

The Daily Astorian

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ASTORIA, OREGON, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1886.

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PROMISING PUPS.

The Amount of Damage That Could Be Made of Them.
There is a matter that seems trifling in itself, but which is of a great deal of importance, and which should be legislated upon. That is the habit men get into, who own dogs, of promising pups to friends, and never delivering the goods. Shakespeare, in his inspired writings, has said, "It is a mean man that will not promise a pup." Maybe it was not Shakespeare who wrote it, but however it was, the saying has become historical and there are thousands of men who live up to it, and promise pups recklessly, with no thought of ever fulfilling the promise. There is probably no man who has been promised more pups, and received fewer of them, than the writer of this. If all the pups promised to him in the last twenty years were in single file the procession would reach from Milwaukee to San Francisco, and from there to Alaska, by water, as many of the pups promised have been water spoiled. If all these pups could have been made up into sausage, the free-lunch counters of the world might be supplied. Some of the men who have promised pups to the writer have died and gone to their judgment with these unfulfilled promises, and other sins, and are yet addicted to pups, but though we yearn for a pup, and suffer untold agonies, no pup comes to cool the parched tongue, and we are liable to go down the long vista of the future, pupless, thundering down the ages with no pup, when so many are due. Of all men who have promised pups to us there is no one of them that has promised pups, and had no pup, with which to pay the promises, than George Clason. There is no man that can promise a pup with more apparent sincerity, more eclat, if you know what that is, than George can. When the handsome fellow looks at you with his honest eyes, and says, "You shall have a pup," you think that settles it. There is something about George that makes you think he would not deceive a man about a pup. But he is like all the rest of them. He commenced promising us pups as long ago as when he was brakeman on the St. Paul road before he owned any dogs. He said he would steal a pup. While we were suffering for a pup at that time, and for all the years he was brakeman, he did not promise to have him steal a pup, just to accommodate a friend, and it was with pleasure that we saw the years pass, and George's soul yet safe from the sin of theft of a pup. But when he became a conductor, and owned dogs of all kinds, and began promising pups, we felt that there were men that were honest about promising pups. But years wore on, and passed away, and the pup did not materialize to any alarming extent. For twelve years we never met that man, on the cars, in the markets of business, in church or society, that he did not promise us a pup. Once at a grand reception at which were gathered the beauty and chivalry of a whole state, he led us from the dancing hall, through a corridor, down to the bar of a great hotel, behind the screen, away from the maddening crowd, and requested us to pin up a rip in his pants. After the matter had been fixed up so that the sharpest-eyed dancer in all the world could not have seen a rip in his apparel, his gratitude knew no bounds. He seemed to realize that he had not treated us right, and a tear stole down his cheek—that is, not the whole length of his cheek, because one tear could not go so far—he said, and there was a certain tremor in his voice that meant business, as he said it, "Old boy, you have saved my life. You shall have a pup." What we had done for him was not with the hope of reward, but if he felt grateful, and through a single one of his thousands of promises, we felt that it would be no more than right, and we parted friends. Years passed, and no pup came to brighten the home of the conductor's benefactor, but one day he was promoted to be assistant superintendent of a division of the great railroad, and it seemed as though the pup would be along on the next train. A superintendent can keep his promise when a conductor hasn't got time. The first time we saw Clason after his promotion, he said, and there was a far away look in his eye, as though he was trying to recall something, "Let's see, didn't I promise you a pup?" We didn't reason right that he had promised a thousand, because a thousand pups were more than any gentleman would need, so the answer was simply, "I believe so." He took out a memorandum and wrote something down, and went away, and we watched the express office ever since with no result. But the years that have passed since Clason first began to promise pups, have left us both gray and old, and now a pup will not fill the bill. Nothing but a full-grown dog, well broken, and warranted free from fleas, will fill the bill, and an effort will be made, before resorting to the courts, to see if Clason cannot be made to put up or shut up. The matter will be brought before the board of directors of the St. Paul road at the next annual meeting, and a demand made that Clason be compelled to deliver, charge paid, such a dog as he has reserved us of for almost twenty years. The directors will see the justice of the demand. They cannot balk it.

They do not want their railroad to get into disrepute, through a man who promises pups recklessly, and never pays them. That is one thing that makes railroad stocks fluctuate so. If the directors will not compel that man to do his duty, there is but one recourse, and that is a suit for breach of promise. If we can get such a case before some judge who likes to go hunting, and who has been promised pups which he never received, Clason's goose will be cooked. There will be no hard feelings in such a lawsuit. It will be all amicable, but it will be a test case, to decide whether a man can go through life promising pups on the slightest provocation, never delivering the goods, and yet go in good society and respected as a law-abiding citizen. Egad, we will have a dog, if it is a hundred years old.—(Peck's Sun.)

Arithmetical Items.

Jim Webster was tried last week in Astoria for stealing chickens from Col. Yerger. He was convicted and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. After the trial was over, Col. Yerger said to Webster:—
"Now that you have been convicted, just for the fun of it, I'd like to know how many of my chickens you have stolen at one time and another."
"I ain't gwinter tell yer, boss, how many chickens I lifted offen your'ren roost."
"Jim, here is half a dollar, if you will tell me the number you have taken."
"No, sah, I ain't gwinter tell yer for no half dollar how many of dem chickens I tuck. Ise knows the number perzackly, but I ain't gwinter gib hit away for no fifty cents. I ain't no fifty cents on de dollar niggah. Ef you wants de hull troof yer mus pay a hull dollar."
"Well, Jim, here is fifty cents. If you are willing to tell the whole truth for a dollar, of course you will tell half the truth for fifty cents. You can afford to tell me half the number of chickens for fifty cents, can't you?"
"Sartinly. I'ee a square niggah. Ef you pays for half the troof, dat's what yer gits."
"Well, give me half the number of roosters you stole."
"Lemme see. Half de number of roosters ain five."
"Very well. What's half the number of pullets?"
"Heah, heah! I can't split a pullet in two, kin I? Half de pullets ain six at one pullet over."
"How about old hens?"
"Half de hens ain six."
"So you stole ten roosters?"
"De law! How de dibbel did you come ter fine dat out?"
"You stole thirteen pullets and twelve old hens."
The astonished darkey started back in dismay, and rolling his eyes at Colonel Yerger, exclaimed:—
"You is a dangerous man. Dar's some locus pocus about dis heah."
"One question more, Jim. How did you manage to find out half the number of chickens you stole. You don't know anything about arithmetical?"
"No, sah, of course I don't know nuffin' 'bout refnetic, but I knows half de number of chickens I got, because de udder niggah what was watchin' outside de fence he uck half de chickens and I got de udder half."—(Texas Siftings.)

A Soft Thing.

Two old friends met on the train between Dallas and Fort Worth. After the usual greeting, one of them asked:—
"I ain't Sam Sweedlepipes living in Dallas?"
"Is he a glazier?"
"Yes; he is a painter and glazier."
"He is getting rich fast."
"Getting rich fast, is he? Running a monte bank, I suppose."
"No; he has got a better thing than that."
"City official?"
"No, he belongs to a fire company, and when a fire breaks out he runs along and wakes up the people with a stick."
"I don't see how there is any money to be made in that."
"He wakes people up by tapping on their windows with a stick, and he manages to break all the panes of glass within half a mile of the fire, and next day he is called on to put them in again at fifty cents apiece. He has got a soft thing of it. He hasn't got the social status, but he is making more money than if he was an alderman."—(Texas Siftings.)

Not Symptoms, but the Disease.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases, with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the causes of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gout, rheumatism, disorder of the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy, and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is its best protection against disease.

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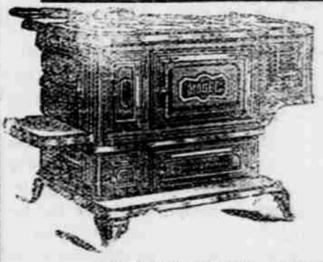
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U. S. SCOTT, President.