The Daily Astorian.

Vol. XIX. Astoria, Oregon, Wednesday Morning, August 8, 1883 No. 111.

THE BUFFALO.

His Tramp Will Soon be Heard no More on the Plains.

In going down the Yellowstone and across the vast region lying between Glendive and Maudan, says the Helena, Montana, *Independent*, one is struck with the evident scarcity of game. This famous region, where two or three years ago herds of buffalo, antelope and deer were to be seen on every side is now, to all appearances, stripped of its game. For an entire distance from Livingston to Mandan, I only saw two or three small bands of antelope, and not a sign of a deer or buffalo. The fact is the slaughter of buffalo and deer has been immense for the past two years, and particularly the former. It is estimated that during the past winter, there have been 1,000 hunters engaged in the business of slaughtering buffalo along the line of the Northern Pacific, between Mandan and Livingston. An eagle eyed hunter got aboard of the train at Glendive, and he gave me the following details as the *modus operandi* in slaughtering herds of buffalo: In the first place, the hunter uses the Sharp rifle, 40-90 calibre. With this he can kill at 1,000 yards. When he sees a herd of buffalo he usually slips up to within convenient range, from 300 to 500 yards, and always selects a cow for his first victim. He does this for the reason that the cow is followed by both her yearling and two-year old calves, and they will usually stand by her to the last. But under no circumstances will the experienced hunter kill his buffalo outright. If he does, the herd will stampede at once. The policy is to wound fatally, but so that the animal will dash around in a circle before falling. This it always does when mortally wounded, and after a few moments lies down. The remainder of the herd are not alarmed at this, but continue to graze or look on, dazed spectators of the tragedy being enacted. After his first shot the hunter pauses until quiet is restored, and again fires at another cow with similar results. He always aims to put his ball just behind the fore shoulder, which will cause death in five minutes at the furthest. When cows have all been slain he turns his attention to the calves, and lastly to the bulls. The experienced hunter generally bags the entire herd, unless he is so unfortunate as to drop his game immediately, when the survivors stampede at once. The buffalo does not scare at the crack of a gun. He has decidedly more courage than discretion. It is only when the crack is followed by an immediate fall that he realizes its deadly nature and takes the alarm. The policy of killing the cows first and then the calves has resulted almost in the extinction of the female buffalo. Herds of melancholy bulls can still occasionally be seen, sometimes in bands of twenty or thirty, and often without a single cow. The few remaining cows now have their pick of lovers, and always choose from the young blood of the herd.

The buffalo bull, after he passes his fourth year, loses his attractiveness to the opposite sex, and the aversion seems to be mutual. Gathering about him his bachelor friends of equal age, he silently retires into the wilderness and forever avoids the female members of the herd who mate with the younger and more uxorious masculines. As I have said, the bulls are about all that are now left of the buffalo. They largely owe their safety to the fact that their hides are less valuable than those of the cows, while at the same time they are far more difficult to kill.—The hide of the bull is only worth to the hunter from $1.80 to $2, while that of the cow brings $3.25, and that of the two-year-old calf is worth from $1 to $1.50. But of late there has sprung up quite a demand throughout the east for the head of the buffalo bull. The well-preserved head of an aged bull, decked out with glass eyes, and horns intact, will readily sell for $25 in the eastern markets. Consequently, the buffalo hunter of the future will wage a destructive war on the bull tribe, and these venerable relics of a by-gone era will also pass swiftly away.

The Good of Having Too Much.

What we have called overproduction is really progress. New places and new men offer us cheaper and better things and we take them gladly. The new railroad that has made these cheaper and better things possible for us we rarely thank at all, and yet it is the true thaumaturgist of the century. Nothing else works such miracles of transformation. The contractor who laid track over a Kansas prairie did not know that he was putting the beef of western prairies upon tables where the "roast beef of old England" had become too scarce and dear. Jay Cooke staked his financial existence upon a Northern Pacific railroad, but did not know that he was making wheat-growing impossibe upon thousands of English farms. Mr. Huntington gave completion to the Chesapeake and Ohio, but had no idea that he was compelling Pennsylvania miners and furnace men to go to the west for a living. Still less did he think that he was planting a colony of British workers, backed by British capital, to fight American industry and American tariffs on American soil. The railroad makes the new world at which we are looking to-day. Wonderful growth of industries, strange prostration of industries, panic prices coincident with prosperous growth—these are the first fruits of the age of railroads. They are changing the world so marvelously that a man of fifty looks back to his boyhood as a half-forgotten dream of barbarism. Each step, however, is a step forward. Development comes with the rail, and cheapness of products, and marvelous saving of labor, and greater happiness for all mankind. Our labor buys with cents what dollars would not buy when we were boys. Possibly the transformation brings here and there disaster. But civilization builds higher on its own ruins, and always "our bark sinks to a deeper sea."

Origin of a Name.

Talking with a gentleman the other day about the necessity for obtaining a new name for the state proposed to be made out of Washington territory, we suggested "Rainier," the name of a high mountain in the Cascade range.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "that would never do. Are you aware of the origin of the name?"

"Certainly," we answered, "it was named after an English naval officer."

"You are mistaken" was the reply. "The name originated in this way. When the discoverers of Puget Sound were exploring it, a small party undertook the ascent of the high mountain, which in a pleasant day appears so beautiful from New Tacoma. But they were unsuccessful and on rejoining their comrades gave as an excuse for their failure, 'There's too bloody much rain 'ere, you know.' Struck by the aptness of the term the commander of the party ordered the mountain called 'Rain 'ere,' and it has been so called to the present time, although the orthography has been slightly changed." Instead of convincing us that the name we suggested is not a proper one for the proposed state, our friend's account of its origin made it appear more appropriate. What term can more accurately describe the climate of a great share of the territory than Rainier?—*W. W. Union.*

Tide Land Decision.

Following is the decision of Governor Grover on the tide land question, published April 2, 1876, concerning tide lands in the state of Oregon:

His conclusions are that the United States cannot, by patent or otherwise, dispose of the shores and beds of navigable waters. That the title of such lands belong to the individual state, and while a territory is held by the United States in trust for the future state, patentees of the United States, in Oregon take no land below ordinary high water on navigable streams.

That the state board is authorized to sell the tide lands between high and low water.

That no person is authorized to convey land below low water, and all claims to land below that line are void. That the act of 1864, concerning boundaries or tide lands, does not apply unless the conveyance is doubtful, so as to need interpretation. That the bank owner is entitled to purchase from the state the tide lands in front of him, unless he, or those through whom he owns land, has attempted previously to convey said front.

That the purchaser of tide front from the bank owner is authorized to purchase said tide front from the state. Governor Grover does not express an opinion as to whether the state has lost its tide lands under the act of 1864, where the deeds are of doubtful construction. In the light of this ruling of the board, applicants for the purchase of tide lands will be able to bring their claims to a speedy adjustment.

Street Improvement Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Astoria propose to order the construction of a sewer twenty inches wide and eight inches deep in front of Lots 1, 2, 3, and 4, Block No. 68, along the south side of Court street, in the City of Astoria, Clatsop County, Oregon, as laid out and recorded by John McClure and extended by Cyrus Olney, to connect with Olney street sewer: the lumber to be used in the construction of said sewer shall be sound fir not less than two inches in thickness, and unless a remonstrance signed by the owners of two-thirds of the property fronting on said portion of said street be filed with the Auditor and Clerk within ten days from the final publication of this notice, viz. June 20th 1883, the Common Council will order said improvement to be made.

By order of the Common Council.
Attest T. S. JEWETT,
Auditor and Clerk.
Astoria, August 1, 1883.

The most humble of the civil functionaries of the French republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the state, which supports them in such comfort and dignity as befits their official position. The French naval cat enters the service in his kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can catch. Having thus passed through apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualling yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regularly paid on his behalf to the Directors of Cats, who lays it out in horseflesh for the use of his forces.

BUSINESS CARDS.