

of vacatin' the office with his, as a shooter if the marshal disregarded his usual invitation.

"The marshal was a young feller, and he hadn't never felt any special longing to quit this world for another that he didn't know anything about, so he suddenly decided that he'd give up his job and go away to some place that was more conducive to longevity. Accordin'ly, he tendered his resignation and without waitin' for it to be accepted lit out.

"After that there were other marshals, but none of them held the office very long. As fast as they were elected Joe invited them to resign, and they showed respect for his wishes. Some of them were a little slow, though, and he had to come in and press his invitation by firin' a few shots just close enough about their heads to make them nervous and loosen up the muscles of their legs.

"Well, things went along that way for 'bout a year. Then one day a long ganglin' feller with a mild eye, a soft voice and a solemn lookin' face happened into town. His name was Ab Case, and that's him a-sittin' over there on the left.

"Ab he was lookin' for a job, and the town it was lookin' for a marshal just then, so the two gits together and strikes up a deal. Ab says he ain't never been a marshal, but 'lows he can manage it all right, and the town is gaddin' it difficult to get anybody to take the job with Joe Kern and shore death hangin' over it, so to speak.

"Well, Ab is sworn in and puts on the star, and then here comes a invite to him from Joe, askin' him to resign. Ab listened to Joe's message, which was delivered by another cowboy, then shrugs his shoulders and replies that he don't never accept invitations second-hand.

"If Mr. Kern wants me to consider any proposition he has got to offer along that line," he says, "he will have to come in and see me personally."

"About three days later Mr. Kern did come in. Down at the saloon he told them why he had come. It was to convince the new marshal that he ought to resign and go away.

"And I have brought my very best arguments with me," he finished, "arguments that ain't never failed as a last resort."

"He shore had them, too—a Winchester and a brace of six shooters. And he knowed how to handle them arguments 'bout as eloquently as any man that ever lived.

"He irrigated his system at the bar, coolly lighted a cigar and then went out to look up the marshal and pay his respects to him. And he didn't have to go far, either, for he was scarcely out of the saloon when somebody pointed out Ab standin' on a corner 'bout half a block away.

"Are you shore that's him? Joe asked. 'I'd rather not make any mistake and kill an innocent man if it can be helped.'

"That's shore him," they answered. "Joe smiled and raised his gun.

"I'll sorter wake him up," he said. "I won't hurt him at first, but just call his attention that I'm here."

"He fired, and the ball cut a lock of hair from Ab's head. Ab looked around sort of casual to see what it meant and the next instant sent back an answer to Joe's shot. That answer showed a furrow along the side of Joe's head.

"From that they went at it in dead earnest. Everybody else got out of the way and give 'em a clear field. There ain't no backin' down and no runnin' the part of neither of 'em. They just stood up there and pumped lead at each other as carelessly and cheerfully as you please.

"After 'bout ten minutes the firin' ceased, and then we all cautiously peered out to see how it had ended. They was both down on the ground helpless, but still tryin' to shoot.

"When we come to examine, we found 'em pretty badly riddled up, but with no wounds that promised to be fatal. We carried 'em off, and the doctors patched 'em up, and for a long time they remained quiet in bed.

"Some of us reckoned the matter would end there, as they had both shorely had enough, but the older men thought different. One of 'em said:

"It won't ever end while they both live. Kern will never give up, and it's pretty evident Case won't either. When they get out, they'll be at it again, and they'll keep at it till one of 'em is done for."

"And it proved that he was partly right. The very first time they met after their recovery they took another round of shootin' at each other.

"The result this time was similar to what it had been before. Both were badly used up, but neither injured fatally.

"And so for two years it continued. Every time Joe came up to town there was a shootin' bout. They fought to kill, too, and, both of 'em bein' good shots, we reckoned every time one of 'em would be shore to git it. But, strange to say, neither of 'em ever did. They riddled each other all up, but they was never able to git in a finishin' shot.

"I'll git him yet, though," Joe declared. "I'm jest bound to do it before I quit."

"Ab made the same declaration, and we was all shore one of 'em would be killed before the thing come to an end. Didn't seem like it could wind up any other way.

"But it transpired that we was all entirely mistaken, as you can see for yourself.

"One day, 'bout three months after the last shootin' scrape and jest when we was expectin' Joe to make another

appearance, a covered wagon drove into town and stopped in front of the mayor's office. The wagon was from the Triple X, and we couldn't understand its bein' covered that way, so we all gathered round to see what it meant.

"In the bottom of the wagon was some straw, and lyin' stretched out on the straw was Joe Kern. We see at a glance that Joe was mighty sick, for he jest lay there and moaned and didn't take no notice of nobody nor nothin'.

"While we was standin' there gapin' like a passul of idiots Ab come up and pushed his way through the crowd to the wagon. We 'lowed shore as soon as Ab got his eyes on Joe he'd ping him, but right there we was mistaken some more.

"Ab looks at Joe a minute, then turns to the driver and says: "What's the matter of the cuss?"

"Smallpox," the driver replies. "In about half a minute that identical part of town became rather scarce of population. All of us except Ab, Joe and the driver happened to simultaneously remember that we had more pressin' business other places, and we hurried off to tend to it.

"It seemed, as we learned afterward, that Joe had been exposed to the smallpox somewhere and that the first thing they knowed he took down with it. The ranch wa'n't no fit place for a sick man to stay, so they loaded him up and sent him into town, expectin' the mayor to take him in hand and do somethin' with



"If there's any more shootin' done, you'll have to do it!"

him. But it happened that the mayor was away from home and wouldn't be back for a week.

"Ab studied a little while. Then he said to the driver:

"Take him down to my house. I'll keep him and do the best I can for him. That seems to be all there is for it."

"So the driver went on down to Ab's house, and he and Ab took Joe from the wagon and carried him in and put him in Ab's bed. Ab turned nuss and stayed right there with Joe, sleepin' on a blanket on the floor.

"Of course we was all surprised at Ab doin' that way, seein' that he and Joe were such bitter enemies, and we talked about it and wondered at it. Joe couldn't understand it, either, so one day when he was gittin' better he says to Ab:

"There's one thing I want to know, Mr. Case. I've puzzled about it a good bit lyin' here, and I can't seem to git the hang of it. I would like to know why you took me in and nussed me this way?"

"I hope," Ab replied, "that you ain't got no notion that I done it for love?"

"Hardly," Joe answered. "But that is what makes it harder to understand."

"Then I'll explain," Ab said. "First, I wouldn't be brute enough to let a sick dog suffer for attention if I could help it, and, second, I didn't want you to die a natural death and cheat me out of the pleasure of shootin' you."

"Joe's face broke into a smile, and he reached out and took Ab's hand and pressed it warmly.

"Your words are a great relief to me," he said. "I was afraid you was goin' to place me under obligations not to kill you, and it worried me. But now I understand, and it's all right. As soon as I get out of this we'll take up the fight, and we'll keep it up till I git you."

"Till I git you, you mean," Ab corrected.

"Do I? Well, you'll see. "It went on till at last Joe was able to be up and around; then I'm blamed if Ab didn't turn in and take down with the smallpox. Then them two jest reversed things. Ab took the bed, and Joe nussed him and slept on the floor. Ab was mighty bad off for awhile, but finally he begun to git better.

"One day when Joe was sittin' by the bed Ab broke a long silence by sayin':

"I'll be out soon now, and then I reckon we'll be done with this cussed smallpox."

"Yep, I reckon so," Joe replied. "And it won't be long either," Ab went on. "I'll be able to resume our little pastime of shootin' each other up."

"Joe turns around and looks Ab straight in the eyes and says:

"You may think me a coward if you want to, but I say right now that if there's any more shootin' done you'll

have to do it. I'm through for my part. Before I'll shoot a man who took me in and cared for me like you did I'll pull up stakes and leave the country."

"Ab looked surprised for a moment; then he stretched out his hand and said:

"Put 'er thar, pard. Them's my sentiments exactly!"

"And from that day them two fellers has been jest like you see 'em now, quiet and peaceful as lambs, the very best of friends and always hangin' around together."

A Well Mannered Bus.
Riding in an omnibus up Regent street recently, an old lady was annoying the other passengers by her remarks. The conductor remonstrated with her, saying, "Ma'am, remember you are in a public vehicle, and behave as such."—London Spectator.

A BILL IN CONGRESS.
The Method by Which a Measure is Transformed into Law.

On a day set for the consideration of the bill the house goes into committee of the whole. A chairman appointed by the speaker presides. The bill is read by sections and clauses after general debate has closed, and any member may offer amendments. All voting in committee is by rising. The yeas and nays are not taken.

When the bill has been gone through and all amendments have been voted upon, the committee rises and the chairman reports the bill back to the house, with the amendments. The house then votes upon them either singly or in gross and by yeas and nays if they are ordered to be taken.

The bill is then ordered to be engrossed—that is, written out in a fair hand and just as it is after being amended—and to be read a third time. As it is usually already engrossed it is at once read the third time—by title, as before—and passed.

The clerk takes the bill to the senate, by which body it is referred to the finance committee. In due time the committee, if it sees fit, and not otherwise, reports the bill back to the senate, with propositions to amend. In the senate the bill is considered "as in committee of the whole," the amendments of the finance committee and other volunteer amendments are accepted or rejected, they are again voted upon when the bill is reported to the senate from the committee of the whole, and the bill is passed.

As the two houses are not agreed upon the bill, a committee of conference, usually consisting of three members of each branch of congress, is appointed. The committee, when it has come to an agreement, reports to each house, and the acceptance of the report is the final stage of the bill in its passage.

The measure is now "enrolled"—that is, it is printed in large, open type upon a parchment—and is taken first to the house, where it is signed by the speaker; then to the senate, where the vice president signs it, and finally to the president, and makes the bill a law.

Congress is notified that the bill has been approved, and the original copy of the act is deposited in the department of state.—Edwin Tarrisse in Harper's Weekly.

Full of Reminiscences.
At the different army stations in the west it is the practice for the officers on leaving their post for some distant station to sell off everything they do not care to keep. In connection with this custom in "Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife" Mrs. Ellen Biddle tells an amusing story.

There was a very estimable woman living at the garrison, a veritable Mrs. Malaprop. She told us of some jewelry she had lost, and among the things was a topaz chain with a beautiful "pendulum."

The lady held an auction before she left, after her husband's death, and when some silver plated knives were put up for sale she rose and in a sobbing voice said: "Oh, dear, no! I cannot sell them! They have been in dear John's mouth too often!"

Lasting.
"Your suggestion," said a depositor to the bank receiver, "offers very cold comfort. It is a bachelor's comfort—that is to say, no comfort at all."

"What," said a bachelor to a Benedict, "only married a year and already so blue?"

"Ah, but," groaned the Benedict, "I never imagined that a wife would prove so expensive."

"The bachelor patted the blue married man on the back in a consolatory way.

"Yes," he said, "a wife is an expensive article, that is true. But then you must remember that she lasts a very long time."

Aristocracy.
What subsists today by violence continues tomorrow by acquiescence and is perpetuated by tradition till at last the hoary abuse shakes the gray hairs of antiquity at us and gives itself out as the wisdom of ages. Thus the clearest dictates of reason are made to yield to a long succession of follies. And this is the foundation of the aristocratic system at the present day. Its stronghold, with all those not immediately interested in it, is the reverence of antiquity.—Edward Everett.

The New Tenants.
"They seem to be having a duet in the next suit."

"Yes; the man is practicing on the cornet, while his wife talks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOLD MADNESS.

A Passion For Literally Reveling in the Yellow Metal.

A singular passion for literally reveling in gold is exhibited now and then by men who have suddenly become rich. Some years ago a London journalist who had speculated in railroad stocks netted £5,000 as the result of a lucky venture. Drawing it in gold, the fortunate man repaired to a hotel, emptied the bags of gold in the bed and went to sleep literally in the sands of Paeolus. The man was so crazed by his good fortune that he found indescribable pleasure in reveling in a golden bath.

Paganini, the violinist, when he received the proceeds of his concerts—he insisted upon being paid in gold—used to wash his hands in sovereigns.

A French novelist, Soulie, wrote a book entitled "The Memoirs of the Devil." It took. The publishers paid him for the first volume \$10,000 in gold. The author carried the gold to his bedroom, poured it into a footbath and enjoyed for half an hour the excitement of moving his feet to and fro in a bath of gold coins, smoking meanwhile the biggest of Havanas.

A Boston merchant of great wealth, believing certain symptoms indicated that he would become insane, consulted a specialist and, under his advice, became an inmate of a private asylum. For twelve years there his recreation was piling up gold coins and then knocking them over. At times he washed his hands in gold eagles and half eagles. At the end of the long seclusion he returned to his counting room and in twelve months confirmed the thoroughness of his recovery by amassing \$500,000.—St. Louis Republic.

An Effective Stage Speech.
Signor Grasso, the actor, who is looked upon as one of the glories of Italy, made an effective response to the enthusiasm of an Argentine audience after a performance. Advancing to the front of the stage, he drew from his pocket a letter.

"This letter," he said, "is from my mother in Catania. She is eighty years of age." Then as his eyes moistened he added, "I cannot thank you as I would, but I feel that I should like to embrace every one of you as I embrace the page on which my mother has signed her name." The enthusiasm of the audience was transformed to delirium.—Paris Cor. London Mail.

Different Stars.
An "Auld Kirk" man was being shown through the new United Presbyterian church in a town in the west of Scotland. Gazing at the stars painted on the ceiling, he inquired their meaning.

"Oh," was the reply, "you know what the book says—'He made the stars also?'"

"Weel," observed the man, "ye ken the differ between your kirk and oors? It's this—ye hae your stars on the ceilin', and we're oors in the pool!"

Her Sweet Friend.
Miss Elder—The idea of his pretending that my hair was gray! Miss Peppery—Ridiculous! Miss Elder—Wasn't it, though? Miss Peppery—Yes. Just as if you'd buy gray hair.—Exchange.

She Knew a Good Thing.
Mistress—Bridget, I hope the baker sent us fresh macaroons today. Bridget—Yes, ma'am. They wuz grand. They wuz that good I ate them Ivery wan.—New York Times.

Chinese Eating.
It is probably true that the Chinese use a greater variety of meats than do the people of other countries, although but little land is set apart for grazing or for the cultivation of food for live stock. Beef is not a common meat, principally because of the Buddhistic prejudice against killing any animal and particularly such a useful one. Since hogs can be so economically reared, pork is undoubtedly, after rice, the leading article of food. This is eaten in every form, and one may say that every part of the animal is utilized for food. Horseflesh, venison, antelope and bear are often seen, but in passing through the markets pork, mutton and fowls are the most conspicuous. For fish the Chinese have an insatiable appetite, nothing from the water, either fresh or salt, being rejected. A few kittens and puppies may be offered for sale in cages. Those which are intended for the table are fed upon grain and clean food, so that if the nature of this food be considered it is far more wholesome than is the unclean hog. To assert that cats and dogs form a staple article of food is pure fiction.—London Standard.

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Nearly all diseases of the skin such as eczema, tetter, salt rheum and barbers' itch, are characterized by an intense itching and smarting, which often makes life a burden and disturbs sleep and rest. Quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It allays the itching and smarting almost instantly. Many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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TO CLIMB THE ALPS.
In an illustrated article in its April number of Popular Mechanics says: "An Italian engineer named Signor Caminada proposes to connect Genoa with Lake Constance and float barges over the Appennines and the Alps by a ship canal project more stupendous and seemingly more impracticable than the wildest dreams of imaginative and unpractical brains. Yet Europe is impressed, and the scheme has won the support of the famous engineer, Senator Colombo, president of the Polytechnic of Lombardy.

Signor Caminada's scheme is to construct what might be called a water ladder over the mountains with a long series of locks and canals. The canal is composed of two parallel tubes or channels, one of which is for barges running down the mountains and the other for barges climbing over. In the locks the barges are raised and advanced by the power of incoming water, the vessels being kept straight by two sheaves running on rails above and below. When the canal has to pass through a mountain it runs in two tunnels inclined in opposite directions. The key of the scheme is the fact that the water descends in both tubes, but crosses from one to the other alternatively, so that when a barge descends with the sinking water in one tube, another barge is rising with the same water, which necessarily rises in the lower section of the other. Further water from the main reservoir carries the ascending barge to the top, and the descending boat enters the next tubular section. The canals will be constructed of masonry and closed with iron gates. The cost of such a scheme is estimated at \$300,000,000.