

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON: FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1889. TALK OF DISMANTLING FORTS.

The abandoning of most of England's fortified stations is a bold suggestion, and the leaving to means other than fortifications the coast defense of the country is a bolder one, yet both are made in all seriousness, and stoutly maintained, too, by one of her best authorities on modern warfare, Admiral Colomb, who, moreover, has a large following among military men. Of course, there is no dearth of authorities to espouse the other side, and vigorously, too, yet it is not going too far to say that the novel proposition is gaining more friends, the more it is discussed. Its effect on those considering it for the first time is a curious one, the first inclination being to ridicule it, as if it were on its very face an absurdity; a little more consideration, and the inclination is to regard it as an ingenious though a bold plan to enormously strengthen the Channel fleet, but not a practicable one. It is just here where the split comes, where various processes of reasoning lead to different goals; one following out the train of thought inspired to conviction, the other only the more sustained in his inherited belief that England's fleet should be scattered over the world.

Admiral Colomb and his conferees virtually ask what advantage it is to have fortified stations all over the world. For a base of supplies for the fleet? Well, then, if no fleet were kept there, no supplies would be needed, and consequently no fortifications.

A novel proposition this, and when carried to its conclusion it leaves a picture in the mind's eye of war fleets arriving in distant and hostile waters with no means of obtaining a fresh supply of coal provisions. But the calculations that have been made show that since the introduction of steam on the sea there has not been an occasion where, during time of war, coaling stations could not be forcibly fortified. As it is, the greater part of England's fleet, often three-quarters of the number of effective ships—those out of the dockyards—are kept constantly in distant seas, and millions of dollars are spent yearly in keeping up military establishments in these far-away parts to supply them with coal and food. The best naval authorities have recently given it as their opinion that the Channel fleet should be more than equal to withstand the assault of the combined fleets of the two strongest naval powers. It never has been so, it is not so now, and, with the scattering of ships as under the present system, with the great powers constantly building, it is not likely to be so in the future.

Under the proposed system, it might be accomplished. Such a fleet might be recruited from the distant fortified coaling stations. The admiral might have cited some well known illustrations of the danger of dividing the forces; a notable one being the dispatch by Octavius of the best troops on a distant expedition against the barbarians while the enemy was knocking at the gates of Rome. The admiral's idea is, that, when war threatened, a dash was to be made in the direction of its probable operations, and refitting stations fortified and provisioned there, thus saving the expense of a long list of fortifications in foreign waters. As to temporary troubles in time of peace, this very steam system, which many think requires fortified coaling stations, permits the quick dispatch of an effective force.

As to the system of immense and costly shore fortifications, both he and many others of the best military minds regard them as unnecessary and ineffective. Even the iron and steel plates now being spread along their seaward faces are regarded as impotent against the assault of the great marine guns. Such fortifications make too large a target, so it is said, all that is wanted being a platform of iron or masonry, with no obstacle in the path of projectiles from the sea, and a group of deep pits to contain disappearing guns. If these and other suggestions relative to armament and processes be adopted, there will take place something like a revolution in the present system of warfare.

Merit Wins. We desire to say to our citizens, that we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handed remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. J. W. Conn, Druggist.

Ludlow's Ladies' \$3.00 Fine Shoes; also Flexible Hand turned French Kids, at P. J. GOODMAN'S.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Embarrassing Experience of a Bride.

Affectionate Reception to the Wrong Man.

"A very comely young woman opened the door, and Jones noticed that she seemed surprised at seeing him. She was about to speak when he inquired: 'Is Mrs. Jones in?'" "The good looking little woman smiled coquettishly, placed her fists on her hips, with her arms akimbo, and said very archly: 'It looks like it, doesn't it?'" "Then she burst into a very jolly laugh, caught Jones by the lapel of his coat and pulled him into the parlor, where she reached her two plump arms up around his neck, and said to the astonished Jones: 'First kiss me.'"

Jones would have thought he had struck a private asylum, but for the fact that the little woman with her arms around his neck was very pretty, with big blue eyes and golden hair, and not at all like a lunatic. Besides, she was holding her face upturned ready to be kissed, and he had no time to think. He kissed her as per request, and did it with as much ardor as any woman could ask. Then she said: "Second, tell me what brings you out here in the middle of the afternoon, and she pulled his head down and kissed him again."

"I reckon there never was another man placed in such a trying position as that. Jones saw in a minute that he was mistaken for somebody else, but he didn't know whether it was a sweetheart or wife he had found, and he didn't care to take chances on deciding. He said: 'I came to see if you would rent me a room.'"

"The pretty little woman laughed again and pushed him into a chair. Then she sat on his knee, put her arms around his neck, and asked shyly: 'Aren't you satisfied with your present quarters?'" "She kissed him real hard as she said this, and kissed him before he had a chance to reply. When he got a show he braced up to a performance of his duty and said: 'Guess you've made a mistake. I'm looking for a room. You seem to take me for somebody you've met before.'"

"He said this as seriously as he could, but the fun of the thing and that peculiar twist of the upper lip made him look as if he were half laughing. His remarks threw the pretty little woman into a great fit of laughter, but she didn't let go of him. 'Finally she subdued her mirth a little and said: 'Now, quit teasing me and tell me how much you love me,' and she smothered him again.'"

"Jones saw that he was getting into deep water and that he had better swim out. He tried to take the pretty arms from about his neck and disencumber his knee, but he didn't succeed. 'I'm not teasing you, he said, I never saw you before. Who do you think I am?'" "The arms were loosened and the two hands grabbed him by the shoulders."

"Why, Fred Jones?" said the little woman. 'What do you mean by talking to me like that? You know I don't like you when you tease.'"

"Fred Jones is my name," replied Jones, 'but I am not your Fred Jones, nor anybody's. I'm a single man, and I came here hoping to find a room.'"

"The little woman bounded off his knee and stood looking at him a minute, evidently in doubt as to whether he was crazy or only just playing a joke on her. She made up her mind to the latter and made a dive for his neck again, and got it, along with another kiss."

"Don't be silly, dear," she said. 'That isn't a bit funny now. It might have been when you first came in, but it isn't any longer. You never did know when to end your jokes.'"

"I see you take me for your husband," said Jones, as she perched on his knee again. "Well, rather! the little woman murmured, as she snuggled her cheek down against his and tickled her nose with his moustache."

"But I am not," said Jones. "Up the little woman jumped again, and Jones took advantage of the opportunity to get up also."

"Fred Jones!" she said, and she began to get mad. 'I want you to stop this stupid pretense. I won't speak to you for a week if you don't. I told you that it wasn't funny.'"

"Jones took her by the arm, and led her to the bay window, the shutters of which were partially closed. He threw them all open, squared himself before the tempting little beauty, and said earnestly: 'I'm not joking at all. I have told you the truth. I am not your husband and I never saw you till you opened the door and grabbed me. I advertised for a room in this neighborhood and you answered it to 'E. 17.' Here is the answer, and he divided into his pocket and brought it out."

"Look me all over and see if you don't realize your error. It's hardly possible that I should be dressed exactly like your husband, even if I do look like him in every other respect."

ward and hurriedly snatched the sheet of paper out of the envelope. She opened it and read her own answer to the advertisement. Then she took another look at her husband's double and ran to the other end of the room, as scared as though poor Jones had been Jack the Ripper. "Go away!" she cried frantically. "Go away!"

"I suppose she thought of the affectionate reception she had given him and was writing mentally. She dropped into a chair, buried her face in her hands and commenced to cry. This touched Jones, and he came over and sat down near her."

"I am sorry for what has happened," he said, "and will go in a minute. First, I want to know something about yourself and husband. I gether that his name and mine are identical, just as we appear to be in person."

"The little woman told him between her sobs that she had been married only three months; that her husband worked in a certain wholesale house down town, and they wanted to rent a room or two to help out on the rent. That was why she answered his advertisement."

"When Jones departed she went to the door with him, and smiled through her tears as she told him she could never be certain again that she had the right man unless she put a mark on him of some sort. She wouldn't shake hands, and Jones came away."

"He said he believed that she was only half convinced that he wasn't her husband, and that if he had declared it all a joke she would have thrown herself into his arms. But he wasn't mean enough to do that. He sympathized with her in her dilemma."

"Well, he came and told me all about it, and we fixed up a scheme to go to the place where the husband worked and look at him. I was to ask for him and talk to him while Jones stood aside somewhere and sized him up."

"We did it. I asked for Fred Jones, and when he appeared I was so thunderstruck that I almost forgot my part; but I managed to say I had called to see if he was a Fred Jones I had known in New York, etc. The two men were exactly counterparts."

"When we came away Fred was pale, and I knew that he realized the mental load that pretty little Mrs. Jones would therefore have to stagger under when he said: 'Old man, I wouldn't be in that woman's place for \$1,000. Whenever that husband of hers steps out of sight a minute the next time he appears he will have to be identified, and she won't be sure then it isn't I. This suspicion that the man she takes for her husband may be the other one, will follow her through life and be like a spectre to bob up in her path at every turn. It will make her gray haired before her time if it doesn't drive her crazy. I guess the only decent thing for me to do is to go to some other part of the country and let her know I'm no longer in the same town with her husband.'"

"So he went to California the next week. He is in San Francisco now, and every week sends a letter to Mrs. Fred Jones in Chicago, proving that he is still there."—Chicago Herald.

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\$50,000 IN Gold Coin!! Is a pretty large sum of money, but that is what a lot sold for in Seattle the other day. It don't cost that sum to purchase a lot in

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Auditor and Police Judge's Notice. Notice is hereby given that the City Assessment Roll of the city of Astoria, Clatsop county, Oregon, for the year 1889, as returned by the city assessor of said city, on the 1st day of June, 1889, is now on file in the office of the auditor and police judge of said city, where it is open, and will remain open for inspection until the 15th day of June, 1889.

For Sale. 1 Patent Rip Saw Machine. 1 Patent Jig " " 1 " Shaper. 1 Mortising Machine. 1 Patent Band Saw. Above machines are for Foot or Hand Power, and will be sold cheap, for cash. Enquire of JOHN A. MONTGOMERY.

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