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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington.—showers.

SALMON IS KING.

Today at high noon, King Salmon mounts his industrial throne in the richest of his realms of the northwest, Astoria, and 1,000 men and 500 boats, with their gear will do homage to the red and royal liege. The sight is always an impressive one, and there will be thousands on hand to note the pomp and prestige of the hour. For four months, during the beautiful Astorian summer, the scene will be reenacted, day by day, to the well-being of thousands of people in the lower Columbia valley who serve His Chinookian majesty in many and varied capacitiees, and to the comfort of countless thousands of others all over the broad earth, who enjoy the largess of his succulent bounty. Here's to the best of all luck to all concerned! May the service go on to its ordained end without the loss of a life, the despoilment of a boat, the wreck of a net, or the deprivation of a dollar to any man engaged, whatsoever may be his line of profit. May it prove a record season in catch, in despatch of packing, and the sum of its marketing.

THE FUNDAMENTAL STEP.

Astoria has taken the initial step in the great and important work of building its seawall. Thirty days hence, when the second public meeting will have gathered to listen to the report of the primary committee, (to be appointed by the chairman of the Thursday's meeting. Dr. Alfred Kinney.) there will be some definite and reliable data upon which to make the second step. And thus the good work will go on, until the whole proposition has been duly merged in the new charter and the people will know just how it is to be paid for, who is to pay, when they must pay, how long it will take to construct, and lots of other and necessary details at present indeterminable. The matter is too big to rush, it must be handled consecutively, and time is not wasted in the compilation of essential information on so costly and vital a project. Slow, but sure and unremittingly, is the measure of progress in a case of this sort.

PORTLAND NOT GUILTY.

Some days ago the Astorian made a kick at the alleged "creed of Portland" to butt in on dates chosen by other cities of the state for projected celebrations, with some big entertainment of her own, annuling the efficacy of the engagements entered into by outlaying places, etc., etc., and especially was the complaint made of her purpose to give a water carnival simultaneously with the Regatta dates employed at Astoria. This latter information was furnished this office by a man who is known here and who claimed he would have an open date at the "carnival" for the peculiar sport of which he is a leading figure in the northwest, and we naturally resented Portland's proposed interference. Now comes all Oregon's mutual friend, Tom Richardson, and declares that Portland will not interfere with our Regatta nor the State Fair at Salem, nor any other open date held anywhere in the state; and the Astorian is glad to note its error, and devoutly trusts it will not have to apologize for its apology in the premises.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

It costs Chicago $40,189,960 to run the city last year.

Why is it, men and brethren, that the less a man knows the smarter he thinks he is?

An electric locomotive is now built which will haul a train of 250 tons at 70 miles an hour.

About 200 oysters would be required daily to supply sufficient nourishment for one person.

John Barry an Irishman, was the first commodore of the American navy, a wonderful sea fighter and a true patriot.

When a man's advertising shows that he is thoroughly interested in his business, his business will become interesting to others.

The head of an Eskimo family gives his doctor a fee as soon as he comes. If the patient recovers, it is kept; if not, it is returned.

With the Easter hat and the baseball season both on us, the most pessimistic forecaster must admit that spring has come.

When Czar Nicholas steps across the frontier to ask a temporary relief from financial embarrassment Emperor William puts on an Algeciras look and draws his purse strings tight.

Secretary Root has announced that in his coming trip to South America he will go entirely around that continent. He will be able to report on his return how it will look as an island when certain plans now in execution on the isthmus have been carried out.

Comment on the choice of Governor Jeff Davis of Arkansas to the United States Senate seemes to waver between two opinions—whether he will succeed in "rough-housing" that body, or it will succeed in bridling and taming him.

A great many people are laboring hard to find something for General Adna R. Chaffee to do. As for the general himself, after his arduous years of service, he probably thinks it a little unkind that nobody suggests he may need a rest.

It is not easy to understand why there is so much delay in reporting to the senate at Albany the bill for the extension of the Palisides Pary system. The bill calls for no expenditure of state funds. Why, then, should the finance committee hesitate to report it?

A small boy being asked by his teacher to name the principal occupations of the United States, answered: "Manufacturing and graft."

President Roosevelt has appointed Frederick W. Whittredge of New York as special ambassador to represent the United States at the wedding of the king of Spain.

A Pennsylvania collector of internal revenue has destroyed 77,000 bad cigars. It will surprise a lot of economical smokers to learn that a cigar ever gets too bad to smoke.

Grip Quickly Knocked Out.

"Some weeks ago during the severe winter weather both my wife and myself contracted severe colds which speedily developed into the worst kind of la grippe with all its miserable symptoms," says Mr. J. S. Egleston of Maple Landing, Iowa. "Knees and joints aching, muscles sore, head stopped up, eyes and nose running, with alternate spells of chills and fever. We began using Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, aiding the same with a double dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and by its liberal use soon completely knocked out the grip." Sold by Frank Hart and Leading Druggists.

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SPRAINS·STRAINS

Cured by our Hand Woven Elastic Bands and Stockings. ¶Over-fatness and weaknesses relieved by our Abdominal Belts

Write for blanks and book.

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PORTLAND, OREGON

TALE OF AN ANTIQUE RUG

By Edith M. Doane

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I am a prayer rug—an "antique Gheordez" my master calls me—and I lie in a corner of the library before the shelves that hold his choicest books.

The morning sunshine envolps me in a rich flood of yellow splendor; in the evening the blazing logs in the fireplace caress me with flickering shafts of golden light; at night I lie in the soft darkness and dream happily of the days of my youth.

Allah is good. I am content.

I was an old rug, worn smooth by the bare feet of the faithful, even before I was taken from the temple and brought to this strange country across the seas. For months I lay in dark, evil smelling places, before that day when I found myself once more in the blessed sunlight amid a babel of strange sights and sounds. The worshipers in this new temple swayed and jostled each other noisily; the priest waved his arms madly. "Going, going, gone!" he cried. "Going, going, gone!"

Aside from the crowd, in the corner where I lay, two men were standing. One talked earnestly to the other, who listened with a certain embarrassment.

"Tell her what you have told me," said the first. "Go home to her now. Get down on your knees and tell her that you've made all kinds of an ass of yourself and you know it. Beg for her forgiveness. Beg for one more chance. Beg, for the boy's sake, to be allowed to try again."

The other man flushed dully. "I have not been home for weeks," he said huskily. "I couldn't. I've done about all the evil a man can do—except that. I couldn't go from that other crowd to her and the boy."

"But you are done with all that now," protested the first eagerly. "You have had your fling, and you've found it

"ELIZABETH," HE SAID ALMOST FIERCELY, "I LOVE YOU!"

yields nothing but Dead sea fruit in the end. It isn't too late to go back. She will forgive you."

"How can I ask her to?" said the other wearily. "Think of the grievous wrong"--

Just here I was taken up and carried over to the priest, who held me aloft in his arms, while all the people craned their necks and jostled each other in their effort to get a better view.

"An antique Gheordez prayer rug," chanted the priest. "A sapphire on an opal ground. A rug that is to other rugs what rubies are to other precious stones--rarer, more brilliant, more costly. Notice the harmony of the contrasting colors—the mosaics of the borders--the splendor of the design. How much am I offered for this superb antique prayer rug?"

Then the tide of the shouts of the devout broke against the priest's chant, and in its midst I found myself carried once more to the corner where the two men stood. They examined me carefully. The face of the one who had held back was flushed and eager.

"This is the anniversary of our wedding day," he said to the other, "and I will do it. I will go now. I will take her this rug as a thought of the anniversary and on it, where so many prayers for forgiveness have been offered, I will offer mine."

"Oh, Allah, be merciful!" he added under his breath.

So I went with him to his home, and he let himself in gently with his latchkey and tiptoed softly to the library and laid me before the fire. Then he touched a bell.

"Is Mrs. Wharton at home?" he asked the man who answered his ring, and his voice trembled in spite of his efforts to steady it.

The man eyed him curiously. "No, sir," he said respectfully. "Mrs. Wharton and Master Edward 'as been gone, sir, some days."

"Mrs. Wharton left a note, and there is other mail," he added, placing a sheaf of letters on the table and retiring with a bow.

My master tore open the small square envelope on top, and his face went ashen gray. "I have warned and prayed and entreated," he read dully, "and now I have gone where I shall at least be spared the insult of your presence. You have ruined my life and your own, but the boy shall be saved."

Under the small square envelope was a long white one. "Her lawyers," he repeated monotonously, opening it and stumbling mechanically through its legal phrasing.

Then he threw himself in a chair and buried his face in his arms on the table.

"Oh, my God!" he sobbed brokenly. "Oh, my God!"

After that night I did not see the master for many months; then one evening he came into the library, looking older and sterner, with deep lines in his face. After that he spent nearly all his evenings in the library, sometimes with friends, but oftener alone, reading or just staring straight ahead into the fire. So the days rolled into weeks and the weeks into months and years until one evening the master came and stood for a long time looking at the picture of a woman and a boy on the mantel. "Three years tonight," he said slowly; "three long years."

The curtains of the doorway parted, and a woman came forward part way into the room, a slender, graceful woman who carried her head haughtily, although her lips quivered with nervousness.

The master turned abruptly.

"Elizabeth!" he cried.

"You are surprised to see me here?"

"Elizabeth!" he said again in dazed astonishment, then: "The boy? What is wrong with the boy?" he cried sharply.

She flushed painfully. "It is because of him I am here. He has some claim on you still, even though I—have none."

She stopped abruptly and walked over to the fireplace, then turned and looked at him with proud, appealing eyes.

"I have not money enough to educate the boy properly," she said simply, "and there is no one I could come to but you—his father."

He did not answer her, but with one quick step forward took her hands in his.

"Elizabeth," he said almost fiercely, "I love you! I want you!"

Trembling, she leaned against the table.

"Love me? After all I did—the divorce—the boy"—

"The fault was mine. I loved you through it all. I have always loved you. I love you now"—

He looked searchingly at the sweet, averted face, then, with a quick, happy movement, drew her close.

"It was not until afterward that I knew how dearly I loved you," she said, with a little catch like a sob in her voice.

That was the dawn of a new era. The old silence is gone, and laughter and the soft sound of happy voices echo through the house. I am fond of them all, the master with his merry laugh, the mistress with her soft dark eyes and gracious ways, the boy who brings in troops of his admiring friends to see me.

If I sometimes long for the days of my youth—for the silence of the temple and the prayers of the faithful—what would you?

Allah alone is perfect.

I am content.

Is The Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure Headache, Biliousness Malaria Chills and Fever, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Torpid Liver, Kidney complaints, General Debility and Female weaknesses. Unequalled as a general Tonic and Appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Chas. Rogers, Druggist. Price only 50c.

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O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President. J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier.

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Political Information

Announcements of candidates for office will be published in these columns at reasonable rates for men of all parties.

REGISTRATION

Registration books opened by County Clerks, Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
Registration books closed for Primary Election, April 10, 5 p. m.
Registration books opened after primary election, April 21.
Registration books closed for general election, May 15, 5 p. m.

DIRECT PRIMARY ELECTION

County Clerks give notice of Primary Election not later than March 25.
Last day for filing petitions for placing names on ballot for state, congressional and district offices, March 30.
Last day for filing petitions for County officers, April 4.

DATE OF PRIMARY ELECTION, APRIL 20, 1906.

Canvassing votes of primary elections for state offices May 3.

GENERAL ELECTION

Last day for filing certificates of nomination for state offices by assembly of electors, April 19.
Last day for filing nominating petitions for state offices, May 4.
Last day for filing certificates of nominations for county officers by assembly of electors, May 4.
Last day for filing nominating petitions for county offices, May 19.

GENERAL ELECTION, JUNE 4

BE SURE AND REGISTER

CANDIDATES ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR GOVERNOR.

Republicans of Oregon are hereby informed that I am a candidate for the nomination of Governor at the primaries to be held April 20th

JAMES WITHYCOMBE.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Secretary of State, and ask the support of all Republicans.

F. T. WRIGHTMAN.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff on the Republican ticket at the primary nominating election.

EMSLEY HOUGHTON.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Attorney-General, subject to the approval of Republican voters at the primaries.

A. M. CRAWFORD.

FOR STATE PRINTER.

The undersigned announces himself as a Republican candidate for renomination for State Printer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary election, April 20.

Now serving first term. The same courtesy that has been accorded to State officers generally, that of a renomination, would be greatly appreciated.

J. R. WHITNEY.

Albany, Oregon.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for renomination for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, and solicit the support of all Republicans at the primaries, April 20th.

J. H. ACKERMAN.

Easter Cards

Postals and Novelties

Now in. All Prices and Designs.

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HENRY SHERMAN, Manager

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You have often heard people remark "If I were ever to build, I would plan my bath room first and would not put all my money into the parlor with all its finery." That is good common sense sentiment, for the bath room is the most important of all the household.

We would like to help you plan your bath room and will gladly quote you prices on "Standard" Ware, the best and most sanitary fixtures made.

J. A. Montgomery, Astoria.