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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho.—
Showers.

BRIGHTEST ASTORIA.

A clever citizen of this city has paid his tribute to what he chose to designate "Darkest Astoria," and he did his work well and thoroughly, and had a gratifying audience to which he unfolded his findings in the painful premise. But there are always two sides to a given topic such this. Therefore there must be a brighter and brightest Astoria, and we propose to dodge around the sombre picture as he has drawn, and find the cheerfuller prospect.

Astoria is a city of fifteen thousand people and it goes without saying there must be the usual percentage of decent, clever, companionable, creditable people in that mass, as well as the delinquents, perverts, reprehensibles and questionables. This being the case, it is well to fix the ratios if possible and thus establish the lines of demarcation, if only to determine the relation each group bears to the whole. A carefully drawn estimate gives the number engaged in the "underworld" at 1,000, which is a generous allowance, all things being considered. Therefore, while one dubious man or woman is working his or her evil way in the community, there are fourteen others pursuing approved courses and working for the good of the community as such. These fourteen may not know they are doing the better task, as the others know they are working the more dangerous and hurtful, but that is not so essential, as that the world abroad should know it.

There are in this city nearly thirty-five hundred established homes, great and small, all maintained by men and women of greater or lesser degrees of intelligence, but all involved in the supreme duty of home-making and doing their best. There are dozens of churches rooted in the municipal soil, all doing their work of maintaining the moral balances; there are libraries, societies, fraternities, all bent on errands of cleanly sort and following approved inspirations; there are good clean theatres that yield whole some and agreeable entertainment; halls for the assemblies that have the welfare of the community in view all the time, in whole or in part; there are the usual social elements that go to the cultivation and maintenance of the refinements of life; the business life of the city is easily on a par with the best that can be offered by any town of its size in the country; commerce and trade and the inter-dealing of men hereabout are conducted on the same high plane that obtains everywhere else in the world; the people are, in the main, just as happy, contented, honest, prideful, spirited, ambitious, successful, generous, energetic, and decent as any lot of folks in the land, and will continue to hold the leverage as long as communal conditions exist here.

SCHIFF'S PLAN.

Mr. Schiff, of the great Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, of New York, thinks that there should be a conference direct between chosen representatives of the railways of the nation and the Inter-State Commerce Commission, on the subject of

railway regulation; in order that the companies and the people may have an equal show to present their particular demands, grievances and pleas.

This is exceedingly kind of Mr. Schiff, as he must have taken fully an hour off from his strenuous duties in the banking world, to have evolved the idea and put it in shape for publication, and no doubt the magnates of railwaydom will make due expression of their appreciation. But, unapplied, for that side of the great question, the railways, have, during the past couple of decades, shown plainly, mercilessly, callously, the measure of their plans and purposes, and have entrenched themselves in an almost impregnable position, by reason of the silent, patient sacrifice of the people; and now that the people, through their legislatures have taken a firm, retaliatory grip on the proposition and refuse longer to be bled, hounded and undone, the railways and all their side-partners are zealously anxious for a "conference" that shall mitigate the penalties set up by the people through the legislatures and Congress.

It is the simple, unescapable duty of the government, federal and state, to follow up the situation to the utter application of every scintilla of regulative and compensatory legislation that has been passed in America, and hold the railways to a rigid adherence of the last prescription.

They, the railways, have shown no mercy nor discrimination nor tolerance in all their dealings with the people; they have pursued an inviolable course of repression, denial, subterfuge, exaction, duplicity, every phase and mark of dominance they could attain to, as long as they were not rebuked nor assailed; and it is their turn to take some of the medicine they have so lavishly and haughtily thrust down the throats of their patrons during all these years, and reach a realizing sense that they are not yet quite the invincible masters of a people that made them and gave them the noblest largess ever yielded in any direction.

There is no need of further conference. The people want no enlightenment beyond what the long-suffering years have wrought for them. The only end to be served by such a plan, is the railway end, and that has been nursed to repletion. They are quite capable of taking care of themselves. They have been doing it admirably for such time as they have existed.

SIMPLY A THREAT.

The much mooted question of advancing the rate of lumber from the coast to St. Paul and Chicago, has received a positive negative from all the railway authorities centering in Seattle, and the same conclusion is held in this market. No word of authoritative sanction has been heard here and all the millmen are satisfied that the rumor was nothing more than that. The railway men claim that to advance the rate of 50 per cent between the coast and the middle-west would be to wreck the trade that furnishes nearly 50 per cent of the freight traffic from here, and they cannot afford to impose it, even for the sake of getting even with the people for the anti-railway legislation that has been enacted out here this winter.

There is a lesson in this, for those who think that restrictive legislation has been carried too far in the Pacific states. It demonstrates that the railways are not quite so ready to make any considerable sacrifices for the sake of reprisals as may be thought by those who champion their cause. Business is business, first, last and all the time, with a railway as with all other commercial establishments, only a little more so.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

A touch of trouble makes all president's akin.

And just think of an actor having so much money in the bank he couldn't miss \$10,000!

The surprising thing about it is, the Central Americans actually seem to be killing each other.

Every one of the Thaw jurors will be qualified to take the platform as a lecturer on the virtue of patience.

The chief trouble seems to have been that the \$10,000 extracted by Joe Weber's bookkeeper was real and not stage money.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia wants a bank owned by the city—a secure place for the city office-holders to deposit their savings, perhaps.

The Chinese boycott on American

goods at Canton has ceased. Perhaps our exporters have learned how to avoid another. Boycotts are annoying to say the least.

Grover Cleveland has returned from his birthday celebration in the South very much pleased with the eloquent testimonials of the ducks and fish that attended.

While the exits to the theatres are being improved, couldn't something be done about making the front entrances a little easier of access—about 40 per cent off, say!

Mr. Upton Sinclair declares that the fire that consumed Helicon Hall simply warmed the enthusiasm of the Arcadian colonists. That's a good sign that the community still has money.

Our exports of manufactures have reached seven hundred million dollars a year, and have doubled in the last decade. There can be found no single item in our household accounts more satisfactory than this and in a few more years we should have stepped from third place to first among the nations in the export manufactures.

The Farmer From the Richelieu River

(Original.)

A finely equipped billiard hall in Montreal was kept by an expert with the cue. Indeed, he held a champion's trophy. During the daytime there were few people to use his tables, and if any one desired a game the proprietor would accommodate him. One afternoon a farmer whose lineaments were French strolled into the place and seemed greatly pleased with it.

"Would you like to play a game?" asked the proprietor.

The farmer admitted that he had heard a great deal about billiards and had come to Montreal especially to play a game. The proprietor called for a set of balls, handed the farmer a cue and, unlocking a private rack, took down his own cue.

"How much you play for?" asked the farmer.

"I don't play for money."

"What! Nothing to make out interesting?"

"If you like we'll play for refreshments."

"Refreshments! What is that?"

"Drinks, cigars, anything you like."

"Ver' well. How much de game?"

"Oh, we'll play till you are satisfied that I can beat you."

Meanwhile several loiterers gathered around to see the expression that would come over the farmer's face when he saw the proprietor counting as much as he liked. The farmer was given the first shot. He took a long time to make up his mind what to do and when it was made up did a great deal of sawing with his cue. He missed the shot he tried for, but "scratched" one point. The proprietor then attempted to show the spectators a very difficult round table shot, but, having no incentive, played carelessly and missed.

"Go ahead," he said to his opponent.

"You say we play till I am satisfied?" he asked.

"That was the understanding."

"I am satisfied. I stop."

There was a burst of laughter from the onlookers, for the "house" had lost the refreshments.

Now, it happened that an amateur player, an expert, was looking on who was not as averse to betting money as the proprietor. When the latter threw down his cue and ordered the refreshments the expert went up to the farmer with outstretched hand and told him he was the cleverest countryman that had ever honored Montreal with his presence. Then he offered to play him a friendly game for a nominal stake. The farmer accepted, and the game began. The expert played as badly as he could, but not badly enough to let the farmer beat him, which he intended in order to draw his dupe into his net. But the more the farmer lost the more he insisted on playing further and, to regain his losses, continually suggested a raising of the stake till he had lost in round numbers \$250. Then he got very much excited. Drawing a wallet from his pocket, he showed his enemy \$250 in bills, which he agreed to put up in case he could get odds of 4 to 1. The expert, with well feigned reluctance, at last agreed, and, getting the money from the proprietor, the stakes were placed in the latter's hands.

The expert won first shot and ran 63 points, the game being 100. Then the farmer chalked his cue, looked at the balls and began to play. His first shot was a difficult masse, with a draw nearly the full length of the table, and he made it beautifully. From that he proceeded to make one difficult shot after another, always leaving the balls in the position he desired. A crowd gathered around, and it was soon apparent to them that no such handling of billiard balls had ever been seen in Montreal. The game being a short one, it seemed that the player was ambitious to make nearly all the points by difficult shots. He missed no shot at all till he had counted 100 points and won \$1,000.

From the moment the farmer made the first shot the expert, who was the best amateur player in the city, had made up his mind that he had fallen into his own trap. When the money was paid over to the farmer the loser said to him:

"Now that you've been paid the bet perhaps you won't mind telling us who you are?"

"I got leetle farm down on de Richelieu riviere," said the farmer.

"Rats!" said his questioner and, turning on his heel, left the place. Then the farmer called for refreshments and invited his admirers to partake of them.

Now, there was a billiard match to be played that night between the champion of the United States from New York and the champion of France from Paris. This was mentioned to the farmer, and he manifested a desire to see the match. Promising to meet his new made friends at the place appointed for the game, he left them to go to supper.

Meanwhile it was reported that Lanoroux, the French champion, who had been expected to arrive in the city during the day, had been detained. Those who had been amusing the farmer from the "Richelieu riviere" went to the hall, fearing that they might be deprived of the expected treat. But on reaching it they were informed that Lanoroux had arrived, though only in time for supper. When a side door opened and the contestants appeared those who had met the farmer were astonished to see him in the person of the French champion.

He won the match, and it was announced that he would give \$1,000 to the Montreal poor.

DOUGLAS SMYTHE.

Two in One Winter.

C. E. Emerson, of Fitzwilliam, N. H., had two attacks of pneumonia in one winter. He writes that two physicians said he could not recover from the last attack. After they had given up hope he began taking Foley's Honey and Tar, which brought him out all right. He writes that he surely thinks Foley's Honey and Tar is the grandest remedy for throat and lung troubles. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Polite Star Singers.

Prima donnas in the same city having the habits of polite society are particular about making formal visits to each other.

It happened in Detroit that Patti and Nicolini, her husband, and Albani and her spouse, Ernest Gye, were staying at the same hotel. Patti and Nicolini had gone out for a drive, and Albani, seeing them pass her window, called to her husband: "Ernest, they have gone out. We had better leave cards for them at once."

On returning Patti received the cards and later, when Albani and Gye had gone to rehearsal, said to Nicolini: "Ernest" (his name was Ernest). "They have gone to the theater. This is a good time to return their visit."

FOUND AT LAST.

J. A. Harmon, of Lisamore, West Va., says: "At last I have found the perfect pill that never disappoints me, and for the benefit of others afflicted with torpid liver and chronic constipation, will say: Take Dr. King's New Life Pills." Guaranteed satisfactory. at Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

Long Drawn Out.

The Doctor—A friend of mine has been engaged to a girl for nine years. The Lawyer—That's the longest term of court I ever heard of.—Houston Post.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

Mr. D. N. Walker, editor of that spicy journal, the Enterprise, Louisa, Va., says: "I ran a nail into my foot last week and at once applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve. No inflammation followed; The salve simply healed the wound." Heals every sore, burn and skin disease. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers, Druggist, 25c.

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