

The Daily Astorian

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ASTORIA, OREGON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1885.

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GEN. GRANT'S DRINK.

What He Took When He Was Very Thirsty in Camp.
General Grant's personal habits in the use of liquor have been a matter of endless assertion and contradiction chiefly because he was a man of sober life, who sometimes used whiskey freely, and with such men a single witness who has seen a drink taken will color the gossip of a decade with some story which is a concoction of falsehood about a single grain of truth. General Rawlins early saw that safety in the trials, temptations, and exposures of camp life lay in total abstinence, and while he controlled the head-quarters mess the only liquor permitted in the head-quarters stores was in the staff surgeon's chest, and precious little of that. In the campaigning which stretched from Shiloh on General Rawlins was relentless on any evasion of this rule. An officer of General Thomas' staff tells a story of a visit to General Grant's head-quarters in the field during the Vicksburg campaign, where he was made at home in the head-quarters mess. It was a Mississippi June, hot and dusty, and he was surrounded by old West Point friends; but first the afternoon supper, and then the evening wore away without word or sign of "how" as they used to say in the Seventh Cavalry. At last he ventured on a suggestion, a timid, halting remark, to the surgeon on head-quarters staff, who, in a whisper, explained that General Rawlins was "death on liquor," but that towards taps the surgeon's shelter tent held something. An hour later the officer and the surgeon were sitting on each side of a cracker box, which carried a tin cup, a goblet, and a bottle—the one bottle in head-quarters. There was a gurgling sound, the aroma of old rye was on the air, and outside came step—the two men looked guiltily at each other; the flap of the shelter tent moved, the lips of the surgeon shaped the words: "It is Rawlins!"—and the flap flew back, and Grant himself stepped half in, reached out without a word, seized the goblet, emptied it and retired as silently. "Well, we are dished," was the comment of the surgeon; but breakfast found the general commanding silent and imperturbable, and the head-quarters men still dry. Years afterwards the officer and General Grant were in the smoker of a Pullman together. The latter dropped his cigar straight down, after a fashion he had, and asked abruptly: "Do you remember that drink on the Big Black River?" "Perfectly," said the officer, with alacrity. "I don't think I ever wanted a drink so much, before or since," was General Grant's solitary comment.—(G. W. Childs, in Philadelphia Press.)

The Reformed Waiter.
According to the story of the reformed waiter, since the tip system became a recognized part of the domestic economy of the American restaurant, the waiters of the country have banded themselves into a formidable alliance, with headquarters in New York and branches in every important city throughout the United States. The object of the alliance is to encourage the practice of tipping, first, by means of poor attendance upon men who do not tip, and, eventually, in case the customer cannot be educated up to the practice by this means, to inflict capital punishment upon him. The reformed waiter's story also throws light upon a mystery that has been inexplicable. Men who do not tip have often wondered why it is that when they go into a restaurant where they are totally unacquainted the waiters afford them the same slow and reluctant attendance that they receive in their regular dining room where their abstinence is known, while a habitual tipper is invariably well and quickly served wherever he may breakfast, lunch, or dine. The reformed waiter explains that the members of the alliance have a system by which non-tippers are marked for identification. A non-tipper, he explains, is generally marked on the back as soon as he becomes confirmed in his evil ways with a spot of soup or gravy, which is renewed whenever he wears a new coat. Therefore, when he goes into a strange dining-room, the waiter, observing the brand upon him, brings him his soup cold, keeps him waiting between the courses, refuses to change an order without appealing to the head waiter, and leaves the customer to find his hat and walking stick by himself when he has finished his repast.—(New York Times.)

"Hamlet" in Arizona.
When they don't like a play in Arizona, they don't like it no matter who was its author. A traveling company recently gave "Hamlet" in an Arizona town, and the following notice of the event appeared in the local paper: "A company of duffers gave a show last night at Barney Hill's. They played a dirty snap called 'Hamlet.' We never heard of the drama before and we never want to see it again. It is the snidest thing in the way of a show we ever fell up against. There ain't no horses, singing, fighting or dancing in the whole blamed shebang. There was a lively dog fight in the middle of the play that was a great success. The actors were not killed, but the duck that played 'Hamlet' was tarred and feathered."—(New York Tribune.)

Domestic Interludes.

Simpson and his wife were on their way to church and the lady was putting on her gloves. "My dear," he said pettishly, "you should complete your toilet at home. I'd just as soon see a woman putting on her stockings on the street as putting on her gloves." "Most men would," she said promptly; and the abashed husband didn't say another word.—[Evansville Argus.]
"Smith, you've been married; now give me some advice about selecting my wedding suit."
"Well, if I were you, Jones, I'd have a check or nothing."
"A check?"
"Yes, a papa-in-law check."—[Chicago Herald.]
Accompanied by the young woman he had married, he stepped into a photographer's and drew the artist aside. He wanted their "picture" taken, but had a special favor to ask. "Her folks," he exclaimed, "go a good deal on style. They never saw me and if I send them my face they'll be dead agin me. I'm a sight better than I look, and when people come to know me they vote me a brick. Now, then, what do you say? Will you stand in? She's willing. These big whiskers of yours'll take them at once and create harmony. You look like a solid capitalist, and they'd take me for a petty larceny thief." Of course the photographer could not refuse a favor so flatteringly proposed, and the distant relatives, no doubt, in due time were gratified with his portrait side by side with that of the young lady.—(Toronto Truth.)
"Where have you been at this time of night?" demanded Mrs. Smith of her lord and master, when the latter came sneaking home long after midnight.
"Just been to see a man on business, dear," replied Smith in a terribly self-conscious manner; "hurried home so fast I'm almost out of breath."
"Out of breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, derisively. "Pity you wasn't!"—[Buffalo Commercial.]

The Boarding-House Trinity.
A long-waisted, slab-sided brother, with rather a clerical air, walked into a well-known inn on the camp ground and inquired how much for table board.
"Six dollars a week your reverence."
"And how much for dinner?"
"Six dollars."
"What! The same for one meal as for three?"
"But will you be kind enough to explain the apparent inconsistency?"
"I will. My friend you are doubtless familiar with the doctrine of the trinity."
"Just that I am."
"Well, sir, I've had the boarding-house trinity, the great three-meals-in-one racket, played on me too many times to get taken in on that lug any more." And then the jovial skipper turned to the bystanders and told how when he first opened his hotel gaunt women and hollow-legged men used to come there and engage for dinners only, at half price, and get up at nine in the morning and eat a couple of crackers and then come in at noon and fill up like dromedaries with enough to last till next day. Other folks may continue to try it on if they want to; but not for Joseph.—[Cottage City Chronicle.]

The Stove Time Comes.
Once more the golden rods hang out their jeweled panicles to announce the mid-afternoon of summer, and the actor begins to see its "pale image" in the brook. The sunbath pricks the eye with its spikes of fire. Thistledown floats in the lazy air. The growing aftermath already hides the stubble of the hayfield. On the masses of forest foliage there falls a touch of old gold. The apples and pears hang heavy, and bend down the tree rods in graceful curves. The maize ears fill with luscious milk. The cranberry vines suck delicious acid from the soil in bogs where the sedges droop under the weight of their brown burs, and the clethra loads the air with fragrance. The sky scenery softens into dreaminess, and lazy horizons hang over quiet seas. A gauzy veil is drawn over the noonday. At night, the stars withdraw into deeper spaces.—[Christian Register.]

Tired and Languid Women.
How many women there are of whom these words are true: "They feel languid and tired, hardly able to bear their weight on their feet, the bloom all gone from their cheeks, irritable and cross without meaning to be, nerves all upset, worried with the children, fretted over little things, a burden to themselves, and yet with good nature disease." What a pity it is! But a few bottles of Parker's Tonic will drive all this away, and relieve the troubles peculiar to their sex.
There is no minstrel troupe of praise high-sounding as this joke threadbare:
There is no circus tent with down high-bounding
But has some "chestnuts" there.—[Chicago Sun.]
The pen is mightier than the sword, and much of the wealth of this country is due to the hog pen. St. Jacobs Oil has been found to be a cure for hog cholera.
—Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Discharge, and Canker Mouth. Sold by W. E. Dement.

He Wore a Hoop-Skirt.

At the recent reunion of the veterans of the Fourth Indiana cavalry at Indianapolis, Lieutenant Isgrigg, of the command, who was provost marshal at Macon, Georgia, at the time of the capture of Jefferson Davis, related the circumstances of the capture. He described his participation in the affair as follows: "I went out to the line of my jurisdiction to receive Davis. Two miles and a half from Macon he became my prisoner and I brought him to the city in an old farm wagon. It was a vehicle with a great deal of unsightliness. It had weaknesses all over it, but sufficient strength to hold Jefferson Davis, myself, and his secretary. The rebel chief sat between us, and over his head from a pole fixed to the seat, hung the hoop-skirt, calico wrapper, and an old straw hood which formed his disguise when captured."
"So Jeff was disguised?"
"Yes, it's no use to question the fact. The articles of his costume hung from that pole. Davis bore himself with the fortitude of a brave man in trouble. He was courteous to me and to the guard; talked freely on every question but that relating to the war."
Opinion of a Leading Editor.
Almost all the diseases that afflict us from infancy to old age have their origin in a disordered liver and here we must strike for the cure. Hence a really good liver medicine is the most important in the whole range of pharmacy. We believe Simmons' Liver Regulator to be the best among them all. We pin our faith on the Regulator and if we could persuade every reader who is in ill health to buy it, we would willingly vouch for the benefit each would receive.—ED. CINCINNATI GAZETTE.

An old proverb says: "All things come to him who can wait," but if the restaurant waiter doesn't put in an appearance inside of two hours after you send him out, it is always safe to call a new waiter.—[N. Y. Graphic.]

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