

The Daily Astorian.

(1)

Vol. XIV.

Astoria, Oregon, Tuesday Morning, January 18, 1881.

No. 14.

GENERAL NEWS.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

The Telegraph Line.

PORTLAND, Jan. 17.—Communication by wire was cut off beyond Albany until last night at seven o'clock, when the line was restored to Roseburg. Beyond that point, the wires are prostrate and tangled, poles are blown down, and no means are at hand for learning how soon communication will be established with San Francisco. The rain fall at Roseburg was heavier than at Portland, and it is reasonable to suppose that Grave creek and Cow creek are not fordable. This will delay repairs to the wires. It is not improbable that the rain storm extended into California.

An Exciting Deer Hunt.

On Monday last an exciting and successful deer hunt took place on Wapato lake, about three miles from New Tacoma. The young men, known as the Lowell brothers, of this place, taking with them their rifles and a good hound, went to the nursery farm of Mr. F. S. Alling, near the lake, and enlisting his aid, started for the lake. The manner of hunting deer here is simply to turn the dog loose in the woods so that he may find the trail of a deer and follow it up and drive the game into the water. It is said that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, where a deer is so chased in these woods, he will run to the lake and jump in, where he is easily despatched. Wapato is a small fresh water lake, a mile or so long, and say half a mile wide, and it has beautiful surroundings. The dog had not been loose and the men had not taken their stations ten minutes when a big buck deer came crashing through the woods, pursued by the hound in full cry. Mr. Alling, who was in a small skiff waiting for him, pulled ahead, and getting within range, sent one bullet into the neck of the deer and another into the head, and his game was soon landed. The dog, which had been waiting at the point where the deer took the water, was again turned to the woods, and in a very short time a fine doe was rustled out of her hiding place and driven to a plunge into the deep water of the lake. Alling was again on hand in his little boat and, coming in range, discharged both barrels of his gun, but without effect. Then began an amusing and exciting chase. Alling in his boat endeavoring to get within striking distance and the deer each time dodging him by a quick turn. But the man with the oars had more endurance than the deer swimming, and after a long chase, during which there was continued shouting and cheering from the shore, the prow of the boat was driven upon the back of the deer, causing it to plunge with force and cause Mr. Alling to lose one of his oars. The deer again escaped, and the boatman followed, propelling, Indian fashion, from side to side. This was continued until hunted and hunter were alike exhausted, when by an extraordinary and final effort, Alling drove the boat within striking distance and crushed the skull of the deer with his oar. Shortly after this a young doe was wounded, but escaped. And this all occurred within a space of two hours from the time the party left Mr. Alling's house.

—Mr. Wm. Leeb is agent at Astoria for the Germania Life Insurance company of New York. This is one of the soundest companies doing business in the United States. Its total assets, all equal to cash, amount to \$8,552,877 11.

Have Wistar's balsam of wild cherry always at hand. It cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, croup, influenza, consumption, and all throat and lung complaints. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.

KICKING AGAINST NOTHING.

The Fate of a Mule in Los Angeles.

California.
I was visiting a gentleman who lived in the vicinity of Los Angeles. The morning was beautiful. The plash of little cascades about the grounds, the buzz of bees and the gentle moving of the foliage of the pepper trees in the scarcely perceptible ocean breeze, made up a picture which I thought was complete. It was not. A mule wandered on the scene. The scene, I thought, could have got along without him. He took a different view.

Of course mules were not allowed on the grounds. That is what he knew. That was his reason for being there.

I recognized him. Had met him. His lower lip hung down. He looked disgusted. It seemed he didn't like being a mule.

A day or two before, while I was trying to pick up a little child who had got too near this mule's heels, he kicked me two or three times before I could tell from which way I was hit. I might have avoided some of the kicking, but in my confusion I began to kick at the mule. I didn't kick with him long. He outnumbered me.

He browsed along on the choice shrubbery. I forgot the beauty of the morning. Remembered a black and blue spot on my leg. It looked like the print of a mule's hoof. There was another on my right hip. Where my suspenders crossed were two more, as I have been informed. They were side by side—twin blue spots, and seemed to be about the same age.

I thought of revenge. I didn't want to kick with him any more. But thought, if I had him tied down good and fast, so he could not move his heels, how like sweet incense it would be to first saw his ears and tail smooth off, then put out his eyes with a red-hot poker, then skin him alive, then run him through a threshing-machine. While I was thus thinking, and getting madder and madder, the mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up, as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on the bee-hive and took aim. He fired. In ten seconds, the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he could not reach it any more, he stopped for an instant. He seemed trying to ascertain whether the 10,000 bees which were stinging him meant it. They did.

The mule then turned loose. I never saw anything to equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked, the higher he rose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. The pepper trees were twenty feet high. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying, and I would think for a moment that he was about to become an angel. Only for a moment. There are probably no mule angels.

When a mule kicks himself clear of the earth, his heels seldom

reach higher than his back; that is, a mule's fore-legs can reach forward and his hind legs backward until the mule becomes straightened out into a line of mule parallel with the earth, and fifteen or twenty feet therefrom. This mule's hind-legs, however, were not only raised into a line with his back, but they would come over until the bottom of the hoofs almost touched his ears.

The mule proceeded as if he desired to hurry through.

I had no idea how many bees a hive would hold until I saw that bee-hive emptied on that mule. They covered him so completely that I could not see any of him but the glare of his eyes. I could see from the expression of his eyes, that he didn't like the way things were going.

The mule still went on in an absorbed kind of a way.

Not only was every bee of the disturbed hive on duty, but I think the news had been conveyed to neighboring hives that war had been declared. I could see bees flitting to and fro. The mule was covered so deep with bees that he looked like an exaggerated mule. The hum of the bees, and their moving on each other, combined into a seething hiss.

A sweet calm and gentle peacefulness pervaded me.

When he had kicked for an hour he began to fall short of the tops of the pepper trees. He was settling down closer to the earth. Numbers were telling on him. He looked distressed. He had always been used to kicking against something, but found now that he was striking the air. It was very exhausting.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half an hour, then with his right foot only every few minutes, the interval growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head drooped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought that a mean, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

Mallets, Gaff and Copper Handles.

Cannerymen work will be done in good style by Henry Gallon, Astoria, Oregon. If you will give him your orders now he can be doing the work in dull times, making it advantageous to all parties.

Central Hotel.

The Central hotel, near the steamship dock is now open for the reception of guests, where the well known caterer, Mr. Anton Beloh will always be found ready to wait on his patrons. He has had the above named house thoroughly refitted by Messrs. Pike and Stockton, our well known artists. Call and see him, as he has the finest brands of liquors and cigars to be had in the city.

Wool, Hides and Furs.

Farmers and others will find it greatly to their advantage to call on the undersigned before selling their wool, hides and furs, as he is now prepared to either buy or sell on commission anything in the above line that may be offered, paying the highest cash price. Freights and charges advance. J. H. D. GRAY.

—Fresh leaf lard at Warren and Eaton's.

—Lawyers briefs printed in fine style, at THE ASTORIAN office.

LOVES LABOR LOST.

BY MAIL AND TELEGRAPH.

The Marriage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is Pretty Certainly off.

New York, Dec. 30.—Joseph Hatton, writing to the Times from London says: It is worth while to refer back to my letters on the Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts business. It will be found that I maintained the steady forecast that there would be no wedding. Even after I had seen the lady's letters referring to the young gentleman as her future husband I took the liberty to suggest that the influences against the marriage were so powerful including, as they did, great alienation of the lady's private property, that the hopes of the billing and cooing couple might yet be frustrated. To-day it is generally stated throughout society that fate has pronounced a final "no" against her much talked of union. Last week it was said on good authority the baroness had presented the young Anglo-American with £500,000 in consols. Whether she first intimated to him, or he to her, that, after all, their marriage was an ill-advised match and had better be thought of no more, is not known except to the parties themselves, but Mr. Bartlett took a characteristic way of informing his friends he was not going to be married. A swell bachelors' club is being formed, with a tremendous fine as one of the rules in case any member marries. Mr. Bartlett wrote to a prominent member asking him to put up his name. The location of the club is Piccadilly, the entrance fee \$150. It is said a list of members (limited to 200) was filled before Mr. Bartlett's name was received.

AMUSEMENTS.

HILL'S VARIETIES.

Geo. Hill, proprietor, Fred Gere, manager.—A complete change of bill, re-arrangement of Mr. Harry Staley song and dance artist, jig and clog dancer. The entertainment to begin with our new and popular minstrel list, with Mr. Nickerson and his tambourine, Mr. Staley with the bones, Mr. Gere as inter-locutor, to be followed by new acts, and a new olio, second week of Miss Mattie Morrison, sixth week of Mr. Chas. Nickerson, continued and unabated success of the entire establishment, and the only place of amusement that never closes its doors. Open every night all the year around, and please all. Mr. Hill thanks the public for past patronage and will spare neither money or pains to make the varieties a complete success in the future, new selections, etc. New orchestral selections and new music on the grand stand under the leadership of Mr. George Lambert from 8:30 p. m. The entertainment will begin at 7:30 p. m. Entrance on Benton street. Private boxes on Chennamus.

A Card.

ASTORIA, OREGON, JAN. 17, 1881.—We beg leave through your columns to state that Jacob Anderson of Esby, Portland, arrived here the 15th inst. to see a few of his friends, as well as to visit Astoria, where he speaks in high terms of his health and progress. Jacob has related his experience to the few friends he came to see, and the news have spread and Jacob's name has increased to a large number, and all of them sympathetic with Jacob on account of the loss of his wife and a broken up home in Esby, Portland, by one C. M. Charles, alias Black Charley, a married man. This Charley is now in Astoria, and is known by many here. Jacob has stopped here in a private family with friends and been out for a week and last Saturday eve Jacob was invited out to see the city, and a host of Scandinavian friends, by some chance this Black Charley also came there, and after a while a song was called for from Jacob, a song composed by him during his trouble, and he wrote to Jacob's wife last winter. Reply: "No, I don't want to see them." Perfect order prevailed and Jacob gave Charley a sharp and well pointed lecture for half an hour, commenting on Charley's writing to his wife, and of all his plots and plans which he failed to carry out. After Jacob left the floor a friend of Jacob took the floor next, and first Charley of his act done, as well as being untrue to his wife in Sweden, and moved that Charley pick up and leave the state on the first steamer, to which Charley agreed to do in presence of many witnesses. Charley was asked as much as possible to allow any reflections on a ruined wife, but addressed Charley in great earnest. We could give fifty names to the above as being the truth of the writing, but do not think it necessary. Portland Oregonian please copy.

—Gust Smith, J. N. Olson, Olof A. Benson, M. Carlson, Alfred Olson, A. O. Christenson, C. O. Olson, J. A. Carlsson, O. Nelson, J. A. Carlsson.

BANKING AND INSURANCE.

BANKING AND INSURANCE.

I. W. CASE, BROKER, BANKER

—AND— INSURANCE AGENT.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

OFFICE HOURS: FROM 8 O'CLOCK A. M. UNTIL 4 O'CLOCK P. M.

Home Mutual Insurance Co., OF CALIFORNIA.

J. F. HOUGHTON, President
CHAS. E. STORY, Secretary
GEO. L. STORY, Agent for Oregon

Capital paid up in U. S. gold \$2,000,000

I. W. CASE, Agent.

Chennamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

\$67,000,000 CAPITAL.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE.

NO. 27 BRITISH AND MERCANTILE OF LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

OLD CONNECTICUT OF HARTFORD, AND COMMERCIAL OF CALIFORNIA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Representing a capital of \$67,000,000. A. VAN DUSEN, Agent.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

A. J. MEGLER, C. S. WRIGHT

OCCIDENT HOTEL.

MEGLER & WRIGHT, Proprietors.

Astoria, Oregon.

THE PROPRIETORS ARE HAPPY TO announce that the above hotel has been repainted and refurnished, adding greatly to the comfort of its guests and is now the best hotel north of San Francisco.

Pioneer Restaurant Hotel.

MAIN STREET, ASTORIA.

Mrs. S. N. Arrigoni, Proprietor

THE TRAVELING PUBLIC WILL FIND the Pioneer first class in all respects, and a share of their patronage is respectfully solicited.

Board and lodging by the day or week.

Post-office Restaurant.

MAIN STREET, ASTORIA.

JOSEPH MATTHEWS, PROPRIETOR

THIS IS A FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT kept on the European plan. Fresh oysters in every style. Main street, between Chennamus and Squemoche.

C. W. KNOWLES, AL ZIEBER, CLARENDON HOTEL.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

ZIEBER & KNOWLES, Proprietors.

Free coach to and from the house.

THE DAILY ASTORIAN is on file at the Clarendon Hotel reading room.

HOTEL ZUR RHEINFALZ.

DEUTSCHES GASTHAUS.

HENRY ROTHE, MANAGER.

22 Front street, between Main and Salmon, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Board and Lodging, per week \$5.00
Board and Lodging, per day 1.00
Board, without lodging, per week 1.00
Meals 25 cents; Lodging 25 to 50 cents.
Remember Henry Rothe when you go to Portland.

ROSCOE'S FIRST CLASS Oyster Saloon.

MAIN STREET, ASTORIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED IS PLEASED TO announce to the Ladies and Gentlemen of this City that he is now prepared to furnish for them, in first class style, and every style, OYSTERS, HOT COFFEE, TEA, ETC.

AT THE Ladies and Gent's Oyster Saloon, MAIN STREET. Please give me a call. ROSCOE DIXON, Proprietor

The New York Oyster Saloon

Will serve to their customers from this date as follows:

TEA, COFFEE, CHOCOLATE.

Eastern Oysters Always on Hand.

And will be kept as a first class Oyster Saloon, in first class style.

DANIEL GRANT, Manager.

E. A. QUINN.

dealer in FAMILY GROCERIES.

NAILS, MILL FEED AND HAY.

Cash paid for country produce. Small profits on cash sales. Astoria, Oregon, corner of Main and Squemoche streets.

WAR IS DECLARED WITHOUT FURTHER NOTICE

And no terms of peace until every man in Astoria has a new suit of clothes.

MADE BY MEANY.

Look at the prices: Suits to order from \$8.00
Pants, Gentile French Cassimere 12.50
Suits from 25.00

The finest line of samples on the coast to select from. P. J. MEANY, Merchant Tailor, Parker House, Astoria.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. M. D. JENNINGS.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Graduate University of Virginia, 1868. Physician to Bay View hospital, Baltimore City, 1869-70.

OFFICE—In Page & Allen's building, upper stairs, Astoria.

W. M. D. BAKER, M. D.

OFFICE—Next door to Capt. Rogers residence, Cass Street.

OFFICE HOURS—From 9 A. M. to 11 A. M. and from 2 P. M. to 4 P. M.

F. P. HICKS, DENTIST.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Squemoche streets.

D. A. McINTOSH, MERCHANT TAILOR.

Occident Hotel Building.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

J. Q. A. BOWLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Chennamus street, ASTORIA, OREGON

A. VAN DUSEN, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Chennamus Street, near Occident Hotel, ASTORIA, OREGON.

Agent Wells, Fargo & Co.

C. H. BAIN & CO., DEALER IN

Doors, Windows, Blinds, Transoms, Lumber, Etc.

Bill of materials and estimates made without charge.

Steam Mill near Weston hotel, Cor. Geneva and Astor streets.

WILLIAM FRY, PRACTICAL

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

CHENAMUS STREET, opposite Adler's Book store, ASTORIA, OREGON.

Perfect fits guaranteed. All work warranted. Give me a trial. All orders promptly filled.

WM. UHLENHART.

Occident Hotel Hair Dressing Saloon

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Hot, Cold, Shower, Steam and Sulphur BATHS.

Special attention given to ladies' and children's hair cutting.

Private Entrance is respectfully solicited.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—Over the White House Store.

RESIDENCE—Next door to Mrs. Munson's boarding house, Chennamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

J. G. FAIRFOWL & SON,

STEVEDORES AND RIGGERS

Portland and Astoria, Oregon.

Refer by permission to—Rogers, Meyers & Co., Allen & Lewis, Corbett & Macleay, Portland, Oregon.

S. G. INGALLS, GLAZIER.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

Will contract for work in his line and furnish the glass. Small jobs done to order. Cass street, next door to the corner of Jefferson street, Astoria, Oregon.

J. C. ORCHARD, DENTIST.

Dental Rooms, SUITE 211, Photograph Building.

WILSON & FISHER, DEALERS IN

HARDWARE.

LUBRICATING OILS, COAL OIL, PAINTS AND OILS.

Sheet, Round, and Square Prepared Rubber Packing.

PROVISIONS, MILL FEED, GARDEN SEED, GRASS SEED.

Which will be exchanged for country produce or sold at lowest prices.

Corner Chennamus and Hamilton Streets

ASTORIA, OREGON.

First Class Saloon,

J. J. RILEY, PROPRIETOR.

On the Roadway, opposite the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co's wharf.

New Bagatelle Table,

(The Chinese must go.)

The choicest brands of foreign and domestic WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

Best Chicago Beer.

J. T. BORCHERS,

CONCOMLY STREET, ASTORIA.

Manufacturer and Packer of

CAVIAR, SMOKED SALMON.

Cash paid for fresh

BLACK STURGEON SPAWN.

Smoked Sturgeon, and smoked Salmon put up in tins to ship to any part of the world.

Also, trout bait (salmon eggs) put up in cans and warranted to keep any length of time.

Depot at Rogers' Central Market, corner of Cass and Chennamus streets, Astoria.

BLANK BOOKS

PRINTED AND BOUND TO ANY SIZE, and ruled to any order, at

THE ASTORIAN OFFICE.