

# The Daily Astorian

EXCLUSIVE TELEGRAPHIC PRESS REPORT.

VOL. XLII, NO. 137.

ASTORIA, OREGON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1894.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS.

## THE SEWING



If the manufacture of clothing and the quality of labor employed depends their wearing qualities. We handle only the best grades obtainable anywhere—clothing we know is made by the best workmen. The product of the "sweaters" or Chinese never enters our store to our knowledge. Our permanent success depends upon the permanency of the satisfaction we give in selling **Mens' and Boys' Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc.**

The **OSGOOD MERCHANTILE Co.**

The One Price Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers

506 and 508 COMMERCIAL STREET, ASTORIA, OR.

### WON ON MERIT.

LAY THOSE TWO FISHING OUTFITS ASIDE. You needn't keep them more than a half hour. We've examined several outfits in different stores, and we want to go to another. We saw an outfit in a window a little of us want to go and see it.

Thus said two customers to whom we had shown our fishing tackle. Further said they—We like your goods, but want to be sure of getting the best value for our money. We'll be back and let you see what we've bought if we like the other outfits better.

In less than half an hour back they come and say—We don't see anything that pleases us as well as yours. We'll take them.

**GRIFFIN & REED.**

CALIFORNIA WINE HOUSE.

## Fine Wines and Liquors.

I have made arrangements for supplying any brand of wines in quantities to suit at the lowest cash figures. The trade and families supplied. All orders delivered free in Astoria.

**A. W. UTZINGER,** Main Street, Astoria, Oregon.

## Str. R. P. ELMORE



Will leave for Tillamook Every Four Days as Near as the weather will permit.

The steamer R. P. Elmore connects with Union Pacific steamers for Portland and through tickets are issued from Portland to Tillamook Bay points by the Union Pacific Company. Ship freight by Union Pacific Steamers.

**ELMORE, SANBORN & CO.,** Agents, Astoria.  
UNION PACIFIC R. R. CO., Agents, Portland.

### \$2 FOR AN \$80 LOT!

BY BECOMING A MEMBER OF HILL'S LOT CLUBS YOU CAN GET A FIRST CLASS LOT IN HILL'S FIRST ADDITION TO ASTORIA. LOTS WILL BE DELIVERED WEEKLY. NOW IS THE TIME TO PROCURE A

Lot to Build a Home, for **\$2**

The Packers of Choice

## Columbia River Salmon

Their Brands and Locations.

NAME.	LOCATION.	BRAND.	AGENTS.	AT
Astoria Pk'g Co.	Astoria.	Astoria Pk'g Co. Kinsey's, John A. Devlin.	M. J. Kinsey.	Astoria.
Booth A. Pk'g Co.	Astoria.	Black Diamond, Oval.	A. Booth & Sons.	Chicago.
Columbia River Pk'g Co.	Astoria.	Cocktail.	Cutting Pk'g Co.	San Francisco.
Elmore Samuel.	Astoria.	Magnolia, White Star.	Elmore, Sanborn & Co.	Astoria.
George & Barker.	Astoria.	Eclipse Palm, Descemona.	George & Barker.	Astoria.
J. O. Hawthorn & Co.	Astoria.	J. O. Hawthorn & Co.	J. O. Hawthorn & Co.	Astoria.
J. G. Megler & Co.	Brookfield.	Tag, St. George.	J. G. Megler.	Brookfield Wa.
Fisherman's Pk'g Co.	Astoria.	Fisherman's, Seardivian, Fisherman's.	Fisherman's Pk'g Co.	Astoria.

## HAVEMEYER TESTIFIES

He "Saw" Gorman, Smith and a Few Others.

THE BILL IS NOW SATISFACTORY

President Cleveland Suffering from Some Ailment—The Coal Strike Compromised.

Washington, June 12.—H. O. Havemeyer, president of the American sugar refinery, was before the Grays investigating committee today. The proceedings were strictly private. Havemeyer denied the published statements as to his contributions of company's funds and demands that the trust have protection for past favors. He said he talked with Senators Hill and Gorman, and in regard to the protection of refining interests, and Smith and Gorman promised to help him. Hill gave him no satisfaction. He said the present tariff bill was satisfactory. He advocated the ad valorem system and was gratified it had been adopted. Havemeyer denied all knowledge of the speculation in sugar stocks by senators.

THE PRESIDENT ILL.

Washington, June 12.—President Cleveland's ailment has not yielded to treatment as readily as was expected. Today Dr. O'Reilly recommended that he keep quiet as possible and avoid all physical exertion.

COAL STRIKE SETTLED.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 12.—The settlement of the coal strike is received with great satisfaction generally, although some operators and miners are not pleased with the compromise.

KANSAS POPS IN CONVENTION.

They Are Brave Men Not Afraid of the Women.

Topeka, June 12.—The Populist state convention met today. H. S. Henderson was chosen temporary chairman. This was a victory for the suffragists. Henderson said: "It takes brave men to meet the issues and we will be found square to them. We will not show the cowardice of the Republicans in avoiding the suffrage question."

The following telegram from Mrs. Jerry Simpson was read: "I have Jerry at Berkeley Springs, Va., a hundred miles from Washington, and he is doing finely. Don't worry, he will be ready for the fight."

AMERICAN R. R. UNION.

They Intend to Investigate the Pullman Strike.

Chicago, June 12.—Four hundred and fifty delegates were present at the first quadrennial convention of the American Railway Union today. Vice President Howard in his address said the union was gaining members at the rate of 2,000 a day. President Debs in his speech attacked Carnegie, Frick and George M. Pullman. The convention he announced would consider the Pullman strike.

THE SENATE.

Peffer Wants Wool Protected.

Washington, June 12.—Peffer offered an amendment to the wool schedule tariff bill transferring wool, hair of camel, goat, alpaca and like animals to the dutiable list, and restoring the McKinley bill classification, but scaling down rates to practically one-half.

THE WEST POINTER A MYTH.

The Real Leader of the Cripple Creek Strike Escapes to Mexico.

Cripple Creek, Col., June 12.—Jack Smith, the military leader of the strikers at Bull Hill, has gone to Mexico to avoid arrest. June J. Johnson, the reputed leader, was a myth.

FOREIGNERS CAUSE TROUBLE.

Panxutawny, Pa., June 12.—The miners are pouring into the town of Lindsey, near Berwind, and White mines, and the indications point to a collision before night. It is reported that a skirmish took place at midnight at Anita. Demonstrations are being made by Hungarians, Italians and Slavs. English-speaking miners are opposed to violent measures.

ANOTHER DEMOCRAT SEATED.

Washington, June 12.—The sub-committee on elections today reported in favor of giving Moore, the Democratic contestant, seat in the second district held by Funston, Republican.

RHODE ISLAND'S NEW SENATOR.

Newport, R. I., June 12.—The legislature today elected George Peabody Wetmore U. S. Senator to succeed N. F. Dixon.

INDIANA MINERS RESUME.

Farmersburg, Ind., June 12.—It is believed by next Thursday all the coal

mines in Sullivan, where the struggle has been the hottest, will begin operations. The Farmersburg miners went to work this morning. Sbelburn, Alum Cave, Jackson Hill, Hyemere, Star City and the Curryville mines will probably be started within 48 hours.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Senator Mitchell Scared the Democrats. Washington, June 12.—This afternoon, when only a few senators were present, Mitchell, or Oregon, moved to indefinitely postpone the tariff bill. Senators hurried from every corner of the building. The motion was defeated by a vote of 22 to 23.

BRECKENRIDGE WITHDRAWS.

Louisville, Ky., June 12.—A special to the Post from Lexington says there is a rumor here that Col. Breckenridge has withdrawn from the race in deference to the wishes of relatives and friends.

THE ARKANSAS BOOMING.

Hutchinson, Kan., June 12.—The Arkansas river is the highest for seven years and is still rising. One of the largest manufacturing salt plants is in danger of collapse.

LEWELLING HAS HAD ENOUGH.

Topeka, June 12.—Gov. Lewelling said today: "If the nomination comes to me with enthusiasm and the utmost unanimity I shall not accept."

HAVE GONE TO WORK.

Kewanee, Ill., June 12.—Nearly the whole force of miners have gone to work.

ATLANTIC FISH PROTECTION.

A bill has been introduced in the New Jersey legislature, entitled "An act for the Protection of Fish," the main features of which are as follows:

It prohibits the use of any stationary device for the capture of fish in the waters of the state, or within three nautical miles of its shores, that has a mesh "less than four and one-half inches drawn measurement." It also provides that no pound net, trap or similar device for catching fish shall be employed except between the middle of May and the middle of September; it limits the pounds to one compartment and the leaders to 200 feet in length, and provides that fixed nets or traps shall be at least two miles from each other, and not "within the distance of one mile of any permanent inlet of the Atlantic ocean along the coast line of the states."

FLOOD RESULTS.

The floods in Portland have prevented the commission men in that city from looking carefully after their trade among the dealers in strawberries in this city, as well as other towns that look to Portland for their supply of this delicious fruit from the Hood river country. Some days there will be several trains containing immense shipments arrive at once, then as the goods are perishable the price will tumble so that retailers will be selling the choicest of fruit for five cents a box, and the very next day the price will bob up to ten cents. It is reported that in Southern Oregon berries are rotting on the vines for want of transportation.

BOOKS EXPERTED.

Sheriff Smith and County Clerk Trenchard requested the county court to have their books experted before they went out of office, but the court having no funds to pay the accountants, Messrs. Smith and Trenchard guaranteed the expenses, provided the court would issue the order. The court did as these gentlemen wished, and Hope Ferguson is now working upon them.

Messrs. Trenchard and Smith are to be commended on their business like methods.

HOW TO KNOW THEM.

The rector of the Episcopal church in a western town was called upon a short time ago by a man who asked for assistance, and said he was "a Pifcopal." The rector was not favorably impressed by the man's appearance, and at last asked: "How may I know you to be an Episcopalian?" "Because I have done the things I ought not to have done, and have left undone the things I ought to have done, and there is no health in me," promptly replied the applicant.

"You'll do," said the rector, and gave him enough money to get out of town with.—Exchange.

A GOOD REASON.

A gambler gives the following reason why there are no clocks on gambling house walls: If a clock was on the wall the man who promised to be home on the last car would nearly always catch it. That sort of thing would soon make gambling unprofitable to the professional. The dawn makes the players reckless and it is then the gambler makes his "soft money." He wants no customer to be reminded that it is time to go home to his wife.

## AN INTERESTING TALE

William Dench Comes From Portland in a Whitehall.

HIS ADVENTURES DESCRIBED

Sights and Scenes at the Metropolis and on the River Described in a Graphic Manner.

Mr. William Dench, an Astoria pioneer of 1865, and an old Grand Army man of some prominence in this city, has his peculiarities. One of them, and probably the most pronounced, is his passion for boating, and the other day he evolved a novel idea that gave him, elderly as he is, a sight that he not only never saw before, but never even imagined in his wildest dreams that he could see. Last Wednesday evening he boarded the Telephone with his new Whitehall boat and took a trip to Portland. When the landing was effected at Jefferson street in that calamity stricken city, William was the observed of all observers. He pushed his Whitehall out into the river, took the oars, and pulled away quietly into the stream, while his fellow passengers floundered to the side-walks and splashed their way through to dry land in the vicinity of the Heights. He turned his craft into Washington street, a very pitiful looking grand canal, and having heard that work was plentiful, kept his eyes open for a lucrative job. He looked in vain, however, and after giving up the prospect of employment contented himself with a journey through the town, noting down several interesting matters which the "hushing-up" policy of the Associated Press and the no less deceptive and untruthful course of the Portland papers have left severely alone. He was appalled from the beginning of his journey by the destructive work of the flood, and many are the harrowing tales of its ravages that he tells. Splendid office furniture gone to rack; frescoed walls of the big real estate centres discolored, cracked and ruined; the miscellaneous assortment of fancy toilet articles and delicate bureau ware in the windows of the leading drug stores; hundreds of tons of produce and perishable eatables, elaborate signboards and innumerable articles of every variety floating about promiscuously—all this going to make up a scene unparalleled and indescribable.

Dench pulled round for several hours dodging small steamers and boatloads of Chinese Coolies, steering clear of the big No. 1 Astoria barge anchored in the middle of Alder street, and full of provisions of all descriptions, and finally came to the head of navigation above Ninth street, in which vicinity he remained for some hours disgusted with the appearance of so much vandalism and plugging for a few inches of the dry ground he had left at home. At about noon on Thursday he had seen enough of Portland to last him for the remainder of his natural life, and decided to make the trip down the river alone in his boat and to note the results of the calamity at various points on the way down.

Among the variety of three dollar wash tubs and six bit rafts that abound at the metropolis his well built and expensive Whitehall attracted, of course, a good deal of attention from the individuals propelling the laser craft, and much humorous badinage resulted.

One weather worn veteran, paddling about a sort of cross between a whale-back and an axe handle, accosted Dench as follows:

"Say, cully, where dyer come from?"  
"From Astoria."  
"When yer goin' home?"  
"I'm goin' home P. D. Q., and don't you forget it," replied Dench.  
"What is it?"  
"Say, do me a favor?"  
"What is it?"  
"Take me wid yer. It's a toss up between bein' a water logged clam up here an' a clam eater down there, an' I guess I've been a clam all I wanter."

Dench wasn't running a private investigation office, however, and declined the offer. Whistling drowsily the old melody, "Home, Sweet Home," that trilled over the wide waters of Morrison street like a dismal serenade, he backed out into the channel of the Willamette and turned the nose of his boat towards the ocean.

"I got out into the stream," he said to

an Astorian reporter yesterday, "and came along at a pretty stiff pace with the current past the tops of several hundred railway cars and the remains of a dozen train signals, till I found myself a little the other side of St. Helens. Just in front of that town, or rather what is left of that town, or rather what is left of the town, I ran alongside a dwelling house gaily racing down the river, tilted slightly on one side. It appeared to be a story and a half cottage. The blinds were all drawn tight, so I could see nothing inside, and it was too risky for me to get very close to it. An hour after my Whitehall had left St. Helens it came on to rain and blow. I had to guess the channel, for there were a dozen of them, and the drizzle made it impossible for me to see very far ahead. Before I could check my boat I nearly ran into a big barn or woodshed that was careening over like a spinning top every three minutes, making little whirlpools at each turn. I got out of this difficulty handsly and continued on my course till I neared Kalama. I knew it was Kalama by instinct, for there was nothing else to tell me I was at that once bustling settlement. The water covered everything, and not a soul was about. A few miles below Kalama, in 20 feet of water, I caught up to a church with a spire about 40 feet high, and one of its big stained glass windows still bidding defiance to wind and wave. It was quite as large as the Presbyterian church in this city, and a good deal handsomer. Being well into the centre current I soon left it behind, and it has probably before this been demolished by contact with rocks or logs. After I had noticed the church and had quit speculating where it had come from, I got into a miscellaneous collection of wash-tubs, bureau drawers, logs and thousands of feet of sawn timber, 12x12, and dozens of other sizes, in a huddled up mass that I can hardly describe. It looked as if a dozen monster saw mills had been picked up bodily, turned over and spilled into the river in one big heap. The firewood I passed would easily have supplied all Astoria for a year and more, and off Westport the wreckage got thicker and thicker. The logs were some of the finest I ever saw—60, 70 and 80 feet long, scattering all of shapes and sizes, and out floor timber in hundreds of little heaps. Just this side of Westport I tried to strike through the blind channel, and before I had gone very far bumped square into what I thought was a snag. Immediately I was greeted with a chorus of screams from dozens of fowls. It was a chicken coop with the top roost loaded with birds. It was more than my safety was worth to reach over and grab them, and I had to let them go. Then I came on another assortment of wash tubs. The woods were full of them. By "the woods" I mean "the place where the woods used to grow," for all you can see now are the tops of trees. An hour after getting through what I had once christened "Wash Tub Lake," I ran up alongside a two-story house. The blinds were up and I could see white curtains neatly tied at each side of the windows. Backing my boat up with a good deal of difficulty, I got just a glance inside. The room I looked into was a bedroom neatly furnished. The bed was made, pillows at the head of it, and a snowy counterpane over all. There was a carpet on the floor, and I noticed several pictures and some tobacco advertisements on the walls. You can just bet I wanted to get inside, for I might just as well have had the contents of the house as anybody, but the risk was too great, and I had to leave the prize for somebody else. My next adventure was a tussle with a whirlpool which swept the boat round three times and landed it in the top of a pear tree. This was sufficient to show me that I was on a ranch of some kind, and looking round I saw, about 50 yards off, a barn, outhouse and residence thrown together, with furniture of all descriptions floating alongside them.

"After getting out of the pear tree without mishap and sighting over the fate of the poor devil whose ranch I had just landed on, I got away and reached home on Sunday afternoon, with mingled feelings, the principal of which was a holy horror of high water and inundations that will stick to me as long as I have got brains to remember that huddled up mixture of mud, flood and houses called Portland."

Then Dench went home to supper.

When baby is teething or feverish, ask your druggist for St-e-e-dman's Soothing Powders.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE