

TRI-WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

Vol. 1.

ASTORIA, OREGON, JULY 8, 1873.

No. 4.

THE ASTORIAN.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY, Monitor Building, Astoria, Oregon.

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Subscription Rates:
One Copy one year.....\$5.00
One Copy six months.....3.00
One Copy three months.....1.50
Single Number, Ten Cents.

Advertising Rates:
One Insertion per square, 10 lines or less.....\$2.50
Each additional insertion, per square.....2.00
Yearly advs per month, per square.....1.50

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CITY INTELLIGENCE.

WALK COMPLETE.—The new side-walk on Court street, for the proposed grade, has been completed, in front of Captain Bochau's.

A CARRIER.—Mr. John Ross will serve the ASTORIAN to city readers from this date, in time for early breakfast reading. Orders received at this office will be attended to.

ANOTHER BOAT RACE.—We are informed that another contest is to come off soon between the sloops Mary H. and Ione; both boats will prepare for it, and the race will be an interesting one.

BRACHED.—The sloop Fannie Bell with a cargo of wood on board, met with an accident at the wharf, and partly full of water was poled over to Cass street beach on high tide, for repairing, as soon as discharged.

BATHS.—The magical effect of soap and water was astonishingly displayed at the Occident baths, Sunday. Mr. Uhlenhardt having every thing in perfect and nice working order now his baths may be considered a luxury.

SHOOTING.—Saturday an altercation occurred between two men in which weapons were put to use. The party assailed was Baker Tostin. After being shot at and missed, almost face to face with his opponent, he lit in with his fists and decorated his head in the highest style of the art.

STAVE BOLTS.—The Adelaide brought from Youngs river, last Saturday, a cargo of fine stave bolts, for shipment to Honolulu by the barkentine Jane A Falkenburg. Capt Flavel has an extensive contract for furnishing this article to the Islands, and the trade in time will be a large and lucrative one for this region.

SCHEDULED.—Sunday morning a man very much intoxicated created a stir on the street by the excessive use of obscene and abusive language. He was promptly arrested and on being brought before recorder Stevens was fined \$10 and cost in all \$15, not having the cash he was sent to work it out on the streets at one dollar a day.

LETTING HER JUMP.—"Let her drive," was the text preached from a few Sundays ago by a young, tonguey and eccentric clergyman of Brooklyn. At the close of the sermon a plain looking man inquired of another who that was that preached and why he selected such subjects. "O, that is our pastor," was the reply, "and those subjects are taken up a relief from the dull, prosy sermons of the day. He is wonderfully popular, you see." "Yes; give my compliments to him: I am from the west, am going to Boston, shall be back next week, and he would oblige me very much if he would preach next Sunday from the text; 'Let her rip.'" Last Sunday Captain Hamblin of the sloop Eliza, received similar compliments from a gentleman of Portland, who was one of a party of five on an excursion to Lewis and Clarke river. The wind blew fresh from the north west, and a heavy sea rolled, so the Captain thought a reef necessary to the sail and no jib wanting. "O, give her all sail," said our friend, "I like fast riding—let her jump!" A sly wink passed around the crowd, Hamblin set his jib, and away they sped like the wings of a bird. Astorians know the result, a wetter party never landed from Lewis and Clarke on a dry, beautiful day. Our friend next Sunday wants to go out again, prepared to let her rip. A slight alteration from the Brooklyn text, to be found in the 15th verse, 27th chapter, Acts.

COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.—One of the most attractive establishments in Portland is the drug and perfumery store of our old friend Samuel M. Smith, corner of Ash and First streets. Mr. Smith was for many years senior partner of the firm of Smith & Davis. And, besides being a thoroughly practical druggist and chemist is, withal, as genial a gentleman as ever grasped a hand in friendship. His store is fitted up and stocked in a magnificent manner with everything usually found in a complete stock of drugs, chemicals, perfumeries, etc. But the feature par excellence is the soda fountain, one of the famous Arctic patent, an immense affair, a monument reared in marble and silver to the health of the thirsty. It has deliveries, on opposite sides, and can accommodate a rush. It is stocked with Kissengen, Congress, Vichy, Seltzer and different kinds of syrups. The cooling apparatus is the most perfect in use, and the product of that fountain is a draught that surpasses "the nectar of the gods."

BRIGHTENING UP.—Painters are employed on the store of Mr. Geo. Summers painting the building in good style.

THANKS.—To Capt. M. M. Gilman and David Ingalls for a choice lot of luscious red raspberries.

NEW LODGE.—A new Masonic lodge with J. J. Dawson, late of this city as master, has been instituted in Tillamook.

THE HECTOR.—This vessel has passed into the ownership of Capt. P. Johnson of Astoria, and is ready for business.

NEW SLAUGHTER HOUSE.—Donaldson & Reed have built a new slaughter house above the head of Wall street, on an improved principle.

PREPARING.—Yesterday the side walk on Main street, in front of Mr. Speilmier's where the work of filling a low block is to begin to-day, was removed.

REPAIRING.—The tug boat Astoria is beached for a coat of patent copper paint. Scraping was commenced yesterday, and the work will require two or three days.

SAILING.—The bay was well dotted with crafts out for pleasure sailing Sunday evening. The weather is now delightful and very much of such sport is to be had.

FREIGHT.—The Ajax, after taking 500 tons of freight from the fisheries along the river came to Astoria and took 500 of 1300 cases here, leaving 800 cases for the next steamer.

DAILY BOAT.—We are pleased to hear that on Monday next the Oregon Steam Navigation Company will place the Annie Stewart on the Astoria route, giving us a daily boat to Portland.

The celebration at Cathlamet on the 4th, was a decided success. Our reporter returned last evening and in our next issue will give full particulars.

TIDE LAND BEEF.—One reason why the beef steaks of Clatsop county are so rich and juicy may be attributed to the fact that the cattle get rolling fat on the ever green grass of our tide lands. They never are compelled to eat dry hay.

PROSPECT HILL.—A few hours spent very pleasantly the other day with our friend E. J. Jeffries of Prospect Hill, Lewis and Clarke river, furnished several good items which we propose writing up at an early day.

GRADING.—The Adelaide arrived from Clatsop on the 6th bringing teams of horses and wagons for Messrs H. B. Parker and F. Sherman, who will immediately commence the work of grading lots and streets in this city belonging to various parties.

THE MILA BOND.—This little vessel has been raised by Capt. Corno, and will soon again make her appearance here from Tillamook, in the Portland trade. It is said the W. H. Twilight of Astoria is going to Tillamook to run in connection with her on the Bay above the lower landing.

CHERRIES.—Capt. P. Johnson's fine place on Wall street was visited by us a few evenings ago, and while there we tasted fruit from cherry trees that would suit the taste of any epicurean in the land. Capt. Johnson has one of the finest places in Oregon.

INCORRECT.—The statement made by the Bulletin respecting the trip of the E. N. Cooke up Lewis and Clarke, where it spoke of her being the largest craft to ascend the river, was based upon incorrect information. Large vessels formerly went in there to load with lumber at Moore's old mill. When the Cooke ran aground she was not in the channel.

PACIFIC COUNTY.

COURT WEEK.—The District Court of Washington Territory for Pacific county, will convene at Oysterville on the 14th.

NEW SAILS.—Several of the craft on Shoalwater Bay are expecting new sails from San Francisco. Almost every one is being painted and fixed up.

SUPERVISORS.—It may be interesting to our Pacific county readers, to know who their Supervisors are. The Commissioners have appointed as follows: For the Oysterville District, A. Wirt; Peninsula, George F. Eastbrooks; Wallicot, J. Pickernell; Chinook, Thomas Allen; Knapp-ton, J. B. Knapp; Deep river, R. Baverstock; Gray's river, George Burchard; Lamleys', J. P. Foster; Fort Willopa, S. Geisey; Bruceport, L. H. Rhodes; Willopa C. Barstow; North river, Almorán Smith; Tokes Point, Thomas Warman; Tarlett, Alf. Baker. The Commissioners are, W. H. Lupton, Oysterville; A. S. Bush, Willopa; Henry H. Jackson, Gray's river.

SHOALWATER BAY YACHT CLUB.—By favor of Thomas Smyth, late Secretary of the above Club, we are in possession of a copy of the printed Constitution and By-Laws governing that organization. This Club is the life of all sports on that pleasant little Bay during the interval preceding active employments at oystering after the close of a season. Last year one of the finest Regattas perhaps that ever took place in Pacific waters, occurred on the 4th of July. Twelve boats entered, according to the correct method of Yachting, for three handsome prizes: 1st, an elegant Silver Goblet, lined with gold; 2d, a valuable Silver watch; 3d, a costly Opera glass. The following is a list of the boats entered, the persons by whom entered, and to whom the prizes were awarded:

Artemesia, 1st prize.....E. G. Loomis
Humming Bird, 2d prize.....T. J. Crellen
Lib Smith, 3d prize.....Isaac Smith
Occidental.....Commodore G. H. Johnson
Julia.....John Crellen
Winship.....James Johnson
Pet.....Will Whitcomb
Indiana.....Al Stream
Mierva.....West Whitcomb
Selim.....Frank Fowles
Lizzie Brown.....Peter Norris
Blue Jay.....H. Wing

The festivities closed with a ball at Espy & Co.'s Hall, and we are told that it was an event which is still cherished in the recollection of every person present. The Club having decided to have another Regatta this year, about the 20th of July was selected for the event, at which time it is thought about thirty entries will be made. Court will be in session then, and numerous visitors may be expected from abroad, on their annual visits to the Bay, which will add interest to the scene. Many of our citizens would like to go, and no doubt several will go, as the Yacht Club, through their Secretary, have sent very courteous and pressing invitations to several here, to be present. Arrangements will be made for the beach drive across from Unity, for all who wish to go, we understand. This will be a fine chance for Winship Chowder Club No. 1 to get out their chest for an excursion. The officers of the Shoalwater Bay Yacht Club, for 1873, elected June 21st, are as follows:
Commodore.....Capt. G. H. Johnson
President.....E. K. Patterson
Secretary.....H. K. Stevens
Treasurer.....Isaac V. Doane
Measurer.....Thomas Crellen
The Regatta committee last season was as follows: J. H. Whitcomb, E. G. Loomis, John Crellen, I. A. Clark, G. Hansen; and we believe no change has been made in the committee this year.

Tide Table for Astoria.

July	High Water.			Low Water.		
	AM	PM	PM	AM	PM	PM
7	10 54	10 25	4 49	4 15		
8	12 06	11 12	5 53	5 12		
9	1 18	1 09	6 58	6 12		
10	2 30	1 53	7 51	7 10		
11	3 42	2 38	8 37	8 00		
12	4 54	3 19	9 20	8 48		
13	6 06	3 53	9 50	9 37		

Notice to Pilots, (and Ship Masters).—Every Pilot or Ship Master who shall bring into the port of Astoria any ship or vessel having on board any persons or goods infected with Small-pox, Cholera, Leprosy, or other contagious diseases, or which shall have had on board any such infections during the voyage, or which he suspects, from the bad sanitary condition of the vessel may be capable of propagating disease, shall anchor such ship or vessel below Smith's Point, and give immediate notice to the Health Officer. In any violation of the foregoing regulations the law will be strictly enforced. S. W. DODD, M. D., Health Officer, Astoria.

BED CORDS,

Many of our readers will recognize the truthfulness of the following narrative as told by the funny man of the Danbury News:

It is a little singular why your wife's mother will persist in sleeping on a cord bedstead. But she does. You don't think so much of this until you are called upon to put it up which event generally takes place in the evening. The bedstead has been cleaned in the afternoon, and having been soaked through with hot water, is now ready for putting up. Your wife holds the lamp and takes charge of the conversation. The rope has been under water several times in the course of the cleaning, and has swollen to a diameter greater than the holes in the rails, has also got into a fit of coiling up into mysterious intricate forms. You at first wonder at this, but pretty soon wonder ceases to be a virtue, and you then scold. The thread which has been wound around the end of the rope to facilitate its introduction into the holes has come off, and you have too roll it up again. Then after you have pulled it through eight holes, your wife makes the discovery that you have started wrong. The way that rope comes out of those holes again makes your wife get closer to the door.

Then you try again, and get it tangled in your legs. By this time you notice that this is the smallest bedroom in the house, and you call the attention of your wife to the fact by observing: "Why on earth don't you open the door? Do you want to smother me?" She opens the door and you start again, and she helps you with the lamp. First she puts it on the wrong side of the rail, then she moves it so the heat comes up from the chimney and scorches your nose. Just as you need it the most, you lose sight of it entirely, and turning round find her examining the wall to see how that man has put on the whitewash. This excites you and brings out the perspiration in greater profusion, and you declare you will kick the bedstead out of doors if she doesn't come around with that light. Then she comes around. Finally the cord is laid all right, and you proceed to execute the very delicate job of tightening it. The lower ropes are first walked over. This is done by stepping on the first one and sinking it down, hanging to the head-board with the clutch of death. Then you step with the other foot on the next line, spring that down, lose your balance, grab for the head-board, miss it and come down in a heap. This is repeated more or less times across the length of the bed, the only variety being the new places you bruise. The top cords are tightened in another way, and you proceed to that. You first put one foot on each rail, which spreads you some, and as you do it the frightful thought strikes you that if one of these feet should slip over, nothing on earth would prevent your being spilt through to the chin. Then you put up the first rope until your eyes seem to be on the point of rolling out of their sockets, and the blood in your veins fairly groans, and on being convinced that you can't pull it any further without crippling yourself for life, you catch hold of the next rope and draw that up, and grunt.

Then you move along to the next, and pull that up, and grunt again. Just as you have got to the middle and commenced to think you are about through, even if your joints will never again set as they did before, you some way or other miss the connection, and find that you have got to go back and do it all over.

Here you pause for a few minute for oracular refreshment, then slowly and carefully work your way back. You don't jump down and walk back, because you are afraid to spread out in that way again. You sort of waddle back, working the way inch by inch, and with consummate patience. A man thus stretched across a bedstead, never becomes so excited as to lose his presence of mind. It would be instant death to him if he did. Then he goes it over again, waddling and pulling, groaning and grunting, while his wife moves round with the lamp and tells him to take it easy and not scratch the bedstead any more than he can help, and she can't tell which creaks the most, he or the bedstead. And after he gets through she has the audacity to ask you to bring in the feather beds. In the dead of the night that man will steal up to that room and look at the bedstead and swear.

The Merrimack Journal says a vessel which sailed for Cuba, last year, with a cargo of molasses casks filled 100 of them with fresh water from the river for ballast. Just as she reached her destination Cardenas suffered from a tidal wave, that overflowed well with salt water, when the captain found a ready sale for his Merrimack river water at \$2.50 per cask.

An Indiana man is naming his children after the New England States. He has now Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, with a flattering prospect of Connecticut.

London has now forty six regular theaters, and one now in course of erection. This is exclusive of music halls, concert rooms, and entertainment galleries which number over one hundred.

It is a little singular how much valuable time a man will take up in studying the postmark of a letter to see where it comes from, when he can open the letter and find it out at once.

An old woman at Liverpool, Ohio, didn't want 'em to take any trouble after she was dead, but if it was just the same she'd like to be buried with her spectacles on.

A stone cutter in Detroit keeps ready made gravestones with the name Smith cut thereon.

The Putes of Nevada have attained a high degree of civilization. Anyhow, they can gamble and swear.

The best way to get just the right tangle on the hair is to fill a full of corn meal and get the chickens to scratch it out.

"Emotional insanity" is said to have been the trouble with Captain Jack.

San Francisco papers coolly advise superfluous young men to "go west."

Bay View House.—One among the finest retreats on the Pacific Coast for Summer visitors is that region surrounding the Bay View House, at Unity, presided over by John Hunter and his estimable wife late of Oysterville. Fishing for Posties and Flounders of the rocks amidst the roll of breakers, or Trout in the brooks, digging Clams on the weather beach, deer hunting or duck shooting, surf bathing or beach driving, on a twenty mile stretch, are some of the sports to be found there. It will be seen by the advertisement of Mr. H., in another column, that passengers and visitors are to be well provided for this season.

Beecher says a babe is a mother's anchor. Why is a dog's tail like old age?—Because it is infirm.

Cruelty to Animals.—Throwing physic to the dogs.

Most people are like an egg, to pull or themselves to hold anything else.

The surest way to loose your health is to keep drinking other people's.

I can't tell now whether a goose stands on one leg so much to rest the leg as to rest the goose. I wish some scientific man would tell me all about this.

"Is Flannigan on board this ship?" roared Nelson during a lull in the firing at the battle of the Nile. "I am here, my lord," said Erin's son, showing himself on deck. "Then," said Nelson, looking satisfied, "let the battle proceed." That story is false.