

Daily Astorian

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Advertising rates can be had on application

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The Weekly Astorian, the second oldest

weekly in the state of Oregon, has next

to the Portland Oregonian, the largest

circulation in the state.

The Astorian and its copies of the Astorian

can be had every morning at their stand

on First street.

THE WOMAN'S BIBLE.

If anything had been needed to convince

incredulous man of woman's ineffable

superiority, the Woman's Bible is calculated

to do so. If the forthcoming sections are equal

to the present issue of the Pentateuch, which is now

before us in all the richness of its erudition

and dietion and the fairness of its logic,

the complete work will be a wonder and a joy.

As an expression of native femininity

alone, it is calculated to figure as a unique

addition to literature. But as an argument

it is a colossal vindication. The alleged tyrant

has long ago given up protesting in a voice

weakened by iteration and drowned by the

shrill shrieks of the oppressed, that he

acknowledged her superiority. He has

grown used to being branded as a tearer

down of female rights and has learned

to balance himself with uneasy complacence

upon the tottering throne to which his

vicissitudes have raised him, while they

revel in their wrongs. But the time has

come for him to make a supreme effort

to grant to woman the last stronghold

of his prerogative—the right to be

surprisingly funny.

The Woman's Bible is compiled of all

passages of Scripture which contain any

reference whatever to the female, general

or individual, and includes, as in-

vidious distinctions, most references to

man, followed by the natural and logical

query, "Why not women?" To each of

these passages is appended learned com-

ment from the pens of the "distinguished

women" who have been appointed to the

body task. Among the members of the

committee are a few Hebrew and Greek

scholars whose services have doubtless

been invaluable, but for the most part

the commentaries seem to be based mainly

on the personal views of the writer,

which of course furnish a more unassail-

able foundation than any other conceivable

one. They begin their "higher criticism"

with a bold demand for recognition in

the Trinity. It is a doctrine which has

been so variously "explained" that the

feminine version of its significance is at

least entitled to a hearing. They also

announce at the start that their reason

has repudiated the divine authority of the

Bible; yet, as most men and women are

too unintelligent to have arrived at this

stage, they consider it worth while to

show the falsity and injustice of its

attitude to women. The first of the two

writers in Genesis seems to be the only

Biblical author who deserves commendation

at his hands—he represents man and

woman as a simultaneous creation and

says nothing about the "dominion" of

man. Any later concessions to the

woman, as in the fourth commandment,

tain votes one way or the other. It has been the

heart of this man ever and over again that he was

able to "work" Uniontown any way he wanted to.

This is not only an untruth, but a deliberate insult

to the common sense and independence of one of the

most enlightened and honorable sections of the community.

THE TRUE SITUATION

It has been said that there need short memories.

The men who insist that it would be a crime to

disturb business now by any tariff agitation—who

are they? Exactly the same men who

peristed in disturbing business, even in the utmost

prostration after the panic of 1893, with a tariff

revision which lasted a whole year. The same men,

also, who furiously denounced the senate bill, as a

betrayal of public interests, a sale to monopolies,

the product of corrupt bargains, a measure of "perfidy

and dishonor," and then passed it. But now they

declare that it must stand untouched, with all its

special favors, the fruit of criminal bargains,

because any agitation for a change would disturb

business. These men started with a glaring untruth

when they asserted in 1893 that the prostration

was caused by the silver act, and not by the threat

of free trade. It has led them into the amazing

absurdity of claiming that the country has been

rendered more prosperous than ever by an infan-

try with monopolies and betrayal of the form which

they called necessary to public prosperity.

This notion that any and every change of

duties must cause depression is not merely

disproved by experience, but is on its face a

glaring absurdity. When advance of duties is

proposed, it is for the purpose of curing

existing evils, checking excessive foreign

competition, adding new encouragement to

domestic production. Every buyer reasons that

the immediate effect of higher duties will be to

advance prices to some extent, until the estab-

lishment of new works has increased the home

supply of the product. In consequence every

buyer is tempted to purchase promptly and to

the full extent of his wants, for the change, if

effected, can do him no harm, and he is anxious

to have a large stock of cheap goods on hand

as he can in case of any rise. Manufacturers

also take time by the forelock and lay in

stocks of material, and push their works even

in advance of orders because the better prices,

if secured, will give some profit on an output

which might otherwise be sold at a loss. Thus

there is always a more business and a

hopeful condition of industry when the

subject of pending legislation is to afford

greater defense and encouragement to home

production. The necessity of a larger

revenue will compel Republicans to consider

in what direction duties may be advanced.

They will not be deterred in the least by the

Democratic untruth that any change in that

direction must check business.

Many people think that we spend

enough money—or its equivalent—on our

roads to make them as good as those of any

other country. That is correct, but the trouble

is we don't spend it in the right way. Our

labor is misdirected. At some seasons of the

year, when farm work is less pressing than

usual, the farmer "works out" his road tax.

Generally it is about the worst time of the

year for the roads; but that doesn't matter.

He takes his horses and plow and scraper,

plows up some furrows in the gutter between

the wagon track and the sidewalk, and scrapes

the earth up into the middle of the road. That

makes the road rough and lumpy. You must

drive over it at a walk, as over a newly

plowed field. If the weather remains dry it

gets dusty; if rain comes on it is a mass of

mud. In course of time it gets worn down

fairly smooth and hard; and then it is time

to "work out" some more taxes, and scrape

up some more sods and loose dirt again.

That is what road-making has meant in

most country places in this state, and what

it still means on thousands of miles of

highway in the most highly improved

states of this Union. If, instead of that,

the same amount of work had been given

election, irrespective of the fate of the

balance of either ticket. The formation of

this mutual admiration society needs only

Mr. Osburn's defense of his friend Curtis

to cement the union. Naturally, in

response to Mr. Curtis' appeal, Mr. Osburn

will be quick to come to the scratch

with explanations satisfactory to Mr. Curtis.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE

Extraordinary Scene on a Railway Train.

(The Jibardet de Kater.)

An amusing anecdote of a lady and

gentleman who were traveling together

runs as follows: They were strangers

together. All at once the gentleman

said: "Madam, may I ask you to look out

of the window? I should like to make

some change in my toilet." "Certainly, sir,"

she replied, at the same time getting up

and turning her back to him. A few

moments afterwards he said: "Now, madam,

I have finished and you can turn

down again." When the lady looked

round she saw her male companion

transformed into an elegant lady, wearing

an elegant veil. "And you, sir, make

whatever you please of my attire," said

the lady. "I would like to see you

to put your face out of the window

as I, too, wish to make some alterations

in my attire." "Certainly, madam,"

said the man in woman's clothes, and

turned at once the other way. "Now you

may resume your seat." "To his great

astonishment the man in woman's

garb, on sitting down again saw his

traveling companion transformed into

a man. He burst out laughing and

said: "It appears that we both try to

run away. What have you done? I

have been robbing a bank." "And I,"

said the quondam lady, as she

fitted the "dabbers" around his fellow

passenger's wrists, "am Detective J. Amster-

dam, and have been on your trail for the

last couple of days and now (presenting

a revolver) keep still!"

UNDER THE WRONG HEAD

(Texas Sittling.)

Parson Downyouch—You promised

to publish my sermon in your paper, but

you have not done so. Editor Shears—It

must be in the paper, because I know

I wrote it. Parson Downyouch—I've

looked for it, but can't find it. Editor

Shears—What was the text? Parson

Downyouch—"Feed My Sheep." Editor

Shears—Here it is, the new foreman

has put in a check for \$100.00 in your

department. Here it is under the head

of "Sheep-Raising in Western Texas."

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE

The best salve in the world for Cuts,

Bruises, Sores, Glands, Salt Rheum,

ever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,

Chilblains, Corns, and All Skin

Eruptions, and positively cures Piles,

or noys required. It is guaranteed to

give relief in ten minutes. Price, 25

cents per box. For sale by "has

Rogers, Odd Fellows" building.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly

named. It affords instant relief from

coughing when afflicted with a severe

cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial

tubes, and lungs and never fails to

give immediate relief. Chas. Rogers.

Leopard—Have you packed your

trunk, Mr. Elephant? Elephant—If

you write me about my trunk, Leop-

ard, I'll knock the spots off you—Don't

Free Press.

When baby was sick, we gave her

Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for

Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to

Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them

A LITTLE GIRL'S WISH

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary.

The tears in her great eyes of blue,

"I'm only a wee little lassie,

There's nothing a woman can do."

"To so, I heard Cousin John say so,

He's home from a great college, too;

He said, just now, in the parlor,

"There's nothing a woman can do."

"My wee little lassie, my darling!"

Said I, putting back her soft hair,

"I want you, my dear little maiden,

To smooth away all mother's care,

"Is there nothing you can do, my darling?"

What was that "jae" said last night?

"My own little sunbeam has been here

I know, for the room is so bright."

"And there is a secret, my Mary,

Perhaps you may learn it some day—

The hand