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TERSE TALES OF THE TOWN

Present Bills At Once—

All persons having bills against the Fourth of July committee are requested to present them at once to Secretary Halderman.

Druggists To Meet—

The Oregon State Association of Druggists will meet in their annual convention at Long Beach on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. The convention will be held at the Breakers Hotel.

Fine Show Windows—

Many of the stores had their show windows finely decorated over the Fourth, and while no prize was offered this year for the best window, the results show that the good work was accomplished irrespective of any monetary prize.

"Astoria, Ore., June 30, 1908.
"The Morning Astorian:

"Dear Sir:—I am pleased to acknowledge receipt of the watch, for which accept my thanks and also the many friends that assisted me in the contest. Yours respectfully,
"MISS EDITH SMITH."

With Flags Flying—

The San Francisco-Astoria-Portland liner Rose City came down the river yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock with all her bunting flying in honor of the day, and a big crowd of passengers swarming about her decks. She left out an hour and a half later on her way to the south.

Machinery En Route—

The big consignment of road machinery, consisting of rock crushers and road roller and equipment, recently ordered by Tillamook county for the improvement of her highways, has reached Astoria, via the A. & C. en route to the home bay, and will go forward on the next trip of the Sue H. Elmore.

Who Was It?—

At noon the problem kite was sent aloft in the "ambient," from some hidden sources, and the startled gaze of thousands were confronted with the sight of an alleged human dangling thousands of feet over the city, but familiarity with the object revealed it for a dump and the problem passed along with the other jokes of the day.

Fine New Pictures—

Manager Hager of the Hager Theatre, announces that at the matinee this afternoon, he will run as a special feature between acts of the regular play. The latest moving picture film,

of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in 32 tableaux. This feature alone, to say nothing of the excellent performance of "49" is well worth the price of admission, and will make an excellent afternoon's entertainment.

Pickpockets Here—

A well known young clerk in one of the transportation offices of the city was an early victim of pickpockets yesterday morning, losing his bankbook and checkbook on the Astoria National Bank, to the thieves. Payment was immediately stopped on the account. This is the first incident of the kind reported in this city for sometime, as this class of criminals are a rarity in Astoria.

Burned His Hand—

Patrolman Charles Dubeau of the police department, had his left hand badly scorched with a bursting bomb-cracker yesterday morning as he was pulling another exploded and burning cracker from its lodgment under the angle of a frame building. Someone must have deliberately thrown it at the officer as he was stooping over in his work. His thumb and forefinger are now ornamented with two large and interesting blisters which are more of a nuisance than a hurt.

Wrestling Match—

Charles Strangler Smith the champion middleweight wrestler of the Pacific Coast, again demonstrated his right to that title last night in the wrestling match with William Sholtes of The Dalles, Ore., at Logan's hall. A large crowd attended the match which was quite exciting, even though Sholtes proved an easy victim for the champion. Shaltes entered the ring weighing 160 pounds, while Smith only tipped the scales at 156 pounds.

Home From California—

W. E. McAfee, the well known pharmacist at Hart's drug store, has returned from a two months' sojourn in California, with his son. Mr. McAfee says he was almost tempted to accept the offer of a leading druggist in the beautiful Santa Clara valley, to enter his employment, so delightful was the weather and other charms of

Chocolates

the best in the world
50c a Pound,



that country; but he concluded that Astoria was fine enough for him in all ways, so he resumes his post tomorrow at Commercial and Fourteenth streets, where he has been missed.

In a Wild Orgy—

A county official who returned to the city from the vicinity of Tongue Point at dark last night reported, that some of the men there were running wild in a mad orgy. There had been numerous fights, though with no serious results, and last evening one man was running around with a rifle endeavoring to the best of his ability to shoot someone. Another man had an axe. Trouble seemed to be in the air, and even if nothing serious happened, there undoubtedly will be a lot of scarred and sore-headed men out there this morning.

Up From Skipanon—

"Farmer" Tee, of Skipanon, the genial ex-clerk of the Hotel Occident and well known man-about-town, who last year lapsed from the wearisome civilization of city life and sought the seclusion of a chicken ranch for relief, came out of hibernation yesterday and abandoned his 400-odd chickens to kindly fate and their own food-grafting propensities, while he took a blazer at high life as demonstrated in Astoria on the glorious Fourth. Mr. Tee says the charm of suburban retirement suits him down to the ground and that he only came out of it just to assure his friends up here that he was not actually dead.

To Consider Proposition—

All the dairymen in the vicinity of Astoria are requested to assemble in the chamber of commerce rooms at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of July 13 to consider what appears to be one of the best propositions ever presented to dairymen of this community, in the way of establishing a milk condenser and creamery in this city. The idea of the meeting is to arrive at some definite conclusion by thoroughly discussing and considering this new enterprise with the dairymen, so as to have as complete a report as possible ready to submit to the regular meeting of the chamber of commerce which takes place the same night.

Broke Hospital Window—

A flying skyrocket broke a window in the third story of St. Mary's hospital last evening, and by great good fortune the patient who had been occupying the room was not in at the time. Two young fellows were the guilty one. Apparently aiming the rocket directly at the walls of the hospital, they watched the flying darts with the greatest glee. They didn't seem to care for the nerve-racked patients who were probably sighing or praying for a little decrease from the noises of the street. Constable Jack Sayers witnessed the episode, and after learning that no particular damage had been done, let the two fellows go after warning them that they must pay for the broken window.

Marine Memorando—

Yesterday was a quiet day on the waterfront, all the fun and excitement being on shore. About the first vessel to make her appearance in these waters being the famous Nebraska, which came down from Portland and went over the bar without so much as apologizing for her abandonment of Astoria as her especial port of call.—The steamer Yosemite left port at dawn for San Francisco, with a big load of lumber and a group of passengers which included Charles H., and "Mick" Haddix.—The ship Ancois came down on the lines of the Oklahoma yesterday morning and went to the Hammond Lumber Company's docks to finish loading.—It was reported that the Spencer had broken down up river, but this could not be verified, save by her failure to appear at the Callender dock as usual.—The schooner Mabel Gale went over the bar yesterday on her way to the California coast.

Boom—Sizz—Bang—

If there was any town in the country of the size of Astoria that shot off more fire crackers of the fiendishly large type, as well as of the small size, than did this city yesterday it certainly was "going some." Perhaps the distinction is not a creditable one, however. All day long yesterday and commencing early the night before and lasting this morning until the day light was beginning to peep up in the east, the roar and rumble and crackling and jolting went on. Perhaps Coney Island beat the local record. But at all events the money spent in Astoria yesterday for explosives ought to please the local Chinamen to a superlative degree, for it would be difficult to see how any one of the

WHEN YOU WIN YOU LOSE MAYBE

EXCITING CONTEST BETWEEN RIVAL HOSE COMPANIES ON COMMERCIAL STREET GIVES VICTORY TO NEITHER, PERHAPS.

In a spirit race between two sets of men with the hose cart on Commercial street last evening, the victory finally perched on the banners of the brawny and swift men from the Uppertown Athletic Club. But the victory is one that must be explained—must be explained not only to be understood, but to be appreciated as well. First of all it should also be said that their competitors, the "Old Timers," also won a victory. It will take a lot of good natured figuring for the next week or two to ascertain definitely just where the real victory lies. Meantime the interesting tale follows so that all who run may read:

In the early evening hours, the "Old Timers" ran the race and turn on the water in one minute and ten seconds. Then came the Uppertown men. They made the race in one minute and thirty seconds, coming in second by twenty seconds. Also they fumbled with their coupling, it is said. Hence the "Old Timers" were the winners.

But in a spirit of fair play, the "Old Timers" agreed to call the race off and to hold a second one later in the evening. Therefore after supper the race was started up for the second time, with a clean score card. This time the Uppertown men ran first, and again made the run in one minute and thirty seconds. Then they turned to watch their erstwhile victors dash down the course. But, alas, none of the "Old Timers" were present; none of the "Old Timers" could be found. Searching parties were sent out to "Jack's place" and to "Jim's place" and to "Tom's place," but none of them could be prevailed upon to come, or else could not be found. They were so enthusiastically celebrating the great and glorious day and were imbibing so freely of the spirit of patriotism of the occasion that it was deemed best and necessary to let the race go exactly as it stood. Only the Uppertown men took the second race by default, and were complimented by all who saw them run. Nevertheless Captain Fred Brown of the "Old Timers"—they who first won and then didn't show up—was called out by Mr. William Dugan and presented a banquet. Following is the list of the team:

Uppertown—F. Lansen, L. Johansen, L. Anstadt, W. Morton, L. Toumala, L. Gromms, L. Erickson, H. Larsen, P. Owen, E. Schroder, A. Malagamba, W. Krause, S. Sifferson, C. Larsen, H. Larsen.
Old Timers—Fred Brown, P. Ackerman, H. Quadia, Fred Hedges, L. Carlson, H. Duff, J. Corno, C. Stillright, T. Huss, W. Jacobson, A. Painter, H. Smith, L. Kinkella.

devils that bother the Celestials can still be in this vicinity. The Chinese, as everyone knows are, reputed to have been the inventors of the fire cracker and used them to scare away unwelcome spirits.

Miss Bayard Injured—

Miss Anna E. Bayard, the stenographer, was seriously injured yesterday afternoon by the discharge of a small cannon, whose charge struck her in the back of the head. The cotton and other material contained in the canon struck her with such force as to almost knock her down. A portion of the cotton penetrated the scalp, smashing two of the combs that she wore in her hair and driving a piece of one of the combs into the scalp. A physician was called and sewed up the wound. The cotton and piece of comb were also removed, the operation causing great suffering. At a late hour last night it was said at Bayard's home that she was resting as well as could be expected and no serious outcome of the matter is looked for. Immediately after the accident friends went to the aid of Miss Bayard, and in their haste to find a resting place for her, took her into one of the undertaking parlors. That fact apparently started a rumor that she had met death.

Summer Excursions.

During the months of June, July, August and September the Ilwaco R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets daily from all points on North (Long) Beach to all points on Clatsop Beach at rate of \$1.75. Return limit thirty days. 6-23-tf

F. A. SEUFERT COMING THIS MAY

THE UP-RIVER PACKER WILL FOUND NEW CANNERY ON NORTHSORE—HIS IMMENSE CHERRY INTERESTS—INTERESTING ITEM OF NEWS.

Upon the unquestionable authority of that gentleman himself, it is now known that Frank A. Seufert, the salmon packer of the upper river is coming to this end of the noble stream and intends to put up a modern cannery on a site somewhere between Chinook and Megler's, opposite this city. The plant he will erect here, will be a standard affair with three double soldering machines and all the equipment incident thereto including full cold storage facilities. Mr. Seufert intends to turn over his Bonnevillie packing plant to the State of Washington for hatchery purposes, and his Celilo plant will be put in charge of his sons and will be run as a fruit canning establishment, to take care of the splendid cherry resources controlled by Mr. Seufert and his associates.

This is good news for everybody down this way, for he is an active builder and worker and one who does things when he conceives a plan or prospect. He reports his cherry packing a magnificent success this year, and next season he will have the fruitage of 280,000 more young trees to enhance the business; and from what a well known Astorian, who was present at the "Cherry Fair" at The Dalles last week, has to say about the display of that fruit there, Mr. Seufert's expectations will be amply realized if not exceeded. This home man says that there were 700 boxes of Bing and Royal Ann cherries on exhibition there and were unparalleled for beauty of coloring, texture, flavor and lustre, and the uniformity of the great sample mass, taken from hundreds of orchards, was peculiarly noticeable and wholly pleasing. The fruit is raised on the high dry hills of the neighborhood, and without irrigation, the tremendous success being due entirely to the "dry-farming" processes employed, the ground being thoroughly worked over as often as eight times a year. The Bings took the grand prize at this fair, and the whole thing was one of the genuine achievements of the year 1908, and was due in an infinite measure to the skilled supervision of Secretary Patterson of the Business Men's Association of The Dalles.

The fact that Mr. Seufert and his colleagues own and control the major acreage of this great cherry industry, and that he packs 10,000 cases of the superb product himself this season, indicates the scope of his interests there, aside from his fishing ventures. The news of his coming west on the river would lead to the conclusion that he is now satisfied that the upper-river fishing must be abated as a result of the recent electoral and industrial contest, and that, as he is coming among the people who fought his methods and interest so strenuously, he has forgiven the fervor and freedom of the fight and those who were responsible for it; at any rate it is hoped he has.

It is no small advantage to have a man like this come here. He is able, financially, and practically, to found and manipulate an immense business and the people of this end of the Columbia will much rather have him with and of them, than against them. He may not feel any too warm toward Astoria for awhile, but he has many good friends here and will make more and the chances are that he will before long, become altogether plausible; a desideratum the Morning Astorian will endeavor to attain to along with all other sensible people.

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TWO ARE DROWNED AT TONGUE POINT

GEORGE NEUNER, A WELL KNOWN FISHERMAN AND A THREE-YEAR-OLD CHILD—BOTH BODIES RECOVERED.

George Neuner, a well known fisherman, was drowned while out on the river on a pleasure trip with his friend, George Munsell, near Tongue Point last night at 6 o'clock. Another case of drowning was reported also at Tongue Point, when the body of John Johnson, the 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Johnson was found yesterday morning after the child had been missing all of Friday night. The child, who was in the habit of playing around one of the net racks, was first missed Friday evening about 4 o'clock. Nothing very serious was at first thought of this, as the little boy often wandered around playing, but as it grew late the parents became alarmed and started out on a search which lasted throughout the night, and only ended at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, when the child's body was taken from beneath the net rack; from where the child had apparently accidentally fallen off.

John Neuner was a fisherman in the employ of the Warren Packing Company and lives at Bugby. According to Christ Jensen, who lives in a scow at Tongue Point, the drowning was quite accidental. Jensen says that while he was sitting in his scow writing letters, the noise of a gasoline engine attracted his attention, and he looked out of his window and saw George Munsell's gasoline boat coming up the river with Munsell and Neuner returning from what appeared to have been a pleasure trip. Behind Munsell's gasoline boat was a small skiff which the larger craft was towing. They were making for Neuner's scow, a short distance away. Jensen said he continued to watch them, and when they arrived at Neunen's scow, Neunen got out of the large boat into his small skiff, where he talked to his friend for a short time before parting after their day's trip. A little while after Munsell started his engine and Neunen was tying up his boat to the scow, and was just in the act of stepping out when he lost his balance and fell overboard. Instantly Jensen realized the man was in a perilous position, as he was well along in years, and not a very strong swimmer. Jensen said he saw the man struggling in the water and trying to call for help every time he came to the surface.

In the meantime Jensen made all haste to untie his own boat to go to the unfortunate man's assistance. Inside of three minutes, Jensen says, he was at the side of the scow, but Neuner had disappeared for the last time. Jensen had a grappling hook in his boat, and after considerable trouble he managed to catch a hold on the submerged man's clothing and pulled him to the surface of the water. By this time Munsell, who had already reached the shore, had seen the accident from a distance, returned and the two men pulled the body into the gasoline boat. Although Neunen could not have been under the water for more than six or seven minutes, it is said, he could not be revived by the men, as his friends worked over the body for more than an hour. When they saw that all their efforts to restore life were in vain he was placed in Munsell's gasoline boat and brought to Astoria where Undertaker Pohl took charge of his remains.

The deceased was a skilful fisherman, having long been in the employ of the Warren Packing Company. He was well known in Astoria, having lived in this community for at least 15 years. He leaves a wife but no children. Neunen was 51 years old.

Steamer Nahcotta leaves O. R. & N. docks at 6:45 a. m. daily. Round trip fare to any point on North (Long) Beach, \$1.00, Sunday's only. 6-23-tf

Sunday Excursions to Long Beach. Steamer Nahcotta leaves O. R. & N. dock at 6:45 a. m. daily. Round trip fare to any point on North (Long) Beach, \$1.00, Sunday's only. 7-1-tf

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

LOST—BUNCH OF KEYS. Finder please return to Astoria office and receive reward. 7-5-tf

LOOK AHEAD

The fruit canning season is coming on and the prudent house-keeper will soon be putting up toothsome delicacies for the winter months. We can simplify the matter greatly for her if she allowed us to place her name and address on our fruit book so we can notify her when the fruit she likes best are highest in quality and lowest in price

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