

The Daily Morning Astorian

VOL. XX, NO. 167. ASTORIA, OREGON, SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1884. PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

A COOL SCOUNDREL.

The manner in which a burglar cracked a bank.

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others. However, that's nothing to do with my story. Some years ago, me and a gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since then, and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at that time rather hard up, as you might say. We struck a small country town. I ain't going to give it away by telling where it was, or what the name of it was. There was one bank there; the president was a rich old duffer; owned the mills, owned the bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy who used to sweep out and run errands.

The bank was on the main street, pretty well up one end of it nice, snug place on the corner of a cross-street, with nothing very near it. We took our observations, and found there wasn't no trouble at all about it. There was an old watchman, that walked up and down the streets nights, when he didn't fall asleep and forget it. The vault had two doors, the outside one was chilled iron, and had a three-wheel combination lock; the inner door wasn't no door at all; you could kick it open. It didn't pretend to be nothing but fireproof, and it wasn't even that. The first thing we done, of course, was to fit a key to the outside door. As the lock on the outside door was an old-fashioned Bacon lock, any gentleman in my profession who chances to read this article will know just how easy that job was, and how we done it. I may say here that the gentlemen in my line of business, being at times a good deal of leisure on their hands, do considerable reading, and are particularly fond of a neat bit of writing. In fact, in the way of literature I have found among 'em—however, this being digression, I drop it, and go on with the main job again.

This was our plan: After the key was fitted I was to go into the bank and Jim—that wasn't his name, of course, but let that pass—was to keep watch on the outside. When any one passed he was to tip me a whistle, and then I doused the gim and lay low; after they got by, I goes on again. Simple and easy, you see. Well, the night as we selected, the president happened to be out of town, come down to the city, as he often did. I got inside all right, with a slide-lantern, a breast-drill, a small steel jimmy, a bunch of skeleton keys and a green-baitz bag, to stow the swag. I fixed my light and rigged my breast-drill, and got to work on the door right over the lock.

Probably a great many of your readers is not so well posted as me about bank locks, and I may say for them that a three-wheel combination lock has three wheels in it and a slot in each wheel. In order to unlock the door, you have to get the three slots opposite to each other at the top of the lock. Of course if you know the number the lock is set on you can do this; but if you don't you have to depend on your ingenuity. There is in each of these wheels a small hole, through which you can put a wire through the back of the lock when you change the combination. Now, if you can bore a hole through the door, and pick up those wheels by running a wire through those holes, why you can open the door. I hope I make myself clear. I was boring that hole. The door was chilled iron; about the nearest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steady enough; only stopped when Jim—which, as I said, wasn't his right name—whistled outside, and the watchman toddled by. By-and-by when I'd got pretty near through, I heard Jim—so to speak—whistle again. I stopped, and pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumbfounded when I heard that, that you could have slipped a brick over my head. I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door, and shaded his eyes with his hand and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm blessed if I could, I was that surprised.

"Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it, and a trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short, "something the matter with the lock?"

By George! the idea came to me then.

"Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap; "Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says he, "that he ought to get that lock fixed. Where is he?"

"He's been a writing letters, and he's gone to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer."

"Well, why don't you go right on?" says he.

"I've got almost through," says I, "and I don't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody here."

"That's very creditable to you," says he; "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil."

"No, sir," says I, kinder modest like.

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I; "but I rather think it's a little worn on account of not being oiled enough. There 'ere looks ought to be oiled about once a year."

"Well," says he, you might as well

go right on, now I'm here; I'll stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you?—hold your lantern or something of that sort?"

"The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says: "How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-tryin' to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly.

"Well, you'll find it on that bill," says he, taking a bill out of his pocket; and you'll see the name on these letters," and he took some letters from his coat.

I suppose I ought to have gone right on then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got those letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he; one among a thousand. Don't think I'm at all offended at your persistence. No, my good fellow, I like it, I like it," and he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Now, here," says he, taking a package out of his pocket, "is a package of ten thousand dollars in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to carry these around with him, would he? I bought them in the city yesterday, and I stopped here to-night on my way home to place them in the vault, and, I may add, that your simple and manly honesty has so touched me that I would willingly leave them in your hands for safe-keeping. You needn't blush at my praise."

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds.

"Are you satisfied now?" says he.

I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again and gave him the lantern to hold, so that I could see the door. I heard Jim, as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing, thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away and kept explaining to him what I was trying to do. He was very much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed that I was a man as was up to my business by the way I went to work. He asked me about what wages I got, and how I liked my business, and said he took quite a fancy to me. I turned once in a while and looked at him a-settin' up there as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark lantern in his blessed hand, and I said as I should rather think I should have to holler right out.

I got through the lock pretty soon, and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can lock up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't try to do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning.

"Well, I'll bid you good night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guess the watchman was a-comin' up the street.

"Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra look-out to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says I, "Watchman, this man is firing the bank-lock, and I want you to keep a sharp look-out to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

"Good-night, again," says he, and we shook hands, and he went up the street.

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman.

"Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools, and get ready to go."

I went back into the bank, and it didn't take long to throw the door open and stuff them bonds into the bag. There was some boxes lying around, and a safe as I should rather have liked to tempt Providence after the luck we'd had. I looked at my watch, and see it was just a quarter-past twelve. There was an express went through at half-past twelve. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds, and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

"I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jennings," says I. "I suppose it will be all right if I give you this key."

"That's all right," says the watchman.

"I wouldn't go very far from the bank," says I.

"No, I won't," says he; "I'll stay right about here all night."

"Good-night," says I, and shook hands with him, and me and Jim—which wasn't his right name, you understand—took the twelve-thirty express, and the best part of that job was we heard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers.

Villard is seldom seen on the street in New York now. He appears rarely at the opera, and spends nearly all his time when in New York in his residence on Madison avenue. He still keeps up his superb establishment on the Hudson river, besides his city house, and lives in the style of a millionaire. The stories about the poverty of Villard are no longer heard in New York. He is very comfortable.

QUIVICAN, CUBA.—Senor Juan Beiro was thrown from a horse and badly injured in the right knee. He was cured by two applications of St. Jacobs Oil, the magical pain-cure.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Green Scurvy, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises, St. Anthony's Fire, Frost Bites, and ALL OTHER PAINFUL AFFECTIONS.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. F. Jacobs, 111 Langman Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

King of the Blood

It is not a "new" oil, 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, but being really branches or phases of that great general disorder, **Impurity of Blood**. Such are *Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Piles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Disorders, Pimples, Ulcers, Swellings, &c.*

St. 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," sent gratis around each bottle. D. RANSOM, SON & Co., Props. Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR FINEST GROCERIES, FOARD & STOKES.

A FULL LINE OF **HARDWARE AND SHIP CHANDLERY.**

NEW SLIP

Just Finished in Rear of Store.

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY BRACELETS.

Scarf Pins, Chains, Watches, SILVERWARE, of every description.

The finest stock of Jewelry in Astoria.

All goods warranted as represented.

GUSTAV HANSEN, JEWELER.

CHAS. A. MAY,

New Store, New Stock

Toys, Fancy Goods, Tobacco and Cigars.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS

A FINE ASSORTMENT.

Squemoqua street, next door to the Empire Store.

W. E. DEMENT & CO. DRUGGISTS.

ANTORIA, OREGON

Carry in Stock, DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET and FANCY ARTICLES.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded

Wood Yard.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE ASTORIA Wood Yard, Gray's Dock, foot of Benton street, will sell wood at the following prices and deliver wherever the streets are planked, between Trullinger's Mill and O'Brien's Hotel, base to Astor street:

Green Alder, 8-cut ft 30 per cord, four \$3 75
Dry do do do do do do do do do do do do
Green Hemlock do 4 50 do do do do do do do
Dry do do do do do do do do do do do do
Green Beach do 4 75 do do do do do do do
Green Fir do 4 75 do do do do do do do
Dry Fir do 5 00 do do do do do do do do
Extra Maple do 5 00 do do do do do do do
and S. Limes do 5 00 do do do do do do do
Vine Maple do 5 75 do do do do do do do
and S. Limes do 5 75 do do do do do do do

Wood of All Kinds

By the Saw load at REDUCED RATES.

J. H. D. GRAY, Astoria, February 1st, 1884.

TAX NOTICE.

RESIDENTS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 3 are hereby notified that the taxes for the year 1883 in said district are now due and payable at the office of Badollet & Co., Upper Astoria.

J. E. HIGGINS, Acting School Clerk, Astoria, February 4, 1884.

SPRING OPENING

The Mammoth Clothing Emporium

OF

M. D. KANT

Opens This Day for Inspection.

THE LARGEST FINEST AND BEST STOCK

Of Men's and Boys' Wearing APPAREL

North of San Francisco.

Look Out for Novelties IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT

Cuts the Cheapest Patterns in Spring and Summer Goods. A Complete Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed in all Garments.

Prices at Zero.

M. D. KANT, The Boss Merchant Tailor AND CLOTHIER.

Hardware and Ship Chandlery

A. VAN DUSEN & CO.

DEALERS IN

Hardware and Ship Chandlery,

Pure Oil, Bright Varnish, Binacle Oil, Cotton Canvas, Hemp Sail Twine, Cotton Sail Twine, Lard Oil, Wrought Iron Spikes, Galvanized Cut Nails, Agricultural Implements, Sewing Machines, Paints and Oils, Groceries, etc.

10,000 BOTTLES SOLD

Great Northwestern Remedy.

TAKE IT

W. PUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION.

Those who work early and late use a wholesome, reliable Medicine like Punder's Oregon Blood Purifier. As a remedy and preventive of diseases it cannot be beat. It cures Rheumatism and Gout, relieves Constipation, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, and puts fresh energy into the system by making new Rich Blood. All Druggists and Dealers keep it. \$1.00 bottles 6 for \$5.00.

C. H. BAIN & CO.

DEALERS IN

Shop Work

A specialty, and all work guaranteed.

Oak, Ash, Bay, and Walnut lumber; Oregon and Port Oregon Cedar.

All kinds of best material on hand.

C. H. BAIN & CO.

WILSON & FISHER, SHIP CHANDLERS.

DEALERS IN

Iron, Steel, Coal, Anchors, Chains, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, NAILS AND SPIKES, Shelf Hardware, Paints and Oils

STEAM PACKING, PROVISIONS, FLOUR AND MILL FEED.

Agents for Salem Flouring Mills, and Capital Flour.

FAIRBANKS STANDARD SCALES.

All sizes, at Portland Prices, in Stock. Corner Chenamus and Hamilton Streets

ASTORIA, OREGON.

THE CELEBRATED Foley Springs.

PETER RONEY, Manager.

THESE CELEBRATED MEDICINAL Springs, situated in Lane County, Oregon, are renowned for the cure of Catarrhal affections, Rheumatism, and Dyspepsia, as thousands throughout the Northwest will attest.

Every care is given invalids and those who seek the benefits of the waters. Carriage leave, the St. Charles Hotel, Eugene City, every Wednesday and Saturday, Street for the Springs.

STONE & DAVIDSON

(HUME'S BUILDING.)

AGENCY

Red Crown Flour.

Guaranteed a Superior Article.

GRAIN, MILL FEED, POTATOES, Country Produce, Etc.

Consignments Solicited, and Advances made on same.

S. ARNDT & FERCHEN,

ASTORIA, OREGON.

The Pioneer Machine Shop

BLACKSMITH SHOP

AND

Boiler Shop

All kinds of

ENGINE, CANNERY, STEAMBOAT WORK

Promptly attended to.

A specialty made of repairing

CANNERY DIES,

FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.

ARNDT & FERCHEN,

Agents for Oregon, Washington Territory, and Alaska for

E. W. BLISS'

Special Cannery Machinery!

Engines, Soldering Machines, Improved Acid Bath and Crimping Machines, Power Presses, Foot Presses, Squaring Shears,

And all other machinery used in canneries, including the new

COMBINATION DIES.

Working without small springs, constantly on hand.

We respectfully invite all Cannermen to call and examine the above machinery as it is greatly superior to any heretofore introduced on this Coast. Orders solicited.

ARNDT & FERCHEN,

Foot of Lafayette Street, Astoria, Oregon.

ASTORIA IRON WORKS.

BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE, ASTORIA, - OREGON.

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.

LAND and MARINE ENGINES

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work and Cannery Work a specialty.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

PARKER HOUSE,

M. S. PARKER, Prop.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

AI. CROSSBY, Day Clerk. PHIL BOWERS, Night Clerk. JAS. DUFFY has the Bar and Billiard room.

First Class in all Respects.

FREE COACH TO THE HOUSE.

A Good Cup of Coffee AND OYSTERS AT Mrs. Powell's Coffee House,

On Main Street next to Oregon Bakery.

Campi Restaurant.

NEW AND WELL EQUIPPED THROUGHOUT.

L. Serra has rebuilt his establishment and is prepared to accommodate the traveling public. A good meal furnished at any hour of the day or night. The best Liquors and Cigars at the bar. Two doors west of the Foster's.

LUGI SERRA.

Figures Never Lie!

—AND—

J E F F

OF THE CHOP HOUSE RESTAURANT

Can prove by his books that he is doing the biggest business of any

RESTAURANT

In the city, and he will guarantee to give the best meal for cash.

MARKETS.

WASHINGTON MARKET,

Main Street, - Astoria, Oregon.

BERGMAN & BERRY, PROPRIETORS.

RESPECTFULLY CALL THE ATTENTION of the public to the fact that the above Market will always be supplied with a FULL VARIETY AND BEST QUALITY

FRESH AND CURED MEATS!

Which will be sold at lowest rates, wholesale and retail.

Special attention given to supplying ships.

Pacific Market.

N. DAVICH & CO. - Proprietors.

Leave Your Orders for

Fish, Game, Eggs, Butter, VEGETABLES, ETC.

We furnish Provisions, Fresh and in Good Condition, Dressed Chickens, Vegetables, and Market Produce of all kinds in season. A Fine Stock of Family Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobaccos.

STAR MARKET.

WHERRY & COMPANY,

Fresh and Cured Meats, Vegetables, FRUITS, BUTTER, and EGGS.

OPPOSITE OCCIDENT HOTEL, CHENAMUS STREET, Astoria, Or

WYATT & THOMPSON.

DEALERS IN

FRESH AND CURED MEATS, CHOICE GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Crockery and Glassware.

Mill Feed, Etc.

A. M. JOHNSON. C. J. JOHNSON.

Astoria Sail Loft.

MANUFACTURERS OF

SAILS, TENTS, AWNINGS, TARPAULINS,

And everything else pertaining to our Business.

Lowest Price and Best Work

For your Money,

At the Old Stand.

Leave your orders and get your work done at once.

JOHNSON & CO.

Astoria, Oregon.

T. G. RAWLINGS,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Tropical, Domestic, Green and Dried FRUITS, NUTS, CANDIES, DRIED MEATS, ETC. Fine Cigars and Tobacco.

Next door to I. J. Arnold's, Squemoqua St.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GEO. A. DORRIS, G. G. FULTON

SOLAND & DORRIS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

Office in Kinney's Block, opposite City Hall, Astoria, Oregon.

C. R. THOMSON,

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

Room No. 6, over White House, ASTORIA, OREGON.

G. W. FULTON, G. C. FULTON.

FULTON BROTHERS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

Rooms 5 and 6, Odd Fellows Building.

J. Q. A. BOWSBY,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Chenamus street, - - ASTORIA, OREGON

JOSEPH A. GILL,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Office with J. Q. A. Bowsby, ASTORIA, Oregon.

C. J. CURTIS,

ATTY AT LAW.

Notary Public, Commissioner of Deeds for California, New York and Washington Territory. Rooms 3 and 4, Odd Fellows Building, Astoria, Oregon. S. B. Claims at Washington, D. C., and collections a specialty.

A. V. ALLEN,

Astoria Agent

Hamburg-Magdeburg and German-American FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

E. C. HOLDEN,

NOTARY PUBLIC, AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND INSURANCE AGENT.

C. W. LEICK,

ARCHITECT AND DRAUGHTSMAN.

Scholars received for Course of Draughting

Office over White House Store.

G. L. F. PARKER,

SURVEYOR OF

CLATSOP COUNTY, and City of Astoria

Office—Chenamus street, Y. M. C. A. hall Room No. 2.

C. HENSON MARTIN, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Which will be sold at lowest rates, wholesale and retail.

Special attention given to supplying ships.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

OFFICE—Rooms 1, 2 and 3, Fythian Building.

RESIDENCE—On Cedar Street, back of St. Mary's Hospital.

F. F. HICKS, A. E. SHAW,

DENTISTS.

Rooms in Allen's Building, up stairs, corner Cass and Squemoqua streets, Astoria, Oregon.

J. RISBERG,

Practical Tailor.

On Genevieve street, opposite Bohort & Johns.

Bozorth & Johns,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents, and Brokers.

ASTORIA, Oregon.

Buy and sell all kinds of Real Estate and represent the following Fire Insurance Companies:

Scottish Union and National	Assets	\$33,000,000
Phoenix of Hartford	Assets	4,500,000
Home of New York	Assets	7,500,000
Hamburg and Bremen	Assets	2,000,000
Western	Assets	300,000
Phoenix of Brooklyn	Assets	4,000,000
Oakland Home	Assets	300,000

Policies written by us in the Phoenix and Home and Scottish Union and National at equitable rates.

BANKING AND INSURANCE I

I. W. CASE,

Broker, Banker, and Insurance Agent,

ASTORIA, OREGON.

OFFICE HOURS: From 9 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock P. M.

B. S. Worsley,

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION MERCHANT

Office and Ware Rooms on Squemoqua Street, next door to corner of Olney. Advances made on Consignments. No Charges for Storage of Goods.