose he brought his valet with him."
"What was that for?"
"Why, when he reached the proper place his valet spread a hemstitched handkerchief on the floor for him to kneel upon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diplomatically Fat.
"I am afraid you are absolutely governed by your wife."
"No," answered Mr. Meekton, who had been reading the foreign news, "I'm not absolutely governed by her, but I must admit that I am very much within her sphere of influence."—Washington Star.

A Choice of Evils.
Landlady—Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a music school? Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.

'You can't be happy without money.'
Perhaps not, but there are some excellent imitations of it in the market.

The Morning Astorian, 65c a month.

Recent statistics indicate that the United States has nearly 39 per cent of the railroad mileage of the world. That is a notable showing, seeing that this country has only about 5 per cent of the population of the world. On the other hand, it has scarcely more than 7 per cent of the world's ocean shipping. The contrast between the two is doubtless partly explainable by the greater profits reaped from land than from ocean transportation, yet it is also suggestive of the desirability of making the latter in some way more profitable, so that it may be increased to an amount at least nearly commensurate with that of the former.

Another Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.
One of Governor Pennypacker's foibles is the collection of old things with a history. His latest purchase is a provision wagon used by the Continental Army, which was abandoned on the farm in Lower Salford, Pa., owned by "the late George Hecker," late being used to indicate that the person is no longer alive, without indicating how long he has been dead. The wagon was abandoned because of the breaking of an axle. Such a relic is a curiosity indeed. Unlike the Deacon's wonderful one-hoss shay, it has lived more than a hundred years. The Governor might make it a part of the Franklin bi-centenary.

Pleasant and Most Effective.
T. J. Chambers, Ed. Vindicator, Liberty, Texas, writes Dec. 25, 1902: "With pleasure and unhesitatingly you bear testimony to the curative power of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it in my family and can cheerfully affirm it is the most effective and best remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used." Sold by Hart's drug store.

CHANGE OF TIME.
The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.
Commencing Sunday, November 19, train No. 6, the Royal Blue Limited, will leave Grand Central passenger station, Chicago at 5 p. m., instead of 3:30 p. m. and will arrive in Pittsburgh at 6:35 a. m., Washington at 4:40 p. m., Baltimore 5:50 p. m., Philadelphia, 8:19 p. m. New York 10:40 p. m. the same as with the old schedule, thus reducing the time one hour and thirty minutes. No excess fare will be charged on this fast limited train. All other trains will arrive and depart the same as formerly. Stop-over is allowed at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, not to exceed ten days, at each place, on all first-class through tickets.

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"I had an eruption appear on my chest and body and extend upwards and downwards, so that my neck and face were all broken out; also my arms and the lower limbs as far as the knees. I at first thought it was prickly heat. But soon scales or crusts formed where the breaking out was. Instead of going to a physician, I purchased a complete treatment of the Cuticura Remedies, in which I had great faith, and all was satisfactory. A year or two later the eruption appeared again, only a little lower; but before it had time to spread I procured another supply of the Cuticura Remedies, and continued their use until the cure was complete. It is now five years since the last attack, and have not seen any signs of a return. I have taken about three bottles of the Cuticura Remedy, and do not know how much of the Soap or Ointment, as I always keep them with me; probably one half dozen of each.
"I decided to give the Cuticura Remedies a trial after I had seen the results of their treatment of eczema on an infant belonging to one of our neighbors. The parent took the child to the nearest physician, but his treatment did no good. So they procured the Cuticura Remedies and cured her with them. When they began using Cuticura Remedies her face was terribly disfigured with sores, but she was entirely cured for I saw the same child at the age of five years, and her mother told me the eczema had never broken out since. I have more faith in Cuticura Remedies for skin diseases than anything I know of. I am, respectfully yours, Emma E. Wilson, Lisco, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1905."
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