

### FOUL OUTRAGE DONE TO OLD AGE

JOHN D. MILLER, A WAR VETERAN, BEATEN AND ROBBED AT HIS HOME NEAR CLIFTON—IMPRISONED FOR NEARLY 3 DAYS.

At St. Mary's hospital in this city there is lying an old man, over 77 years of age, stunned and bruised and beaten by two thugs, in his little scow home near Aldrich's Point in this county, on Friday afternoon last, and robbed of the last dollar he possessed on earth; an old soldier, thrifty, sober, industrious and highly respected by his neighbors, a victim to the money-lust of a couple of unhung scoundrels now fleeing from the justice that is their due.

This old man, by name John D. Miller, lives alone on a scow about two miles this side of Clifton, and on Friday was about to leave his home on an errand when he was met at the door by two strangers, one of whom thrust a revolver in his face and commanded him to throw up his hands, an order the vigorous old fighter was about to resist, when the second man slipped up behind him and felled him to the floor with a blow from a heavy "billy." He was thrown across his bed and securely bound to the posts and the invaders began a systematic search of the premises for what they could find and included in their theft, the meagre savings of Mr. Miller from the pension allowed him by the government and his sole reliance for maintenance.

He has no distinct recollection of what transpired, nor what his assailants looked like, except that he recalls a remark of one of them, directing the other to "throw it into the stove," and that they were both young and shabbily dressed. He was unconscious for a long time, and as he dwelt in an out-of-the-way place and as the thieves had nailed up the house from the outside when they left, those who did approach the premises (and there were two passing visitors Saturday) must have concluded that he had gone to town and locked and nailed up the house in deference to a long absence.

However, he was a prisoner in his own home for the better part of three days, and was not found until Monday about noon, when Alexander Moody, a neighbor, with an intuition that something was wrong, forced an entrance and found the old gentleman in a condition of desperate collapse.

Mr. Moody made him as comfortable as circumstances permitted, called in some one to stay with the invalid, flew to the nearest telephone office and put the sheriff's office in possession of the meagre facts that were presented to him. Sheriff's Pomeroy left at once for the scene of the outrage, and returned to the city on the night express from Portland, on Monday night, bringing the feeble and suffering victim with him, placed him in the hands of the good sisters and under the professional care of Dr. Fulton and at once set the wires in motion to head off the fleeing vagrants if it were possible.



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tion to head off the fleeing vagrants if it were possible.

The case is one of the roughest and boldest in the recent chronicles of the county, and it is likely the perpetrators will get all that is coming to them if they can ever be produced in court here. Mr. Miller is badly hurt and naturally prostrated with the man-hauling to which he was subjected, his age contributing largely to the measure of his sufferings. But he is quite conscious now and can add nothing to the tale already told of the affair. He thinks one of the men was perhaps 25 years of age, the other a few years younger.

The expression he reported one of them to have made at the time of the assault, to "throw it into the stove" had allusion to the billy with which the old man was stricken into unconsciousness, as the sheriff made a detailed search of the ashes and found the charred leather on the thing, together with the slong spring and the lead attachments that constituted the weapon of offense. It is the opinion of the sheriff and his officers that the crime was committed by some one in the neighborhood, some one familiar with the resources and habits of the old man, and the line of investigation by Sheriff Pomeroy will be pursued upon that hypothesis, and will prosecuted as far as he is able to direct it. That he will find and overtake the scoundrels is the hope of every good citizen in this county.

The affair was a dastardly outrage, and one of the worst known in Clatsop for many a long day.

#### STAR COURSE!

The first number on the course next Monday night! Welbourne! Electrical demonstrative lecture. Those having tickets for the course ought to reserve their seats for the course at once, as the demand for seats has been greater than was expected.

### WAY DOWN SOUTH IN CAROLINA

ANOTHER CHEERFUL LETTER FROM DR. EARLE—SOME BIG MILLS—AND PLENTY OF STANDING TIMBER FOR 30 YEARS.

Writing from Georgetown, S. C., under date of November 21, Dr. Baylis H. Earle, contributes the following cheery items to these columns. He always had a faculty for finding out the good points of any locale he happened to be in, and no doubt the South Carolinians are thoroughly posted on the good points of which Astoria and "old Clatsop" can boast. The Doctor says, among other things:

"As you see, I am still wandering around 'ad libitum' in God's country,—or, rather, one of God's two countries, Oregon being the other.

"I was in this town during the summer of 1889 and it was then a small sandy town of about 1,000 inhabitants. People were actually afraid to stay over night in the place because of the much-dreaded hemorrhagic malarial fever. I was then on my way to Pawley's Island, one of the fine southern beaches, and I remember my father chartered a steamer to take us on to Pawley's late in the afternoon rather than the family should sleep in Georgetown. Likewise, on our way back, he chartered a train to take us up to our home in Sumter, for the same reason: fear of a night in Georgetown.

"Now, all that is changed. Georgetown is a city of 7,000 people and in addition to many industries has the largest saw mill in the world. The Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Company's mill here cuts 600,000 feet of pine lumber a day. Hundreds of cars, loaded with eighteen to twenty big pine logs each, come rolling in all day long and as many steamers and schooners take the lumber out to New York city and other coast-wise points. I spent this morning going through the monster mill and really the three big mills in Astoria could get in it and have room to spare. They have a large number of double-edged band saws, and the log carriages rush to and fro with lightning-like rapidity. I have seen 'the nigger' at the Clatsop mill work with your immense western logs; but the rapidity of all the automatic arrangements here is something wonderful to look at. The 'hell' (saw dust and scrap burner) is an immense affair and looks like the dome of the capital at Salem, being covered with wire gauze. It can be seen for many miles and at night presents a magnificent sight. The mill works all night and on each of the big engines is printed the motto, 'I never stop.' The wages paid are high and the pay roll is from \$75,000 to \$100,000 a month. No wonder the town is growing; the streets and sidewalks are being paved, the marshes drained and splendid stores and hotels going up, where before were mosquito flats. The company employs three young physicians to attend its employees and they had a very nicely furnished hospital, operating room, etc. The head surgeon gets \$3,000 per annum and the two assistants each \$1,800 per annum. The company owns the largest store in town and this hotel—also the city

reservoir and standpipes.

"In addition to the lumber industry, the shad, sturgeon and oyster fisheries here are great. Then, like Beaufort county, this is a hunter's paradise. It is here that Grover Cleveland and Pierrepont Morgan, Peter Lorillard, Simon Baruch and other New York millionaires, as well as Admiral Bob Evans and other army and navy lights come to hunt and fish. Baruch is a New York millionaire who was born and raised in Camden, this state. He recently bought 10,000 acres near here for a hunting preserve. Bear, deer, ducks, geese, partridges, quail, pheasants, rabbits, squirrel, otter and other game abound—thanks to the protection given by the state laws.

"You will be surprised that the expert 'cruisers' of the A. C. L. Co. state that there is a visible supply of pine timber in that company's holdings in this state to keep them busy for 30 years longer. What do you think of that?"

#### AT THE ASTORIA THEATER.

It is to laugh—"The Notorious Mrs. Gay!" A mirth-provoking, most amusing farce-comedy; a sure cure for "the blues," or any other ordinary ailment; a series of comical situations and extraordinary entanglements that compel one to forget the cares and trials of every day life and give way to unrestrained enjoyment—one of the brightest, sparkling, most enjoyable comedies it has been our good fortune to witness. And excellent well played it was, too; the Swain Players were at their best and demonstrated that they are equally at home in comedy as in drama; the different members of the cast acted with snap and vim and there was not a dull moment throughout the performance. As "Carlotta Gay," a dashing young widow, "notorious" only for her romantic nature and fickle disposition, Cora King Swain was springy, bright and sparkling—the very essence of true comedy, and gave a delightful performance. Mack Swain, as "Plunket," the valet, was irresistibly comical, full of rich, unctious humor; and his "drunken scene" was a gem. In its way, not overdrawn, and the reverse of offensive. As the irascible Russian diplomat "Count Kavotsky," Wm. Hutchinson added his full share to the general enjoyment, and gave a splendid specimen of "character acting." Bert Frank as "Anthony Van Walthrop," Geo. Berrell, as "Cartright," Anna Jordan as "Gertie" and Daisy D'Arva as "Flo-sie" shared in the general excellence. The same play will be repeated to-night and tomorrow.

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As a dressing for sores, bruises and burns, Chamberlain's Salve is all that can be desired. It is soothing and healing in its effect. It allays the pain of a burn almost instantly. This salve is also a certain cure for chapped hands and diseases of the skin. Price 25 cents. For sale by Frank Hart, Leading Druggist.

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## APPEARANCES

Often a person is sized up by his appearance; by the tone that surrounds him. And more often a business house is sized up by the stationary it uses. A cheap letter head or a poor bill head gives a mighty poor first impression and makes business harder to transact. Good printing costs no more than poor printing. The first impression is half the battle in business. You wouldn't employ a "sloppy" salesman; why put up with "sloppy" stationery, that gives a wrong impression of the importance of your business. Let us do your printing and help you to make that ten strike.

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Ladies Masked, 50c  
Spectators, 50c  
Children under 12 years 25c.

No intoxicating liquor allowed in the hall.

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