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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon—Fair.
Washington—Fair.
Idaho—Fair and continued warmer.

SIMPLY A HUGE BLUFF.

We are inclined to believe that the decision of the transcontinental railway lines to refuse the export and import hauls from the two great coasts, is simply a huge bluff to compel the Interstate Commerce Commission to relinquish its position and modify its orders in the matter of the "through" rate now covering such shipments and to force the dual rate to cover sea and land hauls separately and independently.

Just what the Interstate Commission intends doing in the threatening premise remains to be seen, but the country at large is hoping it will stand pat and fight the issue to the end.

The railway corporations seem to forget the fact that they have achieved the very limit of popular detestation by their own deliberate courses of extortion and brutal exploitation through the years, and that they may not expect the public to grant them anything that can be denied, on the mere ground of fear, suspicion of jobbery, and the assurance of perpetual and arrogant ingratitude no matter what is conceded by public generosity.

The tendency of the age is toward absolute governmental restriction and every additional step in this direction is hailed with deep concern by the people everywhere; hence, the doctrine of popular ownership is not dead.

DOING THINGS BY DEGREES.

There are many good things in store for Astoria and many good men at work expediting these advantages; we are devising many of them here at home, and we have the right to believe that other and outside interests are gradually working out other schemes of uplift, of which we have no special information at this time.

There are several things that we aspire to and which must be ours in time, such as a seawall, port autonomy, the common-point rate on grain, shipping terminals and facilities, and a host of essential and admirable, though lesser, equipments for commercial and municipal use and advantage.

These gerater elements of improvement are all heavily involved with the question of money, and the bonding for money, to ensure their correct and successful application, and the sum of it all is likely to astonish, if it does not frighten, the general run of citizens.

To obviate the necessity of assuming these burdens in a wholesale and exhaustive way, we must, while voting them into existence, incorporate in the laws we frame for them the utter limit of authority for their entire fulfillment in due time, but so execute these huge projects as to

graduate and minimize for the time, the expenditures necessary; in other words, we must do the bigger things BY DEGREES of time and outlay, and not attempt to do the whole thing at once.

NOW IS THE TIME.

This is the peculiar and exact time for all Astoria to arise and make an unequivocal stand upon the important matter of putting its telephone and telegraph wires beneath the street levels and doing away with the disfigurement and menace of the overhead systems now in vogue.

There may come a day when the curse of a wire mesh prostrate across a score of streets will cause incalculable loss of life and property, and this warning be remembered with bitterness; and no one wants to meet such a predicament. It is easy of enforcement at this time, when the new and the old systems are about to be revamped and installed and will cost the companies less and be of immense service and value to them in the future.

We will regret it if we fail to use this advantageous hour for effecting this sorely needed and modern improvement. The old company has its lines already cabled, always a preparative rule for putting them out of sight; and if a new concern is to come in here, they can make the provision before they start to work on their plant. It has been done in scores of towns and cities on the coast and Astoria is entitled to the advantage, and will get it if she stands out for it.

The Tapest of an Irishman.

Michael Meyers Shoemaker wrote "Wanderings in Ireland." An old Irishman rec'd a fragment of it that related to the reader's neighborhood. He asked the name of the author. "Mr. Shoemaker is it?" he commented. "A nice gentleman, I'll go bail. 'Tis a fine country he chose to travel in too. May the heavens be his help for choosing it, and may every bit of his honor's head be a mold candle to light his soul to glory!"

Logical Conclusion.

First Burglar—Hark! I hear some one talking. Second Burglar—Who's he saying? First Burglar—That never will bet on another horse as long as he lives. Second Burglar—Let's get out of this. No money here. He's lost every cent.—London Times.

At Last.

"Al. ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully. "at last I have found the missing link!"

And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.

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COFFEE

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DEATH IN HIS PATH

Frenzied Husband Kills Two and Wounds Two

THEN HE KILLS HIMSELF

Jesse Fifer Runs Amuck at Seattle and Tries to Slay His Wife and Everyone Else That Crossed His Murderous Pathway.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 31.—Mrs. Louis F. Niehul, aged 23, and little Hazel Fifer, aged 12, were killed, and Mrs. Jesse Fifer, mother of Hazel, aged 30, and Mrs. Ethel Warren, 27, were seriously wounded, the former probably fatally, by Jesse Fifer, the husband and father, who then killed himself at 10:30 o'clock last night.

Fifer, armed with two revolvers, broke into the basement of the house, which was formerly a private residence, and crept in his stocking feet to where he supposed his wife and two children were sleeping.

Mrs. Margaret McClain, one of the proprietors of the institution was sitting with Mrs. Fifer and the little girl in the parlor. Miss McClain heard a stealthy step, and called out to ascertain who was walking about the house. At that instant the door was pushed open and Fifer, holding a match so that its light fell upon his rage-distorted features, appeared in the doorway. "My God, my Jesse," shrieked Mrs. Fifer and the two women sprang up in wild fright.

Two shots were fired as the match burned out and the women ran toward the front of the house. Mrs. L. F. Niehul, asleep in another room, upon hearing the shots sprang out of bed. Lighting another match, Fifer fired twice in the direction from whence the shrieks came. Mrs. Niehul fell backward upon a couch with a bullet through her breast and died.

Mrs. Fifer and her daughter succeeded in escaping through the front door. Miss McClain ran to a room where a Japanese man patient was sleeping and succeeded in getting out of the house through a window.

Entering a side room, Fifer saw Mrs. Ethel Warren, whose husband is in Dawson and whose little three weeks' old baby lay in her arms. "You protected her Mrs. Warren" cried the maniac, waving his revolver. "You've got to die for that." Standing in the doorway, not more than ten feet distant, Fifer shot twice at Mrs. Warren and she pitched forward to the floor.

Quickly running to the front of the house, Fifer saw his wife and little daughter on the sidewalk. The neighborhood had been aroused by the sound of gun fire, and when the frenzied man rushed out upon the sidewalk more than a score of persons watched the fearful scene from nearby windows and from door steps.

Almost at the first shot the little daughter fell to the walk dead. Grabbing his wife by the wrist, the murderer fired three shots into her body.

Turning again toward the house, after glancing at his victim for a moment, Fifer walked back over the trail of blood to the basement, where he died alone in the dark with a revolver bullet through his brain.

Miss Margaret McClain, who was with Mrs. Fifer when the first shot was fired, said that she had forbidden Fifer to enter the house. He had uttered threats against his wife and she did not wish to see him again.

The wounded were taken to hospitals and operated upon.

Mrs. Fifer's recovery is doubtful as she is injured in the abdomen. Mrs. Warren, with a wound through her left shoulder, is conscious, but she has had several hemorrhages, and the doctors fear a lung is perforated.

Fifer came here a month ago from Spokane, where he had been employed as a railroad engineer. He had had

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domestic difficulty and the woman had sued him for divorce.

Niehul came from Hoquiam with his wife a few weeks ago. The husband on hearing of her death immediately armed himself and prepared to kill the man who had shot down his wife, not having learned the murderer had already blown out his own brains. He had earlier in the evening decided to take his wife away from the hospital, but changed his mind, believing she would be benefited by staying another day.

Mrs. Warren whose husband is in Dawson, is a maternity patient with a three week's old baby.

FINED A FRANC.

What That Meant to an American Who Was Living in Paris.

When you are fined a franc in Paris it means that you pay 12 francs 73 centimes, or just over half a sovereign. This is the only conclusion to which one can come after reading the curious experience of an American citizen who is staying in Paris to complete the education of his sons. He lives in an apartment near the Arc de Triomphe, and the other morning one of his servants committed the impudence of shaking a carpet out of the window after 5 o'clock. A lynx eyed constable saw her and immediately climbed the stairs, rang the bell, entered the apartment and drew up a summons against the tenant. The American was called and gave his name.

"I did not know it was a breach of the law," he said. "But as I have broken it I must pay. How much is it?"

"You will be fined 1 franc," replied the policeman.

"There you are," answered the American, and he held out the coin. But the "agent" refused to take it.

"Later on," he remarked as he withdrew, "you will be summoned before the justice of the peace."

Some days later the delinquent was invited to appear before the "Juge de paix" and obeyed the summons. He was obliged to wait three hours in an antechamber. Then he was admitted.

"Do you admit," asked the magistrate, "having broken the law?"

"I do," was the reply. "Good. You are fined 1 franc."

"There you are, then." And the American again held out the franc. But the magistrate would have none of it.

"You will pay the sum later. You will be advised when. You may withdraw."

The American took his departure, considerably surprised at so many formalities in connection with a fine. A few days later he received a stamped paper inviting him to pay, first of all, 1 franc, the amount of his fine, plus 25 centimes, the amount of the decimes, plus 11 francs 48 centimes, the amount of the costs, making in all a total of 12 francs 73 centimes. The American paid, but as he left the police court he remarked:

"In America a law which forced a citizen to pay \$12 when he had only been fined \$1 would be considered a hypocritical and dishonest law. And we would not tolerate it long, you bet!"—London Globe.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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Plenty more proof like this from Astoria people. Call at Chas. Rogers & Son's drug store and ask what customers report.

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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CONDENSED STATEMENT OF Scandinavian - American Savings Bank

July 15, 1908 as called by the Bank Examiner:

RESOURCES. Loans and discounts \$ 84,357.45 Warrants 13,513.99 Overdrafts 31.65 Furniture and fixtures 4,405.41 Due from banks \$8,787.17 Cash on hand 9,611.52 18,398.69 \$120,707.19

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