

HONORED OLD SHIP

War Sloop Portsmouth in Service for 65 Years

SAILED LIKE A YACHT ALWAYS

Will End Her Days Shortly—Made a Practice Trip With Naval Reserves—Sailed up the Hudson to West Point—Honors Grant's Tomb.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—For the last time the old sloop of war Portsmouth came up the Hudson river yesterday under practically full sail, bringing the first division of the New Jersey naval reserves back from the fleet practice in Gardiner's Bay. Bravely the sixty five year old ship passed by steam and sail craft in the river, while thousands of persons watched from both shores the unusual sight of a full rigged ship under sail assaying to navigate the crowded thoroughfare. Last night the Portsmouth came to anchor off Yonkers on account of the wind dying out, and today will sail on to West Point if the weather favors.

The entrance of the old warship into the lower harbor was the occasion for an ovation from every vessel that passed her.

There was a light southwesterly breeze blowing, just enough to drive the Portsmouth at a six knot gait, and all of her sails were set with the exception of the foresail and mainsail. The bellying canvas and the towering masts with topsails, topgallant sails and royals drawing and the main spanker set to steady her, was a sight to revive the oldest salt who gazed seaward with age-dimmed eyes at the battery seawall. Ferry boats and river steamboats whistled and passengers cheered themselves hoarse as they passed close by the ship. The embryo bluejackets dressed in white work suits manned the rails and the big ensign floating the spanker gaff was dipped again and again in response to the salutes of welcome.

Captain Peters before reaching Gardiner's Bay declared the ship should end its days with a voyage befitting the dignity of the old vessel, and the trip to West Point was planned. The dying out of the breeze stopped the journey off Yonkers. There was a pretty tribute from the ship as it swept in stately manner past the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant. The entire crew manned the rail and doffed their caps while the ensign was lowered until the Portsmouth had passed.

diplomatic relations as recently expressed in an interview. He surely has been consistent in waging war on those whom he thought were trying to humble him. Holland is the fourth power which during the past few years has severed all friendly relations with Venezuela.

The American government has now gone a step even farther, in completely suppressing the consular affairs at Caracas, a very unexpected action, inasmuch as Caracas business houses have been greatly inconvenienced by being obliged now to dispatch their hides, coffee, and cocoa through the consulate at LaGuaira. Thus the capital of Venezuela, where there ought to be a consular general is today entirely without consular representation.

John Brewer, late consular agent, remains here as guardian of the archives of the closed legation. Alarmists take it for granted that this last move from Washington is only one more indication of the coming of a more serious rupture.

A COMET'S TAIL.

The Way This Filmy Dust Train It Tossed About by the Sun.

No bridal veil was ever so filmy as a comet's tail. Hundreds of cubic miles of that wonderful appendage are out, weighed by a jarful of air.

By means of the spectroscopic we have magically transported this filmy plume to our laboratories and have discovered that it is akin to the blue flame of our gas stoves; for the gas by which we cook and the delicate tresses of a comet both consist of combinations of hydrogen and carbon, appropriately called by chemists "hydrocarbons."

When it first appears in the heavens, far removed from the sun, a comet is a tailless blotch of light.

As a comet swims on toward the sun the hydrocarbons of the tail split up under the increasing heat into hydrogen gas and hydrocarbons of a higher boiling point. With a still closer approach to the sun, these more resistant hydrocarbons eventually yield to the increasing heat and are decomposed in the form of soot.

Interplanetary space is airless; hence the soot cannot burn. It must pursue the comet in the form of a dust train. The particles constituting that train are small enough to be toyed with by the pressure of sunlight.

No matter where the comet may be in its orbit, whether it has just entered the solar system or is speeding away, that plume is inevitably tossed away from the sun, just as if a mighty wind were blowing it from the central luminary.

The appendage of shining dust is the symbol of the triumph of light over solar gravitation.—Harper's Magazine.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

What the Man of Science Has to Say About Its Wonders.

The jolly Jovians are said to be realities and not myths. Not only are there said to be inhabitants on Jupiter, but also on some of his moons, in the midst of which the vast planet, 1,300 times the size of the earth, spins at such tremendous speed that it causes around the equator a furious wind that blows perpetually at the rate of 250 miles an hour. Those who believe in the Jovian say that his height runs from fifty to fifty-five feet and that he exists for about 800 to 1,000 of earth years. The Jupiter year, however, consists of 144 months. The oceans of Jupiter, torn into fury by the hurricanes, would pay no attention to one moon such as moves the tides of our earth, and it takes no fewer than five of these satellites to perform this work for Jupiter. They travel at various rates of speed, some flying close to Jupiter's surface, others far off. They have atmospheres like ours on earth, and a moonlight on Jupiter is indeed a glorious sight, for these moons have a variety of color; two are blue, one is yellow, and one red. Jupiter needs all her moons at night for illumination, for without them her five hours of darkness would be black indeed. So distant is the sun that broad daylight is hardly brighter than twilight on earth, and one lone moon would not reflect enough of the sun's rays to guide the Jovian footsteps.

THE HUMAN TOUCH.

"Janie had a doll that would say 'Papa' and 'Mamma'."

"What became of it?"

"Jane's mother is an advanced person, and she said the doll was an inexcusably childish reminder of a grossly benighted period."

"And what did she do?"

"She threw it in a dark closet where Janie didn't dare to go. And then a day or two later she happened to step on it in the dark and it shrieked 'Mamma!' so naturally that she fell over in a faint and bumped her head and had two buckets of water poured over her before she recovered consciousness."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CANTANKEROUS CASTRO.

CARACAS, Ven., Saturday, Aug. 8. "To create diplomatic affairs for the purpose of humbling weak nations is anomalous and counteractive," is President Castro's frank opinion of

An Anticlimax.

Sir Henry Irving was frequently a victim to the interjections of gallery gods. When playing "Macbeth" one night he had reached that dramatic moment in the banquet scene when in dreadful fear he bids the ghost of Banquo to vanish:

"Hence, horrible shadow, Unreal mockery, hence!"

he exclaimed and, shuddering convulsively, dropped to his knees, covering his face with his robe. As the ghost vanished a shrill voice in the gallery broke the momentary silence: "It's all right now, 'Henry; he's gone!"—London Bellman.

Achill Island.

There are few people who once having seen the island of Achill can forget its beauty. The island lies close to the west coast of Ireland. When the skies are blue, mountains green and smiling, bogs clad in purple and pink heather and the whole picturesque island in sunshine, the place is a wonderland.

Consistent.

"The people who say that women are inconstant and inconsistent," declares the philosopher of folly, "are dead wrong. A few years ago a girl told me she was just twenty-two, and she sticks to the same figure today."—Cleveland Leader.

In His Line.

First Ball Player—I was out so late last night that my wife wouldn't let me in. Second Ball Player—Well, you are used to being "out at home."—New York Press.

Cupid's Hearty Appetite.

"You know," said the soulful youth, "music is the food of love"— "Nonsense!" replied the practical fellow. "My love prefers lobster salad, terrina and other expensive fodder."—Vulture.

To Think About.

"She seems like a very nice girl." "One whom it would be safe to marry?" "Oh, no. No girl is safe enough for that. But she's nice enough to think about marrying if you only know when to stop."—Life.

A Girl After His Own Heart.

A Scotchman, wishing to know his fate at once, telegraphed a proposal of marriage to the lady of his choice. After spending the entire day at the telegraph office he was finally rewarded late in the evening by an affirmative answer.

"If I were you," suggested the operator when he delivered the message, "I'd think twice before I'd marry a girl that kept me waiting all day for my answer."

"Na, na," retorted the Scot. "The lass who waits for the night rates is the lass for me."—Everybody's Magazine.

Origin of Boston's Glory.

Even as early as the days of Henry VIII. some sort of volunteer force had existed in England, and what is now the Honorable Artillery company was formed at that time and became a center of instruction for the city trained bands during the time of Cromwell. The Honorable Artillery company may be counted among the things which crossed in the Mayflower, for in 1638 was formed the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts.—London News.

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REGATTA NOTES

August 27-28-29



ROOMS WANTED—All persons having rooms to let on Regatta days, please write or telephone street number, price and number of rooms, to the secretary of the Regatta Committee. Phone 2901, Main.

Look out for Macbeth's Wild West Show on the last night of the Regatta Saturday, August 29. Pie-eating monkeys, two-legged tigers, freckle-faced lions, camels that never drink water, trunkless elephants, howless hyenas and a number of other animals peculiar to Astoria only.

Friday night, August 28, will occur the grandest illuminated marine parade ever seen on the Oregon Coast. Liberal prizes for the boats participating. Plenty of music and fireworks. Secure grand stand seat early.

Country Dance at Armory Hall, Flavel Dock. The only Dick Davies, inventor of the Regatta Jig, in charge of this show.

Tug of war during the three days of the Regatta, between Finland, Sweden, Norway, Greece, Austria, America, Italy, Germany, France, Ireland, England and other countries too numerous to mention.

Arnold's great street shows unparalleled attractions day and night with fair treatment for all.

Three or four bands of music continually playing popular airs, including De Caprio's famous band of 31 pieces from The Oaks.

Farmers' Fair and industrial exhibit, including flower show in the basement of the Court House in charge of Expert Dow.

Queen of the Regatta and Admiral Shepherd will do the honors customary on the occasion.

Best decorated float in grand parade Thursday Afternoon, August 27, will receive first prize of \$60; second prize, \$40, and third prize, \$20. The society or union making the best appearance in this parade regardless of number will receive a beautiful pennant inscribed "Banner Lodge, Regatta, 1908."

Athletic program by members of the Coast Artillery, Fort Stevens and Columbia.

A baby show at which all the mammas will be pleased.

Italian Cruiser, "Paglia," will honor the occasion with their visit.

Scandinavian Saengerfest, Saturday night, August 29, and Sunday afternoon, August 30.

Log-rolling contest, Yacht, motor boat, shell, fish boat and other water sports, including international single shell race between Laing of British Columbia, and Gloss of the United States.

Officials of Portland, The Dalles, Rainier, Vancouver, Ilwaco, Chinook, Cathlamet, Skamokawa, and other cities will be present.

No bills will be paid unless accompanied by requisitions signed by Chairman and Secretary of the Regatta Committee.

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