

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON: SATURDAY FEB. 19, 1881. D. C. IRELAND Editor.

Editorial Correspondence.

PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO, Feb. 6th, 1881.—Arrived safely at 5:15 P. M. Our postal cards, dropped along the route daily, have kept you posted in a sort of way concerning the trip from San Francisco, which has been pleasant, and in a general way uninterrupted, until last night, when we were plunged into so many snow drifts after leaving Council Bluffs that before daylight this morning we were six hours behind time. Of this, however, personally, I was wholly unconscious, having retired at an early hour and slept most profoundly until 7:15 A. M. The lost time was nearly all made up after leaving Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and we rolled into Chicago—more intelligibly speaking, flew into the city 60 miles per hour 2:45 behind time. The Chicago and Northwestern is the pioneer line, and will always be popular so long as Dr. W. H. Stennett is at the helm, and such engineers as we have had to-day are at the throttle. Our train to-day had a most obliging set of officers, from greasers to hotel clerk and conductors. The hotel car is a fine addition to the outfitings of the line. Meals are served to order as the train flies along, and the bill of fare can only be compared to our own Occident, which is certainly the finest hotel in America. We have been here now just long enough to get a bath, partake of dinner, and finish a cigar, hence our thoughts, always of home and THE ASTORIAN, lead us to a communication of ideas for our friends and readers. Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Janion and family, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Shafer, the old man, and the General, were left at the depot hopeful of pressing on toward New York tonight. The Boston chap and about ten others accompanied us to the Palmer. The old consul from Fiji left us at Council Bluffs for St. Louis, hence we are pretty much the same as alone, here in this grand hotel, as when we landed here last May. The Indian statue still stands near the State street entrance, but is not half so familiar to us now as it was upon that other occasion nearly nine months since. The rotunda at the Palmer is not nearly so filled with men—we miss Pinchback and hundreds of southern men, delegates and lobbyists here then. We miss that impertinent fellow called an interviewer, also the Grant decorations which Potter Palmer displayed then "for effect." We miss the "statesmanlike" arguments of the colonel from Texas. The only argument which we have been compelled thus far to listen to was one between a couple of Suckers (we presume they came from the interior of Illinois), as to the identity of Potter Palmer. One contended that the darkey who runs the main elevator was P. P., and the proposition was strongly denied. We have no means of knowing upon what basis this claim was set up unless it be from the fact that the aforesaid culled person puts on so much style, so many airs, that ordinary people might easily mistake him for the proprietor. Quite the reverse, however, is it with Palmer; who, with all his wealth and opportunity for aristocratic notions, is a very plain and civil gentleman. But we will presume that you want to know something about the weather. Susan Coolidge has written another poem, in which she remarks that "Under the snow he sweet things out of sight, Coaxing like birds beneath a downy breast; They cluster 'neath the covert warm and white, And hide the winter-time in hopeful rest. There are the hyacinths holding ivory tips, Painted and ready for a hint of sun;— And hooded violets, with dim, fragrant lips, Asleep and dreaming fair dreams each one. The snow covers everything, and it is bitter cold. The river here is frozen over and hundreds of steamers, schooners, canal boats, etc., are frozen in the ice. Yester-

day a Times reporter went out to the water-works crib, two miles into the lake, in a cutter drawn by a horse. Indeed, it may be truthfully stated that the record which this winter has been making for itself as the severest and most treacherous in many years has been nobly sustained. During the past forty-eight hours more than sustained in fact. Indeed, it may be said that the weather is fairly outdoing itself at present. With its triumvirate of wind, snow, and cold possesses a power which laughs at the iron horse and renders it helpless; blockades traffic and travel; jeers at poverty and want; and impudently asserts itself at every turn. There is no fitter locality for observing the heartlessness of the weather than in Chicago and vicinity. It is hard to believe, while watching a noiseless little flake of beautiful, sparkling snow, that it will conspire with other little flakes to stop so powerful a courier as a railroad train; and yet it not only conspires but it also carries out its schemes with eminent success. Trains are delayed for hours, and conductors might be excused for going wild with despair at watching the way in which time-tables are slaughtered. The same can be said of the street-car man; and the lot of the poor horse who furnishes the motive power for this local transportation is certainly not a happy one. It is interesting to study the manner in which the wind plays with the snowflakes. They are eddied about the corner of a building, whirled in the air a moment, made to "kiss a fair lady's cheek" (and who does not then envy the snowflake?), and finally tossed away in a corner to catch a firm hold there—or wait for another gust of wind to whisk them off again. The snow likes no better resting place than the clothing of a pedestrian, and conscientious policemen who scorn the shelter of saloons appear like animated snowdrifts. The ground snowdrifts locate themselves with apparent disregard of rule or order. It pried its way under window sashes and front doors so that many citizens actually had to commence the work of shoveling snow before getting out of their houses. Yesterday morning found the lake-front tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio, Illinois Central, and Michigan Central roads, from the Exposition building south, almost hopelessly buried beneath a range of miniature mountains of snow. The storm was particularly severe on the railroads ceasing in this city, and especially those from the northwest and the east. The Western and Southern roads did not suffer as severely as the others, as the storm did not extend any considerable distance to the west and south. As far as can be learned, the storm does not seem to have raged with such fury or drifted so badly anywhere as in this immediate vicinity. The lake-front seemed to have been especially selected by the elements to spend their fury upon. The strong east wind had driven an immense field of ice along the lake shore, and from this plain the wind blew the snow on the tracks, where it piled up much quicker than the snow-plows and snow shovels that were kept constantly at work could get it out of the way, and finally the elements and the snow secured such advantages that the trains had to be abandoned. The oldest resident of Hyde park gathered at the depot yesterday morning and declared that he nor any of his numerous family had ever seen such storm in six years, and he only recollected that from the fact that he was kept out of his chair in the lobby of one of the greatest hotels on earth for a whole day. The oldest smiled on all who entered, and gave them the cheering information that they would not get to Chicago that day unless they walked,—and the walking was not good. The storm did affect Hyde park. Drifts were piled on the sidewalks and in the roads, some being over six feet high. No

one walked through the six-foot drifts, however, as all preferred to go around them. A few of those wanted to get down town complained, and said that the storm was caused by the payment of the church debt, as it was always known that great events followed the payment of debts in Hyde park. One church paid its debt, and the hotel burned down, and there was a revival of religion and a temperance society organized, which proposed to rid the village of every saloon; another church paid its debt, and it was followed by a spell of hot, dry weather and the loss of a pastor, who was called to Milwaukee at a much larger salary. The first train in yesterday was the train due at Hyde park at 6:05, but which was twenty minutes late, and was finally stalled at Twelfth street. The next was the Cincinnati train, due at seven, and forty minutes late. The Gilman train was a little ahead of its regular time, being in Hyde park at ten o'clock, the time-card requiring it to be at the depot at 9:30, but it is hardly ever there. There was no train out from Chicago until 12:35 P. M., that one being on time and run by two locomotives. This train returned to the city, taking in eighteen cars, with but little delay from the regular time. After this the trains were delayed but little, as the freight on off tracks were taken in or out, and last evening trains were running very fairly. Many were compelled to take cutters and sleighs into Chicago, and a good sleigh line would have done a big business. Many staid at home for the day. One gentleman hearing the news made a rush for a box of cigars, and, taking home a boon companion, played cards and billiards and smoked until the afternoon.

NEW TO-DAY. SPECIAL AUCTION SALE! \$8,000 WORTH SILVER TABLE WARE!

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Machinist Wanted. THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between the undersigned is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the late firm will be paid to A. Ginder, who is alone authorized to collect and receipt for the same. A. GINDER, J. J. RILEY.

Assignee's Auction Sale. On Monday, February 21st, 1881. I am instructed to sell at Public Auction that TWO-STORY FRAME BUILDING 2152, on Water street, adjoining Home's Lumber yard, and now occupied as a Chinese store by Quan Yee Gee & Co. The building must be removed from the lot on which it is situated on or before the first day of March next. Terms Cash. Sale on the premises, at 11 A. M. E. C. HOLDEN, Auctioneer.

\$80 Reward. TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BE PAID for the recovery of each of the bottles of four Chinamen drowned in Columbia river near Brookfield on Wednesday last, while going from Millar rock to Brookfield. One was twenty-one years of age, and had on his person at the time a check of \$200 and seven dollars in silver. The second was twenty-three years old and had a pistol and seven dollars in silver. The third was twenty-four years old and had three twenty-dollar gold pieces, a twenty-five-cent piece, and a silver watch. The fourth was twenty-eight years old and had \$150 in gold. The above rewards will be paid by the undersigned. LUN CHUNG & CO., Portland, Oregon. Or CHEN LUNG, Astoria, Oregon.

MISCELLANEOUS THE ASTORIA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION Will give their first entertainment in LIBERTY HALL. On Monday Evening, February 21st. For the benefit of Grace Church Parish School, to assist in paying for their new seats, desks and other furniture. The entertainment will commence with Baker's popular drama "Down by the Sea," in two acts, to conclude with Baker's laughable farce, "Thirty Minutes for Refreshments," with the following cast of characters:

DOWN BY THE SEA. A drama in two acts. CHARACTERS. Abner Raymond (a city merchant), Mr. E. Z. Ferguson; Capt. Dandelion (a city lawyer), Mr. A. P. Anderson; John Gale (a fisherman), Mr. Wm. B. Adair; September Gale (Protégé of John Gale), Mr. J. E. Thomas; Mr. F. L. Parker; Jean Grapeau (an old French P. d'Idler), Mr. L. A. Allen; Kate Raymond (a city belle), Mrs. Clara L. Hewett; Mrs. Gale (John Gale's wife), Miss Nellie M. Plummer; Kitty Gale (John Gale's daughter), Miss Loretta L. Allen.

Thirty Minutes for Refreshments. CHARACTERS. John Downby (a bachelor), Mr. Wm. B. Adair; Clarence Fitts (his colored servant), Mr. J. E. Thomas; John Foxton (a young married gentleman), Mr. F. H. Elberson; Major Pepper (U.S.A.), Mr. A. P. Anderson; Mrs. Foxton, Miss Loretta L. Allen; Miss Arabella Pepper, Miss Nellie Plummer; Polly (waiting maid at Highland station), Miss Laura E. Worsley.

The music will be furnished by the Young Men's Western band, under the leadership of Mr. D. A. Mackintosh. Tickets, 50 cts. No charge for reserved seats, which can be secured at Denton's drug store.

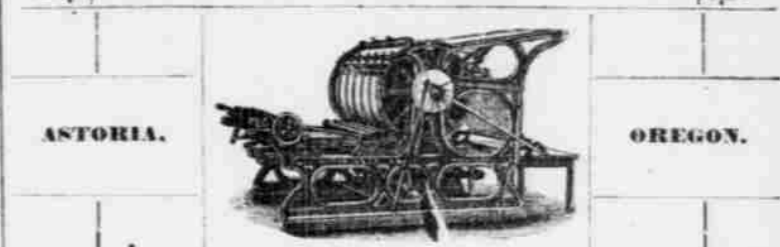
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