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**WEATHER.**

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, — Showers.

**THE TRAGEDY DEEPENS.**

Every step now taken in the trial of Harry K. Thaw but deepens and intensifies the tragic weight and color of the miserable history, and the crisis impends loweringly. The horrible alternative of the mad-house hangs upon a hair of decision and this is the cruellest fate within the purview of the law Thaw is fighting so desperately.

He could accept the electric chair and death perhaps with equanimity and go on his way to eternity with, at least, some courage, and the faint hope that lingers about the unknown; but to face the asylum with all one's vivid and comprehensive faculties alive and rebelling, is a fate dreadful beyond all others, and such an end is likely to fall at any moment upon the young Pittsburger.

We often wonder if this tremendous story of lust and murder and folly has served any purpose of warding off its repetition among the millions to whom it has been unfolded; if it has served to check the pace of any other man or woman bound head-long along the same path; if it has wrought conviction and shame in the hearts of others hampered and headed the same way.

If one man's life or one woman's honor shall have been spared by reason of the bold and bare history of this incalculable shame, then it has not transpired in vain. But the price will always remain the same. That never deviates, and it must be paid in one coin, or another, wrought in the mint of the human soul.

**SAN FRANCISCO'S YEAR.**

On the 17th of the coming month poor old Frisco will have rounded out a history of enormous proportions and dreadful qualities, such as was never yet congested in the annals of one city in this country within the period of 365 days. That her people are still loyal and cheerful and lively with the huge tasks of amendment and reconstruction, is one of the marvels of the age and is becoming one of the types of American hardihood and communal faith. When one scans the awful record that has been set up on the Pacific peninsula, it seems impossible that any group of people could have met, borne and faced down such an overwhelming load of hurt and shame, and the impulse is, universally, to give her the palm for American grit and energy. This year, and last, will constitute for her the "black days" of her career, against which the rude history of the old days of the Vigilantes will seem as fair and as tame as a Summer Sunday outing. And, by the way, it is a good thing for several people down there, that the Vigilantes have been disbanded.

**PORTLAND'S ADVANTAGE.**

The Oregon metropolis has the whip-hand of transcontinental traffic for all the cities of the Pacific coast, since she is now a point of departure initial, and terminal, of five great lines that traverse the country from one to all seaboard: The Oregon Short-Line; the Southern Pacific, the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, and the Canadian Pacific.

It would seem that nothing could be

more complete and satisfactory in the realm of railway advantage, and it is not to be supposed for an instant that Portland will not make the most of it for her own supreme expansion, and incidentally, that of the state about her. Astoria is to be her right bower in the coming commercial development of the Northwest, and from here will be directed the vast marine exodus of the incalculable freights that are to be dispersed over the wide earth under her ministering hand. The program is a good one, and the more railways that Portland gets, the more ships shall we need to meet our end of the proposition.

**EDITORIAL SALAD.**

Sir Thomas Lipton, at a dinner in Chicago, praised America's bigness. "I once heard," he said, "a Daoian talk about the big farms they have out there."

"We have some sizeable farms," he said thoughtfully. "Yes, sir, pretty sizeable. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow till fall. Then he turned around and harvested back."

"Wonderful," said L. "On our Dakota farms," he went on, it's the usual thing to send young married couples out to milk the cows. Their children bring home the milk."

"Wonderful!" I repeated. "Once," he said, "I saw a Dakota farmer's family prostrated with grief. The women were weeping, the dogs were barking, the children were squalling and the tears streamed down the man's face as he got into his twenty mule team and drove off."

"Where was he going?" said L. "He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," said the Dakotan.

"Has he ever come back yet?" I asked. "It ain't time for him yet," was the reply.

**Innocent.**

Timothy Coffin, who was prominent at the bar of Bristol County, Massachusetts, half a century ago, once secured the acquittal of an old Irishwoman accused of stealing a piece of pork. As she was leaving the court room, she put her hand to her mouth, and in an audible whisper, said:

"Mr. Coffin, what'll I do with the por-ruk?" Quickly came the retort: "Eat it, you fool; the judge says you didn't steal it."

In Germany all marriages have to be contracted before a registrar previous to the ceremony in church, which is optional. The law requires public notice to be given of the match, and this notice is generally exhibited in a box, hung up at the town hall or other municipal building. The following official announcement appeared lately in a small town. "From today there is fixed at the town hall the new box, in which all those who intend to enter the married state will be hung."

"John," said the colonel to the old family servant, "do you know what became of that dem' John I threw out of the window New Year's morning?" "I sho does, kunnel. I ketchted dat Jimmy John fo' it hit de ground, but de cork wuz out, en what whiskey didn't spill down my throat splattered all over me en like ter 'a drowned me. Hit wuz a dispensary er Providence dat I lived ter tell de tale.

Barkeep—Wot'll yeh have?  
Stoudent B.—Got any champagne on ice?

Barkeep—Sure!  
Stoudent B.—Gimme a nickel's worth of ice.

Mrs. Scragginton—Mrs. Gabbledy called this afternoon.

Mr. Scragginton—When do you intend to retaliate.

about their belongings and their parents. "Well," said the first boy, "my father is going to build a house with a steeple on it."

"Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed the second little boy scornfully. "My father is going to build a house with a flagpole on it."

The third boy who had been listening quietly, threw his head high up in the air, "Gee, that's nothing. My father's going to build a house with a mortgage on it."

Merchant—So you want a job as office boy, eh? Any previous experience?

Boy—No, sir, I don't know how to do anything in an office—

Merchant—I guess you won't do—

Boy—I don't even know how to whistle.

Merchant—Hang up your hat.

Morning Astorian, 60 cents a month, delivered by carrier.

**Leach, through a Tarantula.**

One of the quickest and most complete and justifiable killings that ever I saw came about through a tarantula. It was at a mine camp, and the camp bully had a tarantula impaled on a stick. A man newly arrived from the east stood gazing, fascinated with horror, at the squirming reptile, working its black fangs in the effort to reach something that it could fasten them into. Suddenly, without warning, the bully thrust the tarantula straight into the tenderfoot's face. His whiskers saved him from the fangs, but he let out a yell as if he had actually been bitten and jumped back, I fully believe, ten feet. Then, as the fellow came poking the tarantula toward him again, the tenderfoot drew his revolver and turned loose on his tormentor. His first shot would have been enough, as it went straight through the fellow's body, but the tenderfoot had his excitement to work off, and he never stopped shooting until his revolver had been emptied and the man with the tarantula was a sieve. "Served him right," was the verdict of the coroner's jury, and the case never went to court for trial.—San Francisco Examiner.

**In London Clubland.**

In some of the ultra exclusive clubs, says the London Chronicle, it is a serious breach of etiquette for one member to speak to another without obtaining a ceremonious introduction beforehand. A painful case has just occurred in a certain old established and extremely respectable Pall Mall caravanserie. It appears that a newly joined member in callous defiance of custom ventured the other afternoon to make a remark about the weather to a gentleman with whom he was not personally acquainted. The recipient of this outrage glared stonily at its perpetrator.

"Did you presume to address me, sir?" he demanded, with an awful frown.

"Yes, I did," was the defiant reply "I said it was a fine day." The other digested the observation thoughtfully.

Then, after an impressive pause, he turned to its bold exponent. "Well, pray don't let it occur again," he remarked as he buried himself once more in his paper.

**LISTEN**

and remember the next time you suffer from pain—caused by damp weather—when your head nearly bursts from neuralgia—try Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will cure you. A prominent business man of Hempstead, Texas, writes: "I have used your liniment. Previous to using it I was a great sufferer from rheumatism and neuralgia. I am pleased to say that now I am free from these complaints. I am sure I owe this to your liniment." For sale at Hart's drug store.

**The Simple Question.**

Prosecuting Attorney—Now, sir, did you or did you not on the date in question or at any other time say to the defendant or any one else that the statement imputed to you and denied by the plaintiff was a matter of no moment or otherwise? "Answer me, yes or no."

Bewildered Witness—Yes or no what?—Harper's Weekly.

**BABY'S DREADFUL CASE OF ECZEMA**

Extended Over Entire Body—Mouth Covered With Crusts as Thick as Finger Which Would Bleed and Suppurate—Disease Ate Large Holes in Cheeks—Hands Pinned Down to Stop Agonized Scratching—Three Doctors' Best Efforts Failed to Give Relief.

**BUT CUTICURA WORKS A MIRACULOUS CURE**

"When my little boy was six months old he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down, otherwise he would scratch his face and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before. F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 26 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa., June 5, 1905."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (5c.) to cleanse the Skin, and Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.) for the cure of Blood, Humors, Eruptions, Itch, etc. For particulars, send for Free Book on Skin Affections. Sold Everywhere. Book on Skin Affections.

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