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IN THE YOSEMITE

Two-thirds up the mountain a halt was called, on a flat projection named Union Peak, or something equally unsuggestive, in front of which stands what, to the writer, is by far the most interesting object so far encountered. This is a huge, symmetrical rock called the Agassiz monument.

It is shaped like an inverted ten-pin, weighing hundreds of tons, and balanced upon its smaller extremity like a club on the finger of a juggler. The beholder gazes in breathless expectation that the pressure of the next zephyr will send the tottering mass thundering down the mountain side. At the end of another well-stretched, perpendicular mile the party unexpectedly came upon a small hotel, nestling on the cloud-skimmed elevation of Glacier Point. This hashery of the upper deep, is kept by a bright, good-humored Irishman named James McCauley, and we would be false to the sentiment of gratitude that lurks, even in the tourist's breast, did we fail to state that, here we enjoyed the best-tasting meal we had eaten since leaving Frisco. The repast included the two rarest of all dishes on the Pacific slope—juicy, tender venison, shot from the back window of the tavern, and mealy, in fact, feathery potatoes.

Let no aesthetic eastern gusher uplift a contemptuous nose at the prosaic pencil that can turn away from such scenery to dwell upon baked potatoes. Let him who has never endured the heartburn, attendant upon cheap Mongolian cookery, cast the first spud. The soft sponge of time may wipe from our recollection some of the rock-hewn wonders that tower above us as we write, but the tender grace of Jim McCauley's potatoes will desert us only at the grave. Nothing but the want of a good elevator prevents Jim from doing a regular Palace Hotel business. Perhaps this sincere eulogy is more directly due to the hostess of this aerial caravansary, who, by the way, proudly exhibited a pair of handsome little boys, the only twins ever born in the Yosemite, her maternal satisfaction not seemingly dashed by the ominous thought that the childish gambols of her treasures were to be conducted on the very edge of a five thousand-foot precipice.

Indeed, it is something to stop the beatings of a chamois' heart to lean over the iron railing set between the two verge-topping boulders on the peak's brink, and glance down into the bottomless, awful gulf below. It makes spiders of ice crawl down one's spine, and the hair of one of the party, whose hat happened to be off, as he bent over the rail, suggested the actor pulling the string of a "fright wig" in a minstrel ghost scene.

As a part of the usual programme, we experimented as to the time taken by different objects to reach the bottom of the cliff. An ordinary stone, tossed over, remained in sight an incredibly long time, but, finally, vanished somewhere about the middle distance. A handkerchief, with a stone tied in the corner, was visible perhaps a thousand feet deeper. Even a large, empty box, watched by a field glass, could not be traced to its concussion to the valley floor. Finally, the landlord appeared on the scene, carrying an antique hen under his arm. This, in spite of the terrific ejaculations and entreaties of the ladies, he deliberately threw over the cliff's edge. A rooster might have gone thus to his doom in stoic silence, but the

sex of this unfortunate bird asserted itself the moment it started on its awful journey into space. With an ear-piercing cackle that gradually grew fainter as it fell, the poor hen shot downward, now beating the air with ineffectual wings, and, now, frantically clawing at the very wind that slanted her first this way and then that, the helpless fowl shot down, down until it became a mere fluff of feathers no larger than a quail. Then it dwindled into a wren's size, disappeared, then again dotted the sight a moment, as a pin's point, and then—it was gone!

After drawing a long breath all around, the women folks pitched into the hen's owner with redoubled zest. But the gentle McCauley shook his head knowingly and replied:

"Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies. She's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season."

And, sure enough, on our way back we met the old hen about half way up the trail, calmly picking her way home. Then only did we realize that we had been wasting our sympathy on a regular iron-clad hotel spring chicken.

During the descent the guide relieved the tedium of our saddle galls by an account of the origin of the valley's name, and which, at the risk of invading the province of those solemn wielders of four-jointed words, the guide book writers, we reproduce here. It seems that the valley was originally tenanted by a small tribe of particularly unwashed aborigines. Of some five hundred persons. Not being of a Donnybrook disposition, they eschewed the pursuits of large game, and lived chiefly on scenery and fish. One day, while one of these sheephearted braves was employed in trouting at Mirror Lake he heard a sort of ursine chuckle behind him. Desisting in his search for a fresh bug amid his capillary baitbox, the Indian turned and beheld an enormous grizzly in the act of choking down his string of fish. Being entirely without a weapon, the noble red man made haste to scramble to the top of a large boulder, conveniently at hand. While engaged in frantically blowing his police whistle, from this vantage ground, the bear began to climb up also. As his enemy was swarming up the slippery granite, the Indian espied behind him a heavy loose stone. This he dumped upon the rock-hugging head of the brute with such emphasis as to crack its skull between the two boulders. The Indian then returned to his people, covered with perspiration and glory, and they, thunderstruck at the prowess of a brave who had slain a bear with his naked hands, at once dubbed him "Yo Semite"—that is, "The Great Grizzly."

In the course of time this deed became so vaunted among the coast Indians that the tribe referred to gradually adopted the appellation as a distinctive title—a course, by the way, that eventually led them to the war-path and resultant extermination. We lag in this not specially pertinent relation in order to pave the way for the announcement that the writer is himself about to take part in a bear hunt. Some two miles from where this is written, and exactly at the base of El Capitan, is a stock yard, whose proprietors have suffered much from the depredations of some bears that descend nightly from the rocky ravines above. Their tracks show them to be three in number, one very large, and suspected by experts to be a grizzly.

Already we have visited the pit, dug by the river side, in which we propose to await the stealthy approach of the midnight pork-lifters, and have superintended placing the bait, a leg of mutton and a pan of honey, just where it will appear to the best advantage in the silvery moonlight.

As we have just said, it is expected that one of the said bears is a grizzly. If, in the next edition, the startled reader finds this department decorated with reverse rules surrounded by a touching obituary notice, he may conclude the supposition to have proved a certainty. The sorrowing public will understand at once that the most gigantic intellect that ever illuminated Pacific coast journalism is no more—has been stilled in the cold embrace of bears. We don't exactly weaken on our project, but still it is a terrible thought that by the time even these lines meet the reader's eye the hand that writes them may be in a more or less advanced stage of digestion; that the cheek that hand now so pensively supports may be given to some baby bearing to cut its teeth upon; that—but we must stop; the bear idea, even, is too much.—San Francisco Post.

Description of Wrangle Land.

Wrangle Land has been visited by the crew of the steam whaler Belvidere. One of the crew, Francis Smith, on the return of the whaler to San Francisco described the island. He says they saw on nearing the shore the signal planted by Lieut. Reynolds, of the Corwin, in 1851, a small American ensign fastened to a slender piece of driftwood. The island rises abruptly from the ocean, though not precipitously. There is no beach to speak of, the land having an average elevation of ten feet above the surface of the water. It is surrounded by deep water; and from soundings that the party made an average depth of ten to twelve fathoms at a distance of ten feet from the shore was discovered. The soil was scanty and seemed to be formed almost entirely of what seemed to be large black pebbles of a sandy nature. Between these grew a green and thin-bladed grass resembling very much the wood-tick grass of the eastern states. The island was a flat table-land. As the sailors went toward the center they came upon numerous ponds and marshes of blackish water. The only vegetable seen was a small, pink, odorless flower, with four petals, and rock moss. Piles of driftwood were discovered everywhere. It was apparent that some seasons the island is entirely covered with ice. This, it is surmised, was the reason that De Long left no token of the Jeannette on the island.

Money is rolling into the United States Treasury at the rate of \$1,500,000 per day, remarks the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, but thanks to the foresight of our liberal congress, there is no danger of a general clog. It goes out about as fast as it flows in.

The admission of Washington, with northern Idaho attached, is the all absorbing thing in Washington Territory at this time. Parties cannot divide on this, as both parties are favorable to it and desire admission.

The Deputy Marshal of Wyandotte, Kansas, Mr. C. Patterson, says he has had the rheumatism off and on all his life and never found anything to benefit him until he tried St. Jacobs Oil, which always relieves him at once.

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TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR
RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Saracosis of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Foot and Hands, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every sufferer who has tried it can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

SHORT BITS.

About 151,000 bushels of wheat have been stored in the farmers' warehouse at Independence.
Yellow fever at Pensacola, Florida, has attacked 131 persons, 15 fatally up to date. There are now 52 cases.
A Great Northern Railroad train with an eight single driver outside cylinder engine lately ran from Leeds to London, 186 1/2 miles, in exactly three hours—sixty-two miles an hour.
The wealthiest city in the United States, in proportion to population, is Portland, Oregon. The country for miles around is supplied with liquor from that point.
Boston Post.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.

Pain in the right side, under edge of ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is on the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder and is sometimes taken for Rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weakness and dizziness; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it.
If you have any of the above symptoms, you can certainly be cured by the use of the genuine **DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.**
When you buy McLANE'S PILLS, insist on having **DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS**, made by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
If you can not get the genuine **DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS**, send us 25 cents by mail, and we will send them to you.
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King of the Blood
Is not a "curer all," it is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of the blood poisons the system, deranges the circulation, and thus induces many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them according to effects, but being really branches or phases of that great generic disorder, **Impurity of the Blood.** Such are **Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Piles, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Disorders, Pimples, Ulcers, Swellings, &c., &c.** **King of the Blood** prevents and cures these by attacking the cause, impurity of the blood. Chemists and physicians agree in calling it "the most genuine and efficient preparation for the purpose." Sold by Druggists, **51 per bottle.** See testimonials, directions, &c., in pamphlet, "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle.
D. HANSON, SON & CO., Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Oyster Saloon,
CHENAMUS STREET, ASTORIA.
THE UNDERSIGNED IS PLEASED TO announce to the public that he has opened a
FIRST CLASS
Eating House,
And furnishes in first-class style
OYSTERS, HOT COFFEE TEA, ETC.
AT THE
Ladies' and Gent's Oyster Saloon,
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Please give me a call.
ROSCOE DIXON, Proprietor

A. M. JOHNSON & Co.,
Ship Chandlers and Grocers.
Ropes and Cordage of all kinds, Blocks, Patent and Metalline of all sizes.
The Genuine Leeson's Scotch Salmon net Twines.
Mermaid Twines; Canvas, all No's; Copper Tipped Oars.
The best assortment of
GROCERIES
In Town.
The Best COFFEES and TEAS.
Try our Metrose Baking Powder
Positively the best ever made.
CANNED GOODS
of all kinds put up by best Packers.
Richardson's and Robbin's Canned Goods.
Terms Cash. Profits Small.
GIVE US A CALL

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WALL PAPER
AND
WINDOW SHADES
AND
UNDERTAKERS GOODS.
ST. HELEN'S HALL,
ART DEPARTMENT.
THE CORPS OF TEACHERS LONG engaged in St. Helen's Hall has just been reinforced by the addition of six new teachers, five of them from prominent educational institutions of the Eastern States. Two of these are engaged in the Musical Department, three in the English and one (MISS FULLOCK) in the Art Department.
MISS FULLOCK is a lady of English birth, but educated in this country. She was graduated at Vassar College, and has since spent much time in the best private Studios in the Eastern States. She comes with the highest recommendations for her attainments and skill as a teacher of Painting and Drawing. These cover the whole ground of instruction in the best Art Schools, embracing Oil Painting in Landscape, Flower and Still-life Studies; Crayon, Charcoal, Water Colors, Pencil, Pen and Ink, and Decorative Art in all its branches.
MISS FULLOCK is a lady of liberal education and superior culture, and the Rector and Principal of St. Helen's Hall recommend this department of their school to its patrons with entire confidence, being well assured that it was never under a more competent instructor, or one of more varied acquirements.
S. A. M.

Delinquent City Taxes.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, the undersigned, Chief of Police, have been furnished with a warrant from the city council requiring me to collect the taxes assessed for the year 1882, and now delinquent upon the list, and make return of the same within sixty days. All parties so indebted will therefore please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.
C. W. LAUGHERY,
Chief of Police,
Astoria, Oregon, September 19, 1882.

NO FOOLISHNESS!
MUST MAKE ROOM!
I am about to leave for San Francisco with the intention of bringing up the finest stock of
JEWELRY, WATCHES,
AND
Solid Gold and Silverware,
Ever offered to the Astoria public, and offer for sale at extremely low prices the whole of my present stock. This is a bona fide offer. Solid gold Watches, Chains, Bracelets, Ear Rings, Pins, etc., at manufacturers prices.
GUSTAV HANSEN.

FOR THIRTY DAYS ONLY!
STEAMER "KATATA"
Owing to her being too small for our business will be sold on reasonable terms. Apply at the office of Badollet & Co., Upper Astoria, for particulars, when the boat can be seen.
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NEVILLE & CO.
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BOSTON, MASS.
THE FLAX MILLS,
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—DEALER IN—
Doors, Windows, Blinds, Transoms, Lumber.
All kinds of
OAK LUMBER,
GLASS,
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TURNING
AND
Bracket Work
A SPECIALTY.
Boats of all Kinds Made to Order.
Orders from a distance promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases.

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GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.
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Boiler Work, Steamboat Work and Cannery Work a specialty.
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The Pioneer Machine Shop
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All kinds of
ENGINE, CANNERY,
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A specialty made of repairing
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GENUINE ENGLISH CUTLERY
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and other English Cutlery.
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FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS
Genuine Meershaum Pipes, etc.
A fine stock of
Watches and Jewelry, Muzzle and Breach Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, and Ammunition
MARINE
GLASSES
ALSO A FINE
Assortment of fine SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.
Notice.
ALL PARTIES INDEBTED TO, OR HOLDING any indebtedness against Frank Brown deceased, of the Union Packing Co., will please call at the office of the Union Packing Co. within thirty days and settle same.
UNION PACKING CO.
Astoria, September 30th, 1882. d-3r w-11

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OFFICE—Over A. V. Allen's grocery store, Rooms, at the Parker House.
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