

# The Daily Astorian

VOL. XXII, NO. 100.

ASTORIA, OREGON, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1884.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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**REV. M. D. WILSON**

WILL RECEIVE A LIMITED NUMBER of Boys for instruction, three evenings in the week, in such branches as may be desired. Classes in Latin or in any ordinary branch of advanced education will be formed. For further particulars apply as above.

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Should not forget to call at Towne's San Francisco Gallery, where may be seen photographs of all the leading men and women of Oregon and Washington Territory. Skilled operators always in attendance, and the most minute attention paid to pictures of children. Don't forget the location, S. W. corner First and Morrison streets, up stairs. No trouble to show specimens to visitors. Street railroads pass the door every ten minutes, and this is the nearest gallery to the five principal hotels.

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THE BEST TONIC.

Trade Mark

QUALITY PURITY QUANTITY

On Every Bottle

This medicine, combining iron with pure vegetable tonic, quickly and completely cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuritis.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it has no equal.

The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other name—BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. WOODWARD & CO., PORTLAND, OR.

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STOMACH

Dr. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood purifier, a rational cathartic, and a superior and reliable tonic. It cures the falling of the stomach, indigestion, and checks the progress of decay. Fever and Ague, biliousness, dyspepsia, and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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Pharmacist,

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Prescriptions carefully compounded Day or Night.

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Glass and Plated Ware.

TROPICAL AND DOMESTIC FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Together with

Wines, Liquors, Tobacco, Cigars

**Jeff's Notice**

SAYS THERE WILL BE NO INCREASE OF PRICES IN HIS CHOP HOUSE

AND THAT HE IS DETERMINED TO maintain his reputation for keeping the best and cheapest food in town, even at a loss to himself, while the dull times last.

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**J. H. D. GRAY.**

Wholesale and retail dealer in,

**GROCERIES, FLOUR, AND FEED**

Hay, Oats, Straw, Wood, Etc.

**LIME, SAND AND CEMENT.**

General Storage and Wharfage on reasonable terms. Foot of Benton street, Astoria, Oregon.

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NUTS, CANDIES, DRIED MEATS, ETC.

**Fine Cigars and Tobacco.**

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

## IN THE HANDS OF THE MOB.

A San Francisco Scene in "Fifty."

If there be anywhere a typical American, he will be found on the western plains, where men dwell into something which certainly has not its likeness in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. In his most peaceful aspect he is unique. As a rough, he is unapproachable. Nothing in history has ever equaled a western desperado.

My father was a sea-captain, who took his family with him on his long voyages. The trade with California, it is well known, was a golden one for many years, and whoever could take a share in it readily braved the months of sailing and the dangers of Cape Horn. To those who hurry across the continent in a week's time, this length of voyage doubtless appears an endless torture of suspended action. To us, it was simply a calm elysium. The slow days and nights dropped silently behind us into the beautiful, fatiguesome sea, while we set our faces steadily forward in happy unconcern and bright anticipation.

I was but a child, with one constant companion in my little sister, and an occasional gala-day of play with Johnny Carter, the cabin boy. Johnny Carter belongs to this story.

He was a pretty, fair little fellow of about twelve years. Just before the ship sailed, a very nice-looking woman had come on board and asked to see my father. She brought with her this boy, and she painted him in dark colors. In short, Johnny was so utterly bad a boy, she begged my father to take him to sea, in the hope of breaking off his ruinous associations, and changing the current of his fancies from an eager search after the worst evils of his home city. My father hesitated, of course, but the mother was importunate, and the boy did not look formidable. In the end he consented, and Johnny was duly installed as cabin-boy and general doorman.

I do not remember ever seeing him at work. He proved to be, so far as we saw, a mild, pleasant, easy-going little chap, very unlike his mother's portrayal of him, and was soon a universal favorite. He was so young and so small, it seemed folly to expect anything thoroughly useful of him. He wandered about the ship, gathering up whatever knowledge came in his way, waiting on the officers, helping the cook, taking care of the goats (a friend had sent us two as playmates, and with an eye to milk for my mother's coffee), and sometimes for a whole day playing with us at anything we fancied. He could dress a doll and set out toy-dishes; he could make tiny kites and frail bows and arrows; he could arrange a scrap-book or set up fishing tackle; and seemed equally happy and content in cabin or forecastle. Yet when we reached San Francisco he almost instantly and miraculously disappeared, and left no trace.

My father was much annoyed. The mother's tears and entreaties, her anxiety, her confidence in the good effects of the voyage, and her confidence in my father, were all present to him. His best energies were expended in the search for the lost boy, but in vain. Had Johnny taken to Jonah's whale as a craft he could not have been more profoundly swallowed up. At last my father accepted the situation as best he might, and, after writing home full accounts of all that had been done, seem'd to dismiss the matter from his mind, in one in which he had performed his duty, spite of failure.

San Francisco at that time was a city in the rough. It is impossible to convey to any thoroughly Eastern and untraveled mind any conception of it. Such curious combinations of shingle and muslin, paper and slats. Such a motley, picturesque, frightful, ridiculous crowd, forever coming and going! Every nation had its representative, every style of costume, every possible bearing and gesture. Gentlemen of polish and outcasts of society, the broadcloth of Paris and the Indian blanket, the jovial Irishman, pipe in mouth, the stately Spaniard, the indolent South American, the bewildered Chinaman, the wide-awake Yankee, continually jostled and hustled each other on the planks of the quay skirting the lovely bay, and on the narrow stretch of Long Wharf, extending an almost incredible distance into its waters. Ladies there were few, and children even fewer. My sisters and I were soon great pets; and the domestic life of the ship, under my mother's homelike sway, had a charm for the homeless young fellows who lonely wandered engaged in the tremendous struggle for existence or mighty wealth—the chances always meant one or the other.

Occasionally my father took me with him for a morning among his business friends, and very delightful I found these visits. It was after one of them we found Johnny Carter. We were walking along the quay to take the boat for our return to the ship. The quay was lined on the landward side with gambling-dens—great bar-rooms entirely open to the street. At the far end, a rough stage lifted into prominence sometimes a row of Ethiopian minstrels, sometimes a seedy pianist and a half-starved violinist. Between this stage and the street, row after row of tables were set out, crowded with men dressed in red shirts, broad slouched hats, broad belts and a perfect armory of weapons. Cries and blows and struggles were as common as the twang of the guitar or the voice of the singer, and my father always hurried me along, trembling as I was, striving to distract my attention from the sights and sounds I still recall with horror.

On this day of which I write, he suddenly paused before one of the dens, and then deliberately walked into its very midst, still holding my hand. At a table near the center of the room, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Johnny Carter, who was intently watching the deft fingers of a quartet of gamblers. Piles of gold dust, night-cornered pieces, and lumps of quartz lay heaped upon the table,

and vouched for their recent arrival from the outskirts of civilization. With a wild cry the little wretch writhed himself from my father's grasp, and threw himself into the midst of the group, howling for protection.

In an instant all was confusion. The men sprang up from their games on all sides, leaving their gold as readily and as recklessly as though no more depended on the turn of a card than in a mere game for the love of it. They crowded close around us—great, bearded, swarthy, terrible fellows, who seemed never to have been born of woman. Johnny, pouring out shrill screams very well made up of terror and entreaty, told a pitiful tale. He had been beaten, and kicked, and starved, and thrown overboard and towed; he had been worked day and night; he was afraid of his life. Only save him! Only keep him away from that dreadful ship!

The crowd roared a fearful oath that they would stand by him, and then turned the oaths to fearful threats against my father. He stood like a rock, and I, silent, scarcely terrified, but terribly excited, clung to his side. The dreadful faces surged nearer, the cruel knives began to gleam in sharp curves and flourishes, the unmistakable "click" of fire-arms sounded on all sides. A woman's voice screamed from the stage: "Oh, do leave chile! Take care de chile chile!"

Some of the gruff voices near us took up the cry. My father did not raise me to his breast, as he easily might have done, and thus have screened himself, but he threw his arm around me, and slowly and coolly began making his way toward the door. He was a man of splendid presence, and in the hope of more or less Tall, finely formed, with the step, the carriage of the head, the glance of the eye, of those born to command, he passed through their midst undaunted. There was no air of reckless bravado about him. He was simply ready for anything, "fearing not what men could do unto him," and they felt it. Crowding us, yet making way for us, threatening us with his eyes, and voice, and death-dealing hand, yet only threatening, we passed through them to the street. They went with us, and the very air of heaven seemed to give them new wrath. Brawny arms were stretched to snatch me from him; but I had heard the woman's voice and the men's words, and I knew well I was his protection.

I clung the closer, and I know I gave back from my baby eyes the proud scorn of my father's spirit. One of them swore a hoarse oath that I was "a plucky little devil," and then they cheered me and cursed my father. Still he went on, and gave no sign. It was but a few steps to the Long Wharf and our waiting boat. There was a swell and sway of the crowd. I saw, through a gap, the blue water of the bay, and close at hand, the well-known dark blue flag, white-crossed and red-centered, which was our ship's ensign. The next instant familiar faces rose about us; the young merchants from the office we had recently left pushed their way to us, and cheery voices cried out:

"Here, captain! we'll stand by you! The coast is out!"

The mob gave a wild roar, and surged in frenzy: My father spoke for the first time:

"Ramsey, take my girl. These devils may not hold off long. I will never run from them!"

The next instant I was in the boat and saw my father spring into full view of the crowd, and in bold relief against the cloudless sky, upon a pile of merchandise. "My lady," he cried, in a voice trained to surmount the storms of the deep, "my lady! I am an unarmed man. You are a hundred to one. Shoot, if you will, but give me a chance to speak."

It was so brave a defiance they were impressed by it, easily swayed as they were in the reckless disregard of time, or life, or pain, which their self-outlawed intemperance had engendered. They were suddenly hushed and quieted.

"Go it, old buck!" called out a shrill youthful voice. There was a growl of assent from coarser tones. My father took advantage of the permission. He made a speech worthy of the occasion. A man with truth to back him might well speak as one inspired. "Captain," he said, "I told the story of Johnny Carter from his mother's side. He spoke of his interest in him on her account, of the search for him, of the future from which he sought to hold him back—a future you know, my lady, better than I can tell it." He referred then to his own record as a ship-master, and called on his boat's crew to witness its truth. In short, the tide of wrath was stemmed. Hoarse murmurs of assent greeted his closing questions as to the wisdom and justice of his conduct toward the boy. Rough acknowledgments of hasty action on his part rolled forth, and finally, cries of "Bring out the youngster and send him aboard!" "Tie him up, captain, and cut the lies out of him!" "His mother's wall rid of him, anyhow!" gave proof that Johnny, like many of his betters, was experiencing the fatal change of the people's fickle favor. But Johnny had wisdom beyond his years. He had waited for no favorable or unfavorable ending. He was gone and heaven alone knows where. From that day until this, we have never heard of him. Johnny Carter, "marked man" as he is in the retrospect of many years.

My father stood upon his improvised stage, the triumphant star of this brief play. The men were crowding around him in good-fellowship as hilarious as their wrath had been deadly. One of the young merchants added a brief and jolly speech. More of his friends gathered around him, the vigilance committee off duty, the boat rocked idly a few yards from the wharf, the sun streamed brilliantly upon the lovely curving shores, upon the opposite portal of the majestic "Golden Gate," upon the crowd of shipping, upon our own trim, shining, perfect, floating home. The dark hour had passed like a bad dream.

"Thank you, my lady!" cried my father. "You have given me fair play, like honest fellows. The next time any of you get in trouble, I wish you good luck and well out of it!"

"We know a man when we see him, captain!" shouted the same shrill voice I had heard once before.

"That's so!" roared another. "Three cheers for a brave man!"

They gave them with a will. My father had taken his place in the boat, which had drawn in at a sign from him, and I had sprung into his arms, overcome at last by the strain upon my child's heart.

"Three cheers for the little gal!" shouted the ever-ready speaker.

And three cheers they were, indeed. My father loosed his hold on me to wave his cap in answer. I looked up through my tears. I see it now!—the sparkling sea, the glowing sky, the long, rugged, frail-looking causeway above the blue water, and the dense mass of scarlet shirts, the gleaming weapons, the fierce, wild faces, terrible even in their kindness. From that day until this, I tremble at the sound of many feet, the wordless murmur of many voices, the faintest thought of a mob.

**St. Jacobson's**

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Strains, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, and all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in all languages. The California Tangle Co. (Successors to A. Taylor & Co.) S. Francisco, Cal., U. S. A.

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**PARKER HOUSE.**

H. B. PARKER, Prop.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

AL. CROSBY, Day Clerk.

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First Class in all Respects.

FREE COACH TO THE HOUSE.

**Figures Never Lie!**

—AND—

**JEFF OF THE CHOP HOUSE**

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.

**FRANK FABRE'S CHOP HOUSE.**

Oysters, Ice Cream, COFFEE.

The New Model. Everything First Class.

Cass Street, rear of Odd-Fellows Building.

Every attention paid my customers, and the best set before them in first class style.

**BAY VIEW Restaurant and Bakery**

Mrs. H. ZIMMERMAN.

Wishes to announce to her friends and the public generally, that she has opened a FIRST-CLASS

**RESTAURANT AND BAKERY**

In the new building, opposite the O. R. N. Company's Dock every

The Best Market Affords Cooked to Order.

Oysters in Every Style.

**Columbia Transportation Company.**

FOR PORTLAND.

FAST TIME! FAST TIME!

THE POPULAR STEAMER

**FLEETWOOD**

Which has been refitted for the comfort of passengers will leave Wilson & Fisher's Dock every

Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 A.M. arriving at Portland at 1 P.M.

Returning leaves Portland every Tuesday and Thursday at 6 A.M. arriving at Astoria at 1 P.M.

An additional trip will be made on Sunday of Each Week, leaving Portland at 9 O'clock Sunday Morning. Passengers by this route connect at Kalama for Sound ports.

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BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE.

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**LAND and MARINE ENGINES**

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work and Cannery Work a specialty.

**CASTINGS.**

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**S. ARNDT & FERCHEN.**

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**SHOP**

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All kinds of

**ENGINE, CANNERY, STEAMBOAT WORK**

Promptly attended to.

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**CANNERY DIES,**

FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET.

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**HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, Iron Pipe and Fittings, STOVES, TINWARE**

AND

**HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS**

**ASTORIA COOPERAGE.**

BARRELS AND HALF-BARRELS

All Kinds of Cooperage Done.

Leave orders with JOHN ROGERS, Superintendent, at Central Market.

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—AND—

**BOTTLED BEER DEPOT,**

Chenamus Street, Astoria.

The Best of Lager 5 Cts. a Glass.

Orders for the Celebrated

**Columbia Brewery Beer**

Left at this place will be promptly attended to.

No cheap San Francisco Beer sold at this place.

WM. BOCK, Proprietor.

**CUNARD STEAMSHIP LINE.**

WE HAVE LEAVE TO ANNOUNCE A great reduction in rates over the above well known line. Parties desiring to go to Europe or wishing to send for friends in the old country will find to their advantage to purchase tickets over the Cunard line. Tickets issued by us good from any part of Europe to Astoria.

ROZORTH & JOHNS, Agents.

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**Toys, Fancy Goods, Stationery, CUTLERY, ETC.**

Fresh Fruit Received Daily

A Full Stock of Smokers Art. leas.

NEW GOODS CONSTANTLY ARRIVING.

**CHAS. A. MAY,**

Chenamus street, south side, one door from Cass.

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