

The Sunday Astorian.

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Joy Cometh in the Morning.

I know there is pain in the weary night,
And we're filled with a sad unrest;
But oh! there is joy when the morning light
In glorious splendor and beauty bright,
We see in the brilliant east.

Our sad hearts long for the sunny day,
When the troubles of life shall cease,
When the murky shadows shall flee away,
And the hopes we've cherished no more decay—
In the reign of eternal peace.

I know there is grief in the night of pain;
There are sorrows and bitter tears,
Our bark is tossed on the billowy main—
But the gloomy shadows begin to wane,
For the glorious day appears.

I know we are sad when the chilling hand
Of the angel of Death is laid
On the cherished forms of the household
band,
And we long and sigh for the better land,
Where the flowers shall never fade.

I know there is peace in the "by and by,"
When the saints shall be gathered home.
We shall lift our eyes to the sunny sky,
And shout for joy as the shadows fly,
And the glorious day shall come.

—Lilla D. Avery.

Wedding Fee Extraordinary.

It is not uncommon to hear of good-natured clergymen who accept a half-bushel of beans or a few pounds of dried apples as a recompense for performing a marriage ceremony; and there are instances on record where they have even officiated on credit. But the Dominion ministers are made of sterner stuff. A clergyman at East Bolton, Quebec, recently seized a bride as security for the non-payment of his fee by the impetuous bridegroom, and the husband had to give security for the \$1.25 ere he could obtain his spouse.

We clip the above item from one of our exchanges, but do not believe that many clergymen ever had a more laughable experience in that line than one of our best known New York preachers, who once accepted a strange fee, *molens volens*. This is the story.

Many years ago, he was sitting in the office of a lawyer who was one of his members, chatting on various subjects, and as the pastor happened to speak of the hard times, and the dilatoriness of the church in paying his small salary, the lawyer remarked:

"Now I hardly agree with you, pastor, in your assertion that ministers are paid less for their work than any other class of professional men. They have a great deal given to them in one way and another, donation parties, Christmas presents, etc. Then the item of wedding fees alone, which you seldom hear them speak about, but which must amount to quite a sum, several hundred dollars in the course of the year, brings them in a good revenue."

"Do you think so?" said the clergyman. "Now to come right down to dots, what do you suppose is the average fee that I receive?"

"I should say twenty dollars was a low estimate," said the lawyer. Here in New York I have often known persons to give one hundred dollars, and a fifty-dollar fee is quite common, but considering the fact that you marry a good many of the poor, or those who are only moderately well off, as well as the rich, I should think, as I said, that twenty dollars was a pretty low average."

"That calculation is rather large," said the minister, "but still I cannot tell exactly, as I have not reckoned up what I have received this last year."

"No, I presume not," said the lawyer. "I have noticed that ministers don't generally know how much they have received, when the sum is pretty large, but I rather think they would if it was a small one. But I will tell you what I will do. I will give you ten dollars for half your next fee, and don't believe I shall lose anything by it either. Do you accept that?"

The minister hesitated a moment and then said, "Yes, well, yes; I'll accept that—ten dollars for half the next fee."

He soon bade him good morning, and went home to his dinner. While he was at the table the bell rang, and the servant came in, saying a man at the door wished to see him a moment. He found a rough-looking farmer standing there, who accosted him thus:

"Good morning, Dr. A. I came in to see if you could just tie me up, this morning. Sal and I have been talking about it a good while, and we've come to the conclusion that 'tain't any use to wait no longer."

"Oh, yes," said the doctor, "walk in. Where did you want to be married?"

"Right here," said the farmer, "if you're willin'. Sal's in the wagon, and I'll bring her in."

So he brought in a blooming country maid, and the minister, who had doffed his gown and slipped on his best Sunday-go-t-meeting coat, made them one, in his most impressive style. After the ceremony and the congratulations, the farmer said:

"About the fee, pastor, we hain't much money, but I thought your children might be fond of pets, so I told Sal I would just bring one of our pups." Saying which he tipped up a small box, and rolled a little white pup upon the piano.

The minister could scarcely contain his mirth, but thanked the bridegroom, and told him the children would be glad of it, and bade him a pleasant good-morning. He finished his dinner, then putting the pup carefully back into the box, started with it under his arm for the lawyer's office.

His friend was quite surprised to see him so soon again, but the pastor relieved his curiosity by saying:

"I had no idea, when I accepted your offer this morning, that I should have to come so soon to claim it, and I hardly think I should have accepted it so quickly had I known I was to marry a couple to-day, and receive such an unusual and unexpected fee. Generally there is not so much difference in them, but this was a perfect surprise to me."

"No backing out, now," said the lawyer, "that bargain was fair and square, and you must hold to it. Here's your ten dollars; hand over the fee!"

The minister demurred a moment, told him he should beware how he made such rash promises again; but finally, unfastening the cover of the box, said: "All right, I'll stand by the bargain," tumbled out the pup upon the lawyer's desk, and with the blandest smile upon his face, waving his hand and bowing politely, he said, "Here is the fee—which *hain't* will you take?"

The blank look of amazement and disgust which overspread the countenance of the lawyer as he looked at the roll of puppiness, was amusing to see.

"You don't mean it, that you married a couple, and that was your fee?"

"Indeed it was," said the minister, "and the farmer who presented it thought he was doing a handsome thing!"

Then, with a hearty laugh, the lawyer handed him the gold piece, and told him that he thought he had nothing more to say in regard to the enriching of ministers by wedding-fees.—Mrs. James S. Dickerson, in the Standard.

The Christian Revenge.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers. Therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly a system of petty annoyances was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs and most savagely abused. Things went on thus for nearly a year, but the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received at the hands of his spiteful neighbor. Matters, however, were drawing to a crisis, for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oaths that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Lawson. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, just four years old, which he had been very careful in raising. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing around his corn-field, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the fiendish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so; and the next morning, bright and early, he shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence a hired man whom he had recently employed heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated he had shot and wounded a buck, that the herd had attacked him, and that he had hardly escaped with his life.

This story was credited by all but the newly-employed hand, who had a dislike to Watt, and, from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through his head, from which the warm blood was still oozing. The animal was still warm and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been. "I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant report. Watt paled for a moment, but recollecting himself he fiercely shouted, "Do you dare to say I killed her?" "How do you know she is dead?" replied the man. Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met Lawson riding in search of his filly. A few words of explanation ensued, when with a heavy heart the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people of the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages, but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains. One morning, just as Obadiah was sitting down to breakfast, his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broke down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of all shape—a mischief impossible to repair. "And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked

Obadiah. "I put her in the farm-yard." "Did thee beat her?" "I never struck her a blow." "Right, Jacob, right. Sit down to thy breakfast, and when done eating I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast Lawson mounted a horse and rode over to Dood's, who was sitting on the porch in front of the house, and as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it, if he did. "Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair. "All well, I believe," was the reply. "I have a small affair to settle with thee this morning, and I came rather early." "So I suppose," growled Watt. "This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she destroyed a good deal." "And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening. "And what would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd have shot her," retorted Watt, madly, "as I suppose you have done, but we are even now; heifer for filly is only 'tit for tat.'" "Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair on thy heifer's back. She is in my farm-yard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly, but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil to my heart against my neighbor. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from the chair and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked, "What was your filly worth?" "A hundred dollars is what I asked for her," replied Obadiah. "Wait." And Dood rushed into the house, whence he soon returned with some gold. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

Obadiah mounted his horse and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the returning of good for evil.

Dyspepsia.

If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chaff bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, etc. so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day it will not digest it.

In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it should not be the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread or oatmeal porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts upon the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate.—*Applington's Journal*.

ONE had a watermelon in a basket and the other a big piece of corned beef on her arm, as they met at the Central market yesterday, and chatted for a moment. One had evidently been married but a few days, as the other queried—

"Well, how do you like your second husband?"

"Oh, he's fair—very fair, but you see I don't understand him very well yet," was the answer.

"No trouble, I hope?"

"Oh, no, though for about a week I feared there might be. He went around looking sad and down-hearted, sighed every five minutes, and wouldn't answer till I had spoken several times. I really got alarmed."

"And what was the matter—colic, heart disease or ague?"

"I couldn't make out, as I told you; but he finally explained that he had another wife in Canada and feared she might come here. There the poor man was worrying about it for days and days, and I was thinking he was mad or going crazy. It was a great relief to both of us when he told me the real facts, and now we shall change our name to Thomas, move into a house facing the alley, and live as happy as bees."—*M. Quad*.

A SMALL colored boy at Chatham, Canada, held one end of a whip-stock in his mouth while musing, and, falling, the stick was driven through the back of his neck, requiring the strength of a powerful man to pull it out. The spinal column was not hit and the child is again quite well.

THEY are going to dramatize the Tweed revelations. An opera has already been composed about him.—*William Tell*.

The Dutch Passion for Washing.

Every Saturday morning the Dutch women wash their houses on the outside, scrubbing them from pavement to chimney. Any point that is too high for broom or ladder they reach by a forcing pump. Out of nearly every window may be seen a woman, stretching herself half way out, perhaps, with a brush and cloth reaching after some fancied dirt-spot or dashing a pail of water at it.

It is understood at this time that the town is given up to cleaning, and the passers-by of the pavement below have no right to complain if they get a shower of water and suds over their heads. The spiders have been driven out of Holland, or left in disgust; and I do not think I ever saw a fly anywhere in the country. No swallows are allowed to dirty up their houses or stables, and strange to say, one sees no birds about whatever, except the omniscient storks, which are allowed, by special favor, to build their nests in the chimney-tops, owing to a particular veneration which the Dutch have for this bird, likely because it is a water-fowl, or rather a water and land-fowl; or like the Dutch themselves, an amphibious swamp animal.

As you go through a Dutch town the most common sight is the women washing in the canals. On both sides, from one end of the street to the other, they may be seen at all times of the day, washing everything from a baby's stocking to a tablecloth; and when they have nothing else to wash, they wash out their brooms and brushes and tubs and themselves. Sometimes the whole canal has the appearance of flowing with soap-suds.

The Dutch have learned the art of washing and everything connected with it so well that other countries often send their linen there to be washed and bleached, especially the large manufactories. The meadows outside of a Dutch town are fairly white with washed articles stretched over them.—*Ladies' Repository*.

The Canary a Very Sensible Bird.

As a general rule, you cannot give a bird too much fresh air. Even in the winter time, although it is never safe or expedient to hang the cage in the window, it is advisable to throw open the window once or twice a day and let in the air. Canaries are tender creatures, but they will stand a low temperature—as low as 50 degrees—providing they be out of the reach of draughts. A temperature not lower than 60 degrees is perhaps more desirable, and this should be maintained day and night if possible. More birds sicken and die from diseases contracted by exposure to night chilliness than from any other causes. Again, the air of the room should not be over-heated or suffused with gas. If of a morning you should chance to observe the same tinge gathering on the wings of your canary that is constantly noticeable on silver plate in winter, the chances are that coal-gas has much to do with it. On the other hand, the odor of tobacco smoke, instead of injuring, seems to have the tendency to improve the brightness of the plumage, and at the same time to put more vigor into the canary's song. Were I writing without some experience, I should unhesitatingly say, never subject your birds at all to tobacco smoke. But facts appear to convert any counsel of the order; for my own birds, whenever tobacco is lighted, will, if the cage doors are open, immediately fly toward the smoker, and vie with each other in getting into the densest cloud. Having sniffed the aroma, they will light upon the shoulder, or the back of the chair, and pour forth the sweetest harmonies of the day. Permit me to suggest, then, plenty of fresh air, and even moderate temperature and occasionally tobacco smoke. Be sure, however, that during and after smoking a current of fresh air is allowed to pass through and to ventilate the room.—*Applington's Journal*.

Thoughts from Emerson.

Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables.

The ornament of a home is the friends who frequent it.

Every man passes his life in a search after friendship.

Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo.

To most of us society shows not its face and eye, but its side and back.

The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the wells of the chamber.

A house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished.

I do with my friends as I do with my books—I would have them where I could find them, but I seldom use them.

Bashfulness and apathy are a tough husk, in which a delicate organization is protected from premature ripening.

Love is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. It makes the clown gentle and gives the coward heart.

We see the heads that turn on the pivot of the spine—no more; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world—so slow and lazily, and great they move.

The poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, are among them the very rich, in a true search would be found very indigent and ragged.

Whoso shall teach me how to eat my meat and take my repose, and deal with men, without any shame following, will restore the life of man to splendor, and make his own name dear to history.

THE interments in the catacombs at Rome are estimated at 7,000,000.

Humerous Waifs.

How to find out what's in a name.—Put it on the back of a note.

If you want to keep mosquitoes out of your bed room, sleep on the roof.

ANDROMEDA misses one of the luxuries of life—she can't laugh in her sleeve.

A WOMAN in Boston has named one of her hens "Macduff," so that it may lay on.

THE Rochester Democrat thinks Charles Ross was deposited in a Chicago Savings Bank.

To make both ends meet—put your toe in your mouth. We advise men, only, "toe" do it.

GENERAL HOWARD must want Chief Joseph for a lecture bureau. He is certainly very much afraid of hurting him.

AN orator declaring that fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said: "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

STAGE MANAGER (to call boy.) "John, see if the ballet are dressed." John (returning.) "Yes, sir, about ready; they've nearly got their clothes off."

A HOME thrust. Doctor: "Now tell me, Colonel, how do you feel when you've killed a man?" Colonel: "Oh, very well, thank you, Doctor. How do you?"

We think Mark Twain must be bored sadly by the manufacturers of new styles of goods. They all insist, by their printed labels, that he shall "Trade, Mark!"

A LITTLE girl, a day or two since, while watching the rain, turned to her mother and said, "Ma, I guess the weather's so warm it's melting the clouds."

TIMES don't grow much better, and families which have long ago stopped taking a paper are now seriously thinking of selling one of the dogs.—*Worcester Press*.

A GOOD many country teams are burglarizing in country towns. They are good cracksmen and generally make an inner and then an outer.—*New York Herald*.

"MADAME," said an impertinent boarder to his landlady, "your butter is too aristocratic for my democratic taste. It is one of the cases in which sweetness is preferable to rank."

A POSTAL CARD was lately received at the Fitchburg, Mass., post-office, addressed to "Mr. K—, the man that works in the factory and got the car-load of potatoes at Whitefield, N. H., last year."

WHEN you kiss a San Francisco girl, she holds her breath until you get through, and then flares up, goes into the next room, and smacks her lips for a whole hour.

A GOOD little boy who was kicked by a mule did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a beehive backed him round to it and let him kick.

"I SAY, Paddy, that is the worst-looking horse you drive I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fat him up, is it? Faix! the poor baste can hardly carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

THE best way to cure a boil is to get a fine ripe peach—a cling stone is better—peel it carefully, eat it—then take the skin, place it on the asphaltum side-walk in front of Baldwin's—and when the boil isn't looking slip up on the peel.

AT an Eastern Oregon wedding, the bride in a playful mood kicked the groom's hat off without touching his head. All well enough if after a time her dexterity don't take a turn and kick his head off without touching his hat.

AN Irishman fresh from the "old country" saw a turtle for the first time, and at once made up his mind to capture it. The turtle caught him by the finger, and he, holding it out at arms'-length, said, "Faith, and ye had better let loose the howl ye have, or I'll kick ye out of the very box ye sit in, be jabbers."

A LITTLE Athol boy, guilty of some misconduct, upon being asked why he could be so naughty, replied that he thought he was not doing anything wrong. "That's no excuse," said his mother, "thinking doesn't help the matter." "Well, mamma," said he, "what's the use of having a thinker, if you can't think?"

OLD Dr. Hunter used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness, "We'll try this and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and if anything falls, well and good." "Aye," replied a wag, "I fear this is too commonly the case, and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls is the patient."

"SMOKING in Holland," said a traveler, "is so common that it is impossible to tell one person from another in a room full of smokers." "How is anyone who happens to be wanted picked out, then?" asked a listener. "Oh, in that case, a waiter goes round with a pair of bellows and blows the smoke from before each face till he recognizes the person called for. Fact, gentlemen."

TO REMOVE FLY TRACKS.—The fly season, an exchange cheerfully remarks, is near at hand, and it will cost only three onions to try the experiment of keeping your picture frames, looking-glass frames, etc., from being over by flies. Paint your frames over with the liquid, and the originator says the flies will never them. Whether the size of the onion must be determined by the size of the frames or fly the author of the receipt has not yet divulged.