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SENDING A TELEGRAM

An Inexperienced Traveler's Laborious Efforts.

One man reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window and asked for a "blank telegraphic form," explaining that he "wished to send a blank telegraphic dispatch to his family." Now when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is all at variance with the spirit of the telegraph. It's too long. The use of it betrays the man who has little use for the telegraph. The more he uses the wire the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "msg" the more content he is. And he doesn't call it a "telegraphic form;" he asks for a "blank," red or black, as the case may be. And he never "telegraphs" anybody. He "wires" them. And he doesn't explain to the operator what he wants to do with the blank. Presumably he wants to write a message. And as for the matters referred to in that "msg" and the party for whom it is intended, the operator will know all that he wishes to know—and sometimes much more than you want him to know—soon enough.

So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator: "What day of the month is this?" There was nothing unusual in that. It is the opening line in the regular formula of sending a "msg." You may know what date it is before entering the office, you may even have it impressed upon your mind by having a note fall due on that day, but the moment you pick up your pencil over the blank that date flies from your mind like the toothache from a dentist's stairway. So when the man asked, "What day of the month is this?" I was not surprised. I courteously answered him, as a cover to approaching his position, but he did not believe me. He repeated his question and made the operator answer. Then I knew that he was very new at it. He spoiled three blanks before he got a "telegraph dispatch" written to suit him. But even that is not very uncommon. A man always uses stationery more extravagantly in another man's office than he does at home. Then he wrote every word in the body of the dispatch very carefully and distinctly, but scrambled hurriedly over the address, as though everybody knew that as well as he did, and dashed off his own signature in a blind letter style, as though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family. But even this is not uncommon. A man will write "Cunningham" so that no expert under the skies will tell whether it was Covington or Carrington or Cum-magen or Carrenton, and when the operator points to it and asks, "What is this?" the writer will stare at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then answered: "Why, that's my name!" "Well, yes, I know that," the operator will say; "but what is your name?" Then the man will gasp for breath and catch hold of the desk to keep from falling and finally shout: "Why, Cunningham, of course!!!" and look pityingly upon the operator, and then glance about the room with a pained, shocked expression, as one who should say, "Gentlemen, you may not believe it, and I do not blame you, but heaven is my witness—here is a man who does not know my name is Cunningham!" This is not unusual. Any operator will tell you that he has met Cunningham scores of times and has mortally

offended him by asking his name.

Well, my tall man with the thin neck got along a little better than that when he handed the operator the following explicit message:

Mrs. SARAH K. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, IOWA—My Dear Wife: I left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with Prof. Morton, a live man in the temperance cause. I expected to eat dinner with you at home, but we were delayed by a terrible accident, and I narrowly escaped being killed; one passenger was terribly mangled and has since died, but I am alive. The conductor says I cannot make connections, so as to come to Dallas Center this morning, but I can get there by eight o'clock this evening. I hate to disappoint you, but cannot help it. With love to mother and the children I am your loving husband.

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator read it, smiled and said: "You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. We have no wire directly into Dallas and will have to send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten this for you?" "No. Oh no," the man with the shawl replied: "I'll fix it myself. Ten words, you say?" "Yes, sir."

It was a stunner, for a fact, and the man heaved a despairing sigh as he prepared to boil his "letter" down to ten words. He sighed after reading it through once or twice, and then scratched out "Dallas Center, Iowa," as though everybody knew where he lived. Then he erased "early" and drew his pen slowly through "breakfast with" and "in the temperance." Then he scratched over "dinner with" and went on to erase "and narrowly escaped." And so he went on through the dispatch. Occasionally he would hold it from him at arm's length after making an erasure, to get at the general effect. And at last, after much scratching and erasing and with many a sigh, he came to the window and said, "Here's this telegraph dispatch to my wife. I have not been able to condense it into ten words, and do not see how it can be done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it you would oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense." And with that he handed the operator the following expurgated edition of his original message:

Mrs. SARAH H. FOLLINSBEE.—My Dear Wife: I left the city this morning after eating—Prof. Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad, I—being killed—terribly mangled, but since died; but I am. I cannot come to Dallas Center—but I can hate—mother and the children. Your loving Husband

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more, and in his quick, nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sinews, like this:

SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, IOWA—Left city 'morn'g; delayed by accident; all right; home 'evening.

ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

"There, that is all right," he said, in the cheery, magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty

cents, sir; only twenty-five cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have one next spring, too; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you." And the man went and sat down on a chair by the stove and stared at that operator until the resuuing train came along, as though he were a worker of miracles. And when he got of the train at the junction for Dallas I heard him whispering softly to himself: "Shollinsbee—'Clishn snorin'; nothin' smatter; home satnoon." And I knew that he was practicing his lesson and had "caught on."

Ancient Works in Florida.

The Travers Herald describes the finding of an ancient work in the digging of a canal between lakes Ertis and Dora, to open up the more southern lakes of the great lake region of Florida.

The first excavation revealed the existence of a clearly-defined wall lying in a line tending toward the southwest from where it was first struck. The wall was composed of a dark brown sand-stone, very much crumbled in places, but more distinct, more clearly defined, and the stone more solid as the digging increased in depth. The wall was evidently the eastern side of an ancient home or fortification, as the slope of the outer wall was to the west. About eight feet from the slope of the eastern wall a mound of sand was struck, imbedded in the muck formation above and around it. This sand mound was dug into only a few inches, as the depth of the water demanded but a slight increased depth of the channel at that point; but enough was discovered to warrant the belief that here on the northwestern shore of Lake Dora is submerged a city or town or fortification older by centuries than anything yet discovered in this portion of Florida. Small, curious-shaped blocks of sandstone, some of them showing traces of fire, pieces of pottery, and utensils made of a mottled flint were thrown out by the men while working waist deep in water. One spear head of mottled flint, five and a half inches long by one and a quarter inches wide, nicely finished, was taken from the top of the sand mound and about four feet below the water level of the lake.

The first annual fair of the Lane county agricultural society will be held on Thursday and Friday, October 5th and 6th. The place selected is on the farm of J. R. Sellers, five miles east of Goshen and the same distance from Cresswell. Suitable grounds for camping purposes, with wood and water, a building 40x50 feet for the exhibition of vegetables, grains, fruits, ladies' handiwork, etc., and a track for trials of speed for horses, are all in readiness.

Hon. L. T. Barin, register of the land office at Oregon City, in speaking of the rights of women to file on and hold land, says: A single woman must be twenty-one years of age to file on land. A widow under twenty-one years of age can file on land. A married woman who is the head of a family by reason of desertion by her husband, or whose husband is a confirmed drunkard, can file on land.

The first Sunday law on record was made by Constantine the Great in the first quarter of the fourth century, and ever since that time Sunday has been more or less fortified as a non-secular day in Christian countries by civil legis-

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Vermont, January 8, 1882.

The precise your Liver Pills have called forth here is wonderful. After taking one and a half boxes of your genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, I have entirely recovered from my four years' suffering. All who know me wonder how I, who for so many years had no appetite, and could not sleep for backache, cramps in my side, and general stomach complaints, could have recovered.

An old lady in our city, who has suffered for many years from kidney disease, and the doctors had given her up, took your Pills, and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly, JOHN D. DIXON.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar-coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid, with the impression: McLANE'S Liver Pills.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signature of C. McLANE and Fleming Bros. on the wrapper. Insist upon having the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa. The market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently, but of same pronunciation.

If your stockkeeper does not have the genuine Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, send in your order, and we will send you a box by mail, and a set of our advertising cards.

FLEMING BROS., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

That terrible scourge fever and ague, and its congeners, bilious vomiting, besides affections of the stomach, liver and bowels, produced by miasmatic air and water, are eradicated and cured by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a purely vegetable elixir, indorsed by physicians, and more extensively used as a remedy for the above class of disorders, as well as for many others, than any medicine of the age.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Peruvian Bitters

Cinchona Buba.

The Count Cinchon 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 Indies. 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 the 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 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 the pudding is in the eating," and he will willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order of Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

In the Whole History of Medicine

No preparation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as 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 elegantly recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

1 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 mistake about it. There is not a 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 British physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.

ROSCOE'S FIRST CLASS Oyster Saloon.

CHENAMUS STREET, ASTORIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PLEASED TO announce to the public that he has opened a

FIRST CLASS Eating House,

And furnishes in first-class style OYSTERS, HOT COFFEE, TEA, ETC. AT THE Ladies' and Gent's Oyster Saloon, CHENAMUS STREET.

Please give me a call. ROSCOE DIXON, Proprietor.

B. B. FRANKLIN, UNDERTAKER,

Corner Cass and Squemoque streets, ASTORIA, OREGON.

DEALER IN

WALL PAPER

AND

WINDOW SHADES

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Dressmaking,

Plain and Fancy

SEWING OF ALL KINDS!

Suits made in the best style from \$5 to \$10.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MRS. GEO. HILLER.

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Boat Building.

WILLIAM HOWE

Having lately returned from British Columbia, is to be found at his

OLD STAND IN GRAY'S BUILDING

Where he is doing

FIRST-CLASS WORK ONLY.

MAGNUS C. CROSBY,

Dealer in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

Iron Pipe and Fittings,

PLUMBERS AND STEAM FITTERS

Goods and Tools,

SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD

SHEET IRON TIN AND COPPER,

Cannery and Fishermen's Supplies

Stoves, Tin Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

JOBBING IN SHEET IRON, TIN, COPPER PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING

Done with neatness and dispatch.

None but first class workmen employed.

A large assortment of

SCALES

Constantly on hand

CANNERY FOR SALE.

THE MOST COMPLETELY FITTED Cannery on the Columbia River is for sale.

With Boats and Machinery.

An abundant supply of FRESH WATER.

Situated at Hungry Harbor, opposite Astoria.

For particulars, apply to Allen & Lewis, Portland; J. Q. A. Bowley, Astoria, or J. West on the premises.

\$100. REWARD!!

WILL BE PAID UPON INFORMATION leading to the conviction of any party REFILLING

Peruvian Bitter Bottles.

The names of such persons found guilty will also be published in every leading newspaper.

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All kinds of

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Promptly attended to.

A specialty made of repairing

CANNERY DIES,

FOOT OF LAFAVETTE STREET.

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FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS

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A fine stock of

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MARINE GLASSES

Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

WAR IS DECLARED WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE

And no terms of peace until every man in Astoria has a new suit of clothes

MADE BY MEANY.

Look at the prices:

Pants to order from - \$8 00

Pants, Genuine French Cassimers - 12 50

Suits from - 25 00

The finest line of samples on the coast to select from.

P. J. MEANY, Cass street, next to Hansen's Jewelry store

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Foster's Emporium.

Most Complete Stock in Astoria

Fireworks! Flags!

Fruits Both Foreign and Domestic

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Of Superior Brand.

FOSTER'S CORNER, O R & N DOCK

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SALMON TWINE!

CORK AND LEAD LINES,

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON (DEUTSCHER ART.) Diseases of the Throat a Specialty. Office over Conn's Drug Store.

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F. D. WINTON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in Pythian Building, Rooms 11, 12, ASTORIA, OREGON.

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TAILORING,

Cleaning & Repairing. NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY **GEORGE LOVETT,** Main Street, opposite N. Loeb's.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. WETHERBEE, C. T. THOMES, Astoria, Oregon, Aug. 31, 1882.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between Wetherbee & Thomes has been this day mutually dissolved. Mr. Wetherbee raising on account of poor health. Mr. Thomes will finish all unsettled business in Oregon.