

BUSY SEASON ANTICIPATED

Alaska Packers Making Extensive Preparations for This Year's Work in the North.

MANY SEAMEN ARE SIGNED

Alaska Fishermen's Packing Company Finishes Its Crew - Other Happenings of Maritime Interest.

The work of fitting out the vessels which are to go north for the salmon packing concerns of Astoria and Portland is progressing satisfactorily, and there is now every indication that at least two of the vessels will depart on schedule time—April 16.

The Alaska Fishermen's Packing Company yesterday signed the balance of the men required for this season's work. In all 36 men were signed at the customs house by Deputy Collector McCue.

The season promises to be an unusually active one in the far north, and extensive preparations are being made for it. Alaska red salmon has shown decided improvement of late, and the several concerns operating on the Nushagak will vie with each other in the effort to make a good showing.

What Vessel Was Lost?

The finding of a quantity of wreckage on the beach at Gearhart Park has caused much speculation among shipping men as to what vessel has been lost. A few days ago quantities of lumber came ashore at Gearhart, while at Seaside the ocean beach was covered with crude petroleum.

Marine Notes.

Captain Wicklund of the Hammond lifesaving crew was in the city yesterday. The Italian ship Cressington cleared yesterday for Callao, Peru, with a lumber cargo. She takes 1,707,129 feet, valued at \$17,588.

MR. BOWSER DOES WASHING.

Gets Mixed Up With Bluing and Starch Resulting in Awful Mess.

As the Bowsers finished breakfast the other morning the cook asked Mrs. Bowser for a private word and was granted a dozen of them. The result was that as Mr. Bowser was ready to start for the office he was asked if he couldn't stop somewhere and send a washerwoman up.

"For what reason?" he bluntly queried. "For the reason that the cook is now packing up her things and will be gone in half an hour. If I can get some one to do the washing I'll manage the other work till we get a new girl."

chances are nine of ten that she's going off to jump into the river. "Her mother is very ill and she has been sent for," said Mrs. Bowser. "There is no sentiment about it, and neither has she complained of my ways. You have heard her singing every evening and spoken of her contentment and good spirits. Will you send up a woman to wash?"

"Mrs. Bowser there is something wrong about this house—something radically wrong. When a poor, hard-working girl leaves us at a moment's notice, and probably carries a piece of clothesline with her with which to hang herself, it is my duty as the responsible head to look into things."

At that moment the "poor, hard-working girl" came down with her bundle and said to Mrs. Bowser: "I'm sorry, ma'am, as you are one of the best women I ever worked for, but you know how it is. If mother gets better I will come back to you." Mrs. Bowser couldn't repress a smile of triumph as she looked at Mr. Bowser, but he was not the man to take a back seat.

"As I said," he observed, "there is something radically wrong here, and it is my duty to investigate. I shall not send up a washerwoman." "Then there will be no washing done." "On the contrary there will be. I shall do it myself." "You—you will wash?" "I will wash. Sooner than let an outsider know that you have given a heart-broken girl to her grave I will do the washing, and do it well. I can take a day from the office as well as not, and I want to get an insight into this housework."

"I think we can let it go a week," stammered Mrs. Bowser, who intended to get a woman herself as soon as he was out of the house. "We will not let it go one hour, madam. This matter of investigation has been put off altogether too long. I will change my clothes and be at it in ten minutes."

"But it is an extra big wash," she protested as a last weapon, "and I doubt if a woman could do it in one day." "Then all the more reason why I should take hold." Ten minutes later Mr. Bowser was ready for business. He had heard about family washings ever since he was 6 years old, and he hadn't the slightest doubt of his ability in that direction. He ordered Mrs. Bowser to remain away from the kitchen, and his first move was to draw one of the laundry tubs full of hot water and cram all the clothes into it. In a dim way he had heard of washing compounds, and after a brief hunt he got hold of a box. It was labeled "baking powder" plain enough, but it looked like washing soda to him, and in it went to make the clothes wash easier.

In a dim way he had also heard of bluing. He had no doubt that it ought to go in on top of the baking powder, and that it ought to be used in liberal quantities, and he went ahead. When flannels and cottons and soap and bluing and baking powder had been well stirred up together, Mr. Bowser got out the washboard and his rub-a-dub-dub was heard in the sitting room above.

"Nothing hard about this," he mused as he gave a sheet three or four rubs and then flopped it over into another tub to be rinsed later on. "Any woman who would be all day doing this wash would simply loaf half her time away."

At that moment Mrs. Bowser looked in on him, and after one sight of the clothes in the tub, she exclaimed: "Good gracious, but you are going to dye everything blue! I know the clothes would be spoiled if you fooled with them, and now—"

"And now, Madam Bowser," he interrupted, "you retire and leave me alone. I am doing this washing and I am financially responsible for all damages. When I am through I will ask for your criticism."

"But you've put in baking powder instead of washing soda!" she said as she caught sight of the empty box. "Y-e-s, I guess I did," he slowly replied, "but it was an experiment and will turn out all right. Go along, now, and don't bother me. I want to make a record with this washing."

MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

JOBAL AND GRAIN SACKS FOR SALE at Gaston's Feed Stable. Rubber and oil cans wanted.

L. S. ANDERSON, 421 Bond Street. LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

First-class meal for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or doughnuts, 5c. U. S. restaurant, 434 Bond street.

WANTED—Furnished house for the summer months, by careful, responsible party. Address S. T., Astorian.

The Morning Astorian will be found for sale at Griffin's book store and at Scully's cigar store, corner Eleventh and Commercial streets.

JAPANESE GOODS. New stock of fancy goods just arrived at Yokohama Bazaar. Call and see the latest novelties from Japan.

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Union made heating stoves, home manufactured and very stove perfect, at Montgomery's tin and plumbing store, 425 Bond street. Phone 1031.

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Proposals for Beef and Mutton: Office Chief Com'y, Vancouver Barracks, Wash., March 15, 1904. Sealed proposals for furnishing and delivering fresh Beef and Mutton for six months beginning July 1, 1904, will be received here and at offices of Commissioners at Fort Stevens, Oregon; Boise Barracks, Idaho; Forts Casey, Columbia, Flagler, Walla Walla, Ward, Wright, Worden, Lawton, and Vancouver Barracks, Wash., until 10 a. m. April 15, 1904. Information furnished on application. Envelopes containing proposals should be endorsed "Proposals for fresh Beef George B. Davis, Chief Com'y."

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he had discovered that about four rubs and a flop was enough for even a sheet or tablecloth, but ten minutes after her first call she was back again to say: "You must have been putting oatmeal in the water. Everything there will be ruined before you get through. My stars, but you have used bluing enough for 40 washings!" "Woman will you let me alone!" he shouted in reply as he held up a pillow-case by one end. "When I don't know how to do a family washing you can apply to the courts to have a guardian appointed for me. Of course I put starch in teh water. You don't suppose I am fool enough to sprinkle it over the back yard, do you?"

"But you are washing flannels with the other things!" "Of course I am, and I know what I'm about. Don't you dare to disturb me again, or I'll chuck the whole washing down the cellar stairs!"

At the end of another half hour Mr. Bowser had finished. He hadn't been quite an hour and a half doing what a washerwoman would want at least six hours to do. He rinsed the clothes through the second tub and then switched them around in the third and put them through the wringer. All at once he noticed the stove boiler, and for a moment his heart beat tumultuously. The idea flashed across him that it was somehow connected with washing, but after a bit his face cleared and he got his breath again. What the boiler was used for, as he suddenly remembered, was to heat hot water to thaw out frozen pipes in the winter. Mr. Bowser was no half way man. Having done the washing he started to hang out the clothes. Bareheaded and his shirt sleeves rolled up, he had hung his first sheet on the line when a circus started up.

That sheet was the most wonderful sight ever seen pinned to a clothesline. It was blue and white, blue and gray, blue and several other colors, and every woman on the block had her head out of a back window to look at it and cheer and clap her

hands. Boys yelled and climbed upon the fence, and dogs howled and cats fled as from a pestilence. Mr. Bowser held a clothespin between his teeth and a towel in his hand for five minutes and then the applause was too much for him. He seized the basket of clothes and walked into the kitchen just as Mrs. Bowser appeared.

"Madam, perhaps you can tell me what this means!" he hotly demanded. "Hurrah for the red white and blue!" yelled three or four boys in chorus from the alley fence.

"It means, said Mrs. Bowser, as she struggled with her emotions, "it means that you've—you've—" "I've what?"

"You've made a laughing stock of yourself. I told you not to wash, and that you knew nothing about it, but you would—"

"I would persist. Yes, madam, I persisted, and I washed, and we have never had such a washing done since we were married, and—and—"

And Mr. Bowser lifted up the basket of damp clothes—baking powder clothes—and emptied the contents on the floor with a "ha!" and then stalked off upstairs with the feelings of a man who hadn't been given a fair show to see what he would do in the laundry line. And as he sat and chewed the bitter cud he could not stop his ears to the song that kept saying: If he only knew how very blue He never would wash no more.

ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident is related by John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50 cents, guaranteed, at Charles Rogers', druggist.

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