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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon—Cloudy tonight and Thursday; winds mostly southerly.
Washington—Showers tonight or Thursday; cooler east portion Thursday; winds mostly southerly.

THE SUMMER RAIN.

A felicitous summer rain is upon us here at the mouth of the Columbia; light, steady, warm, and quite wet. We do not need it a little bit; it does not appeal to us just at this time and we can dispense with it easily, even for the asking. It is surplusage at Astoria; we have our rainy season and never have to complain of any shortage, hence, we would be very glad to see this move inland and pour its grateful flood on fire-ravaged, or fire-threatened localities that are yearning and praying for it. That is the place for it.

There is something incongruous in the bounty which falls where it is not needed nor desired, while the places and countries where its last trace and element would be a profound advantage, are denied it. We are not solving insoluble problems this morning and therefore decline to discuss the subject further but leave it, with the large hope that this rain will pass on and do its prime and glorious service up country where great values and the safety and comfort of thousands of people are at stake.

WASTED LITERATURE.

Astoria is one of the best magazine-selling cities on the coast. Her people subscribe for, or buy, and read the whole gamut of monthly literature that is published in that form and there is a strong clientele behind the Astoria library, all of which shows that this is a reading public, while our thousands of summer visitors absorb all the standard light literature that is current.

With such a host of readers and such a supply of matter, it should be an easy case to keep those who are on the sick list, or on the outposts of duty, or in the compulsory seclusion of the jails, in endless supply of good reading. The fact is we are too heedless of our cheap and excellent books and magazines and allow them to go to waste about our homes and offices, instead of sending them to the people who are barred and denied them.

UNSTABLE EARTH.

This is a lively place, this Astoria; even the earth will not remain quiet and in the place it is supposed to have lodged for a million or more years. There are several streaks of uneasy soil traversing this peninsula that have been, since time immemorial, the cause of anxiety, engineering interest, and endless expense to the public and private owners thereof; they are all very narrow, and seem to run from a point about two-thirds of the way up the elevations, on the northern incline, and operate clear to the river's edge. They make from one inch to a foot of headway, per annum, according to location and the subterranean conditions besetting each locality. They have never been checked successfully, yet, and will probably interfere with the general scheme of public improvements here for all time to come.

All manner of clever devices have been employed to obviate the movement and spare the buildings that have, in times past, been erected upon them, but human ingenuity seems vain and profitless in this fight against the obstreperous and unquiet earth.

They are a constant menace to street improvement, where the public work touches the erratic soil and will ever be, until science shall solve the

problem once for all. Like Alexander, we may have to solve it ourselves, in part, by pulling the hills down to the datum plane of the city and utilizing the vast bulk of earth in filling in the tide-ways and solidifying the commercial areas of the district; always the dream of the Astorian through the century of her existence. Yet, it is not certain that this will remedy the situation altogether, for a soil that will not stay where nature planted it, is likely to show treacherous symptoms at any time and rebuke the puny hand that tampers with it.

It is one of the few really grave things that confront Astoria; and she has contended with it faithfully. She will never find surcease from its foreboding action, until her beautiful hills are levelled and the weight and impetus that now urges the earth over the soap-stone paths in its depths, have been minimized to the point approaching stability.

THE WAR OF WIRES.

The war of telephonic wires goes merrily on in Astoria.

Manual and Automatic batteries are in full action; their thunder reverberates thrillingly up and down the thoroughfares; while the fusillades of argument and counter argument crack and rattle on all sides, and the reading eye is riveted everywhere upon the published slogan of the hour. The battle rages with all the commercial adjuncts in active operation, and the ordinary citizen may dodge and hide and try to hold aloof, but he is in the thick of it all, and is, at last, the supreme party in interest.

Every man should take a deep and eager concern in the contention now going on here; he is the one the contestants are after; it is his patronage the battling companies rely on in the end; it is his money that will keep one or both the great utilities in this field; he is in no sense a cipher in the engagement, and the sooner he realizes his potency as a real factor and begins to sway things his way and to his own comfort, peace and purse, the better it will be for all concerned.

A parcel can now be mailed from any postoffice in the United States to any postoffice in Bolivia, a distance of 4000 miles, for 12 cents a pound. The domestic parcels rate in this country is 16 cents a pound. Congress ought to explain why foreigners are allowed this advantage in the mails. It has become a glaring case of neglected home interests.

Wireless messages are to be sent across the Atlantic from the top of the Eiffel Tower. A daily chat between Paris and the New York skyscrapers will be a pleasing accompaniment of the flying machine experiments.

William H. Taft believes in a navy that will be sufficiently strong, sufficiently active and sufficiently eager to move whenever American honor or American interests are in peril, and the result in November will show that the bulk of the voters in the United States are of the same patriotic belief.

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COFFEE

Good is so good and poor is so poor; have Schilling's Best tomorrow.

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Evolution
BY LANGDON SMITH

The following splendid poem is the creation of a famous New York newspaperman and war correspondent, now dead, and is reproduced in these columns through the courtesy of a friend lately in Astoria with the Harper troupe of players.

When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived and mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in a rift of the Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into light again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand;
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees,
Or, trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three clawed feet
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more;
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The eons came, and the eons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast,
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed in the balms of the fringed palms,
In the hush of the moonless nights,
And oh! what beautiful years were these,
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled, and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life
When over the nursing sod
The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was tewed like an Auroch bull,
And tasked like the great Cave Bear;
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head and haft.
Then I hid me close to the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink;
Through brawn and bone I drove the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.
Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone
With rude and hairy hand.
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand,
For we lived by blood, and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tusks were gone.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;
Yet here to-night in the mellow light
We sit at Delmonico's.
Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
Your hair is as dark as jet;
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
And the scarp of the Purbeck flags.
We have left our bones in the Bag-shot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags;
Our love is old, our lives are old,
And death shall come amain.
Should it come to-day, what man may say
We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
And furnished them wings to fly;
He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
And I know that it shall not die.
Though cities have sprung above the graves
Where the crook-boned men made war,
And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
Where the mummied mammoths are.

Then as we linger at luncheon here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

FINDER NAIL SCRATCH RESULTS IN DEATH

A short time ago you may have read of the remarkable case where a simply scratch of the finger nail caused death by blood poisoning. At first it was only an annoying itch caused by summer rash. This was scratched by the finger nail to relieve the itch, but the skin was torn open, the irritation became worse and finally resulted in a fatal case of blood poisoning.

Do not scratch or rub the itch or irritation caused by summer rash, mosquito bites, hives, prickly heat or any form of skin disease or itch, D. D. D. Prescription, the best known remedy for eczema and all forms of skin disease, externally applied, will at once stop the irritable itch. It soothes and cools the skin and permanently cures the itch or disease. Infants and children are saved many hours of agony and torture from the unbearable itch if a few drops of D. D. D. is applied to the afflicted parts. Remember—the itch is instantly relieved.
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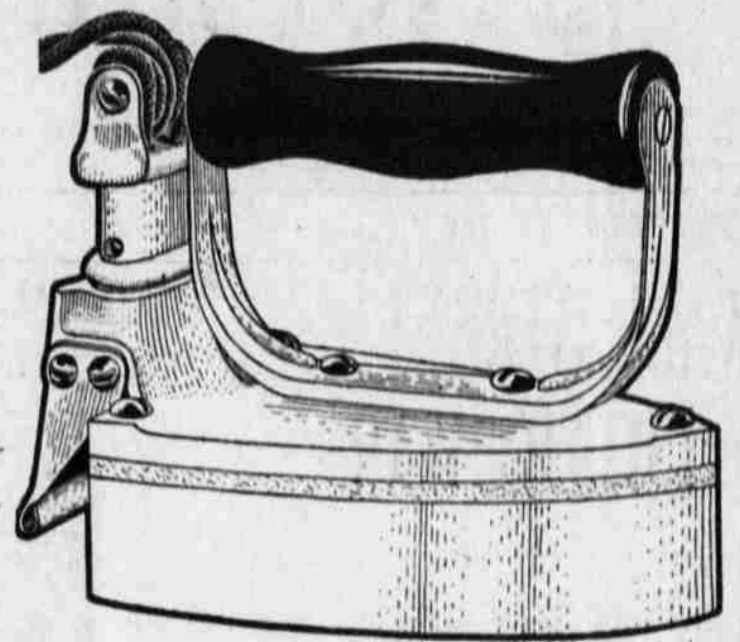
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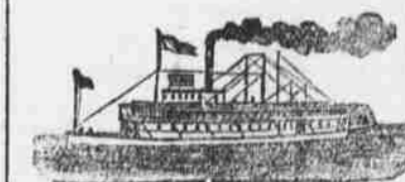
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