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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Showers.

PLENTY OF LAW.

Mr. Harriman thinks there is plenty of law on the statutes of the states and nation to direct the railroads in the way they should go, and that any more would simply stall the companies. This has a funny sound coming from a man whose chief business, as a director and owner of railroads, has always been to defeat, ignore, or circumvent the law; and the only reasonable inference is that more and newer laws would simply increase his task of negating the codes and make him amplify his legal departments throughout the country until the cream of the profits would be engulfed in the cost of anti-legal campaign.

A closer adherence to the plain requirements of the laws of the land by the railroads is the only alternative at hand for the predatory combines since it is only because their justice has been spurned and distorted, that the railroads are being snubbed up to newer and harsher edicts. It is well to let well-enough alone, sometimes, and the transportation companies are beginning to realize it. If government ownership shall come, the railroads may get together and pass a mutual vote of thanks for having wrought the transition.

PUTER AND HERMAN.

Our distinguished fellow citizen, S. A. D. Puter, is now at the national capital telling his Uncle Samuel all he knows about land thievery out here, and incidentally naming names and places and dates and partners in the great scheme of which he was the masterly leader for so many years. "Set a thief to catch a thief," is all very well if you can trust him to make the "bagging," but the word of a thief, has a lacking, hollow sound, as though there was not much to it but sound. S. A. D. Puter is a raw thief, and his word is the word of his kind, and must be treated as such; it is worth no more than Puter intends it to be worth, and the desideratum he employs is Puter. He never worked for any one else in his life, and is not now giving testimony for any other purpose than to smooth the way for Puter. He may convict Binger Herman but it will not be in the interest of justice, but solely to expedite the release and minimize the burden of penalty for Puter. We should hate to see even a guilty man dragged down to the law's reprisals on such testimony as Puter's and we believe all such convictions are tinctured with injustice whatever the hypothesis of necessity may be with the prosecuting powers.

HATS OFF TO GENIUS.

The World gladly takes its hat off to the genius; and the universal chapau is now doffed to J. P. Karns, a Colorado mining engineer, who has just perfected a tunnelling machine that digs through a mountain side, on any bore from eight to eighteen feet, at the rate of five feet per hour through granite, and relatively faster through soft material. The face of the 110-ton machine is armed with 4,000 chisel points, ranged in 160 sets, and is driven against the wall under operation, at the rate of 100 blows per minute, each blow de-

livered with a force of 63,000 pounds, with an eight inch stroke.

This is one of the revolutionary devices that will range alongside the telephone, the phonograph, the automobile, and the few other great essentials of the present day, and it already commands a market far in advance of its manufacture, as it should. It will revolutionize mining, railroad and irrigation all over the land and conserve the labor of thousands of thousands of men. The world will hear great things from it shortly.

CAPITAL LEADS CAPITAL.

The comfortable assurance that the Weinhard Estate trustees have determined to erect a splendid hotel in this city is very valuable of itself as an item in the material progress of Astoria and everybody is intensely glad of it, not only because it will fill a crying need in the appointments of the city and an attractive feature in her make-up, but because of the positive sign of confidence on the part of outside capital, in the inherent growth and progress of the city.

Such demonstrations are valuable in that they convince, guide and attract other capital and investment here, and for the sake of the syndicate thus forging the first link in the future chain of Astoria's development, we trust that it will never have cause to regret, for an instant, the generous embarkment of its funds in this behalf.

They certainly chose a line peculiarly distinct in the quality of being non-competitive and wholly necessary, and it is not likely they will have any thing of the sort to contend with, as they will build upon such plans as will amply supply the demand for years to come. Astoria is quietly congratulating herself on the fine proposition.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Wall street should accustom itself to the view that it is only a local disturbance.

Pittsburg's suffering from water is no worse than that of some of the railroads from the same cause.

Wall street will observe that all the wheels are turning except some that revolve in its own speculative vicinity.

Probably the bears and bulls will quiet down as soon as they take in the fact that the country is keeping as cool as usual.

After all the talk about expansion, the figures show that the outlying territory of the United States comprises only 715,000 square miles.

There seems to be a difficulty in drawing the moral from Dowle's life. How would this familiar proverb answer: One is born every minute.

Advice on the railroad situation from any source that has been engaged in watering stock will be examined with interest, but also with caution.

A consul reports that Italy is giving great attention to fertilizers and improved farm machinery. That country may be said to have struck a prosperity gait.

New York City has had 44 inches of snow since last fall and its removal costs \$37,000 an inch. New York ought to be glad that it is not a Canadian town.

The recent Jamaica earthquake destroyed 300,000 gallons of rum, and the owners have marked up the price to cover the loss. How would it do occasionally to get up a relief fund for consumers?

Secretary Cortelyou proposes to keep the United States treasury free from any entangling alliances with the stock market. In other words, Wall street will have to speculate on its own money.

One English firm last year sold 400,000 of Dickens novels. It is no easy matter to let go of Pecksniff, Quilp and Sairy Gamp, to say nothing of the fine collection of notable folks of another stamp.

The Army and Navy Journal says of the government engineers: "Seacoast and inland, the country is dotted with proofs of their efficiency." They will reach their crowning triumph if they can rightly punctuate the job at Panama.

New York proprietors of hotels and restaurants have planned a \$10,000,000 company to handle supplies, "in order to escape high prices." It is hardly necessary to add that customers are not included in this deliverance through the kind offices of a new trust.

The Last Comrade

(Original.)

An old man sat at a table on which had been placed a smoking dinner and plates for eighteen persons. No seat was occupied except that of the old man himself, and as the clock on the mantel ticked away the minutes no one else appeared. Indeed, the one occupant of the room could not have expected any one else, for his own dinner was on his plate. At each place was a bottle of wine, but the only bottle uncorked was that before the one diner.

At the close of the Mexican war eighteen officers who had taken part in it and who lived not far from one another decided to celebrate the peace with a dinner. It was a jubilee. During the evening a proposition was made and decided upon that once a year the feast was to be repeated, and as each man dropped out his plate and bottle were to be set the same as if he were present.

All were either young or comparatively young, and it was some years before a single place was vacant. Then a chill passed over every man as he entered the room and saw the empty chair, the plate, the uncorked bottle, of their late comrade. All had looked upon battlefields, but none had experienced this same peculiar sensation in viewing the dead and dying.

Several years passed. The seventeen men were beginning to become somewhat accustomed to the one vacant chair when the clock of their lives struck 2. They missed one of the youngest, merriest of their number. Then it became apparent that the spontaneous merriment of their first dinner would wane under the increasing vacant chairs and exertion must be made to keep the dinners from growing painful. A resolution was passed that each man must contribute something—a song, a story, a joke, whatever he pleased—to enliven the occasion.

Slowly the diners watched the increasing vacancies till the number equaled the number remaining. When the nine living men met and drank to the nine who were dead, it was with an effort. Some one proposed that they should sit together at a living half of the table, leaving the other half for the dead, but the proposal was voted down, and the living and the dead remained side by side.

Their clock struck 10, 11, 12, and two-thirds of the original number had passed away. Six men whose beards were gray sat together and drank to twelve who had gone. To them the dead remained at the age they departed, some on the threshold of manhood, others at successive ages.

It was years before there was another vacancy; then two empty plates dropped into line like figured disks recording the revolutions of an engine shaft. Another dropped in three years, another in two.

By this time all who were destined to reach the ordinary limit, threescore years and ten, had dropped out. Of those who were to become octogenarians or centenarians but two remained. For eleven years two old men sat down together once a year and drank to sixteen comrades whose bottles were uncorked. It was not now a question of which should be blessed with the longest life, but which would be soonest relieved from a painful duty. As they glanced over the uncorked bottles were drawn up in line to receive them when they should appear upon the eternal parade. With trembling hands they raised thin glasses to their lips and drank—drank as much as there was hope of assimilating with their worn-out systems—then set their glasses down and without a word left a room which from a banquet hall had become a sepulcher.

And now the last man, eighty-nine years old, sits alone. A myriad of wrinkles radiate from a scar on his forehead, the remains of a wound received at Churubusco. A few snow white hairs are scattered over his head. His eye is a flare of intelligence about to go out. His dinner is untasted, except a little toast water, of which he has taken a few sips. He sits at one end of the table and looks down the long line of bottles on either side, every bottle representing a dead comrade. He raises his glass and speaks, not with his lips—lips are not needed to address the dead—but in spirit.

"Comrades, I, about to die, greet you. It has pleased our great commander to place me in charge of the rear guard. I have seen you all safely over the river, and now, my work being finished, I am permitted to cross myself. The din of battle sounds far from me—a confused murmur of shout-

ing, of musketry, of cannon. I have no desire to return to mingle with it. I only wish to join you in your long rest. Comrades, I greet you."

He touched the rim of his glass to his thin lips and set it down. Then he rested his chin on his breast and closed his eyes.

The door opened, and a group of children burst into the room, followed by their parents.

"Grandpa, wake up! We have come to cheer you for the loss of your friends. They are gone, but we are coming on. We knew it would be sad for you to dine alone, and we are going to take you away and warm you with our young hearts beating against yours. Come, grandpa, wake up!"

But the old man did not wake up. One of his sons, a man of fifty, approached and quietly shook him. Touching the veteran's hand, he found it cold. Quickly passing his own hand over the wrinkled brow, he dropped it on the heart.

It had ceased to beat.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Given Up to Die.

R. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured." Why not let it help you? T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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Advertisement for Marlin firearms, featuring an illustration of a man with a rifle and the Marlin logo. Text includes: "Why is the Marlin 12 gauge take-down repeating shotgun the best all-around shotgun that money can buy? Marlin shotguns are made of the best material obtainable for the purpose. They are strong and sure, and work under all conditions. The breech block and working parts are cut from solid steel drop-forgings; the barrels are of special rolled steel or 'Special Smokeless Steel'." "The lines of Marlin shotguns are pleasing—the balance is perfect. They pattern perfectly and have wonderful penetration. The solid top and side ejection assure safety and comfort. This is the gun you have been needing." "Send six cents for our catalogue, which explains every Marlin in detail and is full of other valuable gun lore." "The Marlin Firearms Co., 42 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn."

Advertisement for Bromo Quinine. Text includes: "There is only one 'Bromo Quinine' That is Laxative Bromo Quinine CURES A COLD IN ONE DAY PREVENTS THE GRIP Similarly named remedies sometimes deceive. The first and original Cold Tablet is a WHITE PACKAGE with black and red lettering, and bears the signature of E. W. Grove"