

THE WIRES ARE DOWN.

Last evening at 4:30 the wires went down between Knappa and Oak Point, and could not be reached by the line men in time to be repaired last night, consequently no part of our press report was received, and THE ASTORIAN this morning appears without any telegraphic despatches.

Bound to See the Elephant.

Some years ago a New England village was thrown into great commotion by the news that an elephant was to be exhibited in a neighboring town. The village was not large enough to induce the exhibitor to make any stay there, but his road lay through it.

The exhibition had been advertised for Monday, and Saturday night had come, with no tidings of the elephant. Sunday morning, the "sound of the church-going bell" summoned the people. Parson Adams had begun the "long prayer," and the congregation stood, devoutly attentive to all appearance. But Dr. Dobson's pew, near an open window, commanded a view of the highway, and Dr. Dobson's eyes were fixed upon the prospect. A cloud of dust arose—then slowly above the hill opposite the window the head of the huge beast came in sight. The eager doctor forgot the time and place, and shouting, "The elephant's coming!" went out like a dart, followed by the rest of the congregation. What Parson Adams did is not told.—Wide Awake.

The Great Man's Last Battle.

Webster's last days were given up to a fight of his powerful constitution against the inevitable. The last time he walked from his bed to his window he called out to his servant, "I want you to mow my little yard down there where I can see it from my window." "Yes, sir." "Then I want you to hoist the flag at the masthead, and every night I want you to hang the old lamp up in the rigging. When I go down I want you to go down with my colors flying and my lamp burning." That was one of Webster's last utterances.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

A Plausible Explanation.

Wife—This is a stupid blunder the printer makes in the account of our silver wedding.

Husband—What is it, my dear?

It reads that we had spent together twenty-five years of "married" happiness, instead of "married" happiness. How do you explain such a stupid error?

The only way I can explain it is by taking it for granted that the printer who set it up is a married man himself.

Mrs. Theodore Tilton is a sad and lonely woman with silver-streaked hair, a care-worn face and stooped figure, who frequents Lincoln park in Chicago with her grandchildren. Every pleasant morning in the year she goes to the pleasure ground, but is seldom recognized and is never seen speaking to anyone. She lives with her married daughter, who contributes to the family income by water-color paintings, many of which are lovely in conception and treatment.

JAILED IN A CASTLE

A Yankee Skipper's Fate in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

FED ON HIS OWN HARD TACK.

The Trouble Which Grew Out of the Seizure of the "Mattie T. Dyer" By a Customs Colloc or.

Advises were received yesterday from Captain Mockler, who for the first time since the seizure of his vessel, the *Mattie T. Dyer*, put into Oonalska voluntarily, and was not run down by the revenue cutters or by the customs officers. She arrived at Oonalska on June 17th. On the following day she was seized by a customs collector named Dick Emmons. Captain Mockler states that he was asked no questions concerning the vessel and his protests were utterly disregarded. The officers discovered seventy-seven sealskins in the schooner, and they claimed that they had been captured in the Behring sea. Captain Mockler denied the charge and offered to prove that the skins from their condition and kind could not have been taken in the closed sea. The customs officer refused to take his testimony in the case.

The *Mattie T. Dyer* was taken to Sitka. There she was beached in such a manner that her timbers were badly sprung and she was otherwise damaged.

The fate which befel Captain Mockler, his officers and crew was novel. They were taken from the ship, manacled and escorted to Barunda castle, a neglected remnant of the Russian possessions, about whose gloomy walls the natives have a score of ghostly legends. Into this old prison the prosaic Yankee skipper was taken with his crew. They remained there for over two weeks without once seeing the light of day.

The customs collector devised a novel means of feeding his prisoners. Before the ship was taken to Sitka all her stores of hardback were removed, including the seventy-seven skins and a half-bottle of claret, which the libelous inspector seized in the name of the United States in trust for himself. On these provisions the crew of the *Mattie T. Dyer* were fed. In this way the collector was saved the expense of furnishing proper food to his prisoners. After remaining in confinement for two weeks, the United States revenue cutter *Beard*, which had arrived at Oonalska, was asked by the customs collector to take charge of the prisoners and ship. The cutter officers refused to do so, and intimated that the seizure had been premature. The inspector commenced to feel

that he had been unduly hasty in his action. He sought Captain Mockler and offered to allow him his liberty and his ship provided that he would not hold either the government or the inspector responsible for the detention of the vessel and men. Captain Mockler refused this offer. The customs officer then sent his prisoner to Sitka. There a preliminary hearing was held. Captain Mockler proved that the skins on the *Mattie T. Dyer* had not been captured in the Behring sea but in the Pacific. The preliminary hearing resulted in his being discharged from custody.

When he tried to get his schooner out he discovered that in running her ashore the customs inspector had damaged her badly. He was forced to lay out a considerable sum of money in repairing her. Of the seventy-seven skins which he originally had only seventy-three were returned to him. He finally put to sea, and within the past few days arrived at Port Townsend. He declares his intention of commencing a suit against the government to recover damages for the false detention of his vessel and injury done to it, the false imprisonment of himself and crew, and the theft of loss of four sealskins.

The collector, Dick Emmons, has been ousted from his position, presumably for his action in the case.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Turkey Levy.

There died last week in San Francisco, says the *New York World*, an old man who a generation ago was known in New York as "Turkey Levy." His name was Aaron Levy, and in anti-bellum times he kept a saloon on Chatham street near Baxter. The great attraction of Levy's place was a big cage on a raised platform, in which were confined three solemn turkeys. An old chap with a cracked violin would begin to play a tune and the turkeys would dance, beginning with slow and stately measure, gradually becoming more animated as the fiddle fiddled faster, and eventually ending with a ludicrously wild and frenzied motion, which created intense surprise and amusement. Old Levy kept his secret until one night a party of inquisitive toughs upset the cage and found underneath a charcoal furnace. The bottom of the cage was of metal, and when the old man killed he kept time with his foot. This put a bellow in operation, the fire burned bright, the metal began to get hot, and the turkeys began to dance. "Turkey Levy" has never had a successor.

Grover Cleveland's next-door neighbors at Marion have felt it necessary to put out a placard on which are inscribed the words: "Next door is the place."

Protection from a Venereal Scourge. A medical agent which merely checks the paroxysm, is the grain desideratum wherever the endemic scourge of malaria prevails. Quinine does not afford this prote ion. The chief reason why Hockett's stomach bitters has won such immense popularity is, that it prepares the system to resist the malarial pest. This it does by bracing and toning the physical organism; regulating and promoting an equal flow and distribution of the animal fluids, and establishing digestion on a sound basis. No only fever and ague prevented, but the worst types of the disease are conquered by it. Such is the only conclusion to be drawn from the overwhelming evidence in its favor. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, general debility and rheumatic complaint, and is a reliable diuretic and nerve.

AN ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

A Bold Russian Scheme of Great Magnitude.

London Iron gives the following particulars of a project the success of which would doubtless be followed by similar enterprises. "The boldest electrical project yet suggested is one which is under consideration in Russia for a line from St. Petersburg, northeast to Archangel, on the White sea, a distance of over 500 miles. It is proposed to furnish the electric current from a series of generating stations distributed along the line, and the cost of the undertaking, including rolling stock, is estimated at only about £3,000 per mile. Archangel, lies in 64½ degrees north latitude, close to the Arctic circle. It is far above the latitude of the northern shore of Hudson bay, and almost as far north as the narrowest part of Behring's straits. The suggestion of crossing which by a railway has been assumed by many to be impracticable. It may be that electricity will furnish the solution of the difficulty of operating railways in extremely cold regions which attend the use of steam. Evidently an electric railway can be built of any desired length if power-generating stations are supplied at proper intervals, and hence it becomes quite a question of obtaining sufficient traffic to warrant the cost of construction and operation. The electric locomotive has no steam or water pipes to freeze and burst in the intense and long continuing cold of a far northern winter, and electricity, by which trains can be lighted, will doubtless be long be successfully applied to the purposes of heating also. Should the remarkable enterprise of an electric railway to the White sea be actually carried into execution, it will not be hard to believe that a similar line may be pushed through Alaska to meet at Behring's straits an extension of the Russian railway system through Siberia, and complete a continuous railway line uniting America, Asia and Europe."

Down at the Heel.

"All run down at the heel" tells a pitiful tale generally. It calls to mind a person who has had money, friends and position—one who has seen all these disappear—and with the loss of the three, has also been forsaken by pride and ambition. And in the shiftless rambling through life the heel that was formerly brought down fair and square has learned to topple to one side until ambition, brain and heart are all about at the same angle. A throb of pity goes out to this one "run down at the heel" When an elegantly dressed woman steps into her carriage and displays a heel run down to one side and several buttons gone from the shoe, one wonders how her shoes would look if prosperity should take wings with her. If, with plenty of money and magnificent toilets, pride goes "run down at the heel," what can be expected of the poor unfortunate to whom the term is generally applied?

Orchid jewels are the adornment of the gilded children of fashion. One cannot get a perfect spray of the fantastic blossoms under \$80, and the perfect flowers are worth double that sum for the enamel alone, every gem adding its value to the price of the jewel.

BICYCLES FOR BUSINESS.

A Club of Newark Men Who Use the Wheel Not For Pleasure Alone.

There is probably no city of its size in the United States where the bicycle is used as much around town for practical business purposes as in Newark. The city is not so big and crowded as Brooklyn or New York, and it is quite convenient for merchant drummers, law clerks, brokers and other folks who have to cover a deal of pavement in the course of a day's business to stride their steel and rubber horses and roll swiftly from office to office or from end to end of the town at no expense of cab or car fare, and with much saving of time and effort. On any of the business streets there, dozens of business men can be seen any day speeding by on low safety wheels. The highways leading to Rosville and the Oranges are much frequented by bicyclers, many of whom do not wear the flannel shirts and knickerbockers of the rider for pleasure, and carry small sumps cases strapped to their machines or slung from their shoulders.

Newark's city ordinances governing the use of bicycles in the streets were lately quite as liberal as those of other large New Jersey towns. The metropolitan character of Newark naturally made the use of the bicycle proportionately greater than elsewhere under the same laws, and the same reasons made the bicycle more of a nuisance in the streets. That is why the police of Newark have been very active recently in keeping bicyclers strictly within the letter of the law, and from this has arisen a novel association of bicyclers in that town, the first of the kind in the country. It is a club, it has no club house and its members wear no badge or uniform. It is purely a business organization, chiefly of business men, and its chief object is to look out for the interests of all bicyclers in Newark, to keep the city authorities stirred up in the matter of maintaining the streets and roads in good repair and to influence city legislation in the interest of bicyclers.

The association calls itself the Business Men's Cycle club and accepts any reputable bicyclist or trieyclist as a member, but is particularly anxious to enroll business men. The idea is to collect a great lot of names of men of business, prominence and influence, so that when the club asks the city lawmakers to grant some new privilege to wheelers, or abolish some ordinance restricting bicyclers, or to mend some bad piece of pavement, or to open a new street, or to grade a road, the request will have the backing of a lot of men whose names will carry weight with the city government. Business men who use bicycles there are joining the movement in considerable numbers, and the members have already begun a campaign upon all the business men of their acquaintance, dilating upon the health and pleasure to be had in bicycling, and urging them to buy wheels and learn to ride, and then to join the association. The club proposes to wage a heavy war upon bad roads for a radius of ten miles around Newark.—New York Sun.

At the patent medicines advertised in this paper, together with the choicest perfumery, and toilet articles, etc., can be bought at the lowest prices at J. W. Conner's drug store, opposite Occident hotel, Astoria.

A SKEWED EDITOR.

He Found a Way to Get Out of a Jail in the West.

Unfortunately the names in this story have to be suppressed, but the absolute correctness of the statements can be relied upon.

A Chicago man, who is engaged in several things, holds a patent on a system of jail construction, which is now pretty generally used. It is that arrangement in which a complete structure of boiler-iron is built within the brick walls of the jail building proper—a house within a house. Another Chicago man figures in the story. This later went West some years ago, and in a newspaper which he established he assailed the commissioners of the county in which he was editor, intimating that they were following in the footsteps of the old bodder crowd of Cook county. The honest granger commissioners did not like this intimation, and the progressive young editor from Chicago was put behind the bars on the charge of criminal libel. Is it any wonder that a man bent upon reforming the official of his country, meeting with such a reward, should yearn for revenge? Now, he happened to know that the identical jail in which he had been erected on the plan patented by his Chicago friend. The sheriff showed up as a soft mark. The young editor by quizzing him ascertained that the commissioners had constructed the bastille on their own account, and that the patentee was receiving no royalty. The patentee was informed of the state of things, and in a few days the attorney of the patentee was on the ground. The county officials were overwhelmed with legal documents giving notice of suits for infringement of patent, non-payment of royalty and other uncomfortable proceedings. The officials settled quickly. The incarcerated editor "was editing all the time," and called attention again to the low moral tone of the county commissioners in using patented articles without paying for them. The libel suits were dismissed. The officials didn't know after this sort of surprise, what the editor would spring on them next, and they let him go free.—Chicago Tribune.

Swift Torpedo Boats.

The French sea-going torpedo boat *Courcour* is credited with a speed of 26.2 knots in Lloyd's register of the warships of the world. She was launched in 1888, is 147 feet long, 14.6 feet beam and 5 feet draught. Her engines indicated 1,550 horse power. The torpedo boat *Adler*, of the Russian navy, is credited with the greatest speed, 26.55 knots, while the two sister ships have only a speed of 21 knots. The Spanish torpedo boat *Arlet* has a speed of 26 knots.

Notice.

GOD'S BLESSING TO HUMANITY.—So says an Oregon Pioneer Ninety Years Old.

FOREST GROVE, Or., March 19.—I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and obtained immediate relief. It is God's blessing to humanity. I take pleasure in recommending it to the afflicted. I am now nearly ninety years old, came to Oregon in 1842 in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and since I began using the OREGON KIDNEY TEA I enjoy good health.

DAVID MUNROE.

THE TEST NEARLY FATAL.

Johnstone, the Mind-Reader, Narrowly Escapes Bishop's Fate.

PROSTRATED AND DELIRIOUS.

Saved by the Most Careful Attention.—Theory of the Cause of the Attack.

According to Manager Gooding, Wednesday night's exhibition in Chicago came very near proving fatal to Johnstone, the mind-reader.

"After it was over we should have taken a room at the hotel," he said, "but instead we drove out to Calumet avenue, where we were stopping."

"When nearly there Johnstone complained of awful pains around the heart and urged me to drive faster. Shortly after getting him to his room he fell over in a dead faint, and for two hours and a half neither the doctor nor myself could detect any signs of life, except that his lips were red instead of white."

"Finally we brought him around, and he relapsed into a frightful delirium, going over again and again the experiences of the day."

"What causes this prostration?"

"During the test his brain is concentrated to its fullest extent, and his pulse gets up so high that it cannot be counted. Then a reaction sets in, all the blood rushes back to the heart and literally stifles him."

"From the moment he was taken down last night until he revived I never for a moment stopped rubbing his limbs and kneading the flesh over his breast, otherwise the blood would have stagnated and death would have followed as certainly as it did in the case of Bishop."

"Speaking of Bishop, I will tell you a little incident that I think is not generally known. Bishop, as you remember, was endeavoring to pick out a name from the register in the Lamb's club, New York, and after four hours' continuous work, fell over to the floor and remained apparently lifeless. The club members did what they could to restore him, but, of course, their ignorant aid was of little avail, and one after the other they departed, finally leaving Bishop and the steward alone together. The latter notified the police shortly afterward."

"This is the story told me by Mack, Bishop's father-in-law. I am certain from what I have seen in Johnstone's case that if that man had been intelligently treated from the first he could have been brought around all right. His death was due to ignorance aided by neglect."

A Singular Incident.

Capt. John Smith, of Swampscott, of the pleasure schooner *Gertie Smith*, relates that when he was one of the crew of the old Swampscott *Dart*, some twenty-five years ago, that vessel lost her anchor off Leeds Ledge, owing to the absence of one of its connecting bolts. About a month since, while out with a fishing party, at the same grounds, in "heaving up" the captain caught on to something pretty heavy and pulled in an extra anchor, a close examination of which showed it to be the one with the missing bolt, lost from the *Dart* as above stated.—Lynn Item.

A Patent Boom Raft.

The arrival of the steamer *Noyo* with a raft of logs that will cut 2,000,000 feet of timber, and without losing a stick on the way, is an event that causes considerable interest in the method of constructing the raft. It is a recent patent owned by the Fort Bragg Redwood Co., and the *Noyo* Lumber Co., and this, its first trial, proves it to be a success. The boom is made of a number of sections linked together. Each section is composed of four boom sticks, each thirty-two feet long. These sticks are united by four timbers twelve inches square and four feet long, one at each end, and the other two near the center of the long sticks. The two end timbers project beyond the boom sticks sufficiently to allow a two-inch chain to pass through them, thus connecting the sections. The long sticks are bolted to the timber with two inch steel bolts, and each section is thus very strong. The sections have two and one-half feet draft, and about an equal amount of freeboard. It can be pressed into use in a moment. The sections being united, they form an aquatic cornucopia, somewhat in the shape of a pear, with the hawser for towing attached to the end where the stem of the pear is to be found. The logs to be towed are dumped inside this pen and while not in any other way secured, the experiment has shown they are safely held in this novel manner. The *Noyo* had 2,000 feet of low line. Under the skillful guidance of Captain Drisko, the immense raft was brought down safely in four days from *Noyo*, the tow having material enough to load four good size steam schooners.

S. F. News.

A planter at Alpharetta, Ga., has an acre of cotton, every stalk of which is of a deep red color, leaf, boll and bloom. This novel crop is the product of seed derived three years ago from two stocks of red cotton found in a cotton field.

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