

# The Daily Astorian.

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No. 67.

## LUMBERMEN CUTTING THE KEY-LOG.

The first thing to be done is to find out where the jam occurred, and then to discover what is called the "key-log," that is to say, the log which holds the base of the "jam." An old, experienced "jam-driver" is soon on the spot, for the news is soon carried up-stream that there is a jam below. Every minute is of consequence, as logs are coming down and the jam is increasing in strength. The "key-log" being found, there is a cry for volunteers to cut it. Now, when you consider that there are some hundred big logs of timber forming a dam, and the instant the key-log is cut the whole fabric comes rushing down with a crash, you will see that, unless the axman gets instantly away he is crushed to death. There are usually in camp plenty of men to volunteer, for the man who cuts a key log is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery.

The man I saw cut away a log which brought down the whole jam, was a quiet young fellow some 20 years of age. He stripped everything save his drawers. A strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quietly walked out on the logs, ax in hand. I did not know what the loggy-road out felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was walking quietly to what might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord, and also, if he cut the logs, unless he instantly got out of the way he would be crushed by the falling timber.

There was a dead silence while the keen ax was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log; one or two more blows and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axman; one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall, to all appearances on the axman.

Like many others I rushed to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him safe on the bank, certainly badly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounds, but safe.—*The Field.*

## Stop Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your forehead to the edge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching over eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon you unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying that there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. The little toddler who has sugar on his bread and butter tells his troubles in the same way when you leave off the sugar. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death" about the old folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for frowns answereth unto frowns in life as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before you are forty, what will it be at

seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. For pity's sake let us take a sad iron or a glad iron, or some soothing food of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraven upon our visage.

## How It Was Done.

"Women don't want to hold office," said Governor John Hoyt, of Wyoming Territory, in his lecture on woman suffrage last evening before a large audience in Association Hall. "They don't care for public life. During all my experience in Wyoming Territory, where women are citizens and hold the same rights as men, I have not heard of one woman who desired active public life. It is interesting to know how woman suffrage was obtained in Wyoming. A saloon-keeper one day said to his wife: 'Betty, it is a shame that I should be a member of the legislature and make laws for you when you are so much better than I.' Of course Betty agreed with him. When this man went to work at his bill for woman suffrage, people smiled and members of the legislature smiled. But he was a shrewd man. He went to Democratic members and said: 'Here, you may as well vote for this, because, even if it does pass, which is doubtful, the Republican governor will veto it, and you can thus show your liberality.' He told the Republican members that the bill wouldn't pass, and that they had better put themselves on the good side of the record anyway. The result staggered everybody. The bill passed by a great majority, and governor John A. Campbell signed it. The next legislature tried to repeal the bill, but couldn't. *Philadelphia Times.*

## Strange, But True.

Counsel for Carrie Bradley have filed a bill of exceptions and the further consideration of the matter was postponed till to-day. The notorious Carrie was taken to Towne's photograph gallery yesterday to have her picture taken. Notwithstanding that she will probably lead a retired life for a considerable number of years, she was particularly desirous that her picture might be the best possible to be obtained. There are many strange things in life, but one of the strangest is that J. C. Powers, who, for killing an armed man in an encounter, in which he very nearly lost his life, and from the effects of the wounds received in which he will always suffer, lies in jail with a sentence of death hanging over him, while Sullivan and Bradley, for one of the most atrocious murders ever known in the annals of the state, receive a few years in the penitentiary (perhaps), while their accomplices are turned at large, to repeat the crime at the first opportunity. Probably it is a good law, but there is certainly very little justice in it.—*Standard.*

## Nebraska Wedding.

A big Nebraska man, stopping at a St. Louis hotel, looked a chambermaid carefully over the other day, and told her he would like to marry her. She stuck her lips out in a way to express disgust, and sailed off. Nothing daunted the Nebraska tackled another one every bit as desirable. She surveyed the stranger critically, looked

at his pocket-book, asked him his name, and finally said she'd take him. He went out for a clergyman, got to looking at some short-horned steers, and forgot all about the wedding, and it never occurred to him until he returned, about twelve o'clock at night, and he found the girl waiting for him. He sent for a justice of the peace, put on a new paper collar, and the couple were married in the hotel parlors amid the cheers of the spectators. The girl demanded a deposit to insure his return to her when he wandered off, and he cheerfully plunked down \$800. She says he can go any time if he leaves that sum behind him.

## The Story of a Ring.

We hear a great deal about rings now-a-days, and nothing very good of them either. I heard of a ring the other day that told a story—in fact, its own story. The ring glistened on the finger of a washwoman through the suds in a tub, and thus betrayed a secret. The lady of a certain house in this city had advertised for a laundress to come to her house on a certain day. The advertisement was responded to by a neat rather refined-looking woman. When the laundress had begun to work, the lady saw shining on a shapely hand a pretty and peculiar ring. She requested the privilege of looking at it; the woman hesitated a moment, and then nervously held out her hand.

"That is a class ring," remarked the lady.

"It is," was the response of the laundress.

"Where did you get it?" asked the lady, emboldened, perhaps, by the manner of the wearer of the ring.

"It is my husband's."

"At what college did he graduate?"

"At Yale."

"In what class?"

The class of '75."

That ended the interview for the time, as the lady could by no means get from the washwoman the name of her husband. The lady had been thus unladylike, perhaps, and envious because her son wore a ring exactly like the one in question, and was a graduate in the class of '75 at Yale. She told him the story, and one night he followed the laundress to her rooms in Michigan avenue, where he found an old classmate and college chum poring over some second-hand law books. He works in the day time, and so does his tramp of a wife. (One day he will be admitted to the bar, he will work hard, she will help him, and when they are rich they can afford to smile at the story of the ring—which is strictly true.—*Detroit Chaff.*)

It beats all how an ungarded remark by a child will spoil appetites that were supposed to be excellent. A Seventh ward lady was entertaining a few friends at dinner, at which oyster soup was the first course. The lady is not particularly fond of oysters and does not like their looks, but occasionally eats them. She had a little soup and a few oysters in her plate and was about to partake of the delicacy, when her little five year old brown eyed kid, who talks a good deal with his mouth, raised up in his high chair, and with wide open eyes looked over in the soup plate. Then he looked sad and was asked what was the matter. Looking out of the corner of his eye at his plate he said: "Mamma, are you eatin' cooked oars?" The lady had her oysters taken away with her appetite.

## Southern Agriculture Improving.

According to the last special report of the Department of agriculture, the cotton states have made the proportionate increase of wheat area. The chief defect of the agricultural system of the south heretofore has been the habit of relying wholly upon the cotton crop. The planters not only ran the risk of losing everything if the cotton crop failed, but they were dependent upon other parts of the country for bread-stuffs, which could not be delivered to them as cheap as they could produce them at home. The Atlanta Constitution recently contained letters from fifty of the most prosperous farmers in that neighborhood, and every one of them had adopted the theory of variety of crops. Not one farmer who adhered to the old plan of planting only cotton, was considered prosperous. The reports of the agricultural department say that there has been an increase of 26 percent in the breadth of wheat in the south. This indicates that the farmers there have decided to raise their own bread-stuffs.

## In the Whole History of Medicine.

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained such a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long-continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, which are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use, in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and eloquently recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

## FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

## Peruvian Bitters.

The Quina Quina was the Spanish Victory in Peru in 1600. The Countess, his wife, was poisoned 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, "Quinaquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1602, 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 nothing to take its place. It effectively 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 today as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroys. 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 this is in the fact that it has been used by all the great armies, and is the best of all remedies for all diseases of the blood, grocers and liquor dealers. Order it. Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

## MISCELLANEOUS.



## King of the Blood.

Is not a "cure all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic, imparts the blood poisons the system, deranges the circulation, and thus induces many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them according to effects, but being really branches or phases of that great generic disorder, **Impurity of Blood.** Such are *Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Eczema, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Piles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, Eczema, Scrofula, etc.* **King of the Blood** prevents and cures these by attacking the cause, impurity of the blood. Chemists and physicians agree in calling it "the most genuine and efficient preparation for the purpose." Sold by Druggists, \$1 per bottle. See testimonials, directions, etc., in pamphlet, "Treatment of Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle of the **King of the Blood.** D. RANSOM, SON & CO., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

## HANSEN BROTHERS.

Architects and Builders,  
All kinds of Housework done at shortest notice.  
Shop Corner of Cass and Astor Street, ASTORIA, OREGON.

## Consomly Street.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the assessment made by Ordinance No. 465, for the improvement and repair of Consomly street, from the west side of Main street to the east side of Spruce street, in McCulloch's Addition, in the manner provided by Ordinance No. 439, on each of the following described lots fronting upon that part of Consomly street from the west side of Main street to the east side of Spruce street, is now due and payable at the office of the City Treasurer, in said city, in United States gold and silver coin, and unless paid within five days from the expiration of this notice, viz: June 22, 1882, the Common Council will order warrants issued for the collection thereof.

The assessment is as follows:

| NAME OF OWNER OF LOT.       | Lot No. | Block No. | Frontage. | Assessment. |
|-----------------------------|---------|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| D. Graham.                  | 7       | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| D. Graham.                  | 8       | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| A. Brown.                   | 9       | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| H. Brown.                   | 10      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 11      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mrs. Martin Dillon.         | 12      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mrs. C. S. Wright.          | 13      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Russell, William Rus-       | 14      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| sell.                       | 15      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| B. F. Stark.                | 16      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| James Kamm.                 | 17      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. W. Grace, E. D. Healy,   | 18      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. M. Tenbosh, trustees.    | 19      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| M. J. Kline.                | 20      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| H. L. Turner.               | 21      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| H. L. Turner.               | 22      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Kate Hobson, Wm. Hob-       | 23      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| son, May Hobson,            | 24      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Etta Hobson, Charles        | 25      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Hobson.                     | 26      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| F. J. Taylor.               | 27      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| G. B. McEwan.               | 28      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| James Taylor.               | 29      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| M. Nowlan.                  | 30      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| E. C. Crow.                 | 31      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| H. B. Parker.               | 32      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| James Taylor.               | 33      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. L. Parker.               | 34      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Moses Rogers.               | 35      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mary A. Gray.               | 36      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mary A. Gray.               | 37      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mrs. Ottila Forth.          | 38      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. Boelling.                | 39      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. Boelling.                | 40      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. Boelling.                | 41      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. D. Merriam.              | 42      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| George Hill.                | 43      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. Bales.                   | 44      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| D. E. Pease.                | 45      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| A. McGowan.                 | 46      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. S. Wright.               | 47      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| C. Bales.                   | 48      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| E. A. Taylor.               | 49      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| E. A. Taylor.               | 50      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| H. Brown.                   | 51      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. Q. A. Bowley.            | 52      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| G. Reid.                    | 53      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. Bybee.                   | 54      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| J. M. Kline, W. L. Hook,    | 55      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| and Corbetta Hob-           | 56      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| son.                        | 57      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| T. A. Hyland.               | 58      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 59      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 60      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 61      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 62      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 63      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| W. W. Parker.               | 64      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| Mrs. Trenchard, Mrs. C.     | 65      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| P. J. Trenchard, J. Trench- | 66      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |
| ard.                        | 67      | 1         | 50.00     | 50.00       |

By order of the Common Council,  
F. C. NORRIS,  
Auditor and Clerk.

Astoria, June 6, 1882.

## Carl Adler's BOOK STORE.

The largest stock of Blank Books and Stationery of every description. School Books, Bibles, Poetical Works, Albums and Gold Pens. Besides a full and complete stock of everything usually kept in a well regulated Book Store. Also, books, maps and agency for every paper and periodical published.

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Of all makes constantly on hand. Also a full stock of VIOLINS, GUITARS, BANJOS, ACCORDIONS, CONCERTINAS, HARMONICAS, FLUTES. Also a large stock of the best of VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS, AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, as well as everything else belonging to a First Class Music Store.



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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Yankee Notions and Toys, Picture Frames and Chromos, Baby Carriages, a complete assortment. New goods by every steamer. The public are invited to examine my stock and prices. CHENAMUS ST., - ASTORIA, OREGON.

## PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Of California.

A. McKINNIE, Manager.

For Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories.

OFFICE—102 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OR.

References:

CHAS. HODGE, of Hodge, Davis & Co. JAMES STEEL, Cashier First National Bank. J. A. STROWBRIDGE, Wholesale Lumber and Findings. C. A. DOLPH, of Dolph, Bronough, Dolph & Co. Col. J. McCRAKEN, of J. McCracken & Co. L. C. HENRICHSEN, of Henrichsen & Greenberg. Dr. G. E. NOTTAGE, M. D., Examiner and Physician.

References:

M. S. BURRELL, of Knapp, Burrell & Co. W. W. SPAULDING, Packer and Cattle Dealer. ANDREW ROBERTS, of Fisher & Roberts. JOHN CRAN, of John Cran & Co. C. M. WILBER, Boots and Shoes. J. R. GILL, of J. R. Gill & Co., Stationers. FRANK ZANOVICH, of Zan Brothers.

Each of the above men has \$10,000 insurance in this company.

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## GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.

## LAND & MARINE ENGINES.

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work and Cannery Work a specialty.

## CASTINGS.

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A. D. WASS, President. J. G. BOWLEY, Secretary. I. W. CASE, Treasurer. JOHN FOX, Superintendent.

## B. B. FRANKLIN, UNDERTAKER.

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A fine stock of Watches and Jewelry, Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, and Ammunition.

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Also a fine assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

## Removal.

TO THE LADIES OF ASTORIA.

I TAKE PLEASURE IN INFORMING you that I have removed my Dress-making rooms

From Chenamus St. to Cass St., Next door to THE ASTORIAN office. I thank the ladies for their liberal patronage.

MRS. A. RAPPLEYEA, 343.

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NEAT, CHEAP and QUICK, BY GEORGE LOVETT.

Main Street, opposite N. Lueb's.

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Of all my First-Class

BOOTS and SHOES MADE TO ORDER.

As follows:

Finest Sewed Calf Boots - \$11.00

Finest Pegged Tap Soled - 10.00

Finest Pegged Single Soled - 10.00

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