

The Daily Astorian. ASTORIA, OREGON: SUNDAY, APRIL 6, 1930. HE GOT HIS DESIRE. An Old Oil Well Owner Who Was Thoroughly Scared.

In the southwestern part of York state, in Cumberland county, is a great oil field, believed to equal in productivity, were it developed, the Pennsylvania oil region. As there is no railroad nearer than fifty miles, no one has ever undertaken to ship the oil, although many successful wells were bored years ago.

It is remarkable that the first oil well bored in America was sunk in this region, though not developed and practically unworked. Oil was struck there under peculiar and amusing circumstances.

The "Old American Well" was bored in Cumberland county in 1825, and oil can still be obtained from it. Petroleum was then unknown. Salt was very scarce in Kentucky. John Barnett, a solid and irascible citizen of Cumberland county, thought he could bore a well on his farm and strike salt water. If so, by boiling the fluid down he could obtain plenty of salt.

He began work, and his neighbors came to see how the job was getting along. This did not matter, but salt water could be found, and said work "I'll strike salt water or I'll strike hell," said irascible old John.

His neighbors laughed and old John bowed away. Day after day, and for several weeks, the drilling progressed, but still there was no salt water. Mr. Barnett was not at all down cast.

The propulsion of air and oil from the well had overturned old John and knocked him half senseless. Gathering himself up, and seeing the long line of the blizzards from the mouth of the well, he was speechless with surprise and fear. Heavy volumes of black smoke, mingled with the shafts of fire began to pour forth.

My God, I have money on me! He ran yelling up the valley. Women and children fled in terror as he passed, and thought he had gone mad. When they looked down the valley and saw the stream of flame and the dense clouds of smoke, they half believed with fear, for those were supernatural days.

My dear sir, I have come a long way to thank you in person, and to show you what your restorative has done for me. Here he took off his old slouch hat, and shook out his long, wonderfully thick, fine hair.

A great influx of immigrants is expected soon and the railroads are already arranging for a division of the labor of carrying the newly-arrived hordes to their homes in the west.

ROLLERS OF THE SEA. A Portuguese Colony Who Fish For Barracuda.

Pictureque Scenes in the Coronado Islands.

A Primitive Way of Living on the Shore of the Barren Isles—Caring And Shipping Fish.

SAN DIEGO, Cal., March 25.—Every morning at two o'clock a bunch of lights appears for a half hour on the lowland of the mountainous promontory across the foot of the bay from San Diego, and then suddenly disappears. If it be moonlight the fleet of small schooners at anchor there may be seen from the mainland.

It is the colony of Portuguese sailors who live at this port and monopolize the fishing industry. They have entered upon their daily duties after a hurried breakfast, and each vessel is supplied with enough fresh water and provisions to last a laboring man one day. Ten of the schooners are "plungers," or cat-riggers; the remainder are sloop-riggers. They are all double-enders, twenty-five more feet long and seven wide, and adapted for a high rate of speed.

At four o'clock a schooner comes from the San Diego side. Into it are packed a variety of fish, including Manuel Franz, the colony's agent in this city, will get the fish and store them in a large icechest that is built next his shanty, some four doors above the wharf.

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HE COULD AND DID QUIT. A Story That Blends the Pathetic With the Humorous.

HE FINALLY STOPPED DRINKING.

The story opens in 1874, when, on an April morning, the yellow-haired "devil" arrived at the office of the Jack Creek Pizenweed, at 7 o'clock, and found the editor in it. It was unusual to find the editor in at that hour that the boy whistled in a low, contralto voice, and passed on into the "news room," leaving the gentlemanly, genial and urbane editor of the Pizenweed as he had found him, sitting in his foundered chair, with his head immersed in a pile of exchanges on the table, and his venerable hair, which was graying at the temples, as a paper-weight.

Later on, Elijah P. Beckwith, the foreman, came in and found the following copy on the hook, marked "leaded editorial," and divided it up into "takes" for the yellow-haired devil and himself.

"In another column of this issue will be found, among the legal notices, the first publication of a summons in this instance, against the plaintiff and his wife is plaintiff and we are made defendant. While generally deprecating the practice of bringing private matters into public, through the medium of the press, we feel justified in this instance, as the summons sets forth, that we are, and have been, for the space of ten years, a confirmed drunkard without hope of recovery, and to the utter ruin of our family, and maintain our said wife.

"That we have been given to drink, we do not, at this time, undertake to deny or in any way controvert, but that we cannot quit at any time, we do not deny. Various whines and whines, which peddle fish through the streets also get their supplies of the Portuguese. These fish bring 3 1/2 cents a pound, or 12 1/2 to 15 cents apiece at wholesale. The middleman gets from 6 to 8 cents a pound, and the consumer, or even as high as 50 cents apiece. The lobster brings 3 cents at wholesale, and retail for 6 cents a pound. Back at the cove the next step in fishing is being taken. A large wooden tray with handles on either side is set on one end of the table, and a shallow tub on the other. Into this the fish are lifted, one at a time, and the blood thoroughly scrubbed off with a short whisk broom made of split bamboo, which they are piled on the tray. This is carried finally to the beach and set on a table next to a box of fish salt.

When 600 or more fish have been cured they are packed in gunny sacks, twenty-four to each, tied with baling rope, and the agent's boats pick them up. They are taken to the wharf, weighed and loaded on to the San Francisco steamer and consigned to another Portuguese there, who acts as agent. He pays them from 6 to 8 cents a pound. The barracuda bring a higher price in the market than Alaska codfish. The Spanish mackerel are mostly exported to Honolulu. Once or twice a week such a shipment is made. The fish scale 112 pounds to the quintal or 2240 to the ton. An average of four or five tons of fresh fish, and three and a half of cured fish is furnished by the Portuguese every week. Their smallest gross profit would therefore be \$90 for shipping and \$75 a ton for fresh fish. The net profit is much less. Shipping costs them \$8 a ton; salt \$14 a ton, brought from the head of the bay. Their time from 2 a. m. to 2 p. m. daily must be estimated. The cost of their vessels is from \$250 to \$300, and the necessary outfit, sails, etc., are expensive. The accompanying skiff costs not less than \$13. These boats all come from San Francisco and are supplied on time payment by some well-to-do Portuguese who are in business there. A man may clear \$10 one week and \$1 the next. The average, however, is a fair living and they lay by several hundred dollars annually, after all debts are paid. The most of their profit is made in the dry weather, or during the rainy season fish are less plentiful, curing is very uncertain and is nearly impossible. In winter they go "outside," provisioned for two or four days of fish of that season are called "bottom" fish, and lines must be dropped for them. They are the cod fish, white fish, rock bass, the huge Jew fish with its large scales, and the big rock cod. Last winter they caught a Jew fish that weighed 500 pounds.

The kitten staid is a recent introduction in church fairs and socials. A very charming girl has charge of a basket of cats, not big cats, just little, cunning, cunning, cunning kitten-cats. Young men stop to admire the batch and charming maiden asks him to invest at fifty cents a head. He declines, but she lifts a tiny morsel of fluff, stretching femininely from its downy bed and holds it up for inspection. He admires, as in duty bound, and she begins to yell: "Take it please, quick!" It scratches, oh! my arm. She thrusts the fiendish little cat on him and disappears and her comrade on a deception steps up with—"You bought this of Lily? How kind, thanks. No, I can't change a dollar but here is another cat. Good evening. Call again."

All the patent medicines advertised in this paper, together with the choicest and most reliable, can be bought at the lowest prices at the Conn's drug store, opposite Occident hotel, Astoria.

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A VERY CLOSE SHAVE.

A Narrow Escape Made By a Confederate Agent in Chicago.

The Union Military Authorities Got Onto Him and Tracked Him to His Sleeping Place.

A few years ago, says a writer in the Minneapolis Journal, I was taking an after dinner smoke in a hotel in Chicago with a gentleman who had been a colonel in the confederate army, and had held confidential relations with the Jeff Davis government. We were talking about the changes since the war, and he said:

"I was in Chicago during the war, in 1862 or '63. It looked like a rural retreat compared with the present splendid city. Then, even the Crosby opera house wasn't built, and the town was largely built of wood."

"Were you a prisoner in Camp Douglas?" I asked. "Not much," he replied, "although I came very near, not only getting in Camp Douglas, but losing my head. I was in a decidedly narrow escape. Do you want to hear a thrilling episode, as the newspapers call it?"

"Well, I came through the lines—no matter how—on special business, the exact nature of which I don't care to divulge even at this late hour. I was quite a youngster then, comparatively speaking, you know, and had a good deal of the dare-devil about me. I went to the war from the start. I was one of the first fellows in New Orleans to mount a blue cockade on my hat. Those were stirring times, my dear fellow! Well, as I was saying, I came boldly up to Chicago, and through the cotton lines in Kentucky where there were many facilities for that. The hedge was full of gaps and letters went regularly through. But I had to be cautious in my movements. The federal authorities were on the lookout for secret emissaries. I came to meet some parties from Canada, and I met them, transacted my business, and went around town for several days enjoying myself.

"One morning I received a note from a kindly feeling for the south, and who was well posted on current movements. She wrote: 'I learn on undoubted authority that you are known to be in Chicago, and that they are on the lookout for you. When you get this stay where you are until night, and then go to Mrs. X's, — street, and show her this note, and I think you will be all right.'"

"Here's a pretty mess," I said to myself. However, I determined to weather the gale. I had been through many a big battle, but to get in a tight place like this was calculated to make me nervous, as I might be arrested as a spy and shot. I wasn't a spy, however; but I couldn't prove that I wasn't.

"I wasn't molested during the day. I stuck close to my quarters, and, changing my clothes and putting on a slouch hat and pulling it down over my eyes, I launched out on the street and pursued my way to the address indicated in the lady's note. The streets were pretty lively with people, and a regiment of soldiers was marching down Lake street to the Illinois Central depot to take a train for the front. Fine, strong young fellows they were in that regiment, too, with a band of music playing one of the popular songs of the day. I got to the house all right, and found the lady to be an old southern friend—an old friend, but a very young and handsome lady, the wife of a very agreeable Chicago gentleman. 'You'll be all right here,' she said, and I thought so, too. She, her husband and I had a very pleasant evening together, and parted for the night in high spirits. I was tired, and went to sleep very quickly. Don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by a thundering knock at my door. I sprang up and found my friend, the master of the household, pale as a ghost standing in the hall.

"An officer and a guard are at the door, and you must hide—I don't know where—or we shall all be ruined."

A SCRAP OF SECRET HISTORY.

The Inside Facts About the Purchase of Alaska From Russia.

It has long been known in a general way that the purchase of Alaska from Russia during the Lincoln administration was made a political rather than a financial transaction. Fortunately, it has turned out to be a good investment in the latter sense; but at the time that it was made, the question of its ultimate value of the territory in question was not seriously considered. To be sure, Secretary Seward pretended to believe that it was worth a great deal more than the price paid for it; and Mr. Lincoln, with all his honesty, did not scruple to humor this view at the matter. But in fact the purchase was an adventure in diplomacy, which involved the very existence of the government. Chief Justice Paxson, of Pennsylvania, has lately released all the facts in an entertaining speech, and they serve to recall one of the gloomiest periods of the war, and to remind us how easily that momentous struggle might at one time have had a different ending, but for the action of an unsuspected enemy, by which foreign intervention was prevented.

Those who were living at that time will readily recollect what a protest was made up from the people when the Alaska project was announced. It looked like a wild and culpable squandering of \$7,000,000 when the government was sorely pressed for means to feed and clothe its soldiers. The great popular prayer just then was not for more money, but for the re-establishment of the national authority in territory already acquired. Mr. Seward was denounced and derided everywhere. But he went on with the trade, nevertheless, and as soon as it was consummated a fleet of Russian war ships appeared in our waters. Nobody knew why they had come except the president and his cabinet. Even the officer in command of them was ignorant of their purpose, for his instructions were sealed. We know now, however, that had England and France recognized the confederacy, as was feared and anticipated, the Russian commander would have opened his instructions and found there an order to report; with his splendid fleet for duty on the Union side. There is little reason to doubt that the foreign recognition of the south which the Lincoln administration apprehended, would have been successful. England and France meditated such interference, unquestionably; but the timely appearance of a Russian fleet on our coast in a friendly attitude was a notice to them which they were wise enough to heed. Thus we escaped the only thing which could possibly have turned the scale against us. We know now, as we could not know then, how ardently and vigilantly Mr. Seward guarded our interests at that fatal point. Perhaps foreign intervention would not have been fatal to the federal cause; but it was certainly the greatest danger that hovered in our sky at that time, and we owe an ever-lasting homage to the memory of the man who was chiefly instrumental in protecting us against it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PERSONALS. Mrs. Darrin submits the following extracts from testimonials of people cured by electricity. Further comment unnecessary.

T. L. Mills, 393 Front street, Portland—Soreness through the kidneys, liver and stomach, inflammation of the prostate gland and catarrh of the bladder, cured by this method.

A. A. Durkin, Tualatin, Washington county, Or., writes that Mrs. Darrin are working wonders on his kidney and bladder troubles; also rheumatism of thirty years standing.

George Henry, junior, (Old Fellow) had 141 Fits, Portland—Chronic catarrh ten years; had despaired of ever being cured; had had no symptoms of it for months.

Mrs. Mary Cline, 253 Second street, Portland, Or. (formerly of Seattle's island, Or.)—Complication of diseases peculiar to her sex, liver and kidney trouble, rheumatism and despondency, restored.

Truman Butler, The Dalles, Or.—Chronic rheumatism, contracted joints and impoverished blood, all of 7 years' standing; given up by all treatments until Dr. Darrin cured him.

C. V. Fowler, Yakima, Wash.—Total deafness in one ear; cured in ten minutes. Also a pterygium, or fleshy growth, was removed from the eye, which had nearly rendered him blind.

In the stock yards at Kansas City a mule and a horse engaged in a kicking match, and the mule was outkicked. The attendants had to turn the horse on the combatants in order to separate them.

A fearful widow at Charleston, W. Va., obtained an order for \$4 worth of groceries from the poor commissioners. Next day the provisions were spread as the refreshments at her wedding banquet.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by indigestion, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. At J. C. Dement's.

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City Book Store. A FINE STOCK. Children's Carriages JUST RECEIVED. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER. Griffin & Reed.

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