

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21, 1887

The Gleason cleared for Liverpool yesterday.

Jas. Cox has bought the Astoria bakery and will run it in a first-class manner.

Services in Congregational church this morning and evening. Preaching by the pastor.

The Clatsop Mill Co.'s new steamer is assuming proportions; the machinery will be put in this week.

Regular service, morning and evening, in the Presbyterian church today by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Garner.

The keel of the new steam schooner building by J. B. Montgomery at Skamokwa is a single stick 150 feet long.

Considerable good work is being done this season in the way of building new sidewalks and repairing old ones.

The Gen. Comby goes on an excursion to Fort Canby and Ilwaco this morning, returning at 5 p. m. See adv't.

The arrivals yesterday were the Astoria, previously reported; the steamers Gen. Miles, Mischief, Ross, Olsen and Montezuma.

Subject for dissection at the Methodist church today at 7:30 p. m.: The Personality and Danger of the Devil; Is the Devil a Fallen Angel?

The Albany Herald hears that the captain of the Tressa May of Yaquina has been fined \$1,500 for carrying more passengers than allowed by law.

Subject of morning sermon in the Baptist church will be "The praying convert; evening lecture on temperance, subject: "Foundations destroyed."

Fog and smoke to the north, and smoke and fog to the south make life disagreeable. Here in this vicinity the absence of smoke, fog and heat makes life agreeable.

The new pilot boat for the Washington territory pilots was launched at North Beach, San Francisco, last Friday evening. The Washington territory pilots are doing nothing at present.

County superintendent Page gives notice that the next teachers' examination will be held in the principal's room in the Court street school, beginning at noon on Wednesday, the 31st inst.

The state will have to pay Bancroft & Co. of San Francisco, about \$10,000 for the new Oregon code, now in press, and to be distributed upon receipt to the different county and precinct officers of the state.

The honor of being the oldest pioneer in Oregon is accorded to Jean Baptiste Garnier, of Florence, Lane Co., who is said to have come to what is now this state in 1819. J. B. Gobin, of French Prairie, Marion Co., came to Oregon in 1825.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Jas. Davidson is down from Bay View.

H. R. Lewis, of the firm of Lewis & Dryden, is in the city.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird, of the U. S. fish commission, died at Woodhall, Mass., last Friday afternoon.

Rev. T. G. Brownson, president McMinnville college, is in the city. He will preach in the Baptist church this morning.

Jas. Williams returned from Yaquina yesterday. He expects to begin canning salmon there in the latter part of the week.

Fred W. Prael goes to Madison, Wisconsin, to-morrow, to take a three years' course in the polytechnic school at that place.

Major T. J. Blakeney arrived yesterday from California. He goes to Shoalwater bay to-morrow on his semi-annual tour of inspection.

Mrs. Agnes Slanson, wife of A. B. Slanson, assistant editor Telegram, died in Portland last Friday in the 27th year of her age, greatly beloved and regretted. Mr. Slanson in his bereavement has the sympathy of many friends throughout the state.

In Brief, And to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to human nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Notice.

To make room for our fall stock, we will for the next ten days sell our baby carriages at actual cost.

GRIFFIN & REED.

Have you seen the quantity of big packages of Dry Goods and Clothing leaving the Low Price Store? Prices are the cause of it.

The best oysters in any style at Fabre's.

FROM THE ATLANTIC SLOPE.

A Large Organization of Employees.

President Cleveland's Traveling Plan.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The bodies of Mrs. Milvina Payne, widow, and her daughter Anna, were found in a tenement house. They had some days before committed suicide by taking poison and cutting the arteries of their arms. The bodies were in a horrible condition of decomposition.

STANLEY ALIVE IN JUNE.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—In letters of Henry M. Stanley, written from Zambuya near the rapids of Aruwims, dated June 19th, the explorer says that the natives evacuated that place upon the arrival of the expedition owing to fright produced by the vigorous blowing of steamboat whistles. They returned afterwards evincing a very amicable disposition and promised to supply the expedition with provisions. They informed Stanley that there were other rapids higher up and more difficult of navigation, and further progress by the river would be impossible.

THE ECLIPSE IN EUROPE.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The total eclipse of the sun yesterday was observed for a few minutes at Dartmoor and Torquay. The sky was obscured by clouds at Paris and Vienna. At the latter place thousands were waiting to make observations. Prof. Mogel, of the Belgian expedition, who was stationed at Jurgentz, on the Vaigs, telegraphs that the sky was overcast but the solar protuberances were observed, although the corona was invisible. The Russian observers were more successful in their various stations, obtaining numerous drawings of the corona and its spectrum.

DEATH OF GEO. BRINSKI.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—A Bath, New York, special says: George Brinski, the man who claimed to have served three years in the Union army during the war of the rebellion as a substitute for Grover Cleveland, died at the soldier's home near here yesterday of consumption. He was a Polish sailor, aged 65, and claimed to have been sworn as Cleveland's substitute when he was drafted in Buffalo in 1863.

ORGANIZING RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 20.—A national charter has been granted by the general executive board, Knights of Labor, to assemblies composed of Pennsylvania railroad employees and the work of organizing them into a national trade district assembly will be pushed forward rapidly. It is expected that the example will be speedily imitated by employees on other great railroad systems, and in time a great coalition will be formed among them for advancement of their mutual interests.

PRESIDENTIAL PLANS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 20.—It is the present intention of the president, though not yet formally expressed, to make his Philadelphia trip during the centennial celebration of the adoption of the constitution by the convention of 1787, and then to return here to await the time arranged for his western tour. It is not improbable that he will visit on his return the northern tier of states of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan, northern Ohio, with a few days at Buffalo and in western New York. He has also still in mind a trip to the south, which will take in a flying journey through the coast states to Atlanta, returning northward through the interior states, taking in West Virginia and Maryland. Before his departure, in conversing upon the subject of these trips, the president intimated that his previous occupations and disposition to stay at home had deprived him of that personal knowledge of the interior sections of the country, their people and their interests, which it is now important for him to have. As the coming session of congress will extend well into the summer, by which time nominations for 1888 will doubtless have been made and the campaign will be fairly under way, it is the president's wish to circulate among the people now, and while they are not under the pressure of the excitements incident to such times in national affairs. When he returns he will have his hands full with politics and politicians.

C. R. F. P. U.

There will be a meeting of the Columbia River Fishermen's Protective Union at Liberty Hall, on Friday, the 26th inst., at seven p. m. All members in good standing are requested to attend.

A. SUTTON, Secretary.

A. SEAFIELD, Pres't.

Heart Disease!!!

Read the hospital reports, read the mortuary reports, read the medicine publications, read the daily newspapers, and learn how wide-spread is heart disease, how difficult of detection it is to most people, how many and how sudden are deaths it causes. Then read Dr. Flint's Treatise on Heart Disease, and learn what it is, what causes it, what diseases it gives rise to, what its symptoms are, and how it may be attacked. If you find that you have heart disease, ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. Flint's Heart Remedy. The treatise may be had on application to J. J. MACK & CO., Nos. 9 and 11 Front street, S. F.

Church Fair and Sociable.

The ladies and society of the Norwegian Lutheran church will give a Fair and Sociable at the Upper Astoria church on Tuesday, the 22d inst., beginning at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend. Refreshments will be served. Come.

Vanilla Ice Cream at Fabre's to-day.

STRANDED ON STEEL HEADS.

Reminiscences of Jack the Comedian.

"Price of Admission One Salmon—4 Bits.

Every old Astorian remembers the comedian John Jack and his wife Annie Firmin, and the season they played here at Liberty Hall. Chief among the reminiscences of that prolonged and brilliant theatrical engagement is the fact that he advertised the price of admission to the gallery as "one salmon," or its equivalent—four bits. Before us lies a heap of old play bills, printed in this office, in which the attractions of each evening are daily set forth, and the program duly recited; the announcement that the price of admission to the gallery is "one salmon, 4 bits." A letter to the New York Mercury gives an account of the wanderings of the famous comedian, who at that writing had been winning plaudits from cracker audiences in the overglades of Florida.

Following is an exaggerated but laughable reference to the transaction in Astoria in which salmon played so important a part:

SOLD ON STEELHEADS.

On one occasion, in the height of the fishing season in that great and growing state the feet of which, with its rocky boulders, are wondrously washed by the waters of the Pacific—this company appeared in the city of Astoria, and taking possession of the town hall—known as the "Occidental"—hung out their banner on the outer walls thereof and defied competition and dared criticism; also invited the public and the rest of Oregon, and particularly Astorian mankind to enter into the seats and joys of the nightly performances. Price of admission—oh, there was the rub!

The manager discovered, during a brief conversation with the jolly landlord of the Occidental hotel, that "current funds" were so only in name in fact, that except for use in the fishing interest, there were no funds, current or otherwise, in that region. "You won't take in a dollar a night in money, and don't you forget it," was the assertion of the landlord.

The Falstaffian form of the managerial comedian who had put a girdle around the earth with the "legitimate" in his search for funds and reputation expanded—undusted, so to speak—with disgust. "What, no money in town; in Astoria, the very heart of this vast region?"

"Right you are," certified the landlord. "If you don't believe me go and see one of our editors—a publisher, or any store-keeper you like here. Why, some of our richest people haven't had a dollar in their grip in the last six weeks. Fact, 'How in the name of Shakespeare do you live—on credit?' gasped the landlord in front of the New York Comedy company.

"No, sir, not on credit—on fish—with old rye sauce." "Hs—ha—ha! Gad so! Beshrow me, and by my halidome—I fackins it likes me not. It hath an ancient and fish-like odor."

"I don't know what you mean, but it's all the same—there ain't no money—not even the odor of greenback or an old cent in the entire place, nor won't be until the fishing season's done with."

"Great Caesar's corn! and what'll I do with my company?" "They'll have a fish or cut bait."

John Jack reeled in the breast of his coat, and after tacking from one point to another in search of further information "it" into the office of the Daily Astorian.

Here he found its editor among Tom Sutherland, publisher of the Sunday Welcome, who had just arrived from Portland, Oregon, upon a friendly visit.

The manager at once opened upon the money question. "Landlord's correct," said Sutherland, who was amusing himself by whittling a wooden penholder with a fish knife, into the semblance of a toothpick. "No money here, or in Portland either, paid my fare here—from Portland, on the steamer—110 miles too—with fish—two hundred salmon for a cabin passage, state room and meals, and not a scale less."

"Am I dreaming or am I in Cape Cod?" "You are in Oregon—in Astoria, in fact. Glad to meet you! When you come to Portland, the leading paper of the north-west, the Sunday Welcome, published by yours truly, will give you a hearty boom which will bump you and your esteemed company of comedians into glory. Providing you pay down ready salmon. Advertising rates—five lines, long primer, one back salmon; editorial notice, three-line pic, thick leads, display heading, three salmon per column."

Jack looked as if he were collapsing like a devilfish punctured by a harpoon. "The idea of trading Shakespeare for salmon; putting up the 'New Magdalen' as bait to catch a mess of fish; converting his line of business into a fish line!" "Oh, my company! Was it for this that I and mine should be a part of the Union Square from our feet and wandered hither?"

"Then to the editor and to Sutherland: 'Suppose I open to-night, and—accept salmon at the box-office in exchange for seats—what'll I do with the fish?'" "Why, don't you remember what the landlord said—that only the fish dealers had money? The fish canners will pay you fifty cents apiece for salmon—as many as you take them. You'll be all right. Go right on, old boy, with your circus. It's your only way to win a big audience."

The manager retired from the editorial presence in good order, but with a feeling of heaviness, as if his physical make-up was careening the wrong way, like a big ship through the shifting of the ballast. He called his constables, male and female, together and held the mirror of affairs up to the nature of their comprehension.

"Would the leading man accept fifty salmon a week until the company got out of the needy confines of Oregon—or at least until the fishing season was over?" "Fresh or pickled?" "Fresh, peradventure."

"I say, Jack, hadn't we better book it for 'Frisco?' said the juvenile gent." "Hook it—with baited bread," added the low comedy fake, looking as lugubriously satiric as London Punch. "It's a big catch you've got us onto!" put in the treasurer, counting a couple of deadhead partridges which he carried in his pocket for luck.

than salmon, will be taken at the box-office."

Night came. So did the rush. Senator Ball was the first leading Astorian to arrive. He came with Mrs. Senator Ball and three little balls in a carriage, followed by a wheelbarrow loaded with salmon, which were handed into the box-office—seats for five.

Then came the Mayor, Constable, and Lord High everything else, with his wife, and Miss Tuffy, the sweet poetess of Astoria and its suburbs. Six more fish.

His Hon. Judge Cardamonedo, and his friend General Orofino, the hero of many a hard-fought battle of draw poker, added their scaly tribute for the encouragement of the legitimate drama.

The orchestra, consisting of the fragmentary reminiscence of a piano, an elderly bass-viol, a high-toned life, and a strange-looking moaning instrument for arcticular torment, which bore a very close resemblance to a loaf of Boston brown bread surmounted by a pretzel rampant.

The town bill-sticker having finished posting the acts and the leader of the band, waved the handle of his paste brush as the signal for turning on the overture.

The theater was packed—with fishermen and the elite of the town. It was a gala night and never was the pillow padded rotundity of the only original live Falstaff seen to a more expansive advantage.

But the box office, shelves, tables and chairs were piled and heaped with salmon. It was Sam on everything. That is Sam the treasurer, was Sam on salmon everywhere in that somewhat circumscribed enclosure known as the box office. To paragon the Ancient Mariner's wail. There was "fish, fish everywhere, but not a cent for a drink."

After the curtain was up the treasurer got outside and packed all he could of the piscatorial receipts through the ticket window. The remainder he threw in a heap at the entrance under the guardianship of the door keeper.

When the performance closed—the manager having announced a special salmon representation of "The New Magdalen" for the next night—and the audience had departed, John came in front to learn what the receipts amounted to—in solid hand fish.

"I've tallied them. Altogether there's nine hundred salmon in. Every seat was sold."

"Good," chuckled John. "All fresh are they?" "They're daisies, most of 'em buck too."

"Good again. Let me see, nine—the half of nine is four and a half. Four hundred and fifty dollars. By Jove—a week of this salmon business'll put us on our feet for the season. God bless our h—Oregon."

"Now Governor—about the receipts—the fish?" "Go right down to the canning man—and tell him to come and cart 'em off. Tell him to bring \$400 with him—now be quick. He told me he'd take all I could get in."

Treasurer obeyed orders. Half an hour later the salmon canner came with a couple of his men and the wagon.

"Here I am, Mr. Manager; it's a big catch, eh? The drummer's better bait I thought for. There's nine hundred, eh? Now let's look at 'em."

When he did "look at 'em" he roared. He ho heod and in haed and his help did the same.

"What in the name of Prince Hal's the matter with you? What are you laughing at?" "Well, we ain't a buyin' steel heads—not much."

"W-h-a-t?" "Well, these fishermen have stuck you just too lovely for anything. These here fish are 'steel-heads.' They're a species of salmon which even a digger Indian wouldn't eat. We sell 'em for twenty cents a load for fertilizing purposes. Why didn't you get a jedge of salmon into your box office, hey?"

"Steelheads, Godelmity!" groaned the manager, making a rash for the treasurer, who ineffectually skipped.

In the afternoon of that day there was a melancholy procession going from the wharf on to the steamer for Portland.

The procession was the members of the New York Comedy company (limited). And the salmon fisheries interest them no more.

Excitement in Texas. Great excitement has been caused in the vicinity of Paris, Tex., by the remarkable recovery of Mr. J. E. Corley, who was so helpless he could not turn in bed, or raise his head; everybody said he was dying of Consumption. A trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery was sent him. Finding relief, he bought a large bottle and a box of Dr. King's New Life Pills; by the time he had taken two boxes of Pills and two bottles of the Discovery, he was well and had gained in flesh thirty-six pounds.

Trial bottles of this Great Discovery for Consumption free at W. E. Dement & Co.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.



Mr. Cooper has just returned from the markets, where he personally selected one of the Largest and Finest stocks of

Men's Youths' AND Boys' Clothing,

Our Stock is the Largest, Our Selection the Latest, Our Prices the very Lowest.

Upwards of TWO THOUSAND SUITS to select from All New, Stylish, and perfect fitting garments.

C. H. COOPER, The Leading House of the City.

Underwear!

Received: A VERY LARGE ASSORTMENT



UNDERWEAR

Of all Colors and Grades, Cheap, Medium

Fine Grades: WILL BE SOLD AT SMALL PROFIT.

Herman Wise

Further Reliable CLOTHIER

AND HATTER

For a Fine Dish of Ice Cream Go to the Central Restaurant, next to Foard & Stokes.

Beals Cooked to Order. Private rooms for ladies and families; at Central Restaurant, next to Foard & Stokes.

Fine Goods. Thos. Mairs, the Merchant Tailor, has just received the first installment of his fall stock. Call and see some fine goods.

Do You Want Your Fine Cleaned? If you do T. Clifton will do the job neat and cheap. Leave orders at ASTORIA office.

GIVING GOODS AWAY

UNDERWEAR

Losing Money!

Doing Business for Fun!

ALL THE TIME.

But for quality and prices of Goods, and fair honest dealing, we cannot be excelled in Astoria or on the river.

Then bear this fact in mind, that when you buy articles of good quality and get honest weight, you get more value for your money than you would at a low price if cheated in quality or weight. Seeing is believing and if you buy of us once you will come again.

D. L. Beck & Sons.

(Opposite Star Market)