

This Page Reserved for
KANN BROTHERS'

Gigantic Slaughter Sale
Beginning

SATURDAY

June 27th

Ladies, Don't Do a Thing until you
Read Our AD in

Friday's Astorian

**PIONEER TALK FROM
CLATSOP**

**WARRENTON'S CHEERFUL
AND PHILOSOPHIC VETER-
AN, DR. B. OWENS ADAIR,
HAS A WORD WITH HER OLD
FRIENDS AT THE PIONEER
RE-UNION.**

The following is the text of the spirited address made by Dr. B. Owens Adair of this county, before the Oregon Pioneer Association, and it is sure to be read with very definite interest by her home-friends and colleagues:

"I have the honor of making my best bow to one of Oregon's native and most worthy sons, Colonel Miller, your president, and to you, my pioneer friends. I greet you with a heart full of appreciation, knowing well your true value and worth. Who, better than myself can understand and appreciate your toils, your struggles and your successes in making this one of the greatest States in our Union.

"I have been asked to give you a rambling talk of a few minutes' duration. I will choose for my text 'Sixty years ago.' What has come to us since 60 years ago? Looking backward from this hour it seems but yesterday. But looking forward from then till now, it has been a full age. The road has been long, rugged, and circuitous. The changes from then until now can never be fully understood or appreciated by the youth of this age. Sixty years ago when we came here, we found a wilderness in all its virgin beauty and wildness, with only the red man, with his tomahawk, his bow and arrow, and the wild beasts that roamed the forests at their own sweet will, to give us welcome. Then we looked forward to a yearly mail that must come around the 'Horn' in the old wooden bottoms, or across the plains with the emigrant train. But were we unhappy then? Not a bit of it. We found plenty of work for our hands to do. The devil had no need to find employment for us. There were no trusts in those days; no grafts or grafters; no labor unions; we had neither locks or bolts; we had no use for penitentiaries nor insane asylums. The latch string was always found on the outside and a heart full of welcome within. But since 60 years

ago all this has been changed. We will say for the better. Our yearly mail has been multiplied by more than 360 times. The old pack train of jaded horses and mules, and the old emigrant wagon propelled by the faithful oxen and sometimes by the precious cow that was called upon to do double duty; not only to furnish milk for our children, but to work in the yoke as well. All these have been supplanted by the iron horse that comes speeding across the continent, snorting smoke and fire from its nostrils. He comes laden, not only with precious human beings, but with the wealth of our own and other nations as well. But far in advance comes the speedier telegraphic dispatches. From nation to nation, from continent to continent, the messages fly on wings of lightning. Oh, what a wonderful discovery; what a wonderful power is electricity. Only about 25 years ago the telephone was invented. In 1879 I went to New York and there, on a street corner was a telephone on exhibition. For 25 cents you could talk with the man at the other end of the line, 'away down town', four or five blocks away. The people were lined up like going to a circus, waiting their turn. I fell in line and abided my time. And never shall I forget the sensation that voice produced upon me. It was so strange, so unnatural; I could not understand one word he said; and it seemed to me that I was listening to a voice from some unknown world.

"And from this imperfect machine has come the graphophone, megaphone and other phones together with that wonder of all wonders, the wireless telegraph. Oh! stop! stop! and think of it for one moment. There in mid ocean is a great ship in distress; hundreds of lives are in peril; out goes that noiseless call for help. 'Help, help us help!' Back, back, flashes the message of love, cheer; rescue is on the way. Oh, this is an age of inventions, discoveries and wonders; one great event crowding upon another in such rapid succession that we cease to wonder. And all this, all this since 60 years ago; who can tell what 60 years hence may bring? I prophecy that in 60 years we will be holding communication with our neighbors the planets.

"The only sad part about it, is that we pioneers cannot hope to live 60 years more. But while we do live, let us be happy and enjoy the fruits and flowers of our labors, and while we are keeping up with the times, doubt not. Oh don't let us forget the past. Let us live our lives over and over again in memory and in

thought, jotting down every incident of importance, for that is history. You have made the early history of this state. Don't let it die with you. Preserve it and hand it down to posterity and you will receive the honor to which you are so justly done."

Persevere.

I have often heard people in mature life say, "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because in a moment of weakness and discouragement they turned back. If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit and stamina it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says: "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means or the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much." Whatever you do or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step.—Success Magazine.

Customs of the Street.

In crowded city streets, especially in London and Paris, when a driver is halted by another driver ahead of him he throws up his hand or his whip perpendicularly as a warning to the man 'back' of him. Thus warned, the next driver checks his team and then holds his hand or his whip as a warning to the man back of him. Thus there might be seen going up one after another in a line stretching back hands or whips to the number of half a dozen or more as the drivers were successively halted or slowed down by the blockade in front. So of drivers of horse drawn vehicles whose drivers commonly sit high when their hands or whips can be seen above their heads. This signaling is done somewhat differently by the drivers of automobiles, who sit low. So in such circumstances what the automobile driver does to signal to the man back of him that he is held up is to stretch his arm out outside of his vehicle horizontally to the right.—Washington Post.

Subscribe for the Morning Astorian,

**A Trade Stirring
Sale**

You must compare the prices with the goods to appreciate the colossal savings to be made at this sale.

No one who is anxious to make his money reach its extreme purchasing power will miss this opportunity.

If it's only out of curiosity, come and see what magnificent chances to save money we are offering.

Bear in mind that this sale is limited—we can not continue it a day longer than July 4th.

The price has absolutely no relative proportion to the value—in making our reductions we have been guided only by our desire to make space for new goods.

It is utterly impossible for you to appreciate what marvelous bargains these are, until you see the goods and the prices together.

If you've been waiting for the most favorable time to buy, you better buy now—no lower prices can possibly be made this season. Think for a moment what these marvelous price reductions mean to you, and you will lose no time in taking advantage of them.

This is the economy event of the year, when thousands will respond to our remarkable offerings.

There is a double satisfaction for us in our semi-annual sales—we dispose of our surplus stock, making room for new goods, and we give to our friends the opportunity to save a large amount of money.

The buying has been persistent—our store has been thronged with customers—still thousands of attractive bargains are here awaiting you.

A mammoth sale of over \$10,000 worth of the finest of high-grade clothing—furnishings of exceptional quality. Hats of the newest styles; none of which have been in our store before the present season.

The word bargain never before obtained the significance which it has at this sale. At this great sale, we want our friends—those who are regular customers at our store—to take advantage of this great money-saving chance which the end of the season offers.

The Workingmen's Store

Chas. Larson, Prop. 518 BOND ST.

**Cures Biliousness, Sick
Headache, Sour Stom-
ach, Torpid Liver and
Chronic Constipation.
Pleasant to take**

**ORINO
Laxative Fruit Syrup**

Cleanses the system
thoroughly and clears
sallow complexions of
pimples and blotches.
It is guaranteed

T. F. LAUREN OWL DRUG STORE.

**THE ROAD OF A THOUSAND
WONDERS**

**Shasta Route and Coast Line of the
Southern Pacific Company
Through Oregon and California**

Over 1300 miles of scenic beauty and interest—attractive and instructive. This great railroad passes through a country unsurpassed for its scenic attractions, and introduces the traveler to the vast arena soon to become the scene of the world's greatest industrial activities. There is not an idle or uninteresting hour on the trip, and the variety of conditions presented excites wonder and admiration.

Special Low Rate Tickets now on Sale at All Ticket Office
\$55.00

Portland to Los Angeles and Return

Long limit on tickets and stop-over privileges. Corresponding rates from other points. Inquire of G. W. Roberts, local agent, for full particulars and helpful publications describing the country through which this great highway extends, or address

WM. McMurray

General Passenger Agent, Portland.

favorite fox terrier, J. Ambrose Thompson, M. D., writes of his little dog:

"A severe attack of pneumonia developed on Sunday; on Monday she was coughing up bloody phlegm; gradually became worse; too late even for minute doses of heroin to benefit, and apparently dying. She had been kept away from her five puppies some hours, and was extremely anxious to get to them. When too weak and restless she was laid in front of the stove, her head resting on writer's hand, bloody froth oozing from mouth; the puppies whining for their dying mother; and her anxious look, towards them was clearly noticed; but dissolution was near, and she

could not raise herself. Suddenly her head relaxed and something passed from the body. At that moment Mrs. Thompson, who was kneeling, distinctly felt something passing her, and the dog 'Teddy' who lay with his head resting on Mrs. Thompson's feet and dress, behind the little mournful scene, suddenly jumped up and gave a bark, and looked anxiously and fearfully towards the box where the pups were. At that moment the puppies were appeased. The writer cannot sufficiently recall if it was at that moment he felt Elizabeth's heart-beats cease, but her eyes were twitched, and strong convulsive grasping lasted some time; then all was still."

Knew the Animal.
Bacon—Were you ever in a runaway accident?
Egbert—Well, my horse ran away with me once, but I think it was more by design than accident on the part of that horse.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE DOG SOUL.
Everybody knows that a faithful dog either has or ought to have a soul and be immortal, but it has been reserved for an English physician, whiting in the Annals of Psychical Science, which together with the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research, embodies in an authoritative form the results of psychical research, to describe specifically the passing of the spirit of a

**We Are Headquarters
Mason Fruit Jars**

Pint jars, doz.	\$.75
Quart jars, doz.	.85
One-half gallon jars, doz.	1.10
Jar caps, doz.	.25
Very best jar rings, 3 doz.	.25

A. V. ALLEN

Sole Agent for the Celebrated H. C. Fry Cut Glass.
PHONE 711 PHONE 3871
UNIONTOWN BRANCH PHONE 713