

**SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA**

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS, CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

NEW YORK

At 6 months old 35 Doses—35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

**There ARE Points About Columbia River Salmon**

That make it far superior to any other. When you buy Elmore's Salmon you know what you are getting.

**Elmore's**

LOOK FOR "White Star" "Royal Seal"

At All Leading Grocers in the U.S.

## Are You Going East?

Be sure and see that your ticket reads via

## THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

CHICAGO.

ST. PAUL.

MINNEAPOLIS

—and—

OMAHA RAILWAYS.

This is the

GREAT SHORT LINE

Between

DULUTH.

ST. PAUL.

CHICAGO

And all points East and South.

Their Magnificent Train, Peerless Ventilated Dining and Sleeping Car Trains and Motor.

"ALWAYS ON TIME"

Have given this road a national reputation. All classes of passengers carried on the vestibuled trains without extra charge. Ship your freight and travel over this famous line. All agents have tickets.

F. C. SAVAGE, Gen. Agent, Travel, F. and P. Agt. 34 Washington st., Portland, Or.

W. H. MEAD, Gen. Agent, Travel, F. and P. Agt. 34 Washington st., Portland, Or.

THE ABOVE PICTURE DOES NOT REPRESENT

A passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. No. 10, its train is vestibuled, heated by steam, and lighted by electricity. Each sleeping car berth has an electric reading lamp. Its dining cars are the best in the world, and its coaches are palaces on wheels.

This great railway, connecting as it does with all transcontinental lines at St. Paul and Omaha, assures to the traveling public the best service known. Tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway are on sale at all railroad ticket offices in any point in the United States or Canada. For maps, folders and other information, address:

C. J. EDDY, General Agent, Portland, Or.

J. W. CASEY, Portland, Or.

Parties desiring the best of job printing at the lowest prices should call at the Astoria job office before going elsewhere.

## MARINE MATTERS.

DATE.	HIGH WATER.	LOW WATER.
	A.M. P.M.	A.M. P.M.
	h.m. f. h.m. f.	h.m. f. h.m. f.
Saturday 23	1 48.7 5 55.5	7 58.3 7 54.49
Sunday 24	2 28.7 1 32.6	7 57.5 8 57.54
Monday 25	3 10.9 2 17.5	8 56.3 9 56.49
Tuesday 26	3 54.2 3 5.8	9 55.1 10 55.1
Wednesday 27	4 38.7 3 47.0	10 53.9 11 53.9
Thursday 28	5 23.2 4 31.5	11 52.7 12 52.7
Friday 29	6 7.7 5 15.7	12 51.5 1 51.5

The Tweeddale left down the river yesterday morning.

Matters were very quiet along the waterfront yesterday.

The four-masted schooner Carrier Dove, laden with brimstone, left up the river yesterday.

The British bark Kenyon, Captain Priceaux, cleared yesterday for Queenstown or Falmouth for orders, with 68,275 bushels of wheat, valued at \$13,014. While coming down the river the Kenyon grounded off Tongue Point, notwithstanding that the river is high.

The lighthouse tender Manzanita has returned from a week's cruise to the southern coast of Oregon, where she replaced buoys. The tender is now equipped with an electric light service of seventy-one incandescent lamps and it is reported that a powerful search light will be placed aboard.

The fishing schooner Edith arrived from the banks this morning with 1500 halibut, weighing over 50,000 pounds, on board. The fish company is rather at a loss as to what disposition to make of the cargo. The road is reported as blocked by the snow east of the mountains, and it is hardly thought safe to send them East, as is the usual custom. These fish, in order to arrive in eastern cities in a marketable condition must be rushed through as rapidly as possible, and it is thought that a delay of several days, even if the fish were kept frozen, would make them unsalable. While it has not yet been decided what disposition will be made of the cargo, it is thought that they will be sold to local dealers in this and other Sound cities.—Tacoma News.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. For sale by Chas. Rogers, Druggist.

## THE BOYHOOD OF GRANT.

McClure's Magazine announces for publication in the December number a paper of reminiscences of the boyhood of Grant. Mr. Hamlin Garland, the novelist, who has long had in mind the project of writing an intimate personal life of Grant, has gone down to Georgetown and Ripley, Ohio, and Mayville, Kentucky, the towns in which Grant passed his life until he went to West Point, and by industriously talking with every man and woman there who had any personal knowledge of Grant, and by delving into the local records and newspapers, has gotten together a rare store of illuminating fact and anecdote; and out of this perfectly raw material he has written the paper which is to appear in the December McClure's. The promise is that it will do what has never been done before: exhibit the youth Ulysses Grant exactly as he was in his humble life and surroundings. In addition to collecting information, Mr. Garland also collected pictures, and something especially rare and interesting is promised in the illustrations of the paper. For example, there will be given the earliest known portrait of Grant, a portrait owned by Mrs. Boggs (the wife of Grant's partner in the real estate business at St. Louis), never before reproduced or published, and quite unknown to the public and even to members of Grant's own family.

## The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.  
Willamette River, Channel to Portland, Oregon.

Notice is hereby given that the Coon Island, three-mile Post-Light Beacon, was by the present frost, carried away from its position off Coon Island, entrance to the Willamette River, and will be replaced as early as practicable. This notice affects the Lists of Lights and Fog Signals, Pacific Coast, 1896, Page 24, No. 1079, also the List of Beacons and Buoys, Pacific Coast, 1896, Page 49.

By order of the Lighthouse Board.  
JNO. P. MERRILL,  
Commander U. S. Navy,  
Inspector 13th L. H. District.  
Office of U. S. Lighthouse Inspector, Portland, Oregon, 18 November, 1896.

**CASTORIA.**  
The signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

The languages used by the Emperor and Empress of Russia in their private intercourse are English and German.

DeWitt's Sarsaparilla is prepared for cleansing the blood. It builds up and strengthens constitutions impaired by disease. Chas. Rogers.

The letter "I" in the Chinese language has 145 ways of being pronounced, and each pronunciation has a different meaning.

A girl in London has died from tight lacing.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

**Alcock's Porous Plaster**  
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

## Little Phil's Thanksgiving

"OT," said Little Phil, to his friend Raggy Red, as they shivered together in the shelter of Lick alley, while a cold November rain sifted down along Sutter street, "Wot, is dis Thanksgiving?"

Raggy Red bestowed a rather pitying smile of patronage upon his small companion. "It's de day de president gives de big mugs to be tankful fer turkey and small buns," he said.

"And where does wese come in?" Phil persisted, looking down at his rag, and shivering closer to the wall at the touch of a breeze more than usually keen.

"Wese don't," said Raggy Red, sentimentally. "De president don't make no proclamations for people wid beer incomes. Youse aint got nothin' to be tankful fer."

Raggy Red darted out at a passing car, his bundle of evening papers held tightly under his arm, crying his wares. Little Phil, shivering in the keen wind and the skurry of rain, could not yet make up his mind to the plunge.

It was cold where he was—so cold the actual physical pain of it brought tears to his eyes, but the street was colder. It had been a hard day, and his papers were unsold. The few people in the streets, hurrying homeward to warmth and light and generous fare of the season, gave no thought to the little figure shivering in the alley. Men who walk the streets of cities are hardened against their misery. One forlorn little figure more or less makes no impression. And who wanted to read papers or buy newspapers on Thanksgiving? It was a day to shut out the world, to howl down for the lars and penates in thanks for the good things the world can bestow. Of such things is human nature.

Little Phil had been given to nobody, as a blessing or curse. He could not remember ever having a kind word spoken to him by man or woman. He was a waif, and he fought his own way in the human stream. The current bore him on, of course. It bears us all on, little and great alike. He managed, small as he was, to keep his head above water. But he could see no possible good to come of holidays in winter, when shops were closed up and the street crowds grew thin and there was no sale for papers. What right had the president to come between him and his livelihood? Who was the president, anyway, that his word could stagnate a world. Little Phil wished that he might be president. He would certainly see to it that no boy went to bed with an empty belly.

Little Phil mused for a time limited by the narrow grasp of his mental processes. Then the wind and the rain, striking his raked skin through wide rents in his garments, awakened him once more to the sense of personal discomfort. After the manner of the self-supporting, going out to meet hostility, he drew closer to the entrance of the alley. The wind, sweeping the rain before it, cut his face and neck and arms like the touch of a river of ice. He shivered as a naked lad shivers on the brink of a pool, feeling the water with his toe. Then, bending his head to take the rain on the thatch of hair sticking through half a dozen holes in the crown of his hat, he plunged into the gathering darkness almost into the arms of a pedestrian plodding sturdily along in the opposite direction, who paused at the shock, crying "Hello!"

"Folger, sir," said little Phil, not a whit daunted. "All about Thanksgiving?"

The man, a great, burly fellow, in a pilot overcoat, held the boy by the shoulder after the collision, and he now lifted him up so as to bring the lad's eyes to a level with his own. Little Phil wished he had been as big and strong as that.

"No," he said, "I do not want a paper. I have nothing to be thankful for." There was a merry twinkle in his eye as he said that, like the sparkling of the sea in the sun, which seemed to carry to little Phil's mind the idea that this man had much to be thankful for, if manifest ability to conquer the world counted for anything.

"If I was as big as you, mister," he said, "I'd eat turkey and drink small buns 'stead of jimminy'n round in de cold air wet."

"Oh, you would," said the large man, suddenly setting little Phil on his feet, but keeping fast hold of his shoulders.

"You bet."

The big man looked long and steadily into the eyes of the waif in front of him. Seven years of struggle in the streets had not given little Phil the faculty of shirking the gaze of a man. The small blue eyes returned without flinching the gaze of the kindly brown ones.

"And will you not," the big man said at last, "have turkey and—and a small bottle for your dinner, too?"

"Not on yer life, boss. I'll be in luck to have coffee and sinkers. I will," indicating his impunctuality by a large gesture, taking the street, his unsold papers, the whole mundane situation.

The man hailed a passing car. "You come with me," he said to the boy, and little Phil went. The waif of the street is quick in meeting the situations of life as they arise. He must be if he would keep from under the wheels of trolley cars. A lad of home growth, eight years old, would have shrunk, and naturally, from contact with this stranger. Little Phil, a man in all but years and almost more than a man in his knowledge of life, accepted the comradeship as precisely the most natural thing in the world. If the boy of the street knows no inferiors he also

knows no superiors, save the superiority that comes from greater physical force. Little Phil paid his new friend's strength the tribute of envy. That aside, they were on terms of the most perfect equality.

They rode on the car well out toward the Western Addition, stopping at last before a large house not far from Van Ness avenue. The stranger opened the iron gate boldly, little Phil padding along at his side, and rang the front door bell. He seemed to be well known there, for he stepped into the house at once when the lackey opened the door.

"I will go up at once to the library," John," he said. "I suppose the doctor is in?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. George, he is in, sir," said John, looking at little Phil with something as closely approaching disfavor as the breeding of a perfect servant would permit.

Little Phil had never been in a house like that before, but the great brown silence of the subdued lights nor the deep carpet into which his wet feet sank at every step could quell the feeling of perfect equality in his small breast. He returned the servant's look of displeasure with interest and impudence, and followed in the wake of his new friend.

Rev. Dr. Walker, pastor of St. Vitus' Episcopal church, was in his library. He had conducted a most successful Thanksgiving service in the morning, and was meditating now upon the excellent dinner whose announcement he was almost momentarily expecting, and to which he had invited a few congenial guests to help him close the day in fitting fashion. There would be evening service at the church, but the curate would attend to that. His parishioners would not expect the rector to stir abroad upon such an unpleasant evening. Sitting there in front of his warm coal fire, his large white hands held in front of him in the position of the devout. Rev. Dr. Walker looked up as the door was thrown open and the man of the pilot coat entered, little Phil at his heels. The boy's shock head was scarce higher than the writing table in the center of the room, and at first the rector did not see him.

"Ah, Captain George," Rev. Dr. Walker said, rubbing his large white hands one upon the other, "unceremonious, as usual. I am glad to see you, really. How have you kept the day? You have come to dinner, I hope?"

"Well, no, brother John, I have not come to dinner. I told you I could not, I believe. But I have brought a guest in my place," indicating little Phil, who came for the first time with in the doctor's view.

"God bless me," said that good man, ceasing suddenly to rub his large white hands together, and looking inexpressibly shocked, "God bless me, George, what's this?"

"I told you I had brought a guest in my place, did I not?"

"But, is not this rather cruel jesting. You did not tell your—er—your friend what he had to expect, I hope?"

"Well, no, brother, I did not. I suspect, do you know, that I knew you too well for that."

"That is sensible, brother; that is very sensible," and the rector, rising, stepped toward the electric bell.

"What are you going to do?" the burly brother asked.

"Why, send him to the servant's hall and have him fed and—er—washed. It is the kindest thing."

"And do you suppose he would go?" "What is he here for?"

"As I told you, I brought him to dinner with you. Your sermon this morning, I believe, was upon the beauty of charity and the equality of all men upon a day of giving thanks."

"But, my dear George, you do not understand. We do not carry out beautiful theories into our private lives."

"And your Master, who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me'?"

"A childish sentiment, brother. A divine sentiment! Mere man cannot reach those sublime heights. We feed the hungry. There are the charities. But we want to others. We cannot imprudently interfere with the working of his mysterious will."

"All men, then, are not equal in the sight of the Master?"

"Only theoretically, brother; only theoretically. The boy has a soul, I dare say. Those common creatures have. But we really cannot go out of our way to reach it. He would not feel happy, brother, at the tables of the great."

"You are absurd, brother. The bishop is coming to dinner tonight. What would he think? What would my wife say?"

"Did Jesus Christ consider the bishop when he put out his hands to the lowly?"

"But you do not understand. A mere man of today cannot hope to emulate the Master's excellence."

"I am not willing to try. Come on, youngster. There is neither turkey nor small bottles for us here."

"You will not let me send him to the kitchen, brother?" the rector said; but the burly man, the boy in his wake, had gone out. Rev. John Walker sank back into his easy chair before the fire, rubbing his large white hands meditatively together. "It's a pity," he mused, "that my brother George is so impetuous. If it could be possible I would think my sainted mother made an error when she permitted him to follow his bent and go to sea instead of educating him, as I was educated, for the church."

Captain George—for he was a ship captain, and it was the twinkle of the sea in his eye which had fascinated little Phil at first—and the boy took the next car down town, riding to the water front. It was cold and raw on the water, as they were rowed in the wherry they found waiting at the Clay street landing stage out to one of the great ships in the stream, but little Phil was used to the cold, and Captain George had his great pilot coat. Once on board, they were in a world where such generous abundance of sea dainties as made him believe, at last, that there were some things in the world to

## Scott's Emulsion

is, above all other things, the remedy for sickly, wasted children. It nourishes and builds them up when ordinary foods absolutely fail.

Get it at all druggists.

be thankful for. He slept that night upon a shakedown in the cabin of the Carton Castle, for it had come on to blow while he was at dinner with the captain, though little Phil held on to his dinner like a sailor. And when the ship cleared for Liverpool with a cargo of wheat a week later she had a new cabin boy, eight years old, and with a stock of worldly knowledge sufficient to outfit a whole ship's company of able seamen. Little Phil had been reclaimed from the streets. He kept Thanksgiving always after that, knowing what it meant.—Sol N. Sheridan in San Francisco Bulletin.

## Fisher's Opera House

L. E. SELLIG, Manager.

The Greatest Treat Ever Known in Astoria.

Thursday November 26 and Friday 27

Special Saturday Afternoon Matinee.

## GRAU'S OPERA COMPANY

Presenting the following Repertoire:

Thursday "PAUL JONES"

Friday "TAR AND TARTAR"

Saturday Matinee "BEGGAR STUDENT"

Powerful Chorus.

GRAU'S OWN ORCHESTRA

Seats, 50c and \$1

Box Sheet opens at the New York Nov. 26, at 9 o'clock.

## B. F. ALLEN &amp; SON

Wall Paper, Artists' Materials, Paints, Oils, Glass, etc. Japanese Mattings, Rugs and Bamboo Goods

365 Commercial Street.

## A. V. ALLEN,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Flour, Feed, Provisions, Fruits, Vegetables, Crockery, Glass and

Patented Ware. Loggers' Supplies.

Cor. Tenth and Commercial streets.

## FOR RENT.

Four rooms to rent. 961 Exchange street. Adolph Johnson.

FOR RENT—Seven room house, No. 260 Commercial street, corner Sixth street. Apply to F. I. Dunbar, Court house.

FOR RENT—A front room nicely furnished. Inquire 224 Bond street, city.

FOR RENT—Three or four furnished rooms, suitable for light house-keeping. Inquire at Crow's Gallery.

FOR RENT—Three or four rooms with board. Mrs. E. C. Holden, corner 9th and Duane streets.

## FOR SALE.

ALL KINDS OF FANCY AND JAPANESE Goods for Christmas and the holidays, at Wing Lee's, 543 Commercial street.

## FOUND.

FOUND—Seven inch mesh gill web, 115 fathoms long, and 55 meshes deep, found a short distance below black buoy No. 7. Owner may recover by applying at Cutting's cannery.

## Cedar Shingles

SEASIDE LUMBER YARD,

OFFICE 365 COMMERCIAL ST.

## A TWISTER.

A twister in twisting May twist him a twist, For in twisting a twist Three twists make a twist; But if one of the twists Untwists from the twist, The twist untwisting Untwists the twist.

That is, when it's twisted with any other twine than MARSHALL'S.

## INDIO

Absolutely Dry and Pure Tropical Climate

Pronounced by Physicians the most Favorable in America for sufferers from . . .

Lung Diseases and Rheumatism

Many Remarkable Cures

The objections urged against Indio in the past, by the large numbers who otherwise would have been glad to take advantage of its beneficial climate, has been a lack of suitable accommodation. The Southern Pacific Company takes pleasure in announcing that several

Commodious and Comfortable Cottages

have just been erected at Indio station, that will be rented to applicants at reasonable rates. They are furnished with modern conveniences, supplied with pure artesian water, and so situated as to give occupants all the advantages to be derived from a more or less protracted residence in this delightful climate.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.) "In the heart of the great desert of the Colorado—which the Southern Pacific traverses—there is an oasis called Indio, which, in our opinion, is the sanitarium of the earth. We believe, from personal investigation, that for certain individuals, there is no spot on this planet so favorable."

G. T. Stewart, M. D., writes: "The purity of the air, and the eternal sunshine, fill one with wonder and delight. . . . Nature has accomplished so much that there remains but little for man to do. As to its possibilities as a health resort—here is the most perfect sunshine, with a temperature always pleasant; a perfectly dry soil, for rain is an unknown factor; pure oxygen, dense atmosphere and pure water. What more can be desired? It is the place, above all others, for lung troubles, and a paradise for rheumatism. Considering the number of sufferers who have been cured, I have no hesitancy in recommending this genial oasis as the haven of the afflicted."

## INDIO

Is 612 miles from SAN FRANCISCO and 130 miles from LOS ANGELES

Fare from Los Angeles \$3.00

For further information inquire at any Southern Pacific Company agent, or address

E. P. ROBERTS

Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., E. P. Co. J. B. KIRKLAND, Dist. Pass. Agt. Cor. First and Alder sts., Portland, Or.

## Agents Wanted \$10 to \$20 a day.

## LIFE OF MCKINLEY

And HOBART, Republican Candidates for president and vice-president, by Robt. P. Porter, the noted journalist, present editor of the Cleveland World, and intimate friend of MCKINLEY for twenty years. Absolutely the only authentic LIFE OF MCKINLEY published. For more than two years in preparation, and the only work that has received the endorsement of Maj. McKinley and his most intimate friends. No book equal to it as a seller. Everybody wants the book published at McKinley's home. Porter's book sells. Our agents are clearing from \$10 to \$20 a day. Chance for thousands of others to do as well. This is the opportunity of your life. The highest commission paid. ORDER OUTFIT NOW. Send 25c (stamps taken) as an evidence of good faith, which amount will be refunded with agent's first order, if it is only for one book, making OUTFIT FREE. Books on time. Charges prepaid, leaving profits clear. Act quick or while you are waiting others will get you out.

THE N. G. HAMILTON PUB. CO., 1555 Arcade, Cleveland, O.

## Beaver Hill and Gilman Coal

...Try It

For Family or Steam Purposes.

CLEAN... Reasonable in Price

ELMORE, SANBORN & CO

Agents, Astoria.

## Job Printing

The Astorian invites attention to its Job Printing Department

Give Us a Trial

BREMNER & HOLMES

Telephone No. 52 Blacksmiths

Special Attention Paid to Steamboat Repairing.

First-class Horsehoofing, Etc.

HOOGING CAMP WORK A SPECIALTY 197 OLNEY ST., bet. 3d and 4th.