

The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XIV.

Astoria, Oregon, Tuesday Morning, March 8, 1881.

No. 56.

WASHINGTON CITY NEWS.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

The New Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—President Garfield has sent to the senate the following nominations:

James G. Blaine, of Maine, secretary of the state.

William Windom, of Minnesota, secretary of the treasury.

Wayne McVeagh, of Pennsylvania, attorney general.

Thos. L. James, of New York, postmaster general.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, of Iowa, secretary of the interior.

Robert F. Lincoln, of Illinois, secretary of war.

William H. Hunt, of Louisiana, secretary of the navy.

The senate received the nominations at 3:05 p. m., and immediately, on motion of Cameron of Pennsylvania, went into executive session.

In Oregon Counterfeiter Pardoned.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—President Hayes on the 3d inst., issued a pardon for young Hicks, of Tehama county, California, who is now in the Oregon penitentiary for passing counterfeit money. The application for pardon was presented by Representative Berry.

A Brave Woman.

Port Orford (Or.) Post.

During the late freshet Mrs. Gillespie of Rogue river awoke during the night to find the water one foot and a half deep in her house. At the time there were in the house, besides herself, her three children and her mother-in-law. The river was alive with drift at the time, but to remain in the house was almost sure death to all; so taking her children, the brave woman started, the water being up to her waist, for the upland back of the house, which she reached not without considerable danger, as the current was so strong as to nearly carry them out into the main stream. Returning, she carried her mother-in-law to the place where she had previously taken her children. During the excitement they naturally forgot matches, and, as a consequence, being a good distance from any neighbor, was obliged to stop in the woods all night without a fire.

A French chemist is reported to have given a striking proof of domestic affection. He condensed the body of his deceased wife into the space of an ordinary seal, and had her highly polished and set in a ring. He made a nice income by betting with lapidaries and others that they could not tell the material of the seal in three guesses, and, after pocketing the money would burst into tears and say, "It is my dear, dear wife."

Gray's wood yard is now fitted up on the wharf foot of Benton street, and prepared to deliver wood to any part of the city sawed to any length, and full measure.

Frank Faber has removed into Dr. Kinsey's building on Water street. On the road to the steamer dock from down town, before breakfast, it will now be handy to drop in and get a cup of coffee.

Since the Chinese started to brew "cheap San Francisco beer" there is little or no demand for that article any more. Call for the Columbia brewery beer, if you want something good.

Some say that it is no use for them to advertise, that they have been in the place in business all their lives, and everybody knows them. Such people seem to forget to take in consideration that our country is increasing in population nearly 40 per cent. every ten years, and no matter how old the place may be, there are constant changes taking place; some move to other parts, and strangers fill their places. In this age of the world, unless the name of a business firm is kept constantly before the public, some new firm may start up, and, by liberal advertising, in a very short time take the place of the older ones, and the latter rust out, as it were, and be forgotten. No man ever lost money by judicious advertising.

THE PETS OF GREAT MEN.

Cats that Have Enjoyed the Favor of Noted Men.

Of all animals cats are perhaps the most graceful, and from time immemorial have been favorites with the old and the young, the rich and the poor. Many great men have had an inordinate fondness for cats. Richelieu's special favorite was a splendid Angora, his furry confidant's usual resting place being his eminence's table, among state documents, books, etc.

Cardinal Wolsey's cat sat on the arm of his chair of state, or took up her position at the back of his throne when he held audiences. Montague used to obtain relaxation by playing with his cat. The cat of the poet Petrarch occupied, after death, embalmed, a niche in his studio. Colbert reared half a dozen cats in his private study, and taught them, after a lengthy display of patience, to perform all sorts of tricks. Tasso, reduced to such a strait of poverty as to be obliged to borrow a crown from a friend to subsist on through a week, turned for mute sympathy to his faithful cat and disburdened his case in a charming sonnet, in which he entreats her to assist him through the night with the lustre of her moonlight eyes, having no candles by which he could see to write his verses.

The cat of Pierre Jean de Beranger has been similarly honored. Fontenelle was very fond of cats, and used to place a particular old "Tom" in an arm chair and deliver an oration before him. Dr. Johnson set out to purchase oysters for his pet cat, Hodge, when he was old and sick and fancied no other food, and the poet, not content with cutting one hole in his library door to let his mouser in and out, fashioned a second smaller hole for the necessities of the kitten. Lady Cust reminds us of Gray's ode, "Lines on the death of a favorite cat, drowned in a vase of goldfishes."

This cat, by the way, was not the poet's, but Horace Walpole's, and the cat-as-trophe occurred at Strawberry hill in 1847, after the rupture of their "unequalled friendship," as Dr. Johnson phrases it, had been re-cemented. The cat supplied Perrault with one of the most attractive subjects of his stories, and that under the pen of this admirable story teller "Puss in Boots" has become an example of the power of work and industry. Dr. Stables, with who cats are "darlings," assures us in his book on "Cats" that one sitting purring on the hearth rug to the music of the hissing tea-urn, blinking her eyes before a bright fire, is the very personification of feminine virtue. In this favorable view of the *felis catus* lady like character he was preceded by Mr. Bodderris, who tells us in his "Zoological recreations" that the cat is closely connected with the untranslatable word "comfort"—a word that has neither name nor representation out of Great Britain.

Marvel not that I say unto you, ye must pay the printer. Whosoever neglecteth to pay the printer, hath not eternal life abiding in him. Who hath sorrow, who hath woe, who hath the nightmare? They who forget to render unto the printer his just dues. If a man live many years and payeth not for THE ASTORIAN, behold he shall not die in peace till he hath rendered to the printer that which he hath withheld.

THE ASTORIAN job presses will fit you out with your winter supplies of letter-heads, bill-heads, cards, envelopes, etc., etc., at astonishingly low rates, and in exquisite style. Call and see samples of work done for others.

For the Genuine J. H. Cutter old Bourbon, and the best of wines, liquors, and San Francisco beer call at the Gem opposite the bell tower, and see Campbell.

A Romance of the Rail.

The following romance of the rail is sent by the editor "to fill up with." He vouches for the story however:

A lady, maiden lady by chance, was traveling in company of an elderly widower friend, who gallantly volunteered to see the lady safely to her journey's end. The lady was 40, but looked much younger. A sleeping section of a Pullman car had been secured for her, and a lower berth of the adjoining compartment for the gentleman. The day and evening had passed in delightful companionship, and about 11 o'clock they bade each other good night, and retired behind their curtains—she to divest herself of outer garment, and replace the same by a loose wrapper, comfortable to sleep in, and still dressed in the event of accident. Then tying a handkerchief about her head to keep her frizzes from getting out of curl, she curled herself close to the back of her berth, and went to sleep.

The gentleman, on the contrary, could not woo slumber, so he got up, and, armed with a good cigar, went into the smoking-car to enjoy it and fraternize for the time being with some of his own sex. Our friend found a good fellow, and two hours quickly passed away. A jolly-bellied, willow-bound flask changed hands several times, and thus the elderly widower returned to his car, kicked off his boots, and threw himself upon the front of what he fancied was his berth, and fell into a profound slumber. How long the maiden lady had slept she did not know, but she was awakened by feeling the pressure of the bed clothes binding her in close quarters, and, raising her head, she observed her friend and protector, who was peacefully snoring a sonorous lullaby which kept time to the roar and racket of the train. Happily, the mistake flashed upon the lady, and, taking in the situation, her first thought was to awaken him and get him out before the accident should have an observer. Trembling, yet bravely, she began to shake the intruder, and was awarded by a muttered "Yes, yes, all right." "O, Mr. T., please—please wake up; you are in the wrong berth," she began to plead. "Yes, yes; time enough—all right!" She began to quake with anxiety and a possible unpleasant denouement, and, nerving herself, she reached out both hands and made a grab for his hair and beard. "Good gracious!" was the wide-awake response, as the man sprang into a sitting position and faced his almost crying lady friend, whose appreciation for the ridiculous overcame her fright for the instant, as her woman's wit came to her aid, and, with a burst of laughter, she said: "Mr. Pickwick, where's your night-cap?" "My dear madame, a thousand pardons." "Never mind; but go, for goodness sake! I know it's a mistake." He sneaked away, feeling like a fool, and admiring the lady's good sense to such an extent that it will result in a wedding.

Bath tubs, water closets, sinks and hot water apparatus, furnished hotels and private residences, at lowest rates and shortest notice, by Magnus C. Crosby, at the little tin shop "round the corner."

The new improved Franconia range, kept by Magnus C. Crosby, stands at the top of the market.

Mr. John Rogers, of the Central Market, has made arrangements to keep all the finest fresh fish, etc., in their season.

Mr. Frank Young of the I. X. L. store, will leave on the Columbia, for San Francisco on the 9th inst., to purchase spring stock. Orders left with him will receive careful attention.

For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Loeb's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, opened or in the shell.

If you want a good big oyster stew in style, call around to Tom Smiths, next door to P. H. Fox, Main street Astoria, Oregon. Open at all hours.

For the best Beer in Astoria, call for the Columbia Brewery Beer, acknowledged to be superior to all others.

Have Wistar's balsam of wild cherry always at hand. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumption, and all throat and lung complaints. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

LITTLE JAKIE JONES.

How a Bad Boy Shocked His Dear Old Grandmother.

Detroit Free Press.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making water-melon pickle the other day, and, being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson Jakie to read it for her. Jakie took the paper, like a dutiful child, and, holding it upside down, commenced:

"Take a green watermelon—"

"Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe."

"Oh, what's the matter wid yew. Gw ever see a watermelon that wasn't green?"

"Cut the watermelon into four halves—"

"But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that, Jakie."

"Well, I don't have to, anyhow that's what the resect says. Then soak it in a pint cup—"

"Oh dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?"

"Well, I aint here to tell the whereases and howfores. I'm just readin' the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put it in a skillet and fry it fur five days."

"I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a recipe as that?" said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

"Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar—"

"I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it," but Jakie continued:

"Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter and the white and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine and run it through a coffee mill and let it stand till it ferments, and then put it in a tin can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off in crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes capital desert," and Jakie slid out of the door and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

Fresh leaf hard at Warren and Eaton's.

There is not now any better newspaper, nor one more consistently devoted to the building up of the country than THE ASTORIAN. At the price of Two Dollars per year it is the cheapest, as well as the best. With your aid and encouragement we shall be able to make further improvements to enhance its field of usefulness.

A contemporary says: A housewife and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about and sometimes choose are rather poor concerns. The man and business that an editor sometimes feels it duty to defend at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go ahead and say and do what he conscientiously thinks right without regard to frowns or smiles.

The free lands of the west are being taken up and settled this year to a degree most gratifying in the face of the over-crowded mechanical departments of metropolitan life. Several millions more acres of homesteads have been entered for settlement at the various land offices this year than in the past year, and still the western movement continues in force. And this is the only solution of the labor troubles. Let the unemployed come and become producers instead of consumers.

We see how life gets comed at our mind, so that the world somehow wears the stamp of the die cut into our hearts. We know how a piece of good fortune brightens the air: how some ill pending evil puts the edge of a spiritual eclipse upon the sun; how suddenly ill fortune in business will seem to make the very springs of beauty bankrupt; how the sleekness of a dear friend turns nature pallid; how the death of one whom we love will convert all the trees to cypresses and the music of the universe becomes a requiem; but how can you expect your city to prosper if you don't patronize the local press? How can you succeed as a merchant, or a mechanic, and not advertise?

THE TWO AGES.

Peaks were happy as days were long In the old Arcadian time: When life seemed only a dance and song In the sweetest of all sweet climes. Our world grows longer, and, stage by stage, As the pillless years have rolled, We're quite forgotten the Golden Age, And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went away in a sleepish way Upon Thetys's plains of yore. In the nineteenth century fairs at play Men nibbled, and nodding more. Our sorrows at present are far too sage To live as one lived of old. So they couple the eras of the Golden Age With a look in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round Heard news of his latest flame: And Tryon made the woods resound With echoes of Daphne's name. They kindly let us a lasting gauge of their musical heart we are told: And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls— From shepherd-deep up to the queen— Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls, And nothing for erudition. But simplicity's not the rage: And it's funny to think how cold The dress they wore in the Golden Age Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas, Tobacco, balloons and steam. Are little events that have come to pass Since the days of the old regime: And spite of Lempiere's dazzling page, I'd give—though it might seem bold— A hundred years of the Golden Age For a year of the Age of Gold.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. Q. A. BOWLEY.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Chenamus Street. - ASTORIA, OREGON

C. W. FULTON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ASTORIA - OREGON

Office over Page & Allen's store, Cass street.

J. W. ROBB.

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ASTORIA - OREGON

Office over Watson & Eaton's Astoria Market, opposite the Occident Hotel.

E. C. HOLDEN.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND INSURANCE AGENT.

A. VAN DUSEN.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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DENTIST,

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DR. M. D. JENNINGS.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Graduate University of Virginia, 1868. Physician to Bay View hospital, Baltimore City, 1880-78.

Office—in Page & Allen's building, up stairs, Astoria.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office—Over the White Horse Store.

RESIDENCE—Next door to Mrs. Munson's boarding house, Chenamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

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All kinds of Oak Lumber, Glass, Boat Material, etc.

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Hot, Cold, Shower, Steam and Sulphur

BATHS.

Special attention given to ladies' and children's hair cutting. Private Entrance for Ladies.

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FEATHERS, BOOT AND SHOE

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CHENAMUS STREET, opposite Adler's Book Store. - ASTORIA, OREGON.

Perfect fits guaranteed. All work warranted. Give me a trial. All orders promptly filled.

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Manufacturer and Packer of

CAVIAR, SMOKED SALMON.

Cash paid for fresh

BLACK STURGEON SPAWN.

Smoked Sturgeon, and smoked Salmon put up in this to ship to any part of the world. Also, trout and salmon eggs put up in cans and warranted to keep any length of time. Depot at Regan Central Market, corner Cass and Chenamus streets, Astoria.

Music Lessons.

T. F. CULLEN and C. E. BARNES.

TEACHERS OF

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Would like a few pupils on either of the above instruments.

Terms—Eight lessons for five dollars.

Orders left at Stevens & Sons book store will be promptly attended to.

E. A. QUINN.

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FAMILY GROCERIES,

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Cash paid for country produce. Small profits on cash sales. Astoria, Oregon, corner of Main and Squemoche streets.

SPICES.

The undersigned is prepared to furnish a large number of Spices and Spices at his place on short notice, at reasonable rates. Apply to

C. G. CAPLES,

Columbia City

To-Night.

To-Night.

GRAND BALL.

AT MUSIC HALL,

THIS EVENING.