

The Daily Astorian.

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Astoria, Oregon, Tuesday Morning, July 18, 1882.

No. 92.

FAMILY ENTERPRISE

Some eighteen years ago, a family of working farmer folk, worth nearly twelve thousand dollars, moved farther west, with a view of increasing their profits, and rented a large tract of land, paying cash. There was a good crop the first year, but three successive failures followed. Then a half crop came, and more failure. Hoping against hope, they stayed, unable to leave, unwilling to acknowledge a mistake until every dollar was gone. This was in 1871, the process of losing all they had taking seven years. There were five children, the oldest a girl, capable of teaching school, the boys old enough to earn men's wages, and a little girl. It was necessary to break up their home, however, and they looked the situation heavily in the face. They went into a large valley town where they had acquaintances. Within a week the father and the three sons were at work in a harvest field; the mother became house-keeper in a wealthy family, where she kept the youngest child with her; the oldest daughter was teaching school. A family farm company was organized, it being understood that every possible dollar went toward the one purpose of buying a home which all should own. This was the mother's plan, and the effect was marvelous. It made men of the boys; it made the father forget his former losses; it brightened the whole outlook. Every cent saved was deposited where it drew interest. Before long, some leading gentlemen of the town became interested in the home-buying plan, of which they had heard, and did what they could to procure steady work for the family. This, however, was seldom needed, for their steadiness and anxiety to earn their wages was remarkable, and they soon were in constant demand. At the end of the first year, the home purchasing company made a creditable showing. The daughter, teaching at eighty dollars a month, had sent four hundred dollars. The three sons and the father had averaged thirty dollars a month a piece, besides their board, and they had spent nothing they could help, so that twelve hundred dollars represented their pile; while the mother added two hundred and fifty dollars. These three aggregated, together with the interest, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty dollars. The beginning was made. Four years of steady, uncomplicated toil followed. In 1876, their accumulations compounded semi-annually, at seven per centum, came to nine thousand, three hundred and thirty dollars and seventy-two cents. It would have been more but for illness in the family. They then chose a tract of good land, worth sixty dollars an acre, or nine thousand six hundred dollars in all. They paid eight thousand dollars down, bought teams, moved on the place, paid the balance in one year from crops and outside work, and are making it one of the prettiest farms in that whole region. This is a truthful account of how a farm was lost and another gained in its place by a plucky American family, whose idea of a "home-buying company" ought to be remembered. What has been done can be done again.

The Use of Wealth.

There are thousands of rich men who are not skinflints, who have the reputation of being so, because they have never been known to have done any special good with their money. A man who is worth \$50,000 can do more to make himself loved and respected by all with whom he comes in contact,

by the judicious expenditure of a thousand dollars in charity, than by giving the whole fifty thousand dollars after he is dead. It seems as though it would be mighty small consolation to a millionaire to leave money to some charitable purpose, after death, and be so confounded dead that he couldn't see the smiles of happiness that his generosity had created. Suppose a millionaire who has never had a kind word said to him except by fawning hypocrites, who hope to get some of his money, should lay out a beautiful park worth a million dollars, and throw it open free to all, with walks, drives, lakes, shade and everything. Don't you suppose, if he took a drive through it himself and saw thousands of people having a good time and all looking their love and respect for him, that his heart would be warmed up and that his day would be lengthened. Wouldn't every look of thanks be worth a thousand dollars to the man who had so much money that it made him round shouldered? Wouldn't he have more pleasure than he would in cutting off coupons with a lawn mower.—*Peck's Sun.*

A Land of Perpetual Salutes

A grievance of which I, in common with a majority of foreign residents in Yokohama, complain, says a correspondent of the St. James' Gazette at Yokohama, is the extent to which the practice of firing naval salutes is carried. Yokohama is not a Japanese port merely, the treaties having opened it to nearly all the principal nations in the world; and the body of residents is composed of some fifteen nationalities. It is not, therefore, one port, but fifteen ports in one. The national anniversaries of fifteen nations are celebrated; the fleets of many of them assemble in these waters; ceremonial calls are made upon Japanese officials and between the men-of-war, and are politely returned; the ministers and counsels of fifteen powers interchange calls, and the flags of admirals and commanders, and the port itself, must be treated with due attention. These events are celebrated, visitors are honored, and the flags are saluted by firing a certain number of rounds of blank cartridge, the consequence that from 8 A. M. to sunset—Sunday included, in the case of ships other than British—there is a species of cannonade. Many vessels have no saluting battery and fire heavy guns which shake the houses, and occasionally break windows and do other small damage. On Sunday (June 19) the settlement was disturbed at 5:10 A. M. by a furious and long-sustained cannonade, the cause of which was unknown. Russian, German, French, and Japanese vessels were engaged in offering a parting salute to Admiral Lessly, who was leaving for home in the corvette "Europe." This is but one instance of many of almost daily occurrence; and the community now looks forward with a species of terror to the arrival of the flying squadron with the sons of the Prince of Wales.

The Family Torture

A family of some pretensions, living on Nelson street, had a party of five to tea the other evening. The table was set in fine style as the parties were from the city, and it was absolutely necessary to show them that folks may live in a village like Danbury and yet understand the requirements of good society. When they were all at the table, and the lady was preparing to dish up the

tea, her little son, whose face was shining like the knees of a dooskin pants, pulled her secretly by the dress. But she was too busy to notice. He pulled her again, but receiving no response, he whispered:

"Ma, ma."
"What is it?"
"Ain't this one of Miss Perry's knives?" holding up the article in question, and looking, as he properly should, very much gratified by such an evidence of his discernment.

She made no reply in words but she gave him a look that was calculated to annihilate him.

The tea was dished out, and the party were buttering their biscuit, when the youth suddenly whispered again, looking at his plate with a pleased expression:

"Why, ma, my plate is different from the others."

"Thomas," she ejaculated under her breath.

"Why it is, ma, persisted Thomas. "Now just see here, this plate—"

"Thomas!" ejaculated his mother, with crimsoned face, while his father assumed a frown nearly an inch thick, "if you don't let your virtuous stop your mouth I'll send you away from the table."

This quieted Thomas at once. He was not a very particular boy, and he concluded that the difference in the plates was not of such moment as to admit of tedious argument at this time.

Several minutes passed away without any further interruption. The young man industriously attended to his food, but at the same time kept a close eye on what was going on around him. He was lifting up his cup for a sip when his glance unfortunately fell upon the saucer. It was but a glance but with the keenness of a young eye he saw that the two were not originally designed for each other.

"Why, ma," he eagerly whispered, "this cup belongs to—"

Then he suddenly stopped. The expression on his mother's face actually rendered him speechless, and for a moment he applied himself to his meal in depressed silence; but he was young and of an elastic temperament, and he soon recovered his beaming expression.

A little later he observed a lady opposite putting a spoon of preserved grapes in her mouth. Then he twitched his mother's dress and again said:

"Ma!"

The unhappy woman shivered at the sound; but his remark this time appeared to be on an entirely different subject, as he asked:

"Ain't Miss Walker a funny woman?"

"Why?" said his mother with a sigh of relief. And then turning to the company with a sigh of relief and the explanation, "Mrs. Walker is an old lady who lives across the way," she smiled on her hopeful son and asked: "What makes you think she is funny?"

"Why, —you know," began Thomas, in that rapid moist way which an only son assumes when he is imparting information before company in response to cordial invitation, "when I went over there this afternoon to get the spoons, she said she hoped the company wouldn't bite 'em, it would dent—"

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS.

The countenance is pale and leaden colored, with occasional flushes of a crimsoned hue on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dim; the pupils dilate; an acute semicircular pain about the lower eyelids; the nose is irritated, sneezes and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with vomiting or diarrhoea of the bowels; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or foetid tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious, with a morose sensation of the stomach; at others, entirely gone; floating points in the stomach; costiveness and a full, indolent pain throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy, not infrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult and accelerated by fever; mental depression, dry and constant; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally morose.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, a course of

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At Mrs. Munson's lodging house.

Wanted
Purchasers for four lots in Olney's Astoria, suitable for residences. One lot in Shilby's Astoria suitable for business purposes. Apply to

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Are you distressed at night and broken 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. In the old and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold every where. 25 cents a bottle.

By Universal Accord.
AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS are the best of all purgatives for family use. They are the product of long, laborious, and their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, proves them the best and most effectual purgative pill that medical science can devise. In its delicate and enervative powers no other pills can be compared with them, and every person, knowing their virtues, will employ them. They keep the system in perfect order, and maintain in healthy action the whole machinery of life. Mild, searching and effectual, they are especially adapted to the needs of the aged, the delicate, the nervous, and of which they prevent and cure, if timely taken. They are the best and safest physic to employ for children and weak constitutions, where a mild and effectual cathartic is required.

Peruvian Bitters
The Count Cinciona was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1620. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an insupportable 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 1622, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Limmas called it Cinciona, 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 years, it is still the best and most reliable remedy for fevers, agues, and all ailments arising from malarial influences. It effects a healthy cure of morbid appetites for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive heat of the liver, and drives out the miasmata of cholera. The powerful tonic virtue of the Cinciona is preserved in the Peruvian Bitters, which are as effective against malarial fever as any medicinal agent. 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 will gladly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order of L. Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

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We are constantly receiving new additions to our stock and have the finest and largest assortment of variety goods in the city.

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All our goods are marked in plain figures. Call and examine quality and note prices.

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BLACKSMITHING,
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Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing, Wagon made and repaired. Good work guaranteed.

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Is not a "cure all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of 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, **Impure Blood.** Such are Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Piles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, Plagues, Ulcers, Scrofula, &c. **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, &c., in pamphlet, "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

Astoria Ice Depot.

Frank Fabre is now prepared to supply families, restaurants, hotels, saloons, etc., at 5 cents per pound, on the premises. Fresh ice cream every day. Balls parties and dinners supplied with ice cream at short notice.

"Buchuphuiba"
New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases, &c., at druggists, Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Or.

Your Wife Wants
One of those oil stoves; neat and convenient. See one at Foster's.

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Averil's mixed paints, the best in use, for sale at J. W. Conns drug store opposite Occidental Hotel.

OFFICIAL

Exhibit of the financial condition of Clatsop County for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1882.

COUNTY FUNDS.
Balance in Treasury, June 30, 1881, \$ 256 00
Received from sale of Bonds, 20,000 00
Received premium on Bonds, 100 00
Received from all other sources, 17,851 56
Total, \$38,208 56

PAID CO. ORDERS.
Comps'n on Bonds, 800 00
Jail Building, 9,009 12
State on Taxes, 583 72
Bal. in Treasury, 6,537 28
Total, \$38,208 56

STATE FUNDS.
Amt rec'd from Taxes, \$ 7,383 67
" " County, 583 72
Total, \$ 7,967 39

SCHOOL FUNDS.
Amount received from all sources, \$ 4,989 74
By amount unpaid, June 30, 1881, 211 00
School orders paid, 4,164 73
Bal. on hand, 614 01
Total, \$ 4,989 74

DECEASED FUNDS.
Amount in Treasury, June 30, 1881, \$ 85 98
Amount in Treasury, June 30, 1882, 85 98
Total, \$ 171 96

SCRIPES FUNDS.
Amount in Treasury, June 30, 1881, \$ 81 67
Amount in Treasury, June 30, 1882, 81 67
Total, \$ 163 34

GENERAL SUMMARY.
Total balance on hand June 30, 1881, \$ 736 00
Received from all sources, 49,951 61
Total, \$50,687 61

PAID COUNTY FUNDS.
Comps'n on Bonds, 800 00
Jail Building, 9,009 12
State Taxes, 7,967 39
School, 4,164 73
Total, \$21,741 24

PAID IN TREASURY.
Applicable as follows:
To the payment of County orders, \$ 6,537 41
School, 614 01
Deceased fund, 75 98
Surplus, 1 67
Total, \$ 7,189 07

CO. ORDERS OUTSTANDING.
For payment of which Bal. in Treasury, \$ 6,537 41
Delinquent Taxes unpaid, 912 44
Total, \$ 7,449 85

R. R. SPEEDEN, County Clerk.

PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

Of California.

A. McKinnie, Manager.

For Oregon, Washington and Idaho Territories.

OFFICE—103 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OR.

References:
CHAS. HODGE, of Hodge, Davis & Co. JAMES STEEL, Cashier First National Bank. J. A. STROWBRIDGE, Wholesale Leather Dealer. ANDREW ROBERTS, of Fitch & Roberts. JOHN CEAN, of John Crain & Co. C. M. WILSON, Books and Stationery. J. B. RICHARD, Bushnell & Spaulding. L. C. HENRICHSEN, of Henrichsen & Greenberg. DR. G. E. NUTTAGE, M. D., Examiner and Physician.

References:
M. S. BURRELL, of Knapp, Burrell & Co. W. W. SPAULDING, Fackler and Carter. J. B. RICHARD, of Fitch & Roberts. JOHN CEAN, of John Crain & Co. C. M. WILSON, Books and Stationery. J. B. RICHARD, Bushnell & Spaulding. L. C. HENRICHSEN, of Henrichsen & Greenberg. DR. G. E. NUTTAGE, M. D., Examiner and Physician.

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

MARINE GLASSES.
ALSO A FINE Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

Notice.
THE DELINQUENT TAX ROLL FOR the year 1881, together with a warrant from the County Court for the collection of the same, is in my hands. Delinquent taxpayers will please settle at once and save costs.

A. M. TWOMBLY, Sheriff.

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Fireworks! Flags!

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