

The Daily Astorian.

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No. 95.

MORE BANKING CAPITAL.

Moneyed Men of Portland Stepping to the Front to Provide for the Wants of the City.

The rapid increase in the population, wealth and business of Portland have created a demand for better monetary facilities and an increase of banking capital. Though this city is one of the wealthiest in the country in proportion to its population, yet if the money is locked up in private vaults or even private enterprises it cannot yield the benefits derived from the public and general circulations by banks. It has been felt for a long time that the present amount of capital placed within easy access to the commercial and mercantile interests of our city is entirely inadequate. To meet this deficiency we are glad to know that a movement is on foot looking to the establishment of a new commercial bank. The lower story of the new block now being constructed on Capt. Ainsworth's lot, corner of Third and Oak streets, will be arranged for the new bank. It is to be

another National Bank. And start with a capital of half a million dollars, with the privilege of increasing it to a million. It is believed that there is sufficient local capital that will be put into this important enterprise. And rumor has it that the Portland Savings Bank is to be the nucleus around which this great enterprise is to gather. If it shall be found that local capital to a sufficient amount cannot be induced to embark in the proposed enterprise, a San Francisco bank stands ready to come in and supply the needed want of our city by establishing a branch here. We are informed that the Portland Savings Bank will move into the new part of Henry Failing's Union Block, on the Stark-street side, as soon as that structure shall be completed. This matter, however, is not fully decided, and may depend upon the movements of the Second National Bank, as above outlined. It is gratifying to know that we have men of wealth in our city who have the wisdom to discern the wants of business, and the energy and pluck to carry out great public enterprises.

Why Not?

"What have you got in the basket?" asked the Inquisitive Person on the L road platform.

"Snakes," replied the Tall Stranger; "you'd better look out." The Inquisitive Person stopped poking the basket with his cane, and inquired:

"What are you doing with a basketful of snakes?"

"I am carrying them," said the Tall Stranger, solemnly, "to a man who has the Delirium Tremens."

"But why?" asked the Inquisitive Person.

"A man who has the Delirium Tremens," answered the Tall Stranger, "generally sees snakes, doesn't he?"

"Well, yes," assented the Inquisitive Person; "I suppose he does."

"How can he see 'em, though," the Tall Stranger asked, "if there aren't any snakes? And what would Delirium Tremens be with out snakes, I'd like to know?"

"But they don't always see snakes," objected the Inquisitive Person.

"No," said the Tall Stranger, "they sometimes see pink zebras; but then there are no pink zebras, and if there were, I couldn't carry them in a basket, could I?"

The Inquisitive Person had to admit that that was so, and just then the train came along.

The New Orleans Times was recently offered to the New Orleans Democrat for \$45,000, but the proposition was declined, with thanks, we suppose.

Mr. John Vickery, of Senoia, Georgia, has invented a cotton chopping machine, which, it is said, will do the work of six or eight hands.

Burdette on Politicians.

Burlington Hawkeye.

"I feel," said the fat passenger, as the train crossed the Ohio line, "that I am in the land of statesmen. There is a smell of a post-office in the air, and the low, sweet sound of a consulate is heard in the dewy distance. I see the shadowy forms of marshals yet to be, and out of the dreamy gates of Impossible I see the sad procession of Never to be Supreme Judges. It is a grand and favored land, this grand old step-mother of presidents."

"We all love our country," said the said passenger, "and we fight and swear and work and lie and sweat and shout for the privilege of administering her finances. Oh, America, America, what would a country be without office?"

"It would be like a cat without a voice," the man on the wood box said.

"Or a cigar without a match," the cross passenger said.

"Or a room without a bed," said Endymion, the sleepy passenger.

"Or a bar without whiskey," said the tall, thin passenger, whereupon several voices immediately asked what that was.

"After all," the Jester said, "politicians are no worse than they use to be, but there are more of them. And therein is all the evil. Grasshoppers are no more voracious in one season than in another, but in the years when they multiply their census by countless millions, they are able to do infinitely more mischief than when there are barely enough of them to furnish fish-bait for the industrious citizen of the republic. And all the mischief in the country isn't done by the politicians. There are lawyers who would honor the bar by getting themselves kicked out of it. There are editors who disgrace journalism. There are ministers who profane their pulpits. There are several people outside of politics who need a little killing. There is—"

And seeing that his audience had gone to sleep, the Jester prepared to follow their example.

She Was a Washing.

Detroit Free Press.

The other day they had an assault and battery case on trial in Justice alley, and one of the witnesses for the plaintiff was a colored woman. After the usual questions had been asked she was told to tell the jury what she knew about the case. She settled back and began:

"Well, I was a washin' out my clothes when—"

"Never mind the washing," said the lawyer.

"I always wash on Mondays."

"Never mind that. Tell the jury what you know about this affair."

"Well, I was a washin' my clothes when I seed—"

"Can't you let that washing alone? We all know that you were washing."

"Yes, sah. I had f'oten shirts, free table-cloths, twenty-four collars and twelve towels in de wash, an I was a rincein' when de ole man he—"

"Say, Mary, won't you tell the jury what you saw."

"Yes, sah; I was a wringin' an' I had my sleeves rolled up—"

"Mary, I wish you'd hang that washing up to dry."

"Yes, sah. De next fing arter washin' out de clothes is to hang 'em out, an' I was a hangin' when—"

"I guess you can be excused," said the lawyer.

"Shoo, now! Jist hold on till I git dat washin' in an' part ob de shirts ironed an' I'll tell you jist how dat fight begun an' de name ob de party who was knocked ober de ash-heap an' f'ew de alley fence! Doan' git a poo' woman way off down yere an' den refuse to let her airn her witness fees."

Gold mines are again coming to the front, while silver mines are losing influence.

Cotton lands in Alabama have appreciated in value nearly 200 per cent. within five years.

She Didn't Say.

Detroit Free Press.

"Ma," said a Cass avenue urchin with dirt covered knuckles and a pocket full of marbles, "is it wicked to play marbles for keeps?"

"Yes, my son, and you must never do it."

"Is it wicked when you lose all the time?"

"Yes, just the same."

"Is it wicked if you win all the time and play with a boy who says his mother says if she had your feet she'd never go out except after dark?"

"I—I go and wash yor hands and get ready for supper!" was the sharp reply, and the lad continued to play for keeps.

There was Coffee There.

Galveston News.

A tramp was looking wistfully into a coffee saloon on Galveston avenue. He smacked his lips and said: "I wish I had some coffee!"

A kind-hearted gentleman reached in his pocket, and taking out ten cents, handed it to the unfortunate man, saying: "Go and get some coffee, if you need it so bad."

The tramp took the money, but instead of going into the coffee saloon, he made a bee-line for a bar-room. "Hello! Come back. There is no coffee over there," called out the benefactor. "That's all you know about it. There is coffee and cloves in a saucer on the bar. I've been there before."

Horse Education.

In something written we have an indistinct recollection of having made reference to a general disposition among boys in their teens, as well as boys of maturer years, to enlighten and bless the world with their profound knowledge of the horse and his history. Our books and newspapers are full of this kind of literature, and it varies in style from the production of the child at school, commencing with: The horse has four legs and a tail; up to the eloquent tribute of the scholar when he quotes from Job: That his neck is clothed with thunder and the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Between these two extremes of the child at his first school composition, and the professional literature, we have every grade of pretension, and each professing to have mastered the whole subject. As we approach the close of this nineteenth century, we begin to look for something better in this department of knowledge from those who assume to instruct. And it is to be found in Kendall's Treatise on the horse, sent by mail to any person for twenty-five cents, postage paid. Apply to THE ASTORIAN office, or address D. C. Ireland, Astoria, Oregon.

Peruvian Bitters.

Cinchona Bitters.

The Count Cinchona was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1630. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1632, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnaeus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Incas. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroy. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and we willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!! Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, it will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where. 25 cents a bottle.

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Never go shopping without consulting the advertising columns of THE ASTORIAN. They will tell you where the best bargains are to be had, and just what merchants are alive and doing business.

Where is Anton Becht, From Vienna?

Vienna?

In 1849, one Anton Becht, until then a grocer, at Vienna, and at that time aged 32 years, of medium stature, dark brown hair, and proportionate features, disappeared from Vienna, Austria, having previously intimated an intention of going to North America. In the meanwhile he has fallen heir to an estate of no trifling amount, which is being controlled by the authorities. On January 11th, 1852, he wrote a letter from Speersville, Wells Township, Fulton county, Pennsylvania, to his father and brother at Vienna, addressed: "Johann Becht, in Wien, N. Ulrich, am Platz, No. 54, Handlung zum Matrosen." The following (translation) is quoted from that letter: "On June 13, 1850, I arrived at New Orleans, having been 65 days on the sea; seven persons died during the voyage. At New Orleans I remained until December 14, waiting for Johann Buchfelder, who, however, did not come. I have already traveled all over America, without finding any rest. Now, I am in eastern Pennsylvania, with a German farmer, whose family, however, is English, who owns 400 acres of land and a sawmill. I have learned board cutting and agriculture. Here I am living in a valley in the mountains, healthy and content—with no other friend except merciful God, in whom I place my trust. I met two countrymen, a Catholic clergyman, and another one from Gundendorf from Basel's home; I believe his name is Bauman." Then follows a hearty farewell to his father, with an appeal for forgiveness, and as an ending to this letter, he indulges in the exclamation, characteristic to his excited, flighty condition: "Long live the republic." All information thus far elicited confirms the fact of the wayward character of the individual in question. According to this information, Becht, in 1852, was with one Jacob Clippinger, and later with James Doyle, both in Fulton county, Pennsylvania. Further clues to his whereabouts are unreliable, some leading to Europe, whilst the majority, and the most probable lead to the battle fields of the late rebellion. Endeavors to ascertain where and in what regiment he enlisted have thus far been unsuccessful. The missing man represented himself as a baker by trade, and as having deserted from the Austrian army. If still alive, he would now be sixty-four years of age and the inheritance due him would undoubtedly prove a boon in his old age. In case of his death, his next kin, wife or children, if any exist, are entitled to the inheritance. All humanitarians, officials and authorities, particularly the press of the United States and soldiers of the late war, are earnestly requested to assist in ascertaining the life or death of the said Anton Becht. Information addressed to THE ASTORIAN will be promptly forwarded.

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Facts and Figures!

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BOYS BOOTS	1 25	" 1 75

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San Francisco Store, Squemoche street, next door to Page & Allen's store, north of Walla-walla Restaurant, Astoria, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. Q. A. BOWLEY.
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Office over Warren & Eaton's Astoria Market, opposite the Occident Hotel.

E. C. HOLDEN.
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NOTARY PUBLIC.
Chenamus Street, near Occident Hotel, ASTORIA, OREGON.
Agent Wells, Fargo & Co.

F. P. HICKS.
DENTIST,
ASTORIA, - OREGON.
Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Squemoche streets.

DR. M. D. JENNINGS.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Graduate University of Virginia, 1868
Physician to Bay View Hospital, Baltimore City, 1869-70.
OFFICE—in Page & Allen's building, up stairs, Astoria.

JAY TITTLE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—Over the White House Store.
RESIDENCE—Next door to Mrs. Munson's boarding house, Chenamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

J. C. ORCHARD.
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