

Daily Astorian.

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The Astorian guarantees to its subscribers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

Advertising rates can be obtained on application to the business manager. This paper is in possession of all the telegraph franchises, and is the only paper on the Columbia river that publishes genuine dispatches.

The Daily Astorian's circulation is five times as great as that of the combined circulation of the other daily papers of Astoria.

The Weekly Astorian, the third oldest weekly in the state of Oregon, has, next to the Portland Oregonian, the largest weekly circulation in the state.

Subscribers to the Astorian are requested to notify this office, without loss of time, immediately they fail to receive their daily paper, or when they do not get it at the usual hour.

Handley & Haas are our Portland agents and copies of the Astorian can be had every morning at their stand on First street.

TIDE TABLE. For the Week, Beginning To-day.

Table with columns for DATE, HIGH WATER, LOW WATER, and P.M. listing tide times for the week.

YESTERDAY'S WEATHER. Maximum temperature, 49 degrees; minimum temperature, 39 degrees; precipitation, .30 inch.

THE WEATHER TODAY. Portland, April 14.—Forecast for Oregon and Washington: Showers; stationary temperature.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET. For Governor—W. P. LORD, of Marion county.

For Secretary of State—H. R. KINCAID, of Lane county.

For State Treasurer—PHIL METSCHAN, of Grant county.

For Supreme Judge—C. E. WOLVERTON, of Lane county.

For Attorney General—C. M. IDLEMAN, of Multnomah.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—G. M. IRWIN, of Union.

For State Printer—W. H. LEEDS, of Ashland.

IMPRESSIONS OF ASTORIA. The first thing a stranger notices on coming to Astoria to live is the appearance of intelligence and thrift which marks her people.

It is pleasant to come to such a community. One feels interested from the beginning—as if, in some way, he was destined to contribute to its up-building.

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tide has turned in Astoria's favor, and that with the natural advantages of location and resources, her good citizens will surely realize a substantial return before many days for their hospitality and courtesy to the strangers within their gates.

A VOTE OF NO CONFIDENCE.

It is evident that the people are not letting slip any chance to repudiate the anti-American policy which is being pursued by a Democratic congress and administration and to express the wish that the war upon home industries, of which the Wilson tariff bill is the instrument, should be halted and abandoned.

There is no such thing as either mistaking or explaining away the results of the latest elections. Last November, when the Democrats were routed all along the line, a more or less successful effort was made to account for the phenomenon upon theories which did not involve the discredit of the Democratic party.

A variety of causes, all imaginable causes except the true one, were given to account for what had taken place. In Ohio it was the personal popularity of Gov. McKinley that had done the business.

In New York it was the personal unpopularity of Judge Maynard. New Jersey had gone Republican as a protest against the race-track legislation, and Pennsylvania had rolled up its big majority for Mr. Grow partly from force of habit and partly because the thousands of Democrats, disgusted at the tardiness with which Mr. Cleveland had been turning the rascals out, had mulishly refused to go to the polls.

Such are some of the stories which the Democrats told themselves and others, and from which they sought to extract a modicum of consolation and encouragement. Perhaps by dint of frequent repetition they reached the point of believing these yarns themselves.

Anyhow, they continued to insist that they had received a mandate from the country to smash the tariff, that this is what they were sent to Washington to do, and then they would add that they proposed to do it.

If any one will turn to the files of the daily papers of November and December, he will find that such was the line of argument and exhortation which those oracles of Democracy pursued. The rognant Democracy at the national capital was admonished that it must keep right on with the good work.

It was warned that there must be no looking back after putting the "hand to the plough," and was assured that it might safely and properly ignore the indications of stormy weather ahead.

It was told in the language of the ancient unbeliever, who scoffed at the venerable Noah and his ark, that it wasn't going to be much of a shower, anyway, and when in the midst of their assertions to that effect Pennsylvania returned that monstrous majority for Grow, the oracles never turned a hair.

Said they, the Keystone state, like Ephraim of old, is hopelessly joined to its idols. Let no man regard it.

Well, what are they going to say now? What new and ingenious theories will they invent to account for reverses which cover the length and breadth of the land and confound the Democracy of the east and west alike in common disaster?

What interpretation will Belshazzar-Cleveland's prophets find to fit the fresh handwriting on the wall? The Republican Daniels will decipher it without difficulty. They will see in it another and a most emphatic condemnation of the Democratic party and all its works, from the platonic philanthropy of Mr. Cleveland with Lillukalant to the silver fanaticism of Mr. Bland and the economic heresies of the Wilson tariff bill.

That is what the result of the latest elections will mean to Republicans, and it will encourage them everywhere to stick to their guns and to hold the fort until the people have an opportunity to come to their relief.

Col. Breckenridge has now reached the end of one trial, but is likely to be engaged in defending another before long.

Nebraska has the honor of being the founder of "Arbor Day."

THE BEST OF REASONS. The reason why Alcock's Porous Plasters are popular is that they may be relied on to cure:

- 1. Lame back, sciatica, stiffness or twitching of the muscles. 2. Chest troubles, such as pleurisy, pneumonia, consumption. 3. Indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaint.

The success, however, will depend upon the genuineness of the plaster used. The popularity of Alcock's Porous Plasters has been so great that multitudes of imitations have sprung up every hand. The only sure cure is to get the genuine Alcock's Porous Plasters.

Brandreth's Pills improve the digestion.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"Baby C." A sweet little blue-eyed girl, with sunny dimples in her cheeks, rode out in a landau to Fairmount park and the zoo the other afternoon.



But she was particularly pleased with the bears at the zoo, which she fed lavishly with peanuts.

She didn't like the monkeys at all, she said, but she thought the elephants cute.

The child was none other than "Baby Collins," the same and joy of the life of Lottie Collins, the actress.

Miss Collins is really Mrs. Stephen P. Cooney. "Baby C.," as she is called, is now 23 years old and is her sprightly mother in miniature.

She can dance correct imitation of "Tara-r-r-r" and do a lot of other pretty steps.

Treading For Clams. With the tide's going out at Jamaica bay a queer pursuit daily is enacted north of the breaker opposite Canarsie.

Near low tide, as the flats first appear from the receding waters, strange bare legged human figures begin to pace the narrow mud strip.

As the wet, brown expanse widens and lengthens they are joined by others, until a dozen or more of men and boys are patrolling the level ooze with downcast eyes, as if in deep meditation or hunting for the traditional needle usually ascribed to the haystack.

These men are "treading clams"—that is, feeling for these shell-fish with their feet, which sink to the ankle at every step.

The clam of Canarsie does not, like his sand abiding brother of the soft shell, indicate his presence by a hole, but lies in soft mud near the surface and can be located only by the sense of touch.

The clam treader thus has in his avocation an excitement akin to that of a lottery in which he sometimes draws worse than a blank when his foot encounters a broken bottle or a crab, causing his sedate pace to change to capers not unworthy the ballet.

Strung out in an irregular line, carrying baskets and buckets, with their straw hats and white or colored shirts flapping, these treaders make a picturesque procession, which continues until, with turn of tide, the rising water gradually drives them off the flats.

New York Sun.

Carlo and the Chickens. Carlo early manifested a love for watching and chasing chickens—a pastime not to be neglected with the small opportunities of the city.

We soon, by kindness and firmness and much talking, broke him of disturbing our own chickens. We often took a little chick in our hands, and said to him "pretty chicken, Carlo's chicken" and allowed him to lick it gently.

Soon it was not only safe, but safer to have him in the pen with the chicks than otherwise, as then no rat or mouse dared venture there.

From the first, Carlo has deemed these marauders worthy of death whenever and wherever seen and acts out his convictions. As the chickens grew their number was reduced to 12, and these were transferred to the barn.

Every night for two years Carlo made a detour of the porch, giving each fowl a good lick—they were so acquainted it did not alarm them at all—and if one or more of the number were absent he would immediately scour the premises until it was found, then gave a peculiar bark, indicating the discovery, nor would he give it up till the number was complete.

Could he count? How did he know there should be just 12—no more, no less—Mary E. Holmes in Science.

His Role. Little Billy came in one afternoon from an assembly of the children of the neighborhood with his clothes pierced above and below with a great many little holes.

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed his mother, "what has happened to you?" "Oh," said Billy, "we've only been playing grocery store, and everybody was something in it. I was the Swiss cheese."

Argonaut.

The Gosling's Request. "Pray do not weep, O Gosling dear," said kind old Dr. Quack.

"Your mother will be well again before daylight comes back."

ALL WISE HEADS agree that the use of a liver pill after dinner, or to accomplish special results, is an important step in civilization.

THE MAKERS OF Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you \$500 if they can't give you a complete and permanent cure.

77 YEARS OLD. I am seventy-seven years old, and have had my age renewed at least twenty years by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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SANTAL-MIDY. These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capilla, Cubebis and Injections.

Push a Lucky Man. Into the Nile, says the Arabian proverb, and he will come out with a fish in his mouth.

RAKES AND THINGS. The little warm rays of sunshine dropping in a little earlier these mornings, as the season advances, plainly say, "Get ready, for fall will soon be wanting garden things!"

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