

The Daily Astorian.

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Transient advertising fifty cents per square, cash in advance.

Notice to Advertisers.
The Astorian guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

J. W. Cook returns to Clifton tomorrow.
The board of county commissioners meets tomorrow.

Capt. Wass is at Grimes' at the session and is reported considerably better.
Mrs. W. W. Parker, who was seriously ill last week, is reported convalescing.

The regular monthly meeting of the Astoria Grace church will be held tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Astoria Iron Works will take place on the 20th inst.
Capt. Babbidge sailed today on the Gen. Wright yesterday to brave the dangers of the deep.

Joe Supplement, who, with seven men in seven days built 700 feet of bridge over the raging Neenahum, is back in safety.
There will be a social under the auspices of the ladies of the Presbyterian church at the residence of Mrs. D. E. Warren next Tuesday evening.

A large party of roller skaters tested the merits of the new floor at the skating rink last evening, the general verdict being that it was a great improvement.

Alert H. & L. No. 1, are having some newly repaired on their appearance at the experience of G. A. Stinson. The track will be out of service till Tuesday morning.

Præl Brown, are on deck with a splendid stock at the Empire Store. The gentlemanly conduct of these young men and their efforts to please have won them hosts of friends who are glad to note their prosperity.

One hundred and ten years ago today the Revolutionary war began; the Concord farmers stood at the bridge at Lexington and fired the shot heard round the world. The echoes of that shot are still reverberating.

Mention was made in yesterday's issue of a passenger from Astoria who died on the Columbia as she was crossing into San Francisco last Monday. It has since been ascertained that the name of the man was Ernest Ellich, formerly barber-keeper at the Colorado saloon.

Jan. Johnson, a native of Sweden, aged 35 years, died suddenly at his residence yesterday morning. Deceased had complained all winter of a pain in the cardiac region, and the presumption is that he died of some form of heart disease. The funeral will take place from his late residence at this afternoon.

The services at Grace church today will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7 A. M.; morning prayer with sermon by the Rev. W. E. Potwine of Pendleton, at 11 A. M.; Sunday school services at 4 P. M.; evening prayer with sermon by the Rev. Mr. Potwine. The rite of confirmation will be administered at the evening service, by St. Rev. Bishop Morris.

Captain J. A. Brown, one of the board of pilot commissioners, says the Oregonian, yesterday received models for two pilot boats to be used off the Columbia river entrance. One is intended to be 85 feet long, 23 feet beam and 11 feet depth of hold, and about 75 tons burden. The other is nearly of the same dimensions, but slightly sharper. The cost of either boat will approximate \$10,000. Captain Brown will come down and submit the models to the board tomorrow.

Several sailor boarding house keepers have tried recently to get even on rivals by bringing information to the United States coast officers of such rivals having received "blood money" in violation of the Douglas act. But, says the Oregonian, the efforts were fruitless. For some reason not easily explained the framers of the act did not get at the root of the evil—at least the evil as it exists in Portland—because the act provides only for the punishment of the man who pays blood money. Nothing is said about the shark who receives it. Of course no one is going to lodge a complaint against a ship master, so the traffic in sailors is carried on to as great an extent as ever in Portland, and the law offers no remedy.

SOBE CLAY SHELLS.
About a quarter of a mile from the seaside house and about sixteen miles from Astoria, there is a deposit of clam shells which is probably the largest thing of the kind in the United States. The shells cover an area of over four acres and are piled in places to a depth of ten feet. The amount of shells is incalculable. Over 1,000 loads have been hauled away to make roads, but that quantity is hardly noticed in the diminution of the immense heap. From time to time relics of the old clam-fishing tribes that made that place their headquarters, are found. A party that returned from there yesterday, brought back a clam-opener that he picked up. It is made from a whale's tooth, is about eight inches long and is ground sharp at the end. There are some sixteen inches of soil on top of these immense clam beds on which grow fir trees, some of them 400 years old.

To Accommodate His Patrons.
Alex. Gilbert will keep his saloon open day and night. Friends may get a good lunch at any hour of the night. The genuine French salade constantly on hand.

Cook Wanted.
Apply at this office.
A large assortment of Neckwear received at McIntosh's Furnishing store.

One of the finest billiard tables on the coast at Jeff's Telephone.

CROW
Does not make any second-class Pictures at his New Gallery, No. 613, on the Broadway.

For Dinner Parties to order, at short notice, go to Frank Fabre's.

CHIEFLY ABOUT OURSELVES.

From every quarter come kind words and substantial encouragement. It is a satisfaction beyond the mere matter of dollars to know that our efforts to get up a newspaper of which any Astorian might be proud, are aided and forwarded. A comparison with The Astorian of three years ago shows what strides have been made in improvement, and every available dollar is devoted to one purpose, viz: to make The Astorian a strong friend in which every resident of western Oregon and Washington can find a reliable guardian and advocate of his interests. As your year rolls on we find the circle of our readers growing wider. The circulation of The Daily Astorian this morning is exactly two and a half times what it was on Sept. 20th, 1881. This brief statement tells its own story and furnishes its own comment. The Astorian is preeminently the people's paper and there is no one but who expects to be here in a year from now and who realizes the necessity for such an exponent of public opinion.

EVERY JEST PROFESST.

Editorial Comment.
The art of advertising has reached a degree of perfection and is carried on to an extent far beyond anything known in former times. The artistic skill and ingenuity and literary ability displayed are in many cases remarkable; and although deception is often resorted to in order to attract attention, still as the deception is of a harmless kind it is considered legitimate. But even in this business it seems there should be a line drawn somewhere.

It is all right enough to start in reading an interesting story about a man riding into town on a fine looking horse and climb up by his getting lashed out and every line in his body heaving, only to be thoroughly put together and made as good as new by the best use of three bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, but when the unfortunate condition and suffering of a great and good man like General Grant is made use of for the purpose of bringing a quack nostrum, or patent medicine into notoriety, I think it is carrying the thing too far. General Grant is suffering from a disease almost universally considered incurable, but whether cancer can or cannot be cured is of course a question for discussion and investigation in the proper way. But to assert that Grant's physicians are not doing all that medical science can do for him, it seems to me is entirely uncalled for and out of place. These thoughts are called forth from reading an article in yesterday's Oregonian headed, "General Grant. Is the old hero dying because of medical intolerance?" Somebody for General Grant is universal, and thousands would be only too glad to render him any assistance if it were possible, and of course, such a heading as the above would naturally attract the attention of everyone who reads the paper, and after reading about a column and finding out only an advertisement of a patent medicine, not relevant or bearing on the case at all, and no suggestions offered, nothing but vague insinuations that so and so might be the case, one naturally throws the paper down with disgust. It is a matter of surprise to me that any person would have the cheek to offer such an article for publication or that a journal like the Oregonian would publish it under the existing circumstances.

Extensive improvements have been going on in this section for the past year. Near the mouth of Lewis & Clark's Mr. Jeffrey has done a good deal of dyking; Henry Harrison has built a mile of dyke, filled several sloughs, one being eighty-five feet in width. D. Heckard and Mrs. Johnson have been dyking; W. E. Demont has built a new house and built and made extensive repairs on his dyke. W. J. Ingalls has built 180 rods of dyke and filled one slough 110 feet wide with 25 feet depth at high water at a cost of more than six hundred dollars.

Messrs. Cole & Brewer have also been dyking on their premises. With the amount of money expended during the past year we ought to get a tri-weekly or daily boat to town.

Wm. Aylinore lost a fine cow last week—milk fever; D. J. Ingalls also lost one—too much clover. Mr. Aylinore has the lumber on the spot for a new house.

Adjustment.
"Farmer" writes another letter from Chadwell regarding the question raised in his former letter about sending money away, and which has been given liberal discussion in these columns for the past two weeks. He concludes by saying: "There is no need of paying twenty cents a pound for grass seed when it can be bought for twelve cents; there is no sense in paying twenty cents a pound for prunes when they can be bought in Portland for eight cents; there is no sense in paying forty cents a gallon for milk when the farmer only gets fifty cents; there is no need of sending to Europe or anywhere else for coal when you can buy good dry wood on the banks of myrtle stream near home for \$1.50 a cord."

Private card rooms at Jeff's new saloon—"The Telephone."

Buy your Lime of Gray at Portland prices.

Don't pay 25 to 50 cents for dinner when you can get a better one at the Telephone for 15 cents from 11 to 2.

At Frank Fabre's.
Board for \$2.20 a month. The best in the city. Dinner from 5 to 7.

THE BABY.

Or, How Four Bachelors Played Nears for One Night.

Editorial Comment.
I was on a visit to my bachelor friend, Mr. W., in Coville county, W. T. George Myers and Bill Larsen had come in the afternoon as we intended to start early next morning on a bear hunt. We were sitting at the end of the house talking over our plans for the hunt, when someone noticed a man and woman coming up the trail, and as they came closer we could see the man was carrying a baby. This created considerable excitement, as a woman was rarely seen so far up the Tontle as this, and a baby never before. Bill suggested that it was possibly W.'s wife, as he had known of people getting married and then forgetting all about it. W. had just denied the accusation when the party under discussion came up. The man introduced himself as John Simmons; said he was on his way to Dave Winters, on urgent business, and his wife must accompany him, but they would like to leave baby behind for the night. If there was a lady in the house, W. said there was no lady, and although he wasn't much of a hand with babies, yet he would be happy to take care of it for the night, especially as he would have plenty of assistant nurses. The arrangement was soon made, Mr. Simmons and wife went on their way, and we all gathered around to take a peep at the elegant W. had in his arms. He passed the great bundle of cloths and the very little baby up in the air, and called it now a little little darling. George poked it in the clothes where he supposed its face were, and said it was a certain little rascal. Bill thought it was the picture of its mother, and would bet it was a girl. A look of doubt came into the baby's face, and I felt called upon to cry baby. W. then suggested we should try to get some food for it. Then George took charge of it, while W. prepared supper. Then we gave it bread, potatoes, carrots, cabbage, bear meat and coffee. It had scarcely finished supper when a look of surprise came into its face, which quickly changed to doubt, then pain, and finally a large section of that country, for the first time, was filled with the war notes of a crying baby. We tried to make it stop. We tossed it in the air; we called it pet names, with variations; sang baby song to it; rattled spoons in cups; beat tin cans and showed it pictures in a book; but to no purpose. Then George, who seemed to know most about babies, said there might be a pin hurting the poor little thing. So it was undressed, but no pin was found that seemed out of place. Then he suggested that he would try to find the cause of the pain, and W. hinted up a doctor book to see if he could find anything that treated on colic. He then got out a little medicine chest and gave it some stuff, and quite a good deal of rest. We were just beginning to congratulate W. on his skill, when baby broke out in a fresh pain and cried worse than before. After going through all the previous performance we decided that it will not be doing any looking, and we went to compare notes, we had all heard that babies were unusually cross about that time. The doctor book was again brought into use, and some more medicine given. We laid it in bed, turned down the light, and W. and Bill gently crept into the same bed with it, while George and I shared the one in the other end of the room. George had just begun to snore, and I was beginning to dream of killing bear and deer, when the voice of our darling woke us to the immediate present, and scared the mice from the ceiling. A lasty council of war was held and it was decided to place baby in a blanket, and Bill and W. take corners and swing baby back and forth as if it were a cradle. The night was pretty quiet, and we thought it to stop I could hear murmurs that I did not think were blessings on baby. But patience had its reward, for again all became still, but whether they had succeeded in getting it to sleep, or whether it could not, I could not say; and our doctor compels me to admit I did not care much. I gave a grant of satisfaction and pulled most of the clothes off George, who was snoring loudly. The night was quiet. Baby had either been in the habit of inviting its papa out of bed for a walk, or else it did not like the style of snoring, for it was no sooner laid in bed than it struck a higher note than ever, and George and I were called to look after its welfare. George took it in his arms. I flung a blanket around him, and feeling I had performed my part, went back to bed. I was tired, and when baby's lungs got tired, went to sleep. How long I continued in this happy state I do not know, but I woke very suddenly to find baby trying to climb my eyes out with its feet. Had it been awake I would say it did it on purpose; as it was, I just placed them in the vicinity of George's nose and again passed into the land of forgetfulness. When next I awoke, I found a light and baby was sleeping, but soon awoke, and the next thing in order was to dress it, and it is a task I hope never to be called on again to attempt. We dressed it, and W. George and Bill took to the woods and left me alone with our young guest. The mother made a jump at it and covered it with kisses, smiled when she saw the untraced articles of dress, and asked if baby was good. I replied that it was a model baby. Giving it a few more kisses she said: I told you you thanked me for my trouble, and was gone. As soon as she disappeared the boys showed up, formed a line, and club and passed resolutions making the president of the United States to place a heavy tariff on babies. Astoria, April 16, 1885.

NOT A DEBENT.

Under date of April 12th, Wm. M. Elliott writes from Lancaster, Los Angeles county, Cal., to a friend of his in this city. "I have at last settled in California, in a lonely spot here that has been forgotten for years, but they have found by getting water upon it that it is productive of all kinds of vegetables. It is fifty miles from Los Angeles, in what has been called 'the Antelope desert,' but it is not a desert but a garden of flowers. There are four artesian wells here at a depth of 300 feet.

The C. P. E. R. runs through the middle of the valley; the railroad owns most of the land; there is some school and government land; I have bought some and probably the most followed by some Astoria boys down here to help me keep bachelor's hall. Send me THE ASTORIAN and give my regards," etc.

Wm. M. Elliott.

All the patent medicines advertised in this paper, together with the choicest perfumery, and toilet articles, etc. can be bought at the lowest prices, at J. W. Conn's drug store, opposite O'Brien hotel, Astoria.

Gray sells Sackett Bros.' All saved cedar shingles. A full M guaranteed.

MONEY-MAKING.

HOW LIKE ATTRACTS LIKE.

The Keystone of Worldly Success—Thoughts are Things—How to Weave Pleasing Thought Robes.

The law governing material success in life is as certain, fixed and immutable as that of attraction and gravitation, and is in effect a belonging of the same law.

Let two principles be here stated, and if possible, accepted for the moment without argument or objection: First, that the thoughts proceeding from our brains are not myths, but highly refined substances, things and realities; secondly, that in every place and department of nature like attracts like.

Now, to become practical, if your mind of thought is practical, it will attract the practical; if sentimental, and crafty, it will attract to you those of like nature; if artistic and refined, it attracts that character of mind; and if it dwell a great deal in sentimental and ideal, it will isolate you from the great mass of your race.

You need not speak but little openly to prove this. All persons carry the influence or power of their prevailing characteristics of thought with them, and as regards attraction or repulsion, it is felt by every man in a similar way. The thoughts of a man, and his thoughts will soon bring his fellow-professionals in sympathy with him. Set a poet of philosophy among the same blacksmiths and though he disguise himself as a blacksmith, yet the chances largely are that they will not feel "at home" with him.

This law of sympathy or attraction thus quotes unaccountably and thoughtfully, in every instance, involves the very keystone of success in life's undertakings. It attracts or repels. If you want to gain a point with a person, you want first, above all things, as we say in common parlance, that person shall "take to you."

A prejudice or dislike at first sight has spoiled many a bargain and kept many an applicant from the position sought for. Analyze your own sensations on first meeting strangers and you must acknowledge more or less for to this association. Why? Because you feel their thought before you hear it. You have an interior sense which "takes stock" of the individual with lightning-like rapidity, and at the same rate of speed sums up for or against him. All have this sense in greater or less degree.

How to make this favorable impression? Carry it with you. Carry with you the kind of thought that will make it. That is, carry with you a bright, cheerful, hopeful, confident set of your own thoughts, and a real, genuine interest in the business you have in hand or the business you apply for. Don't try to feign any of these thoughts.

The interior sense of the person you are trying to make a friend of, will sympathize, disagreeably, though in mind he may not know why or wherefore. He only knows he feels disagreeably. That is bad for you. In any event you've carried the wrong kind of thought with you, and it has rubbed his for the wrong way.

Wild idea, isn't it, that your thoughts are tangible to others, either irritating as cloak of britches, or soothing as frame of mind. But never mind regarding about this. Keep the idea in your mind and see if the numbers of instances you will from time to time recall do not favor the theory.

As, for instance, the gloomy-faced, snoring, despondent person whom you cannot endure to see enter your room, or the bright and cheery one whose coming is a ray of sunshine. Which stems the chief cause of your feeling the way you do have to offer? True, Mr. Gloomy Face may prove the most efficient. But now we speak of the first step only to success, and the step or means which will bring success in a vast number of instances, enveloping them which strike you like a chill from a damp cellar or a breeze from the north side of a graveyard. The latter has other's feels to yield as a whiff from the shambles. Bad clothing for success.

Now comes the question, how to cultivate the agreeable side of thought; how to make for yourself that invisible garment pleasing or the reverse, to those about you?

The world has gravely set it down in its books for ages that in order to make money one must save, sermify and strive, I assert to the contrary. If you want to make money, spend it, not recklessly, but wisely and to an end and for a purpose. Get the best of all you need—the very best of all you need—the best of all you need—of house, home, everything. If you hesitate between the five and ten dollar boots, decide in favor of the ten dollar pair, promising of course, they are the better.

Why? Surround your food, your clothing, your surroundings affect your thought and make it pleasing or the reverse, according to their quality. Live in a ten-dollar and live poorly. But never poor and abused in a financial sense, and if it be necessary that you have an interview with a banker for any purpose the chances are ten to one that he seems you out, judges you accordingly, and rejects your application.

Thousands are kept poor all their lives because they feel poor. They feel poor because they live poorly. They carry with them a dollar note instead of a twenty-five cent one. Build on that. The next venture will be easier. See one or two dollars more a week, if you are unmarried, and lodge in a more respectable locality. So you commence to rid yourself of the air of poverty and squalor, which repels from you those whom you need to attract.

Look at the majority of men of Wall street. Look at the majority of the bankers, the brokers, the speculators, the relatively few who make money. They eat well, dress well, live well. They conform to this law. They have not probably analyzed it. They might not be able to explain it, but intuitively they adopt it. Or if ever they were obliged to live at a ten cent restaurant they left it as soon as possible.

They know that any kind of cheap living cheapens their value and standing in the eyes of that portion of the world they deal with, though they might laugh at the idea that they cultivated and carried with them that character of thought most necessary in order to make money, or that their unspoken thought, condition of mind or frame of mind was in effect a substance—a power which could be felt by others.

Remember, we are talking here as to the law of attraction and not of morality, and that this law can be used by scamps and villains as well as by honest people, and probably the more followed by the scamps than by the honest. Your agreeable swindler feels agreeably toward you while making his favorable

impression on you, though all the while cramming you with lies. If he did not for the time feel agreeably he could not make you feel so. He brings with him for the time the desire, the thought to make you feel pleasantly. He sets his mind first to confidence, then to cheerfulness, in order to make you feel confident and cheerful. An honest man may on the contrary bring with him no confidence or cheerful thought—no thought or desire to make himself agreeable to you—though he is perfectly "on the square" as regards his intentions. So possibly he fails with you. If your intention or inferior sense is very keen, you may feel the swindler's underlying motive. The majority will not, for a reason not at all complimentary to themselves.

PAEETRE MOREUM.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM BEAR CREEK.

BEAR CREEK, April 17, 1885.

EDITOR ASTORIA:
We have a fine settlement here and plenty of as fine agricultural land as there is in the northwest. There have been thirty-one new settlers come in here within the last eighteen months; we have room for more; we have two good school houses. Miss Lottie Spear, of Knappton, will teach in one and Miss Ella Mitchell of the same place will teach the other. The greatest drawback is the lack of a road to Astoria. We have built a wagon road from Stevensen's landing south across the township to the township line and half a mile west, which brings within ten miles of the John Day road. We tried two years ago to get a little help from the county to build a bridge on the failed road, but the county was not able to do so. We are now able to build the Clatsop road and bridge nevertheless. If the county will give us one-third of the cost of that enterprise we will bring a wagon-load of J. F. Warren Barank seedlings to Astoria from Knappton by land before the first of November (play fair). The country is settled all along this proposed road. If you want our produce and trade help us a little to get there with both feet.

The farmers here have their crop most all in. We have a Sunday school and the Rev. John E. Wood preaches to us every Sunday when the weather and other circumstances will permit. We all feel very grateful to THE ASTORIAN for the interest it has taken in the forfeiture of the Astoria land grant but we don't feel just right yet. Let us hope the man with the long mane will fly to the rescue soon. Mr. A. B. Hills is expecting his two sons home from California this summer.

One Clear creek Republican has taken a bean shave; don't know whether it is to pay for it or through mortification. J. N. Coffey and Mrs. Riddle were running a race for early potatoes; the first nipped both; now they are even.

ODD SECTIONS.

NO POISON IN THE PASTRY IF DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE USED.

Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., flavor cakes, biscuits, puddings, etc., with delicacy and naturally as the fruit from which they are made.

For Strength and True Fruit Flavor They Stand Alone.

Prepared by the Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

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1885 1885

Spring and Summer OPENING!

We will make a grand display of New and Fashionable Goods on

Thursday, April 16th, And following Day.

Inspection Invited.

C. H. COOPER'S,

The Leading Dry Goods and Clothing House OF ASTORIA.

The New York Novelty Store

The Leading Stationers and News Dealers of Astoria.

The Latest Notions and Novelties, Etc.

PARKER HOUSE Astoria Bakery

Shaving and Bathing Saloon. Ladies' Hair Dresser and Wig Maker. Columbia Candy Factory.

CITY BOOK STORE

GRIFFIN & REED.

D. A. McINTOSH, The Leading Clothier and Hatter.

New Goods! IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. New Styles! Men's, Youths' and Boys' CLOTHING Hats and Furnishing Goods.

FINEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.