

CATHLAMET HAS SOME IDEAS OF HER OWN

INTENSE DISGUST OF HER CITIZENS AT REFLECTION CAST UPON THEM IN THE OREGONIAN.

With whatever quietude the cozy little town of Cathlamet bore the excitement and disruptive influences of the recent trial of Michael Campbell and especially its remarkable crisis, the patience of its people has been sorely tried by the bombastic and gratuitous newspaper notoriety thrust upon them by the Portland Oregonian to date, at the instance of some of the leaders in that remarkable "legal" contest; as witness the following remarks made yesterday in this city by a prominent citizen and official from that place. Said he:

"Cathlamet is disgusted beyond measure with the tirade that appeared in Monday's Oregonian; her people do not know whom to blame for the thing, but they fail signally to appreciate the uncomfortable, undeserved notoriety thrust upon them by the article; feeling that she is made to appear in the eyes of neighbors, as a bad place to live in, a dangerous place to go to, and a center for all manner of turbulence and unlawful practice; whereas, she sought to be as quiet, inoffensive and disinterested in the big trial as she could be, for the very sake of her good name.

"That there was more or less feeling for and against the defendant among those who visited the town, and among a very few of her own people, as is always the case in matters of that kind, no one will deny for a moment; but that any feeling, or expression, open, or tacit, prevailed there during that trial, is as false as the whole scheme of the story told in the big daily of Portland. That the people of Cathlamet have as good an idea of the sanctity of a verdict rendered in open court as any other community on earth goes without saying; and the illogical and inspired stuff sent out from the metropolis is a raw reflection on the character of the place, and was a poor return for the orderliness, hospitality, and strict unconcern, shown to all sides at issue.

"As to the manner and means by which the verdict recorded, was reached, the people of Cathlamet have various, and mostly uncompromising, ideas; some of her people are painfully frank in this premise which is not at all complimentary to the lawyers on either side; and while no blame is attached to Mr. Campbell for being the beneficiary of the questionable program followed out, the program itself is remorselessly condemned in, of course, a supposititious way; and this sensing of the means employed does not add anything to the merit of the write-up given her by the Portland attorneys in the case."

A well known Astoria attorney says that the costs of such a trial are always enormous, and that in this instance Mr. Campbell must have paid dearly for the service rendered him. He was in the South Bend country a few days ago and noticed in one of the South Bend papers the transfer of a fine body of timber land over in that section, from Michael Campbell to Dan Malarky (his attorney in chief), which is known to be among the finest pieces of forest land in the state, and freely quoted, by those who know its value, to be worth \$20,000 of any man's money. This is all right of course, and just

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A. V. Allen

as it should be in such an emergency as Campbell was confronted with, but it goes to show that the lawyers for the defense were not without reason for using the last, best, expedients at hand, and all others they might contrive.

The elder brother of the man who was killed, Mr. McClellan, was in the city yesterday and left up last evening on the steamer Lurline for Portland, where, in the interests of justice, he intends to publish the story of the whole affair in the columns of another paper than the Oregonian and give as wide publicity to his family's side of the unhappy issue as was given to Mr. Campbell's. He would not talk much, and what he did say was not, under any circumstances, to be construed as other than sorrowful and quietly reproachful; he was determined, however, to counteract the effect of the Oregonian's ill-advised screed and attempt to put an interested public right in the big premise. He will return to this section in about two weeks and arrange for the future of his dead brother's wife and family.

As far as Astoria is concerned, the issue of the trial at Cathlamet came as a thunderbolt to those not in intimate touch with the real situation up the river; but the consensus of feeling here is that it is well to abide the terms of a verdict, however unexpected it may be, as the best expression of good citizenship; but there is no mincing of opinions as to the means used in achieving this verdict since they could not escape discussion in a city so clearly, and nearly, identified with the parties to the miserable history.

CONVENTION OF CHURCHES.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 14.—Ministerial relief, church extension and temperance were the questions discussed today at the International Convention of the Churches of Christ. A strong appeal for the better care of ministers was made by Rev. Stauffer of Angola Indiana.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—While no formal statement was issued from the White House, Secretary Loeb today denied that President Roosevelt promised the office of Commissioner-General of Immigration to Daniel J. Keefe, of Detroit, president of the International Association of Longshoremen, in consideration of Mr. Keefe's action in declaring for Mr. Taft in opposition to the pro-Bryan campaign of President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Loeb added that Mr. Keefe in his denial of the story was absolutely correct.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—American makers of plows and harvesting machinery are losing their trade, which 20 years ago they almost exclusively controlled in Tasmania according to Consul Henry D. Baker. This is attributed to the failure of American dealers to recognize Tasmania's requirements. Consul Baker declares that there should be a good market for cultivating implements in Tasmania if implements of patterns suitable to that country are manufactured.

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TOUR OF INSPECTION.

Marine Underwriter From Germany Looking Up Interests.

VICTORIA, B. C., Oct. 14.—Captain O. Callan, representative of the German underwriters of Hamburg, who is here on a tour of investigation, inspected the Esquimalt ship repairing yards and said they were the best equipped on the coast for repair work.

He recently investigated the looting of cargo at Chilean ports and says insurance has been increased from 1 3/4 per cent to 10 per cent as a result of his report. He instanced two cases where steamers had been practically pirated in harbor at Antofagasta. The steamer Serato of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, he said, had been attacked, the watchman overpowered and the captain held up at a revolver point while the hatches were taken off and valuable cargo stolen, being lifted into small boats alongside with their steamer's own winch by the pirates. There had been too, practically a pitched battle with revolvers at Antofagasta between the pirates and the crew of the steamer Coya of W. R. Grace & Company.

In another case 40 tons of Bolivian cargo valued at 80,000 pesos had been looted from lighters and loaded on an Italian bark. Very heavy losses had also occurred at Talenhuano as a result of the neglect of cargo which had been left to sink in the sand abandoned for months.

AMUSEMENTS

SUNDAY NIGHT.

"Look out!" is what a man yelled at the top of his voice, who occupied a seat in the front row of a theatre recently when the train in "The Rocky Mountain Express," the new melodrama, came rushing on the stage. When the snorting engine made its appearance. The auditor thought the train was going to plunge into the audience. It was simply one of the great mechanical effects of this powerful play that is making a big hit en tour. The production is different in every particular; the interesting stage story is told by a company of players of the better class, and this melodramatic success is so cleverly put on that it has been called the best of all railroad plays with a far-Western atmosphere. The Klimt & Gazzolo Amusement Company are responsible for it, and it will have its initial presentation at the Astoria theatre on Sunday. "The Rocky Mountain Express" in no way resembles the old fashioned railroad play, but is new, original, and worthy of attention.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Watkin's Tennessee Jubilee singers the well known colored organization. In the first part they appear in overalls, blues and colored dresses, red handkerchiefs around their neck or head, like old "Southern mammys." The character work with a chorus refrain of "Old Black Joe" makes an instantaneous hit and captures the audience. The second part pleases because of their appearance in "full dress" and everyone appreciates the most excellent and unequalled work of the black male quartette: Calliope, "Schneider's and," "Colored Jubilee," "Way Down Yonder in de Cornfield," "Roll on and Load Dat Cotton," "Keep Moving," "Maggie, the Cows Are in de Clover," etc. are the favorites.

PRAIRIE FIRE.

DALLAS, S. D., Oct. 14.—This town is seriously threatened by a prairie fire which started at noon today. Several buildings have caught and others are in danger. A general panic among the homeseekers prevails.

UMATILLA DRENCHED.

PENDLETON, Or., Oct. 14.—Heavy showers during the last two days have thoroughly soaked the soil of Umatilla County. Fall seeding, so long delayed, will start in earnest at once. The need of rain had been greatly felt by all interests.

REGISTRATION BRISK.

PORTLAND, Oct. 14.—Registration continued brisk at the courthouse this morning, 70 voters having registered. Of these 48 were Republicans, 13 Democrats and 9 members of miscellaneous parties. The books will be open until October 20.

TEACHERS MEET.

DALLAS, Oct. 14.—The annual Teachers' Institute of Polk county has opened in Dallas with a large attendance. Many prominent speakers from throughout the state are present and the lectures at night promise to be full of interest.

IMPALED UPON BOLT.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Oct. 14.—Impaled upon a steel bolt in a fall from a bridge on the North Shore Railroad, Percy Kyle, a bridge worker, was suspended in mid-air yesterday for a number of minutes, struggling to free himself and appealing for relief until he died in view of the workmen who were endeavoring to rescue him. Kyle, who had been in the employ of the company several years, fell a distance of 20 feet from the bridge upon which he was working and his breast was penetrated by the bolt, which projected upright from one of the supports.

Important Meeting.

A special meeting of the stockholders and members of the Astoria Amateur Athletic Association is called to meet at the Clatsop County Court House, Circuit Court rooms, on Thursday, October 15th, at 7:30 p. m., for purposes of reorganization. The presence of each stockholder and member is necessary in order to transact business of vital importance.

G. C. FULTON, President. H. F. PRAEL, Vice-President.

MADE IN HEAVEN. By T. BLAIR EATON. Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The bishop had just landed a blue fish. It was a big fish, and before it was finally hauled into the cockpit of the Sally B. It had displayed undoubted qualities of gameness that had warmed the cockles of the bishop's heart. Therefore, as Jim Crocker, who always took the bishop out when he fished in Sepenessett bay, flattered down the sheet and headed the little catboat for the ribs once more there was a seraphic smile on the bishop's intellectual face.

He stood with one foot on the seat, paying out his line astern, his eyes taking in delightedly the sparkle and flash of the water and the little white clouds creeping up above the horizon. Those clouds whispered of a smart breeze later on, and with the wind freshened a bit it would be an ideal day for fish. Anon the bishop turned to survey his latest catch, and each time as he did so he gave a little chuckle of satisfaction.

Suddenly there was a mighty tug at the line; astern was a flash of blue and silver as the fish leaped from the water. The bishop took a firmer hold on the line, and his eyes glistened with excitement.

"Ease her up a bit, Jim," he called to the man at the tiller. "Look at the fellow I've hooked this time. He's the father of them all!"

So engrossed was the bishop with his fish that he did not hear the quick panting of a gasoline engine, nor did he see the power boat tearing toward them, sending up twin waves of white spume at its bow.

Just as the second fish—and it was considerably larger than the first—was hauled aboard the Sally B. the coughing exhaust of the engine ceased and the power boat shot alongside.

There were two men in it—a big athletic young fellow with clean cut features who stood beside the wheel in the bow and a small, dark man, evidently the engineer, perched on the seat by the engine amidships.

"Hello!" the big young man hailed them. "Is this Bishop Carrington's boat?"

"I am Bishop Carrington," said the bishop.

"Good," said the other, with much relief. "Bishop, I wish to goodness you'd have spread the news abroad last night that you were down here. It would have saved me no end of worry. As it is, we've time enough yet. I'm going to ask you to do me a favor, if you will—a very great favor. My name is Devereaux—John Henderson Devereaux. I think you knew my father very well."

"Look here," said the bishop, "are you Billy Devereaux's son?"

"The same," young Devereaux grinned.

"My boy," said the bishop heartily, "come aboard."

"There isn't time," said the younger man. "Bishop, as I say, I am going to ask a favor of you."

"Don't hesitate to do so," said the bishop graciously.



consent. Nothing else, I assure you, would take me from this fishing. Reluctantly he climbed into the power boat. "I'll be back in two hours, Jim," he called to the boatman. He turned to the young man at the wheel. "Now, then, my fine kidnaper, make all speed for Duck Island, and while we are getting there suppose you tell me what is at the bottom of all this."

"A lady," said Devereaux simply as the boat went tearing across the bay.

"So I surmised," said the bishop dryly. "Do you mind telling me her name?"

"You probably know her," said the other. "It's Margaret Sterling."

"Yes, I know her," said the bishop. "Now a few details, if you please."

"Of course you know her aunt, Mrs. Bradbury," said the younger man.

"I do," said the bishop, with a certain grim emphasis.

Young Devereaux pointed to a trail of smoke just above the southern horizon.

"You see that smoke?" he asked.

"Well, that's the morning boat to the island. On that boat are Margaret's aunt and Sir William Winterburn, with all his titles trailing him. He arrived from England yesterday, and Mrs. Bradbury is bringing him up here to the Crag. The rest is obvious. Mrs. Bradbury's word is law with Margaret, who has lived with her aunt all her life. It's a splendid match from Mrs. Bradbury's point of view."

He paused.

"Go on," the bishop commanded.

"Well, I have different views on the subject," said Devereaux, with a sudden squaring of his broad shoulders that filled the bishop with secret admiration, "and down in her heart I am sure Margaret has too. When Mrs. Bradbury and Sir William, with all his distinctions, land at the steamboat pier, which is just in front of the Crag, I want Mrs. John Henderson Devereaux to be the first to greet them. That is the favor I want to ask of you. You catch my meaning, I trust?"

"Well, bless me!" said the amazed bishop. He sat silent for a time. Then "Bless me!" he said again. "The impudence of you—the astounding impudence!"

He began to chuckle softly.

"In this boat going at her best speed?" he asked. "We've got to make Duck Island ahead of that steamer. I say we've got to."

A POINTER for those who are looking for a home or an investment for their money that will bring them future profit we can give them at any time they seek our advice. We are authority on values in and around Astoria, and can help you make a profitable choice in building lots, homes or dairy lands. See or write A. R. CYRUS about it. 424 Commercial street, Astoria.

CHOLERA IN ST. PETERSBURG. ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 14.—Fifty-two new cases of cholera, including 27 deaths is the record for St. Petersburg for 24 hours ending at noon today.

DIVER MEETS DEATH. DECATUR, Texas, Oct. 14.—Ollie McKenzie, a professional high diver, was instantly killed at the fair grounds here yesterday when he dived from a height of 80 feet, striking the netting feet first. McKenzie rebounded high in the air, falling head first on the outside, crushing his skull and breaking his neck. McKenzie, who was 23 years old, lived in Mangain, Okla.

Cheese Crackers. Cheese crackers are better when made the day they are to be eaten. Use American grated cheese and saltine crackers. For each two tablespoonfuls allow one of creamed butter, rubbing them together till perfectly smooth. Spread evenly on the wafers and set them in a moderate oven to glaze the cheese. Watch carefully to prevent burning. There is nothing nicer to serve with a plain salad.—New York Post.

No School. The teacher was giving an exposition on culpable homicide.

"If I went out in a small boat," he said, "and the owner knew it was leaking, and I got drowned, what would that be?"

After a few minutes' silence a little boy stood up and said: "A holiday, sir!"

A Failure. Mrs. Newlywed insists that her marriage was a failure.

"Why, she seems perfectly happy."

"Oh, she is now, but during the ceremony the bridesmaids got all mixed up, and the groom forgot half his responses."—Philadelphia Press.

Sure Sign. "Don't tell that man another drink," ordered the boss.

"He's all right," argued the barkeep. "He ain't full."

"No, but he's beginning to tell what a nice family he comes of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Diphthongal Difference. "Colonel Carver and Judge Short-ranny have just had a heated dispute by telephone over 'either' and 'erether.' The judge called the colonel a liar."

"Are they looking for each other?"

"Yes. All is over but the shooting."—Judge.

Her Accomplishments. "Is your wife a good cook?" asked somebody of a young man who had recently married.

"Well," replied the proud young husband thoughtfully, "she can boil water without burning it."—Somerville Journal.

Cold Consolation. Widow Wilkins—I shall always keep green in memory of dear Elias.

Mrs. Hudkins—That ought to be easy. You started together so green that you would be shocked by a change of color.—Denver News.

Unnaturally Large. "Yes, sir," said the actress haughtily, "that is my figure—\$1,000 per week."

"Um—er—don't you think," responded the manager thoughtfully, "your figure is—er—a little bit padded?"—Smart Set.

Oh, That's Different! Lena—I didn't think you'd let a man kiss you on such short acquaintance.

Maudie—Well, he thoroughly convinced me that it was all my own fault that I hadn't met him sooner.—Smart Set.

Shopping For Country Kin. "That's just like Cousin Sabina's."

"What's the matter?"

"She sent me \$5 and a list of things she wants that amount to \$25."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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