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THE WESTERMOST WEST.

This is the far West—the very Westest West. When a boy studying Geography “back East,” the West was to us as distant as the moon, as dim as dreamland, as vague as shadows seen in sleep. It was a region of which we had a confused conception. We only knew that the Rocky mountains were there. These mountains to us comprised “the West,” embodied it, over-topped it, and then shelved off precipitously into the sea. On the other side were only daring hunters clinging to the rocks, and grizzly bears growling from the edges at the sea-surges below them. “The West” was always in after years associated with these ideas. The impression was not corrected until, one morning, we found ourselves across the Rockies, and stretching before us a country large enough for an empire.

It is now a perpetual surprise that the Rocky mountains are east of us. We cannot get over it. It is as if a man should wake and find sun-rise on the wrong side of the house.

It is said that there are more crazy persons and more suicides on this coast than anywhere else in the world. We don't wonder at it. The mental confusion arising from having one's notions so upset is enough to make one “wax desperate with imagination.” Just tackle the paradox that to us, there is no west. For if we travel toward the setting sun we are approaching the land that has for immemorial ages been styled “the East.” Horace Greeley's maxim “Go West, young man,” utterly fails here.

This is a land of paradoxes—Here is found the first and only eastwardly-moving people. The migration of the people has been with the course of the sun, since the Aryan, the “mother of races” first stepped out from its Asiatic home. Slowly as the infant crawls, across Europe to the British Isles, one grand stride across the Atlantic, another across the American continent, and the latest civilization stands upon the sun-set shore. But Berkeley's “star of empire” hangs still and tremulous over the western verge. It has found its destination. The ocean claps its white hands and shouts to the on-rolling waves of humanity: “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

The last billow of a tide that started on its course ages ago from Asia is met by another tide—coming from an opposite direction. The Caucasian and the Mongolian, after ages of separation, have met again face to face, and the disciples of Christ and Confucius are intermingled.

As we are the farthest west, we are the farthest ahead. There is no royal road to civilization. It is a growth, a toil, a tumultuous battle. It is a race, “unhasting, un-resting.” Every conflict, every anguish, every disgrace, every wrath, every defeat, every triumph; Thermopylae or Rumeymede, or Appomattox, or Cromwell or John Hamden, or Jack Cade, the dead Lee or the living Grant, Homer or Milton; each of these is a factor, which eliminated, the result would be different from what it is. Oregon is the latest development, the highest rung in the ladder, the top-most blossom upon a tree that is rooted in the soil of immemorial ages. We may not be as open as the Boston bud, but when we do expand we'll drink the clouds for dew, and be the nearest heaven. And shall we, “the heir of all the ages” have to fear the rivalry of

the barbarian who has not moved for a thousand years? Can the sediment of the centuries “become cream, or the lees of the wine of human life sparkle like the foam of the mantling cup?”

So Oregon is “the West” and the best. And it comes to pass that the latest link in the evolution of man is—web-feet.—P. C. I.

The Juryman in England.

By way of contrast, the way in which they treat juryman in England is forcibly illustrated in some remarks made by a Judge sitting on an English bench to his assembled juryman lately. He regretted that he had to call them together to keep them in active service during the Christmas season. He spoke of the bitterness of a juryman's lot, and said: “Every man who has a heart to call his own, looks forward to Christmas as a time of leisure and some enjoyment. The summoning officer of the Sheriff is an unwelcome visitor at such a time. It would be too much to expect that you would willingly exchange the society of your wives and families and the genial pleasures of the season, for attendance in this court and the weighing of evidence in criminal cases.” And in commenting in terse remarks a London journal says: “It has been repeatedly remarked that the end and object of the British Constitution is to get twelve men together into a box, yet when they are got there they are treated as something between convicted pick-pockets and disorderly paupers. Apart from the inconvenience of being torn from home, to begin they have no room to sit, no air to breathe, nothing to eat or drink—if the Judge so decrees—and in case of absence they are liable to a fine of enormous amount.” They are miserably paid, and the plagues of Egypt are nothing to what the English juryman may suffer.

Starvation, pestilence from the foul atmosphere of the courts, cramp from sitting in painfully confined pigeon-holes, rheumatism and influenza, as a result of draughts from open windows, lectures, fines and imprisonment—all these make the jury-box a place of terror, and attendance in it a skillfully devised purgatorial penance.” That is fearfully descriptive language used by the London Telegraph, and is sufficient to show the American juryman how happy he should consider his lot as compared with that of his British cousin.

Macaroni.

Macaroni is eaten with relish equally by all civilized European peoples. But the incident which originally gave it its name is known to few of these—even in Sicily, its birthplace—who hold it in the highest esteem. Once upon a time a wealthy Palermitan noble owned a cook with an inventive genius. One day, in a rapture of culinary composition, this great artist devised the farinaceous tubes which all love so well, and the succulent accessories of rich sauce and grated parmesan, familiar to those who have partaken of “macaroni al sugo” in southern Italy. Having filled a mighty china bowl with this delicious compound, he set it before his lord—a gourmet of the first water—and stood by, in deferential attitude, to watch the effect of his experiment. The first mouthful elicited the ejaculation “Cari!” idiomatically equivalent to “excellent” in English, from the illustrious epicure. After swallowing a second modicum, he exclaimed “Ma, cari!” or “excellent, indeed!” Presently, as the flavor of the toothsome mess grew

upon him, his enthusiasm rose, and he cried out, in a voice tremulous with joyful emotion, “Ma, caroni!”—“Indeed, most supremely, sublimely, and superlatively excellent!” In paying this verbal tribute to the merits of his cook's discovery, he unwittingly bestowed a name upon that admirable preparation which has stuck to it ever since.

Don't Kick Agin Nothin.

The American Agriculturist is responsible for the following story, whose location is in Vermont: A farmer in the Legislature had charge of a good bill and had modestly spoken in favor of it. A young politician replied in a long, frothy bifalutin speech against it. All eyes turned to the farmer, expecting to see him rise in defense of his bill. Observing this, after a time he slowly rose, and elevating his voice to a high and squeaking pitch, said: “Mr. Speaker! I see my friends expect me to answer the honorable gentleman who has just set down. I can't, Mr. Speaker, I can't; it allus wrenches me so to kick agin nothin.” His bill passed without contradiction. How many little and big people do wrench themselves, or waste their strength, by worrying over things of no account really.

The Prize Letter of Acceptance.

A Washington paper offered five dollars for the best written letter accepting an offer of marriage. This was the effusion that captured the prize: MY DEAR DONALD—Fresh with the breath of the morning came your loving missive. I have turned over every leaf of my heart during the day, and on each page I find the same written, namely, gratitude for the love of a noble man, humility in finding myself its object, and ambition to render myself worthy of that which you offer. I will try. Yours henceforth.

The British army in South Africa, in the war with the Basutos, found and destroyed some American plows. The fact is significant as showing how far-reaching is the American name and influence. The American thrasher breaks the quiet of the volleys of Palestine. The American reaper and mower perform their labor-saving operations among the vines and fig trees of Asia Minor. American agricultural implements carried off the prize last summer at a fair in Bulgaria, not far from where American rifles, in the hands of Turks, carrying further than the old fashioned weapons of the Russians, made such deadly havoc on the fields of Plevna. American locomotives thunder over the plains of southern Russia, and through the gorges of the Caucasus to Tiflis, almost on the confines of Persia.

Among the gentlemen, says the Bombay Gazette of December 15, presented at His Excellency the Governor's ball, recently, were Messrs. Amerooddeen Tyabce, Anand Rao Bhaskerjee Soonderjee, Balkrishna Wassoodjee Pandoorunge, Bomonjee Mucherjee Punt-hakey, Dadabhyo Rustomjee Banajee, Furdoodjee Jamsedjee Furdoodjee, Harrychund Sadasewjee, Jehanghier Cawasjee Jehanghier, Jugmehandas Mangaldas Nathoo-boobhy, Kaikhosro Nowrojee Kab rajee, Kashinath Trimbak Telang, Mancherjee Nowrojee Banajee, Nusserwanjee Chandabhyo, and Purshotumdas Mungaldas Nathoo-bohy.

It seems that there will be one too many of the famous three hundred and six bronze medals. Mr. David Monat, of Pennsylvania, a most estimable gentleman, a member of the Chicago Conven-

tion, and a Stalwart, was doing nothing, but he got caught at it. Owing to circumstances over which he had no control, Mr. Monat has gone to the penitentiary. Put away the big brass medal that our darling used to pack! For a time he will not need it—Not at least till Grant comes back.

Meddlesome.

In relation to the “Grant medals,” the New York Tribune makes the following caustic remarks: It is understood that the medal struck off for the three hundred and six bears on its reverse the following inscription:

THE WILL OF THE MINORITY OUGHT ALWAYS TO RULE WHEN IT HAPPENS TO BE OUR WILL.

The lettering of the obverse of the medal is equally cogent and happy. It is as follows:

BELIEVING IT TO BE THE HEIGHT OF WISDOM TO CRY OVER SPILT MILK, ACCORDINGLY WE CRY.

It was originally intended to have three sides to the medal, but the third side was finally abandoned owing to circumstances not under the designer's control. Had there been a third side, it would have been adorned with the legend:

AN OBSTINATE MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD. WE MOVED TO MAKE THE NOMINATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD UNANIMOUS, BUT THIS MEDAL WILL EVER REMAIN AS THE PROOF THAT OUR UNANIMITY WAS A SHAM OF THE FIRST WATER.

Sherman Bros. Express.

Will receive orders at the store of I. W. Case for upper Astoria or any other part of the city. Leave your orders on the slate and they will be promptly attended to.

Rooms to Rent.

Anyone who wants a nicely furnished room in a pleasant locality can be accommodated at Mrs. Denny Curran's, near the Congregational church.

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, etc., \$1. at druggists. Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Oregon.

Notice to the Public.

I have opened a new boot and shoe store on the Broadway, and am prepared to do first class work in my line. I. J. ANVOLD. Opposite O. R. & N. Co's dock.

A large consignment of the best brand Red Cross coal oil just received at Jno. Rogers, Central Market.

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

I have just received the finest assortment of fancy goods in my line ever brought to Astoria, consisting of perfumery cases, toilet sets, toilet cases, fine perfumery, fancy soaps, combs, brushes, hand glasses, and toilet articles of all kinds—splendid presents for the holidays. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere, at J. W. Conn's drug store, opposite Occident Hotel, Astoria, Oregon.

—Mr. John Rogers of the Central Market, has made arrangements to keep all the finest fresh fish, etc., in their season.

—For handsome holiday presents, such as toilet cases, cologne sets, perfumery cases, fine soaps, etc., go to Conn's drug store, opposite Occident Hotel.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles which singers and public speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's bronchial troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box everywhere.

Eastern Oysters.

Another fine lot of Eastern Oysters just received at Rosses, per steamer Oregon. Occident block.

The Weekly Astorian.

Is a mammoth sheet, nearly double the size of the Daily. It is just the paper for the freshest, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, etc. It is furnished to single subscribers at \$2.00 per year in advance.

War! War! War!

Water front offered free to any person that will build a saw mill in the city of Williamsport. Lumber we must have to build this city. We have one store in running order at present. Quite a number have already located homes in this city, and yet there is room. Sold on time to suit purchasers. Located one mile south of Astoria, on the sunny side of the hill, on Young's bay.

J. WILLIAMSON, SR.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER is a scientific combination of some of the most powerful restorative agents in the vegetable kingdom. It restores gray hair to its original color. It makes the scalp white and clean. It cures dandruff and humors, and falling-out of the hair. It furnishes the nutritive principle by which the hair is nourished and supported. It makes the hair moist, soft and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing. It is the most economical preparation ever offered to the public, as its effects remain a long time, making only an occasional application necessary. It is recommended and used by eminent medical men, and officially endorsed by the State Assayer of Massachusetts. The popularity of Hall's Hair Renewer has increased with the test of many years, both in this country and in foreign lands, and it is now known and used in all the civilized countries of the world.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Leinenweber & Co., C. LEINENWEBER. H. BROWN. ESTABLISHED 1855.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

TANNERS AND CURRIERS, Manufacturers and Importers of

ALL KINDS OF LEATHER AND FINDINGS

Wholesale Dealers in OIL AND TALLOW.

—Highest cash price paid for Hides and Tallow.

A. G. STINSON & CO., BLACKSMITHING, At Capt. Rogers old stand, corner of Cass and Court Streets.

Ship and Cannery work, Horseshoeing, Wagons made and repaired. Good work guaranteed.

Stephans Varieties! GRAND OPENING.

A LIVELY ENTERTAINMENT Have a new bowling alley, the largest and best in town. Admittance free.

Painter and Ruffner, DEALERS IN PILING, OLNEY, OREGON

W. E. DEMENT, ASTORIA, OREGON

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS.

Toilet and Fancy Articles, PATENT MEDICINES, ETC.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.

Homoeopathic Tinctures and Pellets, and Humphrey's Specifics also kept.

HANSEN BRO'S.

Architects and Builders, HOUSE BUILDING A SPECIALTY.

We build good boats, and refer to those whom we have fitted out for style and price. All work is warranted; as we guarantee satisfaction in all cases. Office and shop on Cass Street, above Astor.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Pioneer Machine Shop

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All kinds of ENGINE, CANNERY, AND STEAMBOAT WORK

Promptly attended to. A specialty made of repairing CANNERY DIES, FOOT OF LAFAVETTE STREET.

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LAND & MARINE ENGINES

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work, and Cannery Work a specialty.

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CIGARS AND TOBACCO. The Celebrated JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

GENUINE ENGLISH CUTLERY AND THE GENUINE WOSTENHOLM and other English Cutlery.

STATIONERY FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS

Genuine Meershaum Pipes, etc. A fine stock of Watches and Jewelry. Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, and Ammunition

MARINE GLASSES. ALSO A FINE Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

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Corner Chenamus and Cass streets, ASTORIA - OREGON

MAGNUS C. CROSBY, Dealer in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, Iron Pipe and Fittings,

Plumbers and Steam Fitters Goods and Tools,

SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD SHEET IRON TIN AND COPPER.

Cannery and Fishermen's Supplies

Stoves, Tin Ware and House Furnishing Goods.

JOBBER IN SHEET IRON, TIN, COPPER, PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING

Done with neatness and dispatch. None but first class workmen employed. A large assortment of SCALES

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BUSINESS CARDS.

E. C. HOLDEN, NOTARY PUBLIC, AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND SURETY AGENT.

D. A. McINTOSH, MERCHANT TAILOR, Occident Hotel Building, ASTORIA - OREGON

F. D. WINTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in C. I. Parker's building, on Benton street, opposite Custom House, ASTORIA - OREGON.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON; OFFICE—Over the White House Store. RESIDENCE—At Mrs. Munson's boarding house, Chenamus street, Astoria, Oregon.

F. CRANG, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Room No. 3, Astorian Building. (UP STAIRS.) RESIDENCE—Corner of Benton and Court streets, Astoria, Oregon.

F. P. HICKS, DENTIST, ASTORIA - OREGON. Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Astoria streets.

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C. H. BAIN & CO., DEALER IN Doors, Windows, Blinds, Truss rods, Lumber, Etc. All kinds of Oak Lumber, Glass, Boat Material, etc. Steam Mill near Weston hotel, Cor. Geary and Astoria streets.

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ALL KINDS OF FEED, Hay, Oats, Straw, Wood, Etc.

General grocer and Wharfman, on reasonable terms. Foot of Benton street, Astoria, Oregon.

Take Notice.

John Rogers, Central Market, Has received a large invoice of BARRELS AND HALF BARRELS

of the best quality. And is now ready to supply Butchers Canneries and all others, cheap for cash.

MRS. DERBY, DEALER IN

New and Choice MILLINERY,

Desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Astoria to the fact that she has received a large assortment of the LATEST STYLES OF

Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, AND FANCY GOODS.

Corner Main and Squemoche Streets.

E. Detrick & Co., Sole agents on the Pacific Coast for Tower's celebrated

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The largest and finest stock of Meershaum and Amber goods in the city. Particular attention paid to orders from the country and vessels. Chenamus street, Astoria, Oregon. THRO. BRACKER, Manager.

TAILORING. CLEANING AND REPAIRING NEAT, CHEAP AND QUICK, BY GEORGE LOVETT.

Main Street, opposite N. Locks.