The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

MONDAY.....SEPTEMBER 22, 1890

ISSUED EVERY MORNING,

P. W. PARKER,
Publisher and Proprietor.

ASTORIAN BUILDING, - CASS STREET

Terms of Subscription.

Served by Carrier, per week..... 15 cts
Sent by Mail, per month..... 60 cts
Sent by Mail, one year..... $7.00
Free of postage to subscribers.

THE ASTORIAN guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

(Additional Local News on 4th Page.)

Last evening the churches were well attended.

Large numbers of people were on the wharves yesterday catching fish.

The river was very smooth yesterday noon and many parties were out boating.

Look at the premiums offered to subscribers to THE ASTORIAN, on the fourth page.

McAllen & McDonnell, of Portland, advertise their cloak sale on next Saturday under New To-day.

Application will probably be made to the council to-morrow evening for a franchise for the electric-cable railway.

It is remarkably inconvenient to have no boat coming down from Portland to arrive here on Sunday evening.

All who can get away from town are hunting land for preemption or homestead, or in search of timber claims.

The carpenter of the *Manzanita*, who was so badly injured recently, is at the hospital and doing as well as could be expected. It will, however, be quite a while before he will be able to resume his position.

The Presbyterian Home and Foreign Missionary society will meet in Oregon City on the 8th and 9th of October. There will be a meeting this week to elect delegates from the church here to attend it.

Yesterday bail to the amount of $400 each was furnished for William Scott and Thomas Kearney, who were arrested the evening previous, and they are out of jail awaiting examination, which will probably be to-day.

Yesterday was one of those delightful days which every one so much enjoys. It was mild and warm as a summer day, and the streets were thronged with people, while the motor line carried a large number of spectators to the ball game.

Madison street improvement is nearly completed to Third street. The children in that vicinity are discussing the probabilty of using it for a coasting place this winter, but the fact that they are liable to go overboard will make them a little wary.

The valuable premiums offered by THE ASTORIAN to its subscribers meet with appreciation and there are but few who examine them that fail to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a large amount of first class reading for an insignificant outlay.

The following Astorians returned from the State Fair and from Portland yesterday on the steamer *R. R. Thompson*: C. H. Langworthy, J. W. McGowan, A. P. Sharpstein, Miss Edith Bishop, Col. James Taylor and daughter, Sydney Dell, W. B. Adair, Vin Cook and J. W. Stengele.

Base Ball Notes.

The barbers and bakers are talking of playing a game as soon as the nines can be got together.

Then come the dry goods and grocery clerks, and even the ladies are talking of organizing two nines. So it can be seen that base ball is at fever heat in Astoria.

Next week Astoria will be regaled with three days of full games in succession, as follows: Next Sunday Astorias will cross bats with the Nob Hills of Portland: Monday and Tuesday the Aberdeens will play the return games with our boys.

Passengers to Portland.

The following is the list of passengers having rooms who went up the river last night on the steamer *R. R. Thompson*:

W. W. McGuire and wife, Mrs. R. L. Jeffrey, L. Allan, James Bain, J. E. Peyton, G. Holbrook, L. R. Flint, J. A. Devlin, J. A. Slaughterback, A. T. Webb and family, Mrs. Woodard, Mrs. Kinney, Capt. Edwards, Frank McDermott, F. J. Taylor, R. E. Davis and wife, W. R. McKenzie, J. G. Megler and wife, R. Balfour, W. McGilvey, G. Rothwick, H. Hansen, J. McQuinn, J. B. Gert, E. House, S. Collin.

Cost of Advertising.

No matter how much advertising pays it certainly costs. A single page in an issue of the *Century*, taken for advertising purposes, cost $500; in *Harper's*, $400 down to $100. A yearly advertisement in one column of the New York *Herald* costs $30,-334 for the lowest and $130,000 for the highest priced columns. These figures will doubtless be of interest to men who invest $2 and $3 per month and flatter themselves with the idea that they are extensive and liberal advertisers, and that because of their investment they ought to control the columns and dictate the course of the publication.—*Chicago Herald.*

$50 Reward.

I will give the above reward for information which will enable me to find my daughter Nellie.

CHAS. MICHELL.

Wanted.

Two more Lady Waiters at Jeffs New Restaurant.

J. Calder, D. D. S. Dentist.

Graduate of the Boston Dental College. Office over P. J. Goodman & Co.'s shoe store. Calder's Vegetable Local Anaesthetic for painless extraction of teeth.

Dressmaking.

Mrs. Friend and Mrs. Abercombie on Benton street, east of the postoffice, are prepared to do first class work. Ladies in need of work in our line are invited to call.

The Finest Photos

Are now taken by H. S. Shuster. See new samples.

Cigars

At Holmes, 640 Third street.

ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Time Extended Until Tuesday to Raise the Subsidy.

Mr. Sharpstein returned from Portland yesterday where he has been engaged in the electric railway matter. He says he found the parties interested in the enterprise somewhat disappointed in the project owing to the delay in getting the subsidy and franchise in shape. That the company has depended mainly in completing the line in the time prescribed, upon doing all heavy grade work before the rains set in, and it will only permit the raising of the subsidy to be delayed until Tuesday night. Messrs. Thompson and Robb notified him at Portland that there was little doubt of securing everything by Monday night and upon that showing the extension was granted to him to close the deal. Saturday $3,000 was added to the subscription list and it is confidently hoped that Monday's labors will close the undertaking of the citizens. In view of the urgency of beginning work it is suggested that the city council if satisfied with the franchise to be asked for expedite the passage of the same as much as is possible, and thus hurry the good work along. With the Columbia river improvement going on and the electric-cable railway building, Astoria will compare for the winter favorably with the cities of the northwest.

BASE BALL YESTERDAY.

The Game at the Young's Bay Base Ball Grounds.

Yesterday, owing to the beautiful weather, the Bay Railway motor line was kept busy taking the people to Smith's point to witness a game of base ball between the Astorias and a picked nine captained by W. T. Beveridge. Quite a large number of ladies graced the grounds with their presence. The game was called at 3 P. M., Beveridge's nine at the bat. The game was not a very brilliant one, and was full of errors on both sides. Beveridge's nine were the winners on a score of 19 to 11. The following are the names and positions of the players:

ASTORIAS.		BEVERIDGES.
Buchter	catcher	T. Rawlings
Kelly	pitcher	N. Grant
P. Grant	1st base	Beveridge
Parker	2d base	Nelson
McDonald	3d base	F. Rawlings
Watson Binder	short stop	Grewel
Jack Grant	center field	Gobell
Ed Wright	left field	Wm. Binder
G. Spears	right field	C. Walcot

During the game Nace Grant and Tom Rawlings acted very disgracefully in shouting and making very rude remarks, and the management of the two base ball nines will consult their best interests by stopping such behavior in the future, as the ladies do not care to attend the games and have to listen to such ungentlemanly language. Not with the desire to be hard on the boys, but by the request of the manager and balance of the club, this statement is made. The following is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Astorias	2	0	4	0	1	0	2	2	0	—11
Beveridges	3	1	0	5	2	4	0	3	1	—19

PERSONAL MENTION.

Phil. G. Stout came up from Seaview yesterday.

Miss Hattie I. Dunning goes to Helena, Montana, this fall to spend the winter.

Jacob Kamm and wife, of Portland, came down yesterday morning and went to Sealand.

M. M. Ketchum is severely troubled with rheumatism and neuralgia, and is confined to his room at present.

Mrs. George Flavel and Miss Katie Flavel will not be home this fall, but will spend the winter in California.

W. W. McGuire and wife, of East Portland, came down on the steamer *R. R. Thompson* yesterday and went to the seaside.

Frank Carney, who has been quite sick the past two weeks with rheumatic fever, was so much improved as to be able to leave the hospital yesterday.

Luther Campbell, who has been in the employ of Messrs. Thompson & Ross for some time, leaves this morning for Warrenton, where he goes to work in D. K. Warren's new store. His place here will be filled by August Fricke.

MARINE NEWS AND NOTES.

The American ship *Ivy*, Capt. A. I. Lowell, crossed out to sea last evening, on her way to Melbourne, Australia.

The steam schooner *Laguna*, Capt. Yarneberg, came down from Portland yesterday, and last evening sailed for Coos bay, where a load of lumber will be taken on for San Francisco.

The pilot schooner *Gov. Moody* went to pieces yesterday on the rocks at North head, and is now in fragments; most of which will be thrown up on the beach by the action of the waves.

It is probable that the steamship *George W. Elder* will be run between San Francisco, Astoria and Portland, carrying such dangerous freight as is not allowed to be taken on a steamer which carries passengers.

Steel for Water and Other Pipes.

The ideal conduit for high pressures is a welded steel tube; such tubes could probably be subjected to a tensile strain of 25,000 pounds with perfect safety, and would be much preferable to riveted pipe, not only on account of superior strength, but by reason of almost perfect interior smoothness. * * * The adaption of a superior and cheap metal, such as mild steel, for conduits, will permit the construction of hydraulic works in many parts of the world which now appear to be impracticable, owing to the cost of many of the methods still in use for the transportation of water. —*James S. Byles, in Engineering.*

Telephone Lodging House.

Best Beds in town. Rooms per night 50 and 25 cts., per week $1.50. New and clean. Private entrance.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

It is verified by the fact that nearly everybody eats at Jeff's New restaurant.

Nicely Furnished

Rooms to rent. Enquire of Mrs. S. Daggett at the Grounds House.

Delicious Ice Cream

Served daily at the Columbia bakery.

Ludlow's Ladies' $3.00 Fine Shoes; also flexible hand-turned French Kids, at P. J. Goodman & Co.'s.

Mrs. Derby and McKenzie invite the Ladies of Astoria and vicinity to their opening of Fall and Winter millinery on Tuesday, Sept. 23rd.

A full line of the celebrated R. & W. collars and cuffs just received at C. H. Cooper's.

The latest style of Gents' Boots and Shoes at P. J. GOODMAN & Co.'s.

IMPROVEMENT OF STREETS.

Important Suggestions Concerning the New City Charter.

EDITOR ASTORIAN:—In adopting a new charter for the city, or amending the present one, it is important that every change made should be for the better. In the charter as now contemplated I think most of the changes and additions are proper and wise. There is one proposed change, however, which should be carefully examined before it is adopted. I refer to the article in regard to the manner of improving the streets. The proposed method appears plausible, and is right probably in theory, but the conditions in this place are peculiar and it seems to me the law would work an injustice to a good many property holders. The streets in the business portion of the city have cost the owners of the adjacent lots many hundreds of dollars. They were expensive to build and have been expensive to maintain. Some of the owners have made the property self-sustaining by putting up buildings for rent, but many of the lots have cost their owners large sums for street improvements without giving any return whatever. Now in case it is proposed to improve a street running south from the river, and A owns a lot on Squemoque street, valued at, say five thousand dollars, and B owns one on Tenth street, valued at five hundred, and it costs ten per cent. of the value to improve, open or build the street, A would pay $500, or as much as B's lot is worth, notwithstanding B has never before paid anything for street building, and is the one most to be benefitted, for it is making his property valuable while A is only keeping his in about the same state of improvement it has been for ten or perhaps twenty years past.

Where streets have been once opened and made fit for traffic by the owner of the adjacent property, and accepted by the city, they then belong to the city and the public, and should be kept in repair by the city. The objection to the new plan is that the money spent by those who have kept their streets up for years counts for nothing, and they are placed on the same footing with those who have never spent a dollar on streets, but who have had the benefit of the streets which have been built and kept in repair. That portion of any street which has been improved and in use for years should not have to pay for opening new streets where there has been none heretofore nor any need for them. Let the streets which have been in use be accepted at once, and in case of needed repairs let the city make them, and it seems to me no one could justly complain. But let new streets be opened at the expense of the adjacent property, and after acceptance be maintained by the city.

EQUITY.

ASTORIA, Sept. 20, 1890.

Seattle Harbor Lines and Dock Facilities

At a meeting of citizens last Monday in Seattle, says the *Press*, the question of harbor survey and dockage was considered at length. After deliberation the whole matter was referred to a committee of citizens, the council and the harbor commissioners jointly.

Seattle is to become at an early day a maritime city of great importance. The settlement of harbor lines and the adoption of some systematic principle of improvement is vital. The water front is invaluable, and every foot of space should be utilized to the very best advantage.

The meeting last night developed the fact that there would likely be opposition to opening all of the streets out to deep water; more owing to the fact that certain parties owning consecutive blocks of prospective dockage would object to cutting their property at intersecting streets. It was claimed that to open waterways every 240 feet (every block) would prevent vessels lying at their outer end.

The *Press* believes that in no case should the owners of water blocks be permitted to ignore the street water ways; that is, at no point along the direct front of the city. Across that portion of the flats south and west it might be advisable to present stretches of unbroken surface larger than the width of blocks. But in the live business portion of the city it would certainly be unwise to allow owners to hold over across the intersecting street water ways.

The above considerations are of interest in this city as well as in Seattle.

THIRTY YEARS' PRACTICE

A Letter from an Eminent Physician.

MR. EDITOR: At the risk of indorsing a proprietary preparation, I have a few words in favor of a new laxative principle. But first, how I came to discover it. A patient asked about taking Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla. As sarsaparillas usually contain mercury or iodides I objected, and asked for the formula, which finding purely vegetable, and so mild as to be to my mind almost inert, I consented. Imagine my astonishment when perfect laxative action was reported. It has two great points. *First*, being purely vegetable, it is (unlike mercury) not cumulative in the system, being easily carried off by the digestive processes; and *second*, it is effective with a less quantity of the cathartic principle than has hitherto been attainable. It in this respect ranks as a discovery, and approaches the ideal, viz.: the least medicine consistent with the greatest good. It harmonizes natural laxative action and perfect safety, and should interest both the public and the profession.

A CITY PHYSICIAN OF THIRTY YEARS' PRACTICE.

San Francisco Examiner, March 10, 1889.

Weinhard's Beer

At the Sunny Side saloon. Furnished rooms to let corner Third and Olney streets. Inquire at Sunnyside saloon.

Rooms With Board.

Parties desiring comfortable rooms with board, at reasonable rates, can be accommodated at Mrs. E. C. Holden's, corner Main and Fourth streets.

Cutlery, at 640 Third St.

E. & W. collars and cuffs. The best in the world at C. H. Cooper's.

Go to the Columbia bakery for all kinds of cakes.

Thompson & Ross have just received a fine lot of Italian Prunes, and are selling them lower than ever.

Candy and Nuts

At Holmes, 640 Third street.

For Choice Roll or Tub Butter, call on THOMPSON & ROSS.

Fine Table Wine

Delivered at 60 cents a gallon, to any part of the city. A fine line of pure California wines at low prices, at A. W. Utzinger's Cosmopolitan saloon.

Weinhard's Beer.

And Free Lunch at the Telephone Saloon, 5 cents.

Remember the Austin house at the Seaside is open the year 'round.

REV. DR. GARNER'S SERMON

Delivered in the Presbyterian Church Last Evening.

WHY DON'T GOD KILL THE DEVIL

God's purpose is not to make human machines, but to make men, to inspire manhood with a noble awe of its own mystery, and to lift up by many strange but needful processes the creature to the completeness and peace of the Creator. Would any parent make his child a machine if he could? Suppose you who are a father had it in your power from this day forward to make your child a speaking machine, so that by lifting up one of your fingers there would be an instantaneous response on the part of the child, if you had the power would you take away that particular and distinctive something, the absence of which would break your heart? Would you unmake the child? Your answer is, "No." You wish it to retain its power of rebellion, because that gives it its capacity for loyal attachment and affectionate obedience. If men could not blaspheme they could not pray. If they could not offend God, they could not please him. This is God's method of making us, and it is perfectly easy to prove from analogies in the domestic circle that no sensible man would make a mere mechanical instrument of his child if he could; that he would rather encounter all risks, dangers and possibilities of hostility and alienation, yes, and of the extremest prodigality, than disennoble and unmake his child by constituting him a mere machine answering to the touch of his arbitrary will.

John Stuart Mill, however, tells us that whatever else be present in Deity, almightiness is certainly absent, and he proves this by saying that if there were almightiness on the part of the all-wise and all-gentle God, every living thing would expand its being in perpetual bliss. Now, we have come to learn by many processes, and processes most severe in many cases, that pain is more than pain. Once we misunderstood that minister of grace; we have come to know that sorrow is more than sorrow; that the griefs that rend the heart have mysteries around them. Some of them have come to learn that out of our deepest sorrows have come our purest joys; that if we had wept less we had laughed less, and if we had not been so bowed down, and broken and crushed, and altogether dismantled, and had a heavy foot set upon us from above, as of a tyrant pitiless and austere, we never could have been the same that we are, with such depth, and pith, and range, and value of character. He takes a vulgar view who calls sorrow and pain by their names only, and sees nothing beyond what the words imply. Pain to the young child is intolerable, but by and by we come to be able to nurse our very griefs, and to like to cherish painful memories—we like to go back to the old graveside and live the dark yesterdays over again. I cannot tell how it is, but I seem to like better to revive the recollection of some sorrows than to bring to mind the whirl of some joys.

I want to show you that a thing may be possible and impossible at the same time, and that, therefore, power is something more than rude strength; that power is not the simple element that we sometimes suppose it to be, whether we view it either with regard to ourselves or to God. It is a compound quantity taking in the whole of the human or divine attributes; and yet it is complete as the firmament; it is one as the chrysolite, it is indivisible as life itself.

Here is a man who is an employer; he has fifty men in his employment; he could dismiss every man of them to-morrow morning; yet he could not. It is possible and it is impossible. The directors of the bank of England could call a court to-morrow, and could startle the whole commercial world by some resolution of the rate of interest which I dare not venture in my most audacious mood to forecast; they could throw the commerce of Europe and even America into paralysis by just one resolution; and yet they could do nothing of the kind. It is possible and it is impossible. I could take this Bible and could tear it leaf by leaf and scatter the fragments from this pulpit in view of you all. Have I not strength enough of arm to tear so frail a thing as this? If physical strength were all that is included in the possibilities of life there is nothing to hinder me from destroying this Bible. It is possible, yet it is wholly and absolutely impossible. I can do nothing of the kind. Something vastly superior to mere physical power would irresistibly restrain my hand. There is power above power. There is law overlapping and involving law. Partial power is destruction, ignorant power is loss and ruin; it is the Goth and the Vandal. All power means preservation, all mightiness shows itself not in destroying but in keeping and conserving.

Now to the mind of a thoughtless man God would appear to be literally and completely almighty if He came out of His secret pavilion to-morrow morning, gathered all the stars into his infinite arms, crushed them to powder, and shed the powder upon the wild sea, and upon the vast spaces around the earth's orbit, then, they think they would behold all-mightiness, very grand and sublime. But, no, that would be only partial power, that would be God's weakness; to make the sun rise day by day without hitch or flaw, so quietly that none could take notice of the event by reason of its noise, that is almightiness; that is the perfection of power. "What tho' no real voice or sound, Amid yon radient orbs be found, In reason's ear they all rejoice." The Psalmist said, "Power belongeth unto Thee; and unto Thee also belongeth mercy." The mercy seat is over the ark of His strength. The two always go together. His power is a merciful power.

It would seem to be a very short and easy way with all kinds of evil and evil persons, including the devil, to put the whole mass into ships, numerous enough to carry them, to sail out into the middle of the Pacific ocean, and sink them all there like a stone. That would be weakness. God would then be in His most pitiful humiliation. God could pick the reeling, mad prodigal off the streets, and He could lift him up in the air, and in the presence of innumerable spectators could scourge him with scorpions to the sinners great torment, and say in loud thunder, "This is because I found him in satin's mire." That would be weakness, not power. He is mighty. How is He mighty? What form does His mighty take? Mighty to do what? He is mighty to save. He is strong to deliver. Hear it! His great might is brought out in saving men! He follows men, whispers to them, reminds them of mercies in the by-gone days; tells them the story, long and sad, yet not without hopefulness, of yesterday, and plies them with many an argument, and many a tender speech, and many a powerful expostulation. That is His might. Coming near the city He wept over it. That is a side of His power. He made us as we are—capable of wounding him, breaking His law, smiting Him in the face, turning round in sharp rebuke upon him and uttering bitter words. It was a mystery on His part. I cannot understand it. In the long ages of the future may come the explanation, but the coming of evil into the universe is beyond me. But we are his creatures, and in sparing us, in yearning over us, in waiting for us at the door in the great storm of rain, it seems as though He could not be happy till He had seen the prodigal back again in the empty chair at the table. Yes, there is an almightiness of love, an omnipotence of mercy, an infinite strength of self-restraint, still more marked than in those hasty executions which we, in the poverty of our intellect and the shallowness of our moral nature, mistake for energy and for action worthy the sublimity of omnipotence.

If men had only strength, they would continually be acting foolishly. Mere power is worse than nothing. It is something to be dreaded and avoided. Dr. Livingstone once chastized a native African servant who had greatly provoked him when on his travels, was so ashamed of his weakness that he vowed never to repeat the act, and he never did. Power must have behind it, and in it, and as part of itself, reflection, wisdom, power of comparison, power of estimating things different and things contrasted and things similar, power must not be in the hand, it must be in the head and heart as well. Let us disabuse our minds of the thought that strength is power. Strength is one side of power, one aspect of it. Power is a compound quality, a very complex reality, and it combines in itself wisdom, reflection, judgment, conscience, feeling, sense of obligation—indeed, it sums up in one comprehension all the elements that make us men.

This being so, I think it will be well for me to wait before I suggest any methods of improving the plans of God. Why, I got wrong the other day in adding up twenty figures, therefore I may be wrong if I venture to suggest that the human body could have been better made some other way. I have sometimes spelled a word wrongly, and the man who could get wrong in such a small matter as that ought to be very particular how he accepts an invitation of men to improve upon the Divine plan. I once sent a letter to a man who lived 2,500 miles away from the place where the letter was addressed to; it was done in mistake. Now, if a man were perfect through all that he has gone over, then he might have some right, having created a large platform, to speak from it and to say: "Give me the keys of creation and I will put things right." But if he has gone out, and forgotten to take the key of his house door with him; if he has got up in the dark and taken a spoonful of poison instead of a spoonful of medicine; if he has forgotten the few little bills here and there which he ought to have paid and which he intended to pay; if he went down town on a particular errand and met Mr. Brown, Jones or Robinson, and talked with him for five minutes, and then forgot utterly what he was there for, and stands cudgeling his brains like a simpleton; if any man has been playing little games and tricks of that kind, I, for one, am not prepared to allow him to reconstruct the great universe. I believe that God will vindicate Himself; I am not going to be His apologist, I only show that man, who is so liable to mistakes, is not to be trusted The conclusion has forced itself upon me, that a good deal of our unhappiness is due to ourselves. I have no good opinion of a man who sits down in a strong draught, takes a severe cold, and then blames the Almighty for not having made things more comfortable, or the man who puts his foot in the fire and burns himself, and then complains that the universe is made upon principles that are so obviously and inexorably penal. Men have often not to go upward, but to go into their own selves and their own lives, and there they will find the secret of the mismanagement and the unhappiness of which they complain. That the universe might have been made upon some different plan, and that we might have been made according to some different model, is perfectly possible. We can only deal with the case as we find it, and if within these narrow limits we find ourselves culpable and criminal—faulty, defective, stumbling in matters which lie within the range of our strength, which we could have done better if we had intended—I say that, looking within these narrow limits, we find a great deal to be ascribed to ourselves, which is often sought to be fastened upon God.

If I wanted to show forth God's power, I would not take you to the mountains, nor would I seek to climb the stars and walk through the temples of the constellations. I would take you to Calvary, to the Cross, to the dying Son of Man, and I would say that in that mystery of sacrifice, in that sublimity of love, in that apocalypse of compassion and mercy, we see the wisdom of God and the power of God, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ for it is the *power*."

Almightiness is often the suppression of strength—not sensational display. We find in patience what is lacking in heroism, in suffering the complement of chivalry, and in waiting that which completes the radiant sphere of the noblest, the most dauntless, the most heroic service.

Boston's population is officially placed at 446,507.

Boils and Pimples and other affections arising from impure blood may appear at this season when the blood is heated. Hood's Sarsaparilla removes the cause of these troubles by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and at the same time it gives strength to the whole system.

A fine line of Cigars and Cigarettes can be found at the Columbia Bakery, 596 Third street.