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THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Fair.

FROM THE PRIMARIES.

Monday's primaries present some very suggestive results that need to be appreciated and remembered by the Republicans of Astoria; and which must serve to nerve the major party in this city to the honest reclamation of its own on the 9th of next month, when the city election shall determine the fate, once for all, of Republicanism in this city, and for many years to come.

Among the most conspicuous signs derivable from the primary vote, light as it was on both tickets, is that Samuel Elmore and every Republican candidate on the ticket were sharply and clearly more popular than the Democratic nominees. Mr. Smith fell far short of anything like a popular expression of Democratic choice; indeed, his nomination, relatively, is away in arrears of the normal vote of his party; with this poor showing, and the beggarly tribute paid him by the late, unlamented "Citizens" convention, which he owned, controlled and badly appropriated, personally, and in person, leave him lined up for the municipal race with but little to arouse the honest pride of himself or his following.

Another lesson to be learned from the vote of Monday is the absolute certainty wherever Republican Astoria may now take over all that belongs to it, if it will but cherish its privilege and assert its prerogative; there is no reason why it should lay down every time A. M. Smith tells it to "roll over!" The strong, healthful showing of Monday tells a story of Republican disgust at the long imposition thrust on the community, and is the first sheer sign of rebellion against it. For he is the idol of the "open town" element, however little he may appreciate the equivocal honor (and however little he may desire the office of mayor, now that it will not carry with it the supreme control of the police department). It is up to the thinking, independent unbidable, Republican voters to break down the rule of bossism in this city and have their affairs carried on minus the intervention of an interested chief to whom politics is more than ordained, orderly procedure, and ring-dominance the better part of municipal administration. This is the attitude of all bosses and disagreeable as it may be, it adheres, with indisputable appropriateness, to the clever gentleman in question. It has been pleaded for (and even by) Mr. Smith, that his prominence in this relation was compulsory; forced upon him by similar conditions that existed within the Republican party here in days gone by; and granting the exact justice of such a plea, it may not prevail to perpetuate a state of affairs, as bad, if not worse, under HIS manipulation. Two periods

of wrong neither qualify nor justify the continuation of either; and since he and his colleagues, seeking to save the city from alleged Republican mis-conduct and mis-rule, have not wrought its salvation "to hurt," but have set up a state of affairs just as unlovely and unrighteous, he need not marvel at the revolt now on; it is a poor rule that will not work on all men alike. And besides, bossism has become a stench in the nostrils of the people and an insult to civic intelligence.

OUR FISHERIES.

When the Supreme Court of the United States shall have rendered its decisions in the Nelson case, and in the Oregon-Washington-river-boundary case, the matter of the salmon fisheries on the upper and lower Columbia river will be cleared to an extent that will give the States in interest, a better opportunity to come together for the common good of the industry. This is our hope.

The adverse conditions now besetting it arise directly from the insidious curse of human greed and the exclusion of every scientific and prescriptive course that would naturally govern it, at the behest of that greed. It is the old, old story of the superimposed dollar, to which everything, good, and bad, gives way under the proper pressure.

Frank Seufert, the arch instigator and champion of the fishwheel, the coarsest, clumsiest, savagest fish-killing device known to man, is not fighting to defend the hideous contraption; he knows its murderous faculty better than anyone else in either state; he is fighting for his dividends and profits and emoluments, gathered from this egg-and-spawn eating thing, while there are still enough salmon of marketable size running to compensate him for the cheap maintenance of the brutal thing. He is not in the propagating business; he is not posing as a scientist, with the future of the fish, fishers, or fisheries in mind; that is a small matter with him, compared with the nimble dollar heading his way from the sacrificial wheel.

Perhaps the great tribunal of the country, oblivious of the dollar, will see, and say, things, that shall spare a magnificent industry to a people who value it and who would hand it down to their children intact and prosperous.

COUNCIL CREST

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Kitty, Sam and the Peacemaker.

By COLIN S. COLLINS.

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When it has been "Sam" and "Kitty" from babyhood it is rather difficult to pass suddenly to the "Mr. Hastings" and "Miss Norwood" stage. Both Sam and Kitty felt the strain, though each took mental obligation to do nothing that in any way might be construed into an overture of friendship.

It had all started innocently enough. Kitty on her way to the postoffice encountered Jim Saunders. She regarded Saunders as a persistent pest, but she could not very well refuse his suggestion that they stop in at the drug store and have a glass of soda.

Then it happened that they turned into Belding street in animated conversation, and Sam could not know they had met just around the corner. Of all the summer visitors to Astoriaville Sam disliked Saunders the most, and Kitty knew it. It looked to him as though she had deliberately accepted Saunders' attentions to punish him for a trivial quarrel of the night before.

Kitty was just finishing the last tiny lump of ice cream from the bottom of the tall glass when Sam entered the store with Belle Paulding, Kitty's dearest enemy.

He had bowed stiffly in salutation, and Kitty had responded with a "Good morning, Mr. Hastings," emphasizing the name as sweetly and as coldly as the frozen delicacy she had just consumed.

That had been the start of the trouble, but the end had been slow in coming. That afternoon Kitty went motoring with Saunders, though she hated motor cars, and Belle went buggy riding with Sam to punish Saunders for his imagined disloyalty.

Saunders and Miss Paulding had quickly patched their quarrel up, and Kitty was unyielding, and there was a squareness to Sam's chin that did not argue in favor of pliability of personality.

With ceremonious politeness each strove to show the other how little it mattered, but Kitty cried herself to sleep night after night, and Sam swore softly, but fervently, at what he was pleased to term the foolishness of woman-kind.

So matters stood when the excursion of the Astoriaville cornet band was announced. The boys needed new uniforms, and Dick Potts had promised to learn the euphonium if they would buy him one.

All public spirited citizens purchased tickets. Sam bought two through force of habit and then viciously tore them up, whereby the band profited another 50 cents, for Sam was determined to go on that excursion if only to show that he could go without Kitty.

He had never gone on an excursion alone save once, when Kitty was spending a week with her aunt over in Cadville, and he had had a miserable time. Now he did not look for enjoyment, but Kitty needn't think he could not go alone if he wanted to.

Much the same sentiment animated Kitty, though she arranged to go with a married sister, and it so happened that they passed over the gangplank together, with the formal greeting that was now customary.

The picnic was held on Paddle Island, out in the lake, a favorite picnic ground. A narrow strip of land connected two rough oval extremities that by an abuse of the imagination might be said to resemble a paddle. Bobby Seaton, who was in the primary class, aptly, if improperly, described it as "a peninsula with an island at each end."

As soon as lunch was disposed of the elders settled themselves near the baskets, while the young folk wandered off to either end of the island, followed by a fusillade of injunctions to hurry back the moment the first whistle sounded.

Sam and Kitty followed suit, but Sam made certain that Kitty was headed for the southern blade of the paddle before he started north. It was dreary work sitting all alone on the point, and presently the fresh air and the soft bed of pine needles combined to bring sleep to the worried brain.

It seemed to Sam that he had enjoyed only a brief nap, but by the time he had hunted up the cabin some of the boys had built for use in the duck season and had borrowed the bathing trunks he found there he was in the cool water a few minutes when the warning whistle blew.

Madly he dashed from the water into the hut to find that in that brief interval some one had "chawed" his clothes. His underwear was as full of knots as a snake that had been lurching off a full set of pool balls, his trousers were tied into a true "lover's knot" that suggested anything but sentiment, and the laces of his shoes offered a good ten minutes of unpecking. Sam was still surveying the damage when the second whistle sounded. "Blow, darn ye!" he yelled savagely as he attacked the knots. "If you can't wait for a fellow to swim for it, I'm not going to make my swim for it."

He cast a glance of scorn at the infinitesimal swimming trunks and attacked the knots with a haste that verified the old adage as to speed. The boat was a good half mile from shore as he burst through the bushes, shook his fat at the departing crowd, and was still expressing his opinion of things when there was a rustle in the bushes, and Sam turned to face

Kitty, who walked with a limp and carried a stick in her hand.

"Has the boat gone?" she cried in despair. "I started up so quickly that I wrenched my ankle. I called for help, but no one seemed to hear."

"I was at the other end of the island," explained Sam, who seemed to think that the reproach was directed against him. "I took a nap and didn't realize how long I slept. I took a swim after that, and some kids 'chawed' my clothes. I just got here myself. They'll miss us at the dock and send back for us. Can I fix your ankle?"

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask your assistance, Mr. Hastings," said Kitty, suddenly mindful of the fact that she was speaking to Sam.

He helped her to a rock and carefully cut away the shoe. Then with the sleeves of his shirt he improvised a bandage that brought relief and noted with satisfaction that the sprain seemed to be slight, since there was little swelling.

"That will have to do until we can get to town," he said as he rose to his feet. "Does it feel any easier, Miss Norwood?"

"Very much, thank you, Mr. Hastings." Sam gritted his teeth and mentally assured himself that when a fellow takes the trouble to bind up a girl's ankle and sacrifices his very newest and handsomest shirt for a bandage the least she might do would be to call him "Sam," as of old. He moved stiffly away and took a seat on a bowlder behind her. If she was lonesome she could call him.

But Kitty, though she was dreadfully lonesome and a little bit afraid, was too proud to call. Even the faint scent of tobacco that now and then drifted past her on some vagrant breeze was comforting, since it was an indication of Sam's presence, but she would not speak.

Sam gloomily regarded her eloquent shoulders and longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he assured himself that it was her place to make the overture. It looked as though the deadlock would continue unbroken when the serpent entered this lonesome Eden.

It was only a tiny gartersnake scarcely twelve inches long, and it was burrowing away from the human intruders as rapidly as possible when Sam spied it. With a long switch he turned its course and headed it past the rock where Kitty was sitting.

The rustling in the grass caught her attention, and, looking down, she spied the wriggling length of green. "A shrill scream of 'Sam!' she struggled to free her feet and the next instant was sobbing in her terror, with her arms about his neck.

With cruel ingratitude Sam dispatched his benefactor and lifted the girl in his arms.

"We'll go sit on the dock, Kitty," he suggested. "There are no snakes there. Pretty soon, if help doesn't come, I'll swim over to shore and get a small boat somewhere."

"Some one will come, Sam," she declared. "Anyhow, it's nice here—for awhile."

"You bet it is, Kitty," assented Sam as the girl crept close to the protecting circle of his arm.

Then in a torrent of words they had their explanation. It cleared the air wonderfully, and presently Kitty patted the hand that clasped her waist.

"You say you didn't like to take Belle riding," she whispered, "just as though you had all the trouble. I bet you wouldn't like it any better to let Mr. Saunders pretend to make love to you."

"No, I wouldn't," assented Sam honestly as he bent his head to claim another kiss. "Kitty, I'm sorry I killed that snake."

"But it was a snake," explained Kitty, as though that were sufficient reason, even though it was very nice—for a snake.

Didn't Lose Any Sleep.

Jenner, the famous English physician, was essentially a strong and self-reliant man. He attended the prince consort through his fatal illness, he was the Prince of Wales' doctor when the heir to the British throne had so narrow an escape in 1872, and he also went to Darmstadt and remained in attendance upon the Princess Alice till she died. To practice medicine in "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not calculated to lessen the physician's anxieties, and one who knew Jenner well once questioned him on this point and hinted that his responsibilities must sometimes be sufficient to render sleep or rest impossible.

"Sleep," replied Jenner in his characteristic way. "I don't think that anxiety about a patient ever kept me awake five minutes in my life. I go to a bedside. I do my best. What more can I do? Why should I not sleep?"

Hamlet's Bowl of Gruel.

George Melville, an old English actor, was fond of telling a funny story at his own expense. He was acting Hamlet in Bristol. It was the actor's rule to take a bowl of gruel in the course of the evening, and his landlady sent over the usual refreshment from the lodgings in Queen square. She happened to have a "new" servant girl, who was explicitly directed to get to the stage door by the entrance from Bank street and then carry the gruel into the greenroom. She arrived at a moment when Mr. Melville was "on." Being unused to the ways of the theater, she asked a man at the wings where Mr. Melville was.

"There," said the super, pointing to the stage.

The actor was in the middle of the soliloquy "To be or not to be" when the girl advanced toward him, bearing the bowl, and said, "If you please, Mr. Melville, sir, here is your gruel."

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Get a 50-cent case from your druggist now—you ought to have Diapepsin about the house always. Should one of your family eat something which does not agree with him or her, or for a Sour Stomach or Excessive Gas, one triangule will always give immediate relief.

Miles and the Reporter.

"General Nelson A. Miles always did like to have fun with new reporters," said an old newspaper man. "I remember some years ago he told an unfortunate Washington correspondent a long story about a new gun metal that some genius was supposed to have just discovered. It was a wonderful alloy which was as tough as steel and as light as aluminum. By its use, the general said, it would be possible to build guns which would weigh no more than the immense projectiles which they fired."

"The correspondent was delighted and went off and wrote a beautiful article, which produced spasms of laughter throughout the entire artillery service. You see, it doesn't require a very profound knowledge of ballistics to know that if a gun and projectile both weigh exactly the same amount they would fly in opposite directions with exactly the same velocity when the piece was fired."

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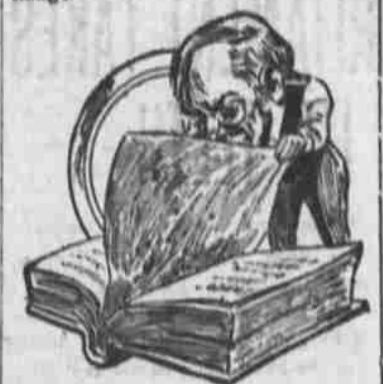
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