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OWNING THE EARTH.

How often we hear men say "I am glad of it," when speaking of some man who had been at the top of the heap politically, socially or financially, and had suddenly dropped. Once in a great while a man says, "I am sorry," but that is when the man who has fallen was the same kind of a fellow when he was on top that he was before he got there.

The trouble is that too many men who go to the front get the idea that they own the earth, and their old friends get down on them, and they do not make new ones to take the place of the old ones. A ward politician who becomes a congressman can make no greater mistake than get too big for his boots when he is elected, and forget his friends and put on airs. The boys who have made him what he is talk with each other about him and laugh at his greatness, and never tell him what they think, but some day, when he comes up again, they slaughter him, and he drops on the political sidewalk and never knows what hit him, but he knows that he is hurt. Then he tries to smile at his old friends and slap them on the shoulder, and explain himself, but it is everlasting too late. What they wanted was to have him remain just the same when he was on top.

A man may go along, poor, and be respected and have thousands of friends, and he may suddenly have a fortune left him. The first time he puts on a silk undershirt he changes towards his friends and seems to own the earth. He goes around a block to avoid meeting some friend of the old days, and he looks over them when he meets them. They watch for him to drop, and when he goes through his money, and gets down to earth again, and finds that the other fellows own some of it, he meets an old friend that he has not noticed for years, and says: "Hello, Bill," but Bill does not "hello." Bill had wanted to "hello" for some time, but he didn't receive any encouragement, and now his appetite for "helloing" has left him. If he wants to "hello, Bill," he goes off and does it with somebody whose head has not got too big for his hat, and the man who has been temporarily at the top of the heap sees that he has made a Beaver Dam fool of himself.

When a man has been climbing a hill all his life, and slips back so much that it has made his head swim, but finally, by sticking his toe nails in, gets to the top, he has a right to feel glad, but he wants to be contented where he is and not try to fly high. When he gets to the top of the hill he is in a more dangerous place than he was while he was climbing, because from where he stands it is down hill in every direction. Did you ever think of that boys?

Every way you look, when you get up there, it is down hill, and you have got to brace yourself and not lose your head, or the first thing you know your foot will slip and you will go down head over heels. If you have kept your head and your friends, while you were at the top, and those who are still climbing see that you are letting your foot slip they will try to brace you, and keep you up, but if you have made an ass out of yourself and thought because you had got there that you owned the hill and have thrown obstacles in the way of the other climbers, and you start to go down, as Josh Billings has said, "all creation seems greased for the occasion," and when you get to going nobody will reach out to save you.

It is a good lesson for boys as well as men to learn, that the top of the hill is the most dangerous place, and when you get there they will be the same careful, sensible persons that they were when they were sticking their toe-nails in and puffing. The country is full of late politicians who would give all they have got and mortgage all they expect to have, if they had not lost their heads when they got to the top of the hill.—E.

Unused Diamonds!

Everybody remembers the peck or half-bushel of diamonds that were presented to Miss Sherman, now Mrs. Fitch, by the Khedive of Egypt several years ago, when Gen. Sherman and his daughter visited the glorious east. The then Khedive was one of the wisest and best informed rulers of the world, and he watched our civil war with the eye of a soldier and statesman. Therefore he knew Sherman, the simple, modest old soldier, and knew what was in him and what he had done. The Khedive paid our old warrior unprecedented attention, and, to properly show his liking for him, the ruler of Egypt sent the warrior's daughter diamonds enough to decorate a queen's drawing-room. Somebody recently asked what had become of these diamonds, as nothing had been heard about them for a long time. They were for years kept locked up in the custom house or in some other safe place, until they became a nuisance. Mrs. Fitch could not wear them because they were more showy than any lady in the United States could produce, and besides they invited thieves and robbers, but, above all, the Shermans took no pride in them. The Sherman family is not a diamond family. They are by no means poor, but they hate display, and do not care to masquerade in diamonds. They stand on their own families—the Shermans and the Ewings—and they are worth all the diamonds of the world. After many years of anxiety and annoyance, the family not knowing what to do with them, the diamonds were sent to Tiffany. The stones were taken from their crude Egyptian setting and examined. Many of them were not the gems they were taken for, though they were found to be very valuable—worth probably \$30,000 or more. Gen. Sherman has four daughters—Miss Lizzie, Mrs. Finch, Mrs. Thackeray and Miss Rachel. The diamonds were divided by Tiffany equally among the daughters—four sets of solitary ear-rings and four necklets. Nothing so strong can be said about the simplicity of the Sherman family as to record the fact that none of the Khedive's diamonds have yet been worn, and that they are still more a burden than a pleasure, notwithstanding the fact that they are more beautiful than will be seen in almost any drawing-room.

Prosperity of Oregon.

To get an idea of the enormous trade between San Francisco and Oregon, and other northern sections, go to the dock of the Oregon company at the foot of Spear street and watch the loading of the large steamers for Portland. The large steamer Oregon was yesterday taking in freight, fore and aft, as fast as possible. Some of the packages put aboard were simply immense. A package of this kind was dropped on the wharf yesterday. It was at least twelve feet long, four feet wide and five feet high, and looked as though it would barely go through the hatchway. It contained machinery. Considerable cargo was already aboard, and the wharf was literally strewn with freight to go aboard as soon as it could be reached, while outside of the gates were truck loads of stuff, waiting for an order to come in. Some of these trucks had been there for hours. When it is remembered that this picture is daily repeated at the same wharf, with frequently more coloring, we get some idea of the quantity of freight being shipped from San Francisco to Oregon. The steamer Oregon does not sail until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, and freight for her is declined forty eight hours in advance of her departure. If such steamers sailed once a week, as formerly, it might be easy to understand this condition of things; but there are three regular steamers every week, besides there are extra steamers

quite frequently, one of these extra steamers having left yesterday, with all the freight she could carry, including a lot on deck tied to the rails. These large steamers will carry from 2500 to 3000 tons of freight. In addition to these, shipments direct to Oregon are large, and quantities of freight are going forward to Puget Sound ports and to British Columbia. All the steam colliers employed in bringing coal from these northern mines go back well loaded with assorted freight, and we fancy that is how it pays to freight coal with steam. Sailing vessels returning to Sound ports and to British Columbia for coal and lumber for this port, also take up large quantities of freight. This freight is of all descriptions and from all parts of the world, including a fair sprinkling of California products.—S. F. Bulletin 26.

There is some talk in San Francisco shipping circles of a movement which has for an object a line of opposition steamers between that port and Portland. The advisability of establishing such a line has been freely discussed, and those who have been approached say that no doubt it would pay. Overtures were recently made to parties owning the controlling interest and representing such interest in steamers putting out from there, but no definite result was reached. Prominent shippers, who regard the situation calmly, say that rumors to this effect have been floating around for some time past, and that parties inside refuse to give any decided answer in connection with the gossip. That it is well advised in certain particulars, is evident, from conversation with certain ship owners who desire to obtain immigrant passengers to the north.



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The Archdeacon of Melbourne relates that during the epoch of the great gold fever he had a curate whose duty it was to officiate at some of the diggings. On Sunday mornings he preached at one set of shanties, and then walked eleven miles to another village for evening service. Half way across the plain stood a solitary tree, where he used to rest and eat his frugal dinner. For two years he had done so, when one day three miners, following his example, sat down to picnic on the same spot, and one of them, on getting up, just tried the soil with his pick, where, at a depth of about two feet, lay a mass of ore which realized \$140,000. That curate pounced deeply on what might have been.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

Very esteemed sir: The praise 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, stitch 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 two of your Pills and got more relief than she has from all the doctors. Yours truly, J. VON DER BERG.

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Notice

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE BOARD of Pilot Commissioners for the Columbia and Willamette rivers will hold their semi-annual meeting at Astoria on the 1st of May, J. A. BROWN, President.

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GEO. F. PARKER, SURVEYOR OF Clatsop County, and City of Astoria Office—Chenamus street, Y. M. C. A. hall Room No. 8.

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

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