The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

D. C. IRELAND.....Editor.

TUESDAY .....Nov. 27, 1877

☞ If we were abundantly supplied with coin we should not ask patrons to remit, but one of the very hardest things to do in this world, is to run a printing office on "promises." Our business is all in small amounts, and it is about as easy to pay one time as another, hence we trust that our patrons will freely respond to our calls for the sums due us on account.

Scraps of Fancy.

Compiled from our Exchanges.

—A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can into a one horse wagon.

—Blond hair is coming to the front again as the most fashionable color. Ladies who gave their blonde switches to the grasshopper sufferers will soon regret their generosity.

—The wife of Chief Justice Waite is credited with having said, when she heard it reported that Mars has three moons, "Think of your people living in a planet where there is no shady side of the street at night."

—An invalid Frenchman who hired a horse every evening from a livery stable, particularly desired the hostler to see that the horse had nothing to eat for dinner. "Because," he remarked, "Monsieur le docteur he say I mus' tak' ze gentle exercise on ze empty stomach."

—A couple of young fellows who pride themselves on their elite bearing, handsome Dundreary whiskers and moustache, called at a house on Asylum Hill, Wednesday, to look at a room which was for rent. "Is the lady of the house in?" they inquired of the servant girl who answered the bell. "Yis," replied she, "and are ye's the mans what's come to fix the sthove?"

—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer, ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Anybody can be a gentleman if he chooses to be, but it is mighty expensive to be a loafer. It costs time—days, months, years of it. It costs friends. Your consorts will be only the buccaneers of society. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all true pleasure in living, honor, dignity, self-respect and the respect of the world and finally all regret and consideration when dead.

—At a Murphy meeting in Kentucky recently Colonel Ben. Selby delivered an eloquent address, in the course of which he gave an illustration of the suffering of man afflicted with delirum tremens. A lady in the audience sent up to him the following testimonial to his success:

Ben. Selby aptly undertakes
To imitate a man with "snakes,"
And every mortal son of Adam
Can see at once that Ben. has had 'em.

—Col. Robert Ingersoll, in alluding to the story concerning his father's severity, writes: "My father was a man of great natural tenderness, and loved his children almost to insanity. The little severity he had was produced by his religion. Like most of his time, he thought Solomon knew something about raising children. For my part, I think he should have known better than to place the least confidence in the advice of a man so utterly idiotic as to imagine he could be happy with 700 wives."

—Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," said Sir Isaac; "it happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

HOW THEY DO IT.

"Knew you e'er," said crafty Philip,
"That when maid is kissed would be,
Then with accents soft they swerely
Lisp their words in accents free?"

Back the answer came, a golden
Mine of wealth in every word:
"Yeth," the damsel gently murmured,
"Yeth," dear Philip, tho' I've heard."

—*New York Sun*

—A Scotch keelman's prayer in a storm: "O God, ye ken this is the first favor I ever axed ov ye, an' if ye'll let me ashore this time it'll be the last. Aw wad na trouble ye now, but things is looking, very bad. The mainmast is split to rags, an' the jib sheet was carried away the last squall. I never troubled ye afore, ye ken that, an, so help me Jemmy Johnson if ever I troble ye again if ye let me ashore this time. Aw dunna want t' go to the deil—though the deil's no a bad fellow—fair play say I, man t' man! Dinna think I'm gaun t' run ye doon, deil, my lad, for I winnit do it. So now, God, ye see how I'se situated, and if ye'll only gie me a lull for half-an-oor ye can let her blaw like h—l; Amen."

—The United States war steamer Huron pounded to pieces on rocks north of Norfolk on the 24th. Out of 134 officers and men but 34 were saved. The story of those well acquainted with the coast is that the Huron got caught in the height of the gale, and while trying to hold on head to the wind, her machinery gave way, her sails were useless and she drifted ashore.

—Something is the matter with our sister city all the time. The Telegram says that now, since the river has become so swift and drift has commenced running, the steamers find it difficult to navigate. Tuesday the bark Strathern got her anchors fouled, and it was late in the afternoon before they could be raised. The ferryboat seem to have the most trouble, being unable to run a good part of the time. Some good sawlogs have floated down, and loggers are keeping a sharp lookout.

EASTERN OREGON—The Astorian is doing more for the interests of Eastern Oregon than any other paper in the State. If you have a friend or a relative in that section of this country, send him the paper on trial. Only one dollar for four months.

LETTER LIST.

Following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the Astoria Post-office, Nov. 24, 1877:

Blakely, Geo. C.	Noble, John
Davis, Miss Maggie	Sommer, Ambros
Holmes, W. E.	Stone, John
Hubbard, Miss Flora	Slusser, Mrs. J.
Johns, Matthew	Tatton, Mrs. James
Johnson, Erik	Wood, Miss Clara
McKay, Catherine	Warner, Charley
Martz, Wm. C. F.	Wavor, E. W.
Montandon, Fried' 4	Whitney, D. A.
Mounamake.	Warren, Wm. E.

☞ *Persons calling for any of the above letters must give the date on which they were advertised.*

Wm. CHANCE, P. M.