

The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XVIII.

Astoria, Oregon. Friday Morning, November 17, 1882.

No. 41.

A DREADFUL HUSBAND.

A middle-aged lady, with a black alpaca dress, worn shiny at the elbows, and a cheap shawl, and a cheap bonnet, and her hands puckered up and blue, as though she had just got her washing out, went into the office of a prominent Mason a few mornings since and took a chair. She wiped her nose and the perspiration from her face with a blue-checked apron, and when the Mason looked at her, with an interested, brotherly look, as though she was in trouble, she said:

"Are you the boss Mason?" He blushed and told her he was a Mason, but not the highest in the land. She hesitated a moment, fingered the corner of her apron, and curled it up like a boy speaking a piece in school, and asked:

"Have you taken the whole two hundred and thirty-three degrees of Masonry?" The man laughed and told her there were only thirty-three degrees and that he had only taken thirty-two. The other degree could only be taken by a very few who were recommended by the grand lodge, and they had to go to New York to get the thirty-third degree.

The lady studied a moment, unpinned the safety-pin that held her shawl together, and put it in her mouth, took a long breath and then said:

"Where does my husband get the other two hundred degrees, then?"

The Mason said he guessed her husband never got two hundred degrees, unless he had a degree factory. He said he didn't understand the lady.

"Does my husband have to set up with a corpse three nights out of a week?" she asked, her eyes flashing fire. "And do they keep a lot of sick Masons on tap for my husband to set up with, the other three nights of the week?"

The prominent Mason said he was thankful that few Masons died, and only occasionally that one was sick enough to call for Masonic assistance.

"But why do you ask these questions, madam?" said the prominent Mason.

The woman picked the fringe of her shawl, hung her head down, and said:

"Well, my husband began to join the Masons about two years ago, and he has been taking degrees or sitting up with people every night since. He has come home twice with the wrong pair of drawers on, and when I asked him how it was, he said it was a secret he could not reveal under the penalty of being shot with a cannon. All he would say was that he took a degree. I have kept a little track of it, and I figured that he has taken two hundred and thirty-three degrees, including the grand Sky Fagle degree which he took the night he came home with his lip cut, and his ear hanging by a piece of skin."

"Oh, madam," said the prominent Mason, "there is no Sky Fagle degree in Masonry. Your husband has deceived you."

"That's what I think," said she as a baleful look appeared in her eyes. "He said he was taking the Sky Fagle degree, and fell through the skylight. I had him sewed up, and he was ready for more degrees. After he had taken about a hundred and fifty degrees, I told him I should think he would let up on it, and put some potatoes in the cellar for winter, but he said when a man once got started on the degrees he had to take them all, or he didn't amount to anything. Sometimes a brother Mason comes home along with him in the morning, and they talk about a 'full flush,' and about their 'pat hands,' and 'raising 'em out.' One night when he was asleep I heard him whisper, 'I raise you ten dollars,' and when I asked him what it meant, he said they had been raising a purse for a poor widow. Another time he raised up in bed, after he had been asleep, and shouted, 'I stand pat,' and when I

asked him what it meant, he said he was ruined if I told it. He said he had spoken the pass-word, and if the brethren heard it they would put him out of the way. Mister, is 'stand pat' your pass-word?"

The Mason told her it was not. That the word she had spoken was an expression used by men when playing draw poker, and he added that he didn't believe her husband was a Mason at all, but that he had been lying to her all these three years.

She sighed and said: "That's what I thought when he came home with a lot of ivory chips in his pocket. He said they used them at the lodge to vote on candidates, and that a white chip elects and a blue chip rejects a candidate. If you will look the matter up and see if he has joined the Masons I will be much obliged to you. He says he has taken all the two hundred and thirty-three degrees, and now the boys want him to join the Knights of Pythias. I want to get out an injunction to keep him from joining anything else until we get some underclothes for winter. I'll tell you what I'll do. The next time he says anything about Sky Fagle degrees, I will take a washboard and make him think that there is one degree in Masonry that he has skipped, and now good-bye. You have comforted me greatly, and I will lay awake to-night till my husband gets home from the lodge with his pat hand, and I will make him think he has forgotten his ante."

The lady went to the grocery to buy some bar soap, and the prominent Mason resumed his business with a feeling that we are not all truly good, and that there is cheating going on all around.

Good Things Cost. Yes, indeed, they do. Generally that which we admire and which seems to us, perhaps, to be done so easily, has cost all that it is worth. And the reason why, it does not seem so to us is because we do not see when and where and how the work is put in.

We are riding along and looking out upon a beautiful landscape. We admire the skillful arrangement of trees, and shrubbery and flowers, or the smooth and gently sloping grounds. This is, indeed, lovely, we say. How fortunate the owner was to find such a place. But some one replies, could you have seen all this years and years ago, when it was in a natural state, you might never have dreamed of this. It has taken much thought and hard work and great expense to bring these grounds to their present condition. Tell a man how a thing has been done and he says: "That's easy to do." Very possible, now that you have been shown how to do it, but could you have done it in the first place? That is the real test. You listen to a man whose mind is richly stored with facts and thoughts and fruitful in combinations of these varied stories, and as he expresses the thought which needed expression, perhaps you say: how easy that was done. I could have said it. Could you? Why did you not then, before he did? Why not go one step farther and give expression to the next thought which, so soon as expressed, the orator and all the people shall say that was the right word rightly spoken. This is the very word we were waiting to hear. When the lightning flashes you can see very clearly. And, if you act quickly, you may take all your bearings by its instantaneous light. And such a flash of thought may prove to you an apple of gold.

But we want more than fift gleams. Steady lights are best. And he is the true speaker whose light shines on clear and true while it is at the same time able to throw a great flood of radiance on the dark spot when the right moment comes.

Never say such things do not cost. I tell you, if such a light blazes before you and does not cost him who gives it, then it is an

ignis fatuus and will lure him and you, too, on to destruction.

Great men are hard-working men. Genius means a great capacity for work. "Genius will work." The men eminent in all the noble walks of life have been, are now, great workers. They are trained to endure, and when occasion requires, can, and do, labor tremendously.

You see a train fly down the track. It goes easily, does it not? Swift and strong, without friction and without sign of labor, it shoots along. You simply see the results. But what leads to and insures these results?

So you look upon the outside appearances of great lives and see no signs of heat and noise, and worry, and weariness, and you state your proposition that they lead easy, charmed lives. Try it and see. Try to grapple with the labors of some great legislator, merchant, writer or divine, for even one day. He who puts off the harness makes the wisest statements. A truly great man bears a great load easily. To do this gives the right to bear the name.

The Law of Lost Property. What ought the finder of a lost article to do? Most people will give a ready answer. He should do his best to discover the owner and restore the lost property to him. But this standard of normal duty being imperfectly recognized by the law, it will be interesting to review the decision on the subject.

1. The finder need not take charge of lost property. There is no legal duty on him to do it; but if he does take it into his possession, he becomes a depository, and is bound to keep it for the owner and then restore it to him when known. How long he must keep it, or what efforts he should make to find the owner, have not been laid down.

2. If the finder does not restore property on finding the owner, does he commit theft? This depends on whether he knew, or had reasonable means of knowing, who the owner was at the time of finding. It has been held that the finder of a pocket book, having the owner's name legibly written on it, is a thief if he conceals and appropriates the money; but if there is nothing to indicate the owner, he does not become a thief in law if he keeps it.

3. The owner may at any time reclaim his property, and if the finder refuses to give it up, can recover it or the value of it from him. But as against any one but the owner, the finder's title is recognized as good.

4. When is a thing to be considered as lost? It has been said in several cases that money or any other property laid down and forgotten is not lost in the legal sense of the word. The proprietor of the shop, or bank or place where it is left is the proper person to take charge of it, and those who pick up the property have no right to keep it. On the other hand, it has been held that when a conductor found money in a railway car, whose owner could not be ascertained, his title to the money would hold good in law.

5. Is the finder entitled to be paid for his trouble and expense? He need not take charge of it, and it seems that if he does so, he must look only to the gratitude and good feeling of the owner for his reward.

6. What if a reward be offered? There is no doubt that anyone seeing the offer, sets to work to find the property, will, if he succeeded, be entitled to the reward, and may even retain the property until it is paid. But if he already has the missing article in his possession when the reward was offered, or has withheld the property in the expectation that a reward would be offered for its recovery, the rule is the opposite.

Mrs. R. F. Haskell, No. 43 Boston street, Salem, Mass., writes: I have used St. Jacobs Oil on my daughter for a pain in her left side, and it proved itself a splendid physician. Everybody regards it as a reliable friend.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frost-bitten Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling cost of the bottle, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

It is announced that Guiteau's bones are nearly ready to be put on exhibition in the army medical museum in Washington. A correspondent gives an elaborate account of the beautiful appearance of the assassin's skeleton after the flesh had been removed by a bath in sulphuric ether. It passes one's comprehension to understand what good is effected by a display such as this. A life-size portrait of the assassin would be of historical interest, as would be any relics of the dead man, but a reticulated skeleton of one man looks very much like that of another, and has no significance whatever. The probability is that posterity will have the bones, but will not have any means of judging how the most contemptible assassin in history looked in the flesh.—*Chronicle.*

MOTHERS, READ.

GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me. I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE. I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night after she had fasted seventy-two hours and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, 8 years; Harry, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years. Now comes the result: Allen and Emma came out all right, but Harry presented five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermifuge around Ulm, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Yours truly,
JOHN FIPER.
The genuine DR. C. McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is manufactured only by
"Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., and bear the signatures of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. It is never made in St. Louis or Wheeling.
Be sure you get the genuine. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

Old fashioned remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old-fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great renovator, which tones the system, tranquilizes the nerves, neutralizes malarial, dyspeptic and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Boat Found.
A SMALL SKIFF, OUTSIDE GEO. W. HONE'S cannery, painted white with words "wage" painted on stern. Loser will inquire at N's restaurant.

ROSCOE'S FIRST CLASS Oyster Saloon.

CHENAMUS STREET, ASTORIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PLEASED TO announce to the public that he has opened a

FIRST CLASS Eating House,

And furnishes in first-class style

OYSTERS, HOT COFFEE, TEA, ETC.

AT THE Ladies' and Gent's Oyster Saloon,

CHENAMUS STREET.

Please give me a call,
ROSCOE DIXON, Proprietor.

A. M. JOHNSON & Co.,

Ship Chandlers and Grocers.

Ropes and Cordage of all kinds. Blocks, Patent and Metaline of all sizes.

The Genuine Leeson's Scotch Salmon net Twines.

Mermaid Twines; Canvas, all No's; Copper Tipped Ours.

The best assortment of

GROCERIES

In Town.

The Best COFFEES and TEAS.

Try our Melrose Baking Powder

Positively the best ever made.

CANNED GOODS

of all kinds put up by best Packers.

Richardson's and Robbin's Canned Goods.

Terms Cash. Profits Small.

—GIVE US A CALL—

WILLIAM EDGAR,

Corner Main and Chenamus Streets,

ASTORIA - OREGON.

CIGARS and TOBACCO,

The Celebrated

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

GENUINE ENGLISH CUTLERY

AND THE GENUINE WOSTENHOLM

and other English Cutlery.

STATIONERY!

FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS

Genuine Meerschaum Pipes, etc.

A fine stock of

Watches and Jewelry, Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols,

and Ammunition

ALSO A FINE

Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE

GLASSES.

B. B. FRANKLIN,

UNDERTAKER,

Corner Cass and Squemoque streets,

ASTORIA - OREGON.

WALL PAPER

AND

WINDOW SHADES

AND

UNDERTAKERS GOODS.

MAGNUS C. CROSBY,

Dealer in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

Iron Pipe and Fittings,

PLUMBERS AND STEAM FITTERS

Goods and Tools,

SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD

SHEET IRON TIN AND COPPER,

Cannery and Fishermen's Supplies

Stoves, Tin Ware and House

Furnishing Goods.

JOBGING IN SHEET IRON, TIN, COP

PER PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING

Done with neatness and dispatch.

None but first class workmen employed.

A large assortment of

SCALES
Constantly on hand.

Delinquent City Taxes.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, the undersigned, Chief of Police, have been furnished with a warrant from the city council requiring me to collect the taxes assessed for the year 1882, and now delinquent upon the list, and make return of the same within sixty days. All parties so indebted will therefore please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

C. W. LAUGHERY,
Chief of Police.
Astoria, Oregon, September 19, 1882.

TWINERS
SALMON NET
MANUFACTURERS OF THE UNRIVALLED SCOTCH GAFFTON.

WILLIAM HOWE,

—DEALER IN—

Doors, Windows, Blinds, Transoms, Lumber.

All kinds of

OAK LUMBER,

GLASS,

Boat Material, Etc.

TURNING AND Bracket Work A SPECIALTY.

Boats of all Kinds Made to Order.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ASTORIA IRON WORKS.

BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE, ASTORIA - OREGON.

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work, and Cannery Work a specialty.

LAND & MARINE ENGINES

CASTINGS.

Of all Descriptions made to Order at Short Notice.

A. D. WASS, President,
J. G. HUNTLEY, Secretary,
L. W. CASE, Treasurer,
JOHN FOX, Superintendent.

S. ARNDT & FERCHEN,

ASTORIA - OREGON.

The Pioneer Machine Shop

BLACKSMITH

SHOP

AND

Boiler Shop

All kinds of

ENGINE, CANNERY,

—AND—

STEAMBOAT WORK

Promptly attended to.

A specialty made of repairing

CANNERY DIES,

FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.

R. F. STEVENS, C. S. BROWN

CITY BOOK STORE.

Where you will find all the standard works of the day, and a constantly changing stock of novelties and fancy articles; we keep the best assortment of variety goods in the city.

Pocket Books, Picture Frames, Steroscopes, Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, Bijouterie, & Celluloid Goods, etc., etc.

R. F. STEVENS & CO.

WILSON & FISHER,

SNIP CHANDLERS.

DEALERS IN

Iron, Steel, Coal, Anchors, Chains,

TAR, PITCH, OAKUM,

WROUGHT AND CUT GALVANIZED SPIKES.

Nails, Copper Nails and Bars,

Shelf Hardware, Paints and Oils

Rubber and Hemp Packing of all Kinds.

PROVISIONS.

FLOUR AND MILL FEED.

Agents for Salem Flouring Mills.

Corner Chenamus and Hamilton Streets

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Business Cards.

E. C. HOLDEN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND SURANCE AGENT.

DR. J. C. SHAFER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
(DEUTSCHER ARZT.)
Diseases of the Throat a Specialty.
Office over Conn's Drug Store.

J. O. BOZORTH,
F. S. Commissioner, Notary Public, and Insurance Agent.
Agent for the Hanover-Insurance Co. of Hamburg, Germany, and of the Travelers' Life and Accident Ins. Co., of Hartford, Conn.
Office over Wells, Fargo & Co's Express Office.

GEO. F. PARKER,
SURVEYOR OF Clatsop County, and City of Astoria
Office - Chenamus street, Y. M. C. A. hall Room No. 5.

F. D. WINTON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
Office in Pythian Building, Rooms 11, 12, ASTORIA - OREGON.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OFFICE - Rooms 1, 2, and 3, Pythian Building.
RESIDENCE - Over Elbertson's Bakery, opposite Barth & Myers' Saloon.

A. L. FULTON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE - Over A. V. Allen's grocery store, Rooms, at the Parker House.

F. P. HICKS,
DENTIST,
ASTORIA - OREGON.
Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Squemoque streets.

J. E. LAFORET,
DENTIST
Dental Rooms over Case's Store, Chenamus Street, - Astoria, Oregon.

J. Q. A. BOWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Chenamus Street. - ASTORIA, OREGON

G. A. STINSON & CO.,
BLACKSMITHING,
At Capt. Rogers old stand, corner of Cass and Court Streets.
Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing, Wagons made and repaired. Good work guaranteed.

TAILORING.
Cleaning & Repairing.
NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY
GEORGE LOVETT,
Main Street, opposite N. Loeb's.

MAX. WAGNER'S
BOWLING ALLEY.
MAX. WAGNER'S
Agency for the National Beer.
Beer delivered in any part of the city.

Lost.
OCTOBER 25TH, ABOUT ONE MILE above Tongue Point, a small green skiff, with one pair iron rowlocks and one pair oars in her. Oars branded on blade J. H. D. G. A reward of \$5.00 will be paid to the party returning her to this office.