

The Daily Astorian

ASTORIA, OREGON:
FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1888.

ISSUED EVERY MORNING.
(Monday excepted.)
J. F. HALLORAN & COMPANY,
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The ASTORIAN guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

The Gen. Miles goes to Shoalwater bay and Gray's harbor this morning.

The Columbia arrived from San Francisco yesterday; the State sailed.

The Borouale has 21,557 bus. wheat. She will finish with salmon for England.

The Rosecrana got her crew shipped all right yesterday. They were shipped from here.

At an expense of \$1,000, 500 German song birds are to be delivered in Portland by May 25th, 1889.

By order of the treasury department the revenue cutter Corwin has been "attached" to the port of San Francisco.

The American ship Standard goes to Portland to load wheat, and will probably finish here with salmon for Liverpool, direct.

The city officials having procured a pound, the cow ordinance will be strictly enforced, from and after Saturday July 28th, 1888.

"A quiet sleepy town with great prospects," is the impression Astoria conveyed to the mind of A. P. Burbank, the educationist, on his recent visit here.

The British ship Natuna cleared yesterday for Dublin, Ireland, with 20,696 bbls flour, valued at \$72,439, which appears to be a very light valuation.

The Finnish brotherhood will give a picnic on the T. J. Potter, on the 15th prox., leaving here at 9 A. M., and a grand ball at Liberty Hall in the evening.

Jack Burke or Jas. Burns settled his little difficulty in the justice court by paying \$10 and costs. The charge was using obscene and profane language in the public highway.

The Kitty is about ready to sail for Hong Kong. Twenty Chinese lepers are part of her prospective freight, but they say they won't go unless they are paid \$50 apiece.

"The Republicans burned out. A fire at Astoria in the camp of the enemy" is the way the Pendleton East Oregonian headlines a four line account of the fire at upper town last Monday night.

Lieut. Jas. A. Swift, signal corps, has been ordered from Ashland to this city for the purpose of inspecting the telegraph cables and superintending its laying across from Ft. Stevens to Fort Canby.

Those having charge of illuminations and transparencies during the political campaign, will do well to call at John A. Montgomery's and inspect a device for illuminating, which gives a light which is at once unique and cheap.

In the senate last Wednesday, senator Mitchell proposed an amendment to the sundry civil appropriation bill to appropriate \$60,000 for the establishment of a lightship, to be provided with fog signal apparatus, outside the bar at the mouth of the Columbia river.

The salmon run, which was fair the first days of the week, has fallen off. The season closes next Tuesday, and after Wednesday it is not likely that a single canner will be in operation on the river. THE ASTORIAN does not believe that the pack will vary much from the estimate recently published.

Fred Newell got a dispatch from St. Louis yesterday saying that the three additional cars were shipped. They will go along in about two weeks. The other summer cars will not be sent out till next spring. The road will now be extended to Trullinger's, and the additional cars put on as soon as received.

The work at the Fort Stevens jetty is the only government work of the kind now being done in the northwest, there being a small available unexpected balance. Should president Cleveland sign the river and harbor bill which recently passed both houses it would make \$500,000 at once available for government work at that point.

The captain of the Rosecrana is cited by the News as stating that there were no lawyers at all in Astoria. The worthy captain is either incorrectly quoted or way off as to the facts. There are several excellent lawyers in this city, fully competent to take hold of more knotty problems than any action of his is likely to give rise to.

Pilot Malcolm arrived on the Columbia yesterday, and his last trip as bar pilot on that vessel, and to-day takes charge as master of the tug Escort No. 2. Pilot Jensen went below on the State of California. This is his last trip too, but he doesn't want any tug in his. Pilot Howes will take charge of the Donald when she goes into service.

Regarding the Rosecrana matter

AS TO AMUSEMENTS.

The Theater—Why We Go—What We Want to See When There.—Etc.

Man is the only animal that laughs. Other animals cry and weep as man does, but he is the only animal that is audibly mirthful. Hence, being a laughing animal he wants to be amused. He seeks his amusement in a variety of ways. Some go to meetings of the city council, others go to Ilwaco, more go down to see the Telephone come in, and a few go to Alderbrook to play ball. But all agree in "going to the show."

This last may seem singular, for there is generally very little in "the show" to laugh at, and sometimes cause for tears.

But the reason that mankind, and womankind, like to go to the theater is deep-seated. It is not only a desire to be diverted, a wish for relaxation, a seeking for amusement, but below all that is the search for that which every one wants to see, viz: the way things should be, as contrasted with the way things are not.

For instance: in real life everything is wrong end to, and comes out the way it oughtn't; the villain is victorious; virtue is gobbled up; the bad man swipes the prize; the good man gets soup; cheek takes the lead; the modest man of merit is left and the fellow with gall is in the front seat. (All this, mind you is in real life.) That isn't the way it ought to be, but that's the way it is. We, all of us, you and I, the brethren embracing the sisters, don't like this; it isn't the way we want things to turn out, but can't help it; it's the way of the world, so we all get to the theater occasionally.

Why? Well, because, on the stage everything comes out all right; the villain still pursues her, but he is foiled; the bad man is doomed, the good man gets his work in in great shape and is rewarded; virtue is triumphant, the lovers are united; the swindler and all the rest of the rascals are led off to a gloomy dungeon, and the good folks who were in danger from the bad ones get back from the front of the stage so the curtain won't hit 'em when it falls, and dance to gay music.

That's the reason the most of us go to the theater to see the play. If we can't see things the way we'd like to them in real life, we can see them on the stage, anyhow. Of course, it's only make believe, but after all there's some satisfaction in seeing things come out right, even on the stage. It's poor consolation, to have to go to see a thing played to keep alive our faith in the doctrine that everything 'll come out all right in the end, but it's the best we can do, and so ought to be happy.

But we ain't happy all the same. People when being fooled, want to be fooled in a gentlemanly manner. They are fond of pleasing illusions, and look for some way to have those illusions made a source of comfort.

The nearer the theater can shut out the actual world of salmon and logs and steamboats and wagons rumbling along on planks, and the man that is afraid you'll forget he's an idiot unless he reminds you of it, and other things, the better pleased one is.

When an Astorian or any one goes to a theater he or she wants a brief space when there will be no reminder of the ordinary cares of life, when the surroundings won't remind you of all you're left, and where things are in harmony with the occasion. A large hall, full of echoes and cigarette smoke, resonant with the yelp of dogs and slightly deficient in scenic accessories and oil on the hinges of the doors, is not calculated to satisfy the yearnings of the soul in this direction.

Astoria used to be reckoned among theatrical troupes, etc., as "a good show town." From the days of John Jack and Annie Firmin down to Alice Harrison and "Hot Water," this place was counted on by the traveling companies as good for a paying house. But for the last two years "the show business" in Astoria has not been a highly profitable business to any one connected with it. There are a good many reasons for that; the principal ones are first, the tropes; second the theater itself. There are some square, upright and honest people among theatrical professionals as can be met with in any walk of life—and there are also as big a lot of contemptible scroungers running around with alleged "shows" as ever went unwhipped. Though it may sound hard, it is a fact that one kind of theatrical man is a beat; he wants all he can get and is not willing to pay for anything. He delights in false pretenses, and is never so happy as when he has inveigled the public into believing they'll see something better than he has to really offer them. He doesn't care whether it is the newspaper, or the theater manager, or the bill poster, or the hotel keeper, or the public, he is onto every little trick to get away with the most for the least or nothing at all, after beating the whole outfit. There is another kind of theatrical man who is a gentleman, who knows what he wants and is willing to pay for it. He is generally lonesome, for cause. After the public have been fooled a few times, it is always the luck of the really good troupe to come along and play to empty benches and go away giving Astoria a black eye.

On several occasions the companies have not kept faith with the public. They have cheated on some of the requirements, either cutting out some of the play, or substituting actors for those named, or using names of actors falsely, or some other fraud, until many discriminating theater goers have declared themselves sick and tired of being thus fooled into paying for what they didn't get. There are plenty people here who have seen good acting and heard good music in different parts of the world and naturally resent such imposition as has been so frequently

practiced, despite all care of the managers, who have always tried to secure none but good companies, and who have been as badly treated by these snide companies as the public.

A delightful excursion and basket picnic will be given by the M. E. Sunday school on Tuesday next, to Gray's river. The steamer Clara Parker will leave Parker House dock at the foot of Main street at 7:30 A. M., and return 7:30 P. M. A beautiful grove and splendid fishing. Everybody should go. Tickets only 50 cents.

The other trouble is with the theater itself.

Ross Bros. deserve more praise than blame. They have put over \$12,000 into that building as it stands, and are not making six per cent interest on the investment. They have a hall that, in some respects, is a credit to the city; it is fully as large, if not larger, than is usually found in a city of this size, and is kept clean and well lighted.

The one great objection to it is that it is neither comfortable nor attractive.

It is nobody's business but their own how it is run, but it seems to a good many that it is too big, too full of echoes and squeaks, and drafts. The skating rink part of it is all right, but when the seats are up and the play is on the stage that desire for illusion which we spoke of in the first part of this article, is unsatisfied.

One can not lean back and enjoy the fun on the stage, when the door of the main entrance is creaking, and when a stand up audience of four or five is walking up and down on the steps that lead up from the skating rink part of it to the auditorium, the aforesaid steps always squeaking if any one comes within a rod of them. Then those who go down the gallery stairs three steps at a time and make more noise than the comedian on the stage in the middle of an act, tend to take away from the hilarity of the occasion, and a good many who came laugh remain to swear, because their evening's enjoyment is spoiled, and say to themselves, "next time I won't go," and no wonder, for no one can enjoy the best performance with such a hubbub above and behind him as to sometimes make inaudible the dialogue on the stage.

Just what to do about it is for those most interested in the matter to say. THE ASTORIAN believes that if the owners of the theater took measures to have less noise in the building during a performance, the result would be more mutually satisfactory.

One thing is evident; that as things have been for the past two or three years there isn't much fun to the audience nor profit to those who make a business of furnishing theatrical amusement to the Astoria public.

An Explanation.

What is this "nervous trouble" with which so many seem now to be afflicted? If you will remember a few years ago the word Malaria was comparatively unknown,—to-day it is as common as any word in the English language, yet this word covers only the meaning of another word used by our forefathers in times past. So it is with nervous diseases, as they and Malaria are intended to cover what our grandfathers called Billiousness, and all are caused by troubles that arise from a diseased condition of the liver which in performing its functions find it cannot dispose of the bile through the ordinary channel is compelled to pass it off through the system, causing nervous troubles, Malaria, Billiousness, Fever, etc. You who are suffering can well appreciate a cure. We recommend Green's August Flower. Its cures are marvellous.

Poking Fun at the Press.

The annual meeting of the Oregon Press Association is announced for August 10th, in Salem. It is right in the midst of dog days, and if the boys can raise a dust apiece, they will make a uniform, cool and inexpensive appearance, and pass for the millionaires they really are, provided they swing a pair of slouches or slippers over their shoulders, which they need not put on, or remove, until they walk into the wide-spaced city as far as the state house; or, if any of them should be so fortunate as to strike an orchard when the family and the yaller dog were all away, and thus procure an overfeed, fall behind the proceeds and not get in until the suburbs of the evening, then they could walk in as far as the county jail, where, no doubt, the sheriff would lodge them if not already crowded. Stay! Another thought! The governor may open his wide-brimmed philanthropy, and invite you to tarry with himself and bosom friends at his home in the insane asylum! Who knows! But wouldn't it be gorgeous for you to meet, in such an unseemly conventional manner, too, with the kindred, aggressive spirits that congregate around the festal board-and-clothes of that grand institution of retired mental athletes! However, do not lose any sleep over the prospect of a banquet or reception, for—softly he said—the Gov. may forget to invite you! In fact, some sophisticated, billious-colored mugwump naturally assert that he always drinks alone!—*Yanquin Post.* He doesn't drink alone in Astoria.

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Assignee's Notice.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE undersigned has been appointed assignee of the Thistle Packing Company, and all persons having claims against it, are required to present the same, duly verified, to the assignee, within three months from this date, May 17th, 1888.
C. W. FULTON.

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AXE
J. C. Trullinger

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Oastoria

Regarding the Rosecrana matter