The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

THURSDAY.....JULY 16, 1885

ISSUED EVERY MORNING.
(Monday excepted)
J. F. HALLORAN & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS,
ASTORIAN BUILDING, - - CASS STREET

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Notice To Advertisers.

THE ASTORIAN guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia river.

This paper is on file at the St. Charles Hotel, Portland, Or.

The *Willamette* sailed yesterday.

J. D. Wagner, representing the San Francisco *Golden Era*, is in the city.

Plums are fifty cents a bushel in Salem, and fifty cents a pound in Montana and Idaho.

A. V. Allen receives compressed yeast, the housekeeper's favorite, on every steamer.

Judge Townsend has sold the Lafayette *Register* to Messrs. Fenton and Westerfield.

It cost $27.83 per capita to give Walla Walla's school children a term of school last year.

The *A. B. Field* will go to Tillamook on Saturday the 18th inst., leaving Main street dock at 8 A. M.

A new lighthouse has been finished at Mayne island, Active Pass, B. C. It is a fixed white light, visible twelve miles.

The street fakirs are not so numerous this summer as usual. The pickings are kind o' short for those fellows this season.

Blackberries are in the market in great quantities. The cheapest they have been offered so far is five cents a pound, which will probably be the bottom figure.

Mr. C. W. Shively, clerk school district No. 18, gives notice that there will be a meeting in the schoolhouse in that district this evening to levy a school tax, etc.

The *Geo. W. Elder*, a stranger of late in these parts, is due from San Francisco to-morrow, with freight and passengers, in place of the disabled *State of California*.

The salary attached to the post office has been reduced from $1,900 to $1,800 a year. Just how the officials figure on these things seems singular. Salem gets $2,100, Walla Walla $2,100, and Tacoma $2,100.

An invitation is acknowledged to a ball to be given by Cushing Post G. A. R. band on the evening of the 24th inst., at Ross' opera house. The boys deserve and will doubtless have a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Among some delinquent accounts recently advertised for sale, appears the name of Henry Fisher, for $1.50. He holds a receipted bill for that amount, the bill having been paid before the list appeared, and its publication in that list was a mistake.

"The American Bookmaker" is received with an elaborate description of the Otto gas engine which many progressive newspapers now depend on for power. THE ASTORIAN is believed to be the only newspaper north of San Francisco printed on a press run by the Otto gas engine.

The operator at the Cape reports that at 6:45 last evening the dead body of a man was seen floating out to sea. The only thing that could be distinguished was that the head was bald, and the body clothed in black. Some poor unfortunate who may have left some hearthstone desolate.

The steamship *Wilmington*, Barnard's opposition boat, will leave San Francisco for the Columbia on her first trip about August 3d. The *Wilmington* is a steel vessel of 752.07 tons net burden and was built at Wilmington, Delaware, in 1865. Her home port is San Francisco. She has engines of 150 horse power.

The Tillamook Maud Mining company has been incorporated: S. M. Keenan, J. B. Parker, S. M. Crane of East Portland, and others are interested. Capital stock, $1,000,000; shares $5 each. The company has bought a mill with a daily capacity of two tons, and will begin operations at once.

Ninety and ninety-two cents appears to be the current price for county orders. As they draw eight per cent interest, and are perfectly good, it would seem as though they ought to be worth ninety-five, but anything in this world is worth just what it will fetch, and county orders are evidently no exception to the general rule.

There was a lively time at the Pacific Union yesterday morning. According to the account of the circus, Mr. Dunn grabbed Mr. Smith by the beard and yanked out a handful, and Mr. Smith placed the torn handful of beard in his pocket, after which he smote Mr. Dunn with his fists. No arrests.

Under date of July 14th, Capt. Geo. T. Morse, of the barkentine *Melanethon*, writes from South Bend, W. T., where he had just arrived with his vessel, that on the 10th inst. he spoke the ship *Benjamin F. Packard*, lat. 44° 33 N., lon. 139° 03 W., 153 days from Liverpool, bound for Port Moody, B. C. The captain's wife and child were very sick. Captain Morse supplied him with medicine and vegetables.

S. B. Osborn writes from his place at Williamsport that at a late hour on the night of Monday, the 13th, John Bushard left Young's bay intending to go up Young's river. Nothing was further heard or seen of him, but the following day his boat was found bottom upwards opposite J. G. Nurnburg's; his hat was floating on the water. The presumption is that the unfortunate man is drowned.

The July salmon run, which started in pretty heavy the first week of the month, has fallen off, and it looks now as though the prophesies of a short pack would come true; there are not lacking those who assert that the aggregate will be 200,000 cases below that of last year. The outside estimate is 475,000 cases, and it is said that this is putting it 30,000 cases too high. It would seem as though Jos. Hume would win his bet.

It would be a good joke on some of the Portland office seekers if the Portland custom house were abolished. Mr. Hobson and his deputies and assistants would, in that case, be given more commodious quarters. The United States and Clatsop county might make a trade—have the present custom house condemned and sold to the county for a court house and a new custom house large and stylish erected on the site of the present court house.

The postmaster general has approved the design for the ten cent special delivery stamp authorized by congress at its last session. The stamp will be about the size of an ordinary postage stamp and the shape of a dollar note. On the left of the stamp there is a pretty vignette of a messenger boy in uniform. Across the top are these words: "United States special postal delivery;" along the bottom the price of the stamp, ten (10) cents, is expressed in figures and letters. Conspicuous on the body of the stamp are the words: "Secures immediate delivery at special delivery office." When these stamps get out here, a letter that has one on will be delivered at the residence or place of business immediately after its receipt at the post office.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

Astoria, it seems, like Portland and the other towns of the country, has been thrown upon its own resources. The ASTORIAN of yesterday says: "Someone said somewhere sometime that 'it never rains but it pours.' The remark continues to be quoted because it cannot be improved. It applies with particular aptness to Astoria's present depressed condition. Salmon, logs, lumber, railroad prospects, and everything else it may almost be said, offer a dull appearance, and now comes the probable loss of a little business that usually helps matters considerably in the winter time—the loading of ships." It is a trifle severe that all these misfortunes must come at once, but after all it seems best for a town to get down to "hard pan" occasionally. It takes out the deceit, shuts down our extravagancies and stops bluster. It teaches people the primary value of things and makes them appreciate good times when in the course of nature, they come round again. There is a popular song of no great merit which declares that spring would be a dreary season if there were nothing else but spring, and so it is with good times. But Astoria is not alone. The ill-luck is pretty evenly distributed. We must quit relying upon outside conditions and each go diligently to work to develop its local resources. That is the only sure prosperity. Astoria should try to fill up the fine country tributary to it. When Clatsop county has a population of fifty thousand, Astoria will cease to care much about the items of business whose loss now is the occasion of dark forebodings. —*Oregonian.*

The ASTORIAN talks gloomily of the shipping interests of that port. After citing the facts that salmon, logs, lumber, railroad prospects, and everything else have been disappointing this year, it speaks of the loading of ships, in this wise: "The tonnage at present on the way aggregates 7,784 tons: two years ago at this time there were 58,653, and the winter of 1883-4 required here 25,680 tons of ship tonnage. The causes of the falling off are far reaching in their nature, and difficult to explain in the necessarily brief limits of a newspaper article. The wheat is here to ship and plenty of it, just the same as two and three years ago. But the vessels are not. Two and three years ago more coal was needed here, which brought ships from Australia: the Northen Pacific railroad was not finished, and supplies had to come around the Horn in vessels that took wheat to England when they crossed the bar bound out; causes which no longer exist brought other vessels, and high freights made it profitable for vessels to come here ballast laden, discharge and load at a handsome profit." But the causes mentioned by the ASTORIAN as depressing the freighting interests of the Columbia may prove only temporary. The Oregon wheat crop can not fail to attract tonnage. The great crops of the northwest will hardly stand double and treble handling between producers and consumers, and it is contrary to all rules regulating transportation to have the crops of Oregon and Washington go to San Francisco to seek tonnage for Europe.—*News.*

HOW TO PRESERVE.

Now that the small fruits are becoming more abundant, preserving is the order of the day. Housekeepers who dislike the tedious, old-time fashion of clarifying sugar and boiling the fruit will appreciate the two following recipes, no fire being needed in their preparation: First, put one quart of white preserving brandy into a two-gallon stone jar that has a tightly fitting top. Then, for every pound of fruit in prime condition and perfectly dry which you put in the brandy add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar; stir every day so that the sugar will be dissolved, using a clean wooden spoon kept for the purpose. Every sort of fruit may be used, beginning with strawberries and ending with plums. Be sure and have at least one pound of black cherries, as they make the color of the preserve very rich. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, apricots, cherries (sweet and sour), peaches, plums are all used, and, if you like, currants and grapes. Plums and grapes should be peeled and cut in quarters, or eighths or dice; cherries also must be seeded. The jar must be kept in a cool, dry place, and the daily stirring must never be forgotten, for that is the secret of success. You may use as much of one sort of fruit as you like, and it may be put in from day to day just as you happen to have it. Half the quantity of spirits may be used. The preserves will be ready for use within a week after the last fruit is put in, and will keep for a number of months. We have found it good eight months after making.

Second—Take some pure white vinegar and mix it with some granulated sugar until the syrup is formed quite free from acidity. Pour this syrup into earthen jars and put in it good, perfectly ripe fruit, gathered in dry weather. Cover the jars tight and put them in a dry place. The contents will keep for six or eight months and the flavor of the fruit will be excellent.

Suit for Damages.

In the state circuit court at Portland, J. B. Montgomery has brought suit against the O. & C. R. R. Co. The action is to recover $35,000 for damages sustained under the following circumstances: J. B. Montgomery and another man were driving up North Front street at noon on the 22nd of December, 1882, near its intersection with North Fourth. The engineer of one of the O. & C. locomotives was eating his dinner, when the yard master signaled him to get off the track. The engineer reached forward and placed the cover on his dinner bucket, and at the same moment opened the throttle valve and let steam into the cylinders, the stop cocks being open, the noise made by the escaping steam scared the horse, and he ran away and collided with a pile of lumber, throwing Montgomery out and breaking his right leg and inflicting other injuries. As soon as the engineer saw the horse running he stopped the engine. Mr. Montgomery was unable to stir from bed for fifty days and was confined to the house for four months and a half, and paid a bill to nurses and doctors amounting to $3,500.

Piano for Sale,

Of splendid tone and fine make. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply at this office.

"WALL, BY GOSH!"

We were winding down one of the mountain roads of Tennessee in a cart drawn by a mule. The land was barren, the houses no better than hovels, and it was a query how people made a bare living or were content to stay. By and by we came to a turn in the road where there was a trough to water horses and mules, and the cabin of a settler. This cabin was the poorest of all, and nothing around it indicated that the owner made any attempt to cultivate the soil. We reached the place just in time to witness a tableau. A woman, poorly dressed, and her face bearing the look of one who had seen much worry and suffering, stood near the trough, and a satchel filled with clothing sat on the ground beside her. Five feet away stood her husband, a burly, tough-faced mountaineer, and he held a switch in his hand. Neither minded us as we drove up, and it was a full minute before the husband said:

"Mary, I'll wollop ye!"

"Jim, ye dasn't!" she replied.

"Mary, ye can't leave me nohow!"

"Jim, I'm gwine ter do it! I've starved an' suffered till I'm clean gone! I'm going home."

"Mary, if ye don't take up that satchel and march in I'll wollop ye good and stout!"

There were two of us besides the driver. The woman looked up and scanned our faces, as if to judge how far she might count on our help, and the driver said:

"Tain't rulable for strangers to mix in, Mary, and Jim's got a knife and would kill somebody. Better go in."

"Never!" she hissed.

"If you don't," said the husband as he came a step nearer, "I'll make the fur fly! Take that!"

With a swish he brought the switch down across her shoulders and raised it again. She stood stock still for a minute and looked him in the eye, and then walked into the hovel.

"Raither peart, but the gad will cure her!" grinned the husband as he drew the switch through his fingers.

His triumph was short-lived. In sixty seconds Mary reappeared. She had the mountaineer's heavy rifle in her hands, and as she came out she raised it on a line with the man's heart.

"Jim, I want ye to git!"

"N-o!"

"Sartin!"

"Shoo! Can't do it!"

"Click! click!"

"Mary, what ye gwine ter do!"

"Kill ye like a wolf in yer tracks if ye don't walk away!"

"Whar' to?"

"Nobody keers! Go sumwhar'—keep goin'—don't never come back! Hurry up, fur I'm going down on the stage!"

He looked into her eyes and saw the change. Poverty and brutality had come to an end. Love had turned to disgust, and in place of fear was such bravery as he would not have looked for in a man on the road. He saw "shoot" in her eyes, but he still hesitated.

"Mary, drop that rifle!" he whispered.

"Jim, git! If you are here when I've finished counting twenty I'll kill you as there is a God in Heaven!"

He began backing away. When he had gone twenty feet he turned and walked. When he had gone a hundred he halted, wheeled about, and after a long look muttered:

"Wall, by gosh! Mary, let's make up!"

"Keep a-gittin,' Jim," she replied, as she still covered him with the rifle.

In five minutes he was out of sight up the road. The woman placed the gun and satchel in the cart, walked into the hovel to be gone two minutes, and when she came back to the cart and took a seat with us flames were creeping through a hundred crevices between the dry logs. Without a word she climbed in, and only once during the five mile ride did she utter a word. At a bend in the road she looked back at the pyramid of smoke and flame wrought by her hand, and said, as if to herself:

"Jim didn't know Mary, Jim didn't!"

Fresh Eastern and Shealwater Bay Oysters

Constantly on hand, cooked to any style at Frank Fabre's.