The Doilns

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THE WEATHER

wide debate upon the famous, and in- publican Congress and not hamper famous, issue of "Statement No. 1," that Congress by an additional minand has waited patiently for the cul- ority member. We do not care who minating argument and principle that he may be, so that the real interests should compel its logical and final of the State and coast may be safely care. disposal. This is not at hand, despite served by a servant of the majority; the wise and acceptable things that a majority that may not be denied have been said and written in this upon an hypothesis of past error or connection; and the letter published misunderstanding. elsewhere in these columns, by a We frankly confess our utter diser of the Astorian in a home 1000 and insist that the greater good of the miles away, suggests the expediency greater number lies in its prompt of a plain statement from us on this and absolute repudiation; not only by

of any sort of adherence to it. This, letting whosoever may, attempt to as all other predicates it may assume over-ride it, in court or out of it. in the lively interest, is based upon the original doctrine of our invariable

and repudiate it. We disparage no man's oath nor during the year." seek its reckless abandonment; un. It will be seen by that how swiftly had been done by Roger, and now the the State, was given and taken, as will not last that long. and claimed, it is simply the exped- cheer their way down the last delent of an aggressive minority for cline. is bound to observe it on the score south is almost as great. of its surreptitious quality and in- We believe every officer of exalted

his minority and repeat the political ished.-Goodwin's Weekly

farce to which he has been twice a leading factor, and this should be Oregon, Washington and Idaho- enough to merge every legislative vote, this winter, to the final rejection of a false, and always indeter-JUST AN ABLE REPUBLICAN, minate, law; and to the loftier duty and act of sending to Washington a For reasons peculiarly its own, the sterling and capable Senator to rep- seas of wheat and oats. Rustling corn-Astorian has kept out of the state- resent a Republican State in a Re-

man known to be an interested read- paragement of the law and its principle those presumably committed to it, Primarily, the Morning Astorian is but by every member of the Republinot in favor of Statement No. 1, nor can party in Oregon, first, and last;

PASSING AWAY

Colonel Sterrett is here to make arthat party once again in honest and rangements for the grand encamprational control of Oregon affairs; ment next summer. In reply to a Knowing, as it does, that the disin. question, he said: "Two thirds of the tegration and ineptitude of the Re- men who enlisted in the great war publican party in Oregon is due to have gone to the other side. The the intensely selfish advantages tak- record of last year was that one veten of the URen cult, and the Bourne eran died every six minutes and 144 influence, in the disruptive courses died each day; a full regiment of 1000 cepts, it is ready to discountenance regiments, every month, and two great corps, each of 25,000 men, died BHR DTTERED & LITTLE CRY AND HASTILY

less it shall be apparent that that the whole glorified host is passing oath was taken, and is respected, on, and how a few years hence there beth \$100. He had said he would exupon justly assailable hypotheses, will be left. They went out in the pect her on the 10th of August and And in this relation we confess that flower of youth; they interposed their would meet her at the little station the urgency behind this law is one breasts, a living wall, between their twenty miles distant. of ambiguity, and wholly untenable in country and their country's foes.

This was the 10th of August, and Roger had not heard one word from the light it has revealed of late. It Many died in battle, many died in the light it has revealed of late. It Many died in battle, many died in his sweetheart. Nevertheless he harwas passed at a time when the peo- hospitals, the host has been lessening nessed the sorrel team to his buckple were looking for certain relief ever since until two-thirds have pass- board and started forth to meet the from people and conditions within ed away. At the rate they died last 12:30 express from the east. Before from people and conditions within ed away. At the rate they died tast they returned to the farm they would the party, that meant something, and year the last one will have gone in 15 drive to the minister's and be marits passage, on the popular vote of years more, but the great mojority ried.

peal to the better citizenship of the country, they survived every ordeal, station. The station master sauntered peal to the better citizenship of the country, they survived every orders, out and chatted about the weather State; that it was not, and is not, an but now the inexorable years are and the crops. essential doctrine of the better parti- having their way and the march is ganship of the day; that it is not yet almost done. With a renewed reverse thundered along the platform. an appreciable and acceptable creed erence each year the arms of the na- A couple of trunks were dumped from of party action and commitment; that tion should be drawn around the the baggage car, and a girl in brown so far as it has been contended for sacred band to steady their steps, to

which its author and sponsor stand Think of it, every six minutes the broadly committed; that it lacks the folding doors of death swing back to virtue of representative expression, receive one of their number; every straight, slim figure, with its almost either for the Democracy of Oregon day 144 pass away, and every week a or its Republicanism; that it is not full regiment. In the old days durtrue to the best and freest public ing the war, even in the most excitsentiment here, and cannot therefore ing periods of it, there were rests. be binding even though it be sub- There is no rest to this march toscribed and sworn to; that no man ward the grave, and the record in the

rank fought in the war has passed "You have a carriage here?" she We believe it should be ignored, away except General Howard, and questioned. abandoned, unkept and unhonored, the rank and file are swiftly followupon the larger estimate of the ing. There is a perpetual sounding general good of the State. We be- of taps. Let us hope that every mornlieve the coming year will demon- ing the reveille in the land beyond as they reached the buckboard and strate the need of a sound and able the stars, sounded on silver bugles he assisted her to a seat. Republican in the Senate, from Ore- and slowly rolling drums, brings out gon, as above and beyond the quib- the full contingent and those that, bling and incertitude of Statement failing to answer roll call here, will No. 1. It has been proven to be the answer in the beyond, and rejoice vehicle on which a Democrat gover- that the Elysian fields have been shaved, sunburned face toward her. nor hopes to out-ride the exigency of won and the long march finally fin-

******************************* To be given away at the

BAKERONIAN

Every lady and child attending the matinee from now to Christmas will be given a coupon which will entitle them to a drawing on a free present. The presents will be displayed in the show window of the Bee Hive Store on Commercial street. Special matinee prizes

for children from now till Christmas, 5c. Who are the lucky ones? SEATS FREE

When Elizabeth Came.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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English and the second "When the home is ready, Roger, send for me and I will come," Elizabeth Atwood had said when her lover bade her goodby.

Roger Blake had kissed her tenderly and gone into the western wilderness to make a home. He had little money, but strong hands and the sturdy ambition that overcomes stupendous obsta-

In spite of these assets five years passed away before the Wyoming farm was declared to be in readiness for a mistress

In the east Elizabeth taught school, sewed on her simple trousseau and enjoyed berself as a bealthy, attractive girl cannot help doing. Every week she wrote a long letter to Roger. One August day, when the five years had expired. Roger made a last tour of inspection about the ranch. On distant hill slopes his cattle grazed. Nearer home fields were undulating green In the midst was the home lot, the

verandas, grassy lawn and thrifty young trees. Flowers and shrubs had been set out the first year with loving The farm was paying at last. The

low house surrounded by vine covered

poultry yards occupied a good acre. They were to be Elizabeth's special care. All the hard, drudgery work



THREW BACK HER VEIL

A month before he had sent Eliza-

Roger whistled merrily as he roundan undigested and misunderstood ap-

the time Roger had reached her the express had pounded away into the

The girl's face was covered by a thick, brown veil, but it was Elizabeth without a doubt. Roger knew the boyish freedom of movement, and the curve of dark hair at the back as she turned her head.

"Elizabeth!" he cried exultantly as he grasped her hands in his. "Yes," she answered quite coolly.

"How do you do?" "Fine," he said mechanically as he released her hands and fell into step

"Around on the other side. You are glad to get here, aln't you, Elizabeth? Or were you tired of waiting?" There was agonizing appeal in his blue eyes

"It was a long journey," she replied, with a puzzled glance at him, "I suppose you are one of the farm hands?" "Elizabeth Atwood! Don't you know me-Roger?" He turned his cleanly

She uttered a little cry and hastily threw back her veil. "Who do you think I am?" she gasped. Roger Binke stared. It was the face of a stranger. Her eyes were soft and dark like those of his sweetheart, and her cheeks had the same oval framed in dusky hair. Save for these points

of resemblance there was no likeness

between the two girls. Elizabeth At-

wood was very pretty, but the stranger was beautiful, "I am afraid you are disappointed," she faltered at last. "I am Elizabeth Wood, and I have come to visit the Waylands, and I supposed you were one of Cousin Dick's pet cowboys. I thought it strange you should call me topical song, "I Love Him, Mamma; Elizabeth," but I had resolved not to He Louis Like Fide!"-Chicago Tribbe surprised at anything out here," she | une.

laughed merrily, and Roger Joined ber with a faint heart.

"I came here expecting to meet a friend I hoped would be on your train," he admitted soberly. "Your appearance deceived me; you are much alike." "I was the only passenger," she said

my cousin's carriage be?" They were sitting in the buckboard in front of the station, and the agent was trundling two trunks toward them.

asked Roger Blake. "Nope. Want these on the wagon?" "Too heavy. Wayland will send for them. If his outfit serives te'l them I've carried the young lady over to his

"I hope I'm not taking you out of your way," she protested. "I can watt. I sent a letter"-

"That's all right. I guess your letter went astray the same as the one I should have had. I've got plenty of time to spare," he added grimly, "I was going to be married this morning."

"Oh, I see, I am very sorry," she said sincerely. Then she maintained a sympathetic ellence while Roger drove her over the long rend neross the prairie to the Wayland farm, which ad-

joined his own on therth. "How long are to going to stay?" queried Roger just before their journey

"Weeks or months perhaps. I have no near relatives and have been teaching school. My cousins have asked me to come here and enjoy a long rest. I hope your trip to the station tomorrow will be a more successful one-and thank you," she said, with a friendly smile, as they parted.

Ten days afterward Roger met her riding out of the canyon. Her face did not recall the voice of his wife. was prettily tanned, and her broad her lovely face.

"May I congratulate you today?" she asked brightly.

Roger shook his head slowly, and for the first time she noted the tense, drawn look about his pleasant mouth and the misery of his hargard eyes.

"You have heard-I hope it is not bad news?" she said, with that frank friendliness he had found so attractive in her before.

He drew a letter from his pocket and extracted a newspaper clipping. "That's all the explanation I've had," he said bitterly. "Married-to some one else-to

James Farnham-how very strange!" she said in a low, agitated voice. "Why is it strange? Do you know

the man?" demanded Roger eagerly. The girl's face whitened, and a look of distress came into her eyes. "Don't tell me anything if it pains

you," said Roger gently. "I must. You see, I was engaged to him, and he jilted me for another girl. I didn't know her name until now, I couldn't stand it, and so I ran away,

but now"- She paused and a dreamy contentment replaced the pain in her "Now?

"Of course be couldn't be worth belife is so good here so clean and free. I love it. "So do I," said Roger sincerely. "And

worthy of great sorrow. Shall we gal- off the lid. Jones shricked. His wife lop?"

Months afterward Elizabeth came to reign as mistress of Roger's home. But it was not Elizabeth Atwood.

It was that other Elizabeth who who, forgetting her own sorrow, sought to comfort him. And in the end each found a loyal, deep loving heart, and the home in the wilderness sheltered them as the man who builded it had dreamed.

Why He Whistled.

Whistling is understood everywhere to signify coolness, confidence, carelessness. These may be virtues in their proper place, but that place is not the society of one's fellow creatures, whether one be acquainted with them

A boy reprimanded, a servant dismissed, goes away whistling if he dares. He wishes to express contempt, and he succeeds at least in enraging his master generally. A hobbledehoy who commits some breach of the proprieties commonly bursts into a whistle. This is to save his face, meaning no harm. But it signifies "I don't care!" which is just the reverse of the apology needed. At best it shows indifference; at worst, as the dullest feel, insult and provocation.

Boswell tells a little story of whistling, illustrating the independent significance. Johnson and he were dining with the Duke of Argyll, who asked a gentleman present to fetch some curiosity from another room. The gentleman brought the wrong article, and the duke sent him back.

toward his host is undisclosed. How- and lung trouble, you never could ever, Boswell says: "He could not refuse, but to avoid any appearance of the room. On my mentioning this aft- tain some harmful drugs. Foley's a nice trait of character."-Pall Mall and has a record of 40 years of cures.

Our Own Minstrels.

Tambo-Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween a waif an' an ports. apahtment house? Interlocutor - I give it up, Jerry.

What is the difference between a waif and an apartment house?

an' de uddah am a' kidless home. nowned tenor, will now sing his great topical song, "I Love Him, Mamma;

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Dream Rescued Woman From

a Terrible Death. Mr. Jones was a popular young business man in the city of B. His wife sympathetically. "I hope your-your was a woman of strong emotion and friend will come tomorrow. Where can most delicate perceptions. Between them there existed a rare sympathy which extended to all the faculties,

Mrs. Jones fell Ill, and after a few weeks' agony, during which her husband waited on her with a constancy "Seen a team from Wayland's?" not often seen, she died-that is, she appeared to be dead. There was no question about it in the doctors' mind. A certificate was issued and an undertaker called in. But for the fortunate circumstance that Mr. Jones was opposed to embalming there would be no story to tell unless it were of another person apparently dead who was revived for a moment under the lunge of the embalmer's knife.

Saved from that fate, Mrs. Jones was laid out in her burial robe, placed in a coffin and on the third day was buried in a cemetery some distance away.

Her husband was greatly affected, so much that his relatives feared an attack of melancholia. His uncle, wishing to arouse his spirits and divert his attention, remained in the house the night after the funeral and was a valuable witness, as it proved, of an event so astounding as to be almost beyond belief.

For an hour or two that evening they talked chiefly about the dead and then went to bed. Mr. Jones, after tossing. upon his pillow for a long time, fell into a troubled sleep. In the middle of the night he heard a veice calling his name, "George, George!" The tones were not familiar to him; they

Still conceiving himself the victim of brimmed hat made an effective frame a dream, he again went to sleep. It was daybreak before the voice was heard again, and this time it could not be ignored. He recognized it at last as the voice of his wife in sore distress calling upon him. She cried:

"George! Save me! Save me, George!" He sprang out of bed, trembling all over. That despairing cry still rang in his ears. So real was it that, although he was awake and remembered perfeetly the death, the funeral and all that happened in the preceding four days, he searched the room for her who had thrice called him by name.

Finding that he was alone, he rushed into his uncle's room crying: "Get up! Get up! We must go to the cemetery! She is alive! She is calling me!"

The uncle, skeptical as he was by nature, was carried away by Jones' impetuosity. Both men threw on some clothing, and, while one harnessed a borse to a light buggy, the other procured spades. Thus equipped, they drove to the cemetery at a gallop. The sun rose as they leaped out at the grave and began to dig.

Mrs. Jones had been buried the previous afternoon. Her husband shoveled away the earth in a fronzy of energy. It was firmly fixed in his mind that she had been buried alive and that he might yet be in time to save ing very sorry about, after all! And her. Inspired by his nephew's excitement, the uncle dug with a visor almost as great as Jones'.

Begrimed and disheveled, they at about that other, I don't believe it is last reached the coffin and wrenched was moving. She was trying feebly to turn over in her narrow bed. She gazed at him with eyes that saw not. She was unconscious of her situation. He passed his arms about her and lifted her out. The two men removed JACOB KAMM came to him in his great trouble and her from the grave, placed her in the buggy and drove home. Physicians were called in. Under close medical care she slowly recovered. Every pre-

caution was taken to guard her from the knowledge of what had happened. and all who were in the secret pledged themselves to silence lest the shock of that revelation of her burial and J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President resurrection might prove fatal to her. but the story leaked out later, when Mrs. Jones got about again.-Balti-

She Got a New Pair.

Surcasticus and his wife were going Transacts a General Banking Business to the theater. "Will you please go in and get my

goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S. "Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned, putting on her gloves. "Are those what you mean? Why, I

eall those kids." "I used to." replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.-Pearson's Week-

A Personal Appeal

If we could talk to you personally about the great merit of Foley's The exact position of this gentleman Honey and Tar, for coughs, colds be induced to experiment with un servility be whistled as he went out of known preparations that may conerward to Dr. Johnson he said it was Honey and Tar costs you no more

> The Morning Astorian contains all the local and Associated Press re-

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