

The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XVII.

Astoria, Oregon, Friday Morning, September 29, 1882

No. 154.

LIFE IN A MONTANA FRONTIER TOWN.

The following amusing description of the mixed life of a frontier town, is given in E. V. Smalley's third paper on "The New Northwest," which is a notable feature of the October Century:

The picturesque features of life in a western Montana town like Missoula are best seen as evening approaches. Crowds of roughly-clad men gathered around the doors of the drinking-saloons. A group of Indians, who have been squatting on the sidewalk for two hours playing some mysterious game of cards of their own invention, breaks up. One of the squaws throws the cards into the street, which is already decorated from end to end with similar relics of other games. Another swings a baby upon her back, ties a shawl around it and herself, secures the child with a strap buckled across her chest, and strides off, her moccasined feet toying inward in the traditional Indian fashion. She wears a gown made of a scarlet calico bed-quilt, with leggings of some blue stuff; but she somehow managed to get a civilized dress for the child. They all go off to their camp on the hill near by. Some blue-coated soldiers from the neighboring military post, remembering the roll-call at sunset, swing themselves upon their horses and go galloping off, a little the worse for the bad whisky they have been drinking in the saloons. A miner in blue woolen shirt and brown canvas trousers, with a hat of astonishing dimensions and a beard of a year's growth, trots up the street on a mule, and with droll oaths and shuffling talk, offers the mule for sale to the crowd of loungers on the hotel piazza. No one wants buy, and, after provoking a deal of laughter, the miner gives his ultimatum: "I'll hitch the critter to one of them piazzer posts, and if he don't pull it down you may have him." This generous offer was declined by the landlord; and the miner rides off, declaring that he has not a solitary four-bit piece to pay for his supper, and is bound to sell the mule to somebody.

Toward nightfall the whole male population seems to be in the street, save the busy Chinamen in the laundries, who keep on sprinkling clothes by blowing water cut of their mouths. Early or late, you will find these industrious little yellow men at work. One shuffles back and forth from the hydrant, carrying water for the morning wash in old coal-oil cans hung to a stick balanced across his shoulders. More Indians now—a "buck" and two squaws, leading ponies heavily laden with tent, clothes, and buffalo robes. A rope tied around a pony's lower jaw is the ordinary halter and bridle of the Indians. These people want to buy some article at the saddler's shop. They do not go in, but stare through the window for about five minutes. The saddler, knowing the Indian way of dealing, pays no attention to them. After a while they all sit down on the ground in front of the shop. Perhaps a quarter of an hour passes before the saddler asks what they want. If he had noticed them at first they would have gone away without buying.

The Yamhill Reporter says that lately, while Kalloston & Co.'s machine was thrashing on F. Stott's farm on the Lake, somebody put powder and coal oil in a bundle of grain. When fed into the cylinder the combustibles ignited, and almost immediately the machine was a mass of flames and burned to the ground.

The Oldest Newspaper in the World.

As it has recently been enlarged and issued in a new form prescribed by special Imperial edict, it may be noticed as something in the way of a curiosity. It is the Emperor Quang-Soo who has issued the important edict. The name of the journal is King-Pau, and three editions are now issued daily. The first appears early in the morning, and is distinctively called Histing Pau (business sheet). It is printed on yellow paper, and contains trade prices, exchange quotations, and, in fact, every variety of commercial intelligence and general news. Its circulation is between eight and nine thousand. The second edition, known as the Shuen Pau (official sheet), appears during the forenoon, also printed on yellow paper, and devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence and general news. The third edition appears in the afternoon, and is intended for circulation in the provinces. This is printed on red paper, by way of variety, and bears the name of Titani Pau (county sheet). It is made up of extracts from the earlier editions. All three issues are edited by six members of the Han-Lan Academy of Science, who are appointed and salaried by the state. The paper first appeared in the year 911, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1351, however, until now, it has been published weekly, and of uniform size. Formerly it contained nothing but orders in council and court news. Now it has become more like a newspaper in more civilized countries. The Chinese capacity for imitation is again exemplified. The morning, or business issue has the largest circulation, and the total circulation in Peking is some thirteen thousand. This is not large for so populous a city, certainly, and considering, too, that the price of a copy of the journal is less than one cent of our money. Considering, also, that the venerable sheet is nearly a thousand years old, it shows a lack of appreciation on the part of the Chinese that might hardly be expected. But the paper is, nevertheless, without a doubt, a paying institution.

George Washington's Youth.

It is in the merry summer time. To him, the mother of the father of his country; "George dear, where have you been since school was dismissed?" "Hain't been nowhere, ma." "Did you come straight home from school, George?" "Yes, ma'am!" "But school was dismissed at three o'clock and it is now half past six. How does that come?" "Got keep in!" "What for?" "Mussed in joggography less'n." "But your teacher was here only an hour ago, and said you haven't been to school all day." "Forgot. Thought all the time it was Saturday." "Don't stand on your feet in that manner. Come here to me, George, you have been swimming." "No'mo." "Yes, you have, George, haven't you?" "Noap." "Tell your mother, George." "Nuck." "Then what makes your hair so wet, my son?" "Sweat. I run so fast comin' from school." "But your shirt is on wrong side out." "Put it on that way when I got up this morning for luck. Always win when you play for keeps if your shirt's on hind side out." "And you haven't the right sleeve of your shirt on your arm at all, George, and there is a hard knot tied in it. How did that come there?" "Bill Fairfax tied it when I wasn't lookin'." "But what were you doing with your

shirt off?" "Didn't have it off. He jest' taken and tied that knot in there when it was on me." "George!" "That's honest truth, he did." About that time the noble Bushrod came along with a skate strap, and we draw a veil over the dreadful scene, merely remarking that boys do not seem to change so much as men.

On Sunday afternoon, Aug. 20th, the old French flagship Muiron, carrying 24 guns, founded off Toulon. This vessel was the very one upon which Napoleon Bonaparte embarked to return to France from his memorial expedition to Egypt at the close of the last century. The Muiron has for some years been used by the police service of the port. That the career of a vessel with the particular associations mentioned should have been finally closed on the very day that England planted her foot so firmly in Egypt, is regarded as a curious coincidence. The disaster is attributed to the vessel having been struck a few days before by lightning. She went down in five minutes. The crew and prisoners on board had a narrow escape.

Metallic City, Nevada, near Candelaria, boasts of a unique house. Its walls are made of empty candle boxes filled with sand and piled on each other. The outside has been painted a brick color, and striped so that the structure looks as though it was made of bricks. The mantelpiece is made entirely of human bones taken from some medical college, each corner being ornamented with the skulls of men who died in Pioche with their boots on.

A recent report on the lumber business of the Pacific coast estimates the whole annual product at 750,000,000 feet, worth at mill prices about \$12,000,000. California is credited with 300,000,000, Oregon with 250,000,000, Washington with 300,000,000, and British Columbia with 50,000,000. The saw mills number about 7,000, and the capital invested in them and the timber lands for their supply is about \$10,000,000.

The bell of a Massachusetts woolen mill was rung at 5 o'clock every morning except Sundays. It weighed 2,000 pounds, and was intended to awaken every employe, which it did, as well as every one else in town. It was complained of as a nuisance, and a supreme court judge enjoined the owners not to ring it before 6 a. m. This decree has been affirmed on appeal to the full bench.

W. A. Shepherd, a convict in the Seateo, W. T. penitentiary, has fallen heir to \$80,000 left him by a relative in England. He robbed a safe at Steilacoom about a year ago, and has a long sentence to serve, which this windfall will doubtless shorten.

When a man prefaces his conversation with, "Now, I know this ain't any of my business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

A woman preacher is like a dog walking on its hind legs; it is not well done, but you are surprised to find it done at all.—Johnson.

Multitudes of people who have been in great dread of rheumatism, neuralgia and other painful diseases, now rest perfectly easy, knowing full well that St. Jacobs Oil will cure those troublesome ailments without possibility of failure.

The purity and elegant perfume of Parker's Hair Balsam explain the popularity of this reliable restorative.