

# The Daily Astorian.

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No. 47.

## IN A BEAR'S CLUTCHES.

**A Young Woman's Desperate Struggle in Pennsylvania.**

DAMASCUS, (Pa.), Jan. 29.—Lottie Merrill, the female hunter of this section, has just had another adventure worthy of record and one which came so near costing her her life that she will probably in the future never resume her masculine sport. A few days ago, just after the great sleet storm which swept over the country, Lottie determined to go deer hunting. Donning her snow shoes she started to cross Drig swamp, a dense mass of scrub oaks and laurel. When she had reached the center of the marsh she discovered the foot-prints of a very large bear on the crust. She followed the trail out of the swamp for about two miles, when she discovered the den which the animal inhabited. Entering the cave she found two little cubs on a bed of leaves in one corner. The cubs were about the size of kittens and were easily captured.

Lottie was just emerging from the cave when she was met by an immense she-bear. The bear had heard the cubs yell and was making all possible speed to rescue them. Before Lottie could draw her rifle to her shoulder the animal was upon her and grasping her in her paws gave her such a terrible squeeze that she fainted, when the bear, thinking her dead released her grip. She fortunately regained consciousness quickly, and while the old bear was playing with her cubs the plucky hunter drew her rifle and shot her in the side. The bullet did not strike the animal's heart, and as the brute dashed at her again Lottie drew her hunting knife and with one bold stroke nearly served the bear's head from the body.

Lottie was just congratulating herself on her successful escape when the dead bear's mate made his appearance. Lottie's rifle was unloaded and she was totally unprepared for a second encounter, but determined to "fight it out." The struggle was a long one. Fortunately the young lady was not encumbered in her motions by petticoats, for in all her hunting expeditions she wears pantaloons of deerskin, with a long blouse. When, finally, Lottie thought the bear was dead she stooped over to cut his throat, and the animal, with one stroke of his monstrous paw, tore the clothing almost completely from her body. During the protracted struggle the bear had reached the edge of a cliff fully a hundred feet high and sloping at an angle of more than forty-five degrees down to the Wallumpack creek. As the animal grabbed Lottie he commenced sliding on the slippery crust down this almost perpendicular slope. Lottie was carried with him, and every foot of distance traversed added to their velocity. When they reached the foot of the slope they struck against a tree, completely killing the bear and breaking two of Lottie's ribs, her left arm and one of her limbs. She managed, however, to crawl about a mile to a house, where she received medical treatment. The first bear killed weighed when dressed 403 pounds, and the male one 484 pounds. Lottie, who is improving slowly, has the cubs in her possession, but she says it will be some time before she will take another expedition of this kind.

Magnus C. Crosby has a first-class workman, and is prepared to do all kinds of jobbing in tin, sheet iron and copper, plumbing and steam fitting. Full satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.

The new improved Franchon range, kept by Magnus C. Crosby, stands at the top of the market.

## SALLY RAY OF LEADVILLE.

**A Washerwoman Who Has Made a Fortune of a Million Dollars.**

Mrs. Sarah Ray arrived in Buffalo the other day, from Leadville, on her way to New York, whether she has gone for the purpose of locating her daughter, Cora, in a school, and arranging for the future care of a little Mexican girl whom she had in charge. Mrs. Ray has a history, which, if published, would read like a romance. She had dug in mines, fought in wars with Indians side by side with her husband, scoured the plains on horseback as a scout, and became an expert in the business; helped found the city of Leadville, being the first white woman who ever dared venture there, mapped out roads, built houses, took in washing from the Leadville miners, and is to-day in possession of a fortune that pays her an income of \$30,000 a year.

A reporter paid her a call as she sat in a central palace car waiting for the train to start. He found her occupying a seat facing her daughter Cora, and around her was piled numerous bundles of luggage. She expressed herself as glad to grant an interview, and pleasingly said: "Sit down there by Cora and I will talk with you." Cora is a handsome girl of about seventeen summers, and as she assented to the proposition the reporter did not deliberate, but readily took a seat by her side.

Mrs. Ray commenced by saying, with a hearty laugh: "Now I'm not going to tell you how old I am, for I may want to get married again when I get to New York."

Then she went on to say that she came from the North of Ireland to New York city when she was fifteen, and married a book-keeper named Joseph Ordway. Her husband died a year later, and she went to Leavenworth, Kansas, from thence to Denver, and finally in 1876, to Leadville. In Denver she married a miner named Frank Ray, but he died soon after.

She told how in Leadville she braved the dangers of storms of winters before there were buildings to inhabit; how Cora had to be kept wrapped up in heavy blankets to keep her from freezing, while she pursued her task of building a hut; how, when the place became settled she saw the land she had taken up turn into a fortune, etc. She owns buildings in Leadville that rent for \$2,000 a month.

Her career has been a peculiarly eventful and exciting one, and one that would bear a more extended notice than can well be given in a single issue of a daily paper. She grew eloquent as she related her adventures, and her eyes sparkled as she said:

"I saw my old man once sit on a horse and shoot seven Indians without stopping. And I've done something like it myself. Young man," she added with a quite twinkle of her eye, "I've shot more Indians than you've got fingers and toes. You wouldn't think, to look at me, would you, that I've gone out on the mountain side, up to my waist in snow, and staked out the streets of Leadville? But it's gospel truth."

She said she didn't know how long she would stay in New York. Her property in Leadville was attended to by agents, and she felt perfectly content to stay away just as long as she felt disposed.

She is now about fifty years old, weighs about one hundred and forty pounds, and is rugged and chipper. As she bade the reporter good day she remarked that she was happy, and was going to try and make others so during her remaining years.

## A NEW DODGE.

**How a Bogus Miner Manufactured Some Rich Quartz.**

A middle-aged man, who declares that his name is Benjamin Franklin, was arrested by Officer Horan on O'Farrell street, San Francisco, upon a charge of having obtained money by means of false pretences from Julius C. Grindel. The accused went into a store kept by Grindel, represented that he had been a miner, was dead broke, and was anxious to raise one dollar on a quantity of gold quartz specimens which he produced. These were contained in a small vial, which was filled with water; the object of this, he said, was to keep the specimens bright. Grindel, who is not an expert in mineral quartz, was so pleased with the bits of white quartz which showed a quantity of gold that he gave Ben Franklin a standard dollar. After that individual had taken his departure Grindel's curiosity was aroused to that degree that he uncorked the vial and took out several pieces of the quartz, which he scraped, when, to his astonishment, the gold came off. Being satisfied that he had been swindled, he called the officer, and found the self-styled miner in a store, endeavoring to dispose of some other vials of specimens. Franklin was taken to the Central station, where, on being searched, twenty-one vials of glittering specimens were found on his person.

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"Taken the snake away." Hoping that medical science might possibly do something for the relief of his daughter, Mr. Payne took her to the state insane asylum, at Indianapolis, a few weeks ago. The physicians of the institution last week wrote him there was only a faint hope for his beautiful child, and she will probably end her days an occupant of the asylum for the incurable insane.

—For a first-class oyster stew, fry, pan-roast or fancy roast, go to Roscoe's on Main street, opposite N. Loeb's. Families supplied by the hundred or the sack, opened or in the shell.

—When you want a dish of nice Eastern Oysters done up in a mode, or a good steak, or a fragrant cup of coffee, call at Frank Fabres on the roadway, and he will accommodate you. Open at all hours.

P. J. Goodman, on Chennamus street, has just received the latest and most fashionable style of gents and ladies boots, shoes, etc.

—Salmon bellies, at retail, at Warren & Eaton's.

The Peruvian syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint, boils, humors, female complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**Dissolution Notice.**

**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. KILEY

Astoria, Feb. 14th, 1881.

**\$80 Reward.**

**TWENTY DOLLARS WILL BE PAID** for the recovery of each of the bodies of two Chinamen drowned in Columbia river, near the mouth of the Clackamas, between the falls of the Willamette and the Columbia, Oregon. The first was twenty-one years of age, and had on his person at the time a check of \$20 and seven dollars in silver. The second was twenty-three years old and had a pistol and revolver in silver. The third was twenty-four years old and had on twenty dollars in gold pieces, a twenty-five cent piece, and a silver watch. The fourth was twenty-eight years old and had \$155 in gold. The above rewards will be paid by the undersigned.

JENKINS & CO.,  
Portland, Oregon.

**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.—Pants to order from... \$8.00  
Gloves, Genuine 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.

**SODA WATER.** Mineral Water, Ginger Ale, Sparkling Wine and Carbonated Beverages.

**APPARATUS FOR MAKING, BOTTLING, AND DISPENSING.**

Complete Outfits, Materials and Supplies.

Established 18 years. Illustrated and Printed Catalogue sent to any address on application.

JOHN MATTHEWS,  
First Avenue, 24th & 25th Streets, New York City.

**CARD SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.**

82 50 per Dozen.

**CABINET SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS.**

84 00 per Dozen.

Special rates for families.

**DRESS MAKING.**

MRS. F. W. ILLESLEY, — MAIN STREET,

In Masonic building, next door to Mrs. Deric's.

Is now prepared to do

**FIRST CLASS DRESS MAKING.**

AND

**PLAIN SEWING OF ALL KINDS.**

Ladies of Astoria are respectfully solicited for a share of their patronage.

Ask Agnes for Patterns.

—

**MAGNUS C. CROSBY.**

DEALER IN

Stoves, Tinware, and

House Furnishing Goods.

Hardware, Brass Goods,

Lead and Iron Pipe, Pipe Fittings,

Engineering Supplies, Sheet Lead, Iron

Copper, Brass and Zinc.

—

**WILSON & FISHER.**

DEALERS IN

HARDWARE.

LUBRICATING OILS, COAL OIL,

PAINTS AND OILS.