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ASTORIA, OREGON, TUESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1894.

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BLOWING A HURRICANE

The Terrific Windstorm of Saturday and Sunday.

THE FEARLESS AND BREIDABLICK.

Both Tug and Ship are Nearly Lost in the Monster Seas that Were Running.

Captain Arnesen and Captain Haskell Tell Interesting Tales of Their Fortunate Escape.

Perhaps the worst storm that has been experienced at and off the mouth of the Columbia river, struck this section early Sunday morning and continued with all its fury until late in the afternoon of the same day.

Here in the city the force of the wind was not felt as it was down at the bar and off the coast where nothing less than a hurricane was blowing. The tide at 3 o'clock Sunday morning was within a few inches of the top of the docks, and in the channel opposite the city great waves rolled, but not enough to seriously disturb the vessels lying at anchor. The British ships Haprow and Primrose Hill swayed to and fro with each fresh squall, and the wind blowing through the rigging made a most dismal sound. The barkentine Catherine Sudden, heavily laden with lumber, was at anchor off the O. R. and N. dock, and didn't seem to notice the wind, lying all the time as if in the usual kind of water. A few hundred yards further east several government barges, loaded with rock, were dangerously near one another, but the Mendell soon had steam up and separated them far enough to avoid any mishap. One light barge dragged its anchor quite a distance, but was towed into a place of safety by the tug. Captain Brown before nightfall, arranged so that by a signal from the barges at any time during the night, he could put off to their assistance.

All along the waterfront more or less damage was done by the wind and water. About 11 o'clock a. m., Clinton's scow, which was being used at Elmore's new cannery, broke from its moorings and started at a twelve-knot gait for the Washington side. She was soon lost sight of in the flying mists, and nothing more was known of her until yesterday morning, when she was found by the Wenona bottom side up near Point Ellis. It is supposed she struck a sand spit and went over, end first. She was towed into Hungry Harbor and made fast.

Trullinger's scow, lying near the Clatsop Mill, broke loose and crashed into the crossing at 28th street and Franklin avenue, carrying away three of the pilings.

The nettrucks at several of the canneries, the Seaside, Eagle, Anglo-American, Ledensweber, and others, were carried away, and various other damage done. The roadway in Uniontown was made unsafe by the tide carrying away some of the pilings.

The water main in Alderbrook was badly damaged by being broken in several places, and reservoir water will have to be depended upon for several days.

DeForce's nabtha launch was sunk near Smith's point early Sunday, but it is thought she can be raised without trouble.

Down at the jetty at the extreme outer end a great gap was made by the heavy seas piling over it. Captain Pohlman, with the steamship Oregon, had a hard experience coming up. Sunday he got in the trough of the sea and headed inshore during the gale and was unable to handle his vessel. He was in a bad fix, and had the storm kept up a few hours longer, he would probably have brought up on the beach. He arrived in yesterday morning.

The Truckee and Fearless went down to the bar yesterday morning, but returned on account of nasty weather outside.

A large crowd of people stood on the docks Sunday in the shelter of the buildings, and watched the vessels in the bay as they rolled with the monster swells. Speculation was rife regarding the fate of the Fearless and her tow, the Norwegian ship Breidablick, which was due off the mouth of the river Sunday morning. The appearance of the splendid tug with the vessel yesterday morning quieted all fears for their safety, but when the ship came to anchor down in Young's bay, listed badly to starboard, it was plainly evident she had been through some pretty

rough weather. The Fearless looked unlike the vessel that was here a few days ago, for she showed evidences of a tough voyage. When Captain Arnesen, of the Breidablick, came ashore, he gave the following story of the terrible storm:

"We left San Francisco at 7 a. m. Wednesday, and on account of the bad weather, the services of two steamers were necessary to take the vessel out of the dock. Immediately after getting outside we encountered a furious storm, which continued until Friday morning. At 10 a. m. that day the steamer's hawser parted and we set three staymasts and a jib to steady the ship, as she was rolling very much and the ballast had shifted. The sails, which were all new, were blown to ribbons, and everything movable on deck started. About 1 o'clock we lost sight of the steamer, but at 8 o'clock the weather moderated and at 11:45 the steamer was again alongside, and gave us another hawser the next morning. (Saturday) at 7 o'clock. Up to noon the weather moderated, but at that hour the barometer fell with alarming rapidity and we took in the topsails. At 10 that night it was blowing a hurricane and the Fearless blew two long whistles for us to starboard helm and heave to. When we came to we gave her 20 fathoms more chain, making the hawser easy for a few minutes. Then a heavy squall struck us and the tow rope again parted, this time on board the steamer. We were then lying to under bare poles, and the ballast shifted again, the vessel shipping many heavy seas and several times curving as if she were about to capsize. At 2 o'clock Sunday morning the weather moderated slightly and as we had steam up in the donkey we hove in the chain. As it was impossible to get the ring of the huge hawser on board without lifting it over the ship's rail, it was necessary for someone to go over the bows and pass a line through the hawser ring, for upon that hawser, the last one the Fearless had, depended our fate. I was unwilling to order any of the men to attempt this perilous feat, and as none of them volunteered, the mate, Mr. Tollefsen, attached a line to his waist and went over the bow, to what appeared certain death. I went forward to order him aboard, but when I reached there he had succeeded in making fast a four inch line to the hawser ring and was being hauled on board. As he reached the rail the ship took a heavy plunge, and had Tollefsen been a moment later in getting out of his perilous position, he would undoubtedly have been lost. We had the hawser all in and coiled at 5 a. m.

The hurricane was raging more furiously than ever, and as it was impossible to set any sail the ship was drifting at the mercy of wind and sea. At 7 o'clock the Fearless was about a cable's length or two to windward, but two hours later we lost sight of her altogether. At noon that day, we got a peep of the sun in latitude 46 degrees 14 minutes, and found we were about 12 miles off the Columbia river. The ship was still drifting and we were unable to help ourselves. At 2 the storm abated somewhat, and we hove the lead, and took soundings in 61 fathoms of water. The wind was then about west southwest, and we set four topsails and a foresail, with the aid of the steam winch, getting the ship around on the starboard tack, as she had a terrible list to port. The weather continued to moderate to a slight extent, and we spread more sail, but still she was drifting shoreward, and it seemed as if there was no hope of saving her. Between 5 and 6 o'clock that evening we passed the lightship, standing to the northward up to midnight. We then tacked ship, the weather being comparatively good and the wind moderate. More sail was spread, but during the night I was compelled to send a crew down in the hold to trim ballast so as to get steerage way on. Then we reached to about 5 miles west of the light ship, hove to, put topsails back, and burned blue lights all night for a pilot, but saw none. At 5 o'clock this morning we saw a bright light to seaward, and upon signaling, found it to belong to the Fearless. The steamer was soon alongside, got the hawser fast again, and towed us over a very rough bar to safe anchorage in the harbor at 11:30."

Captain Arnesen speaks in highly complimentary terms of the able manner in which Captain Haskell handled the Fearless and looked after the safety of the Breidablick, under circumstances which would have appalled many men with less stout hearts. Captain Arnesen, who has been at sea for over 35 years, says that never before has he encountered such a terrible experience.

In speaking of the condition of his vessel Captain Arnesen said that on Sunday when the ship was rolling badly and the entire crew were down in the hold shifting ballast, he alone remained on deck. The situation was critical, and he realized that the chances were against them in saving the vessel. Going into the cabin he instructed his wife to dress in oil skins, over which she drew on a thin dress, after which

her head was carefully wrapped up. Throwing a rug down in the chart room the captain led his wife thither and told her to lie down. Then he tied to her waist one end of a small line, and secured to himself the other end; thus, while in the rigging they were bound to one another, though some distance apart.

"I told my wife," related the captain, that if it came to the worst we would make an attempt to reach the shore through the breakers, though my heart sank within me when I gazed at the awful boiling sea around us. Mr. wife has sailed with me many times, and I have never known her to break down until on this occasion.

"I have a good, faithful crew. They are nearly all home boys, and do their work well. My first mate, a fine, stalwart young man, is one of the bravest men I have ever met."

ON BOARD THE FEARLESS.

Captain Dan Haskell, of the tug Fearless, gives a graphic account of their voyage up from San Francisco. In the main it tallies with that of Captain Arnesen, and his story of the Fearless' battle with wind and waves is filled with thrilling incidents.

"When the hawser parted on Friday," said Captain Haskell, "it was found necessary to cut it with an axe from the top of the house to keep it clear of the propeller. It was impossible to remain on deck as she was flooded aft all the time. I never have witnessed such seas in all my life, and I expected on several occasions to find the Breidablick bottom up, for she rolled and pitched before the awful hurricane that was blowing. Two hours after the hawser was cut, I put the Fearless to sea, and soon lost sight of the ship and did not sight her again until next morning. We got hold of her again on Saturday, but at 7 o'clock that night the hawser parted near the tug's bits, and we stood head on to the sea again, under a slow bell. The seas were running mountains high, and it seemed each succeeding wave would go over the entire vessel.

Sunday morning dawned with the furious hurricane blowing even stronger than the night before. It was impossible to see any great distance from the vessel, as the wind seemed to catch the crest of the monster combers and carry them in great sheets into the air. All day long the sea was something terrible. The rail of the tug was under water the whole time, making it impossible to get out on deck.

"Once about 10 o'clock Sunday morning we had a narrow escape from being buried in the sea. We were running before the sea, and going over waves that seemed miles high. The tug was climbing one of these monsters, with her head high in the air, when a sea broke over our stern, crawling clean up even with the top of the house. I was standing just aft of the pilot house, and I must confess that my heart was in my mouth at that moment, for I realized that if another sea like the one just on us, struck before the Fearless recovered, it would send us down stern first. I at once put her head to the sea and steamed about a knot an hour. It was not long before a big fellow came over her bow, and striking the steel house forward, broke the deadlights and washed away everything on deck. You can get an idea of the terrific force of the blow from the sea, when I tell you that the front of the house was bent in so that the water-closet frame, which stands free from the wall fully two inches, was forced from its fastenings and smashed into fragments. Water poured through every joint, and flooded the whole inside of the vessel. The sea that took us astern flooded the private apartments of Mr. Sprackles, ruining the costly upholstered furniture and completely demolishing the closet in that part of the vessel. My room, aft of the pilot house, at times had a foot of water in it and nearly everything I had was drenched. There was so much pressure on the heavy oak wood doors of the house that water was forced through in torrents. The galley was flooded and the grub ruined. She was leaning badly through the deck by this time, and down below, where the big engines were doing their work faithfully, they were in a continual rain. When I took a look at my steamer yesterday morning, she was a sad sight to behold, and I doubt if her owners would have been able to recognize her.

"We did not sight the ship all day

Sunday, I fully expected to learn later that she was upon the beach some where, for when I hove to on Saturday night she was lying broadside to the sea, headed west by south, making a northwest drift with bare poles, and rolling badly. Once she went over so that her cross jack yard went under water, and her decks were flooded to the hatches. You may be able to realize how far over she went, when I tell you that her cross jack yard stands fully 60 feet above the water when the vessel is righted. I could see the masts on her deck slide from one side to the other as the vessel rolled, and I do not understand how they ever managed to keep from going overboard.

On Sunday the wind was blowing so hard that the heavy brass covering of the Sir William standard compass on the top of the house was lifted bodily and carried into the boiling sea.

"I consider the manner in which the Breidablick was handled during that awful hurricane as being something remarkable, and I cannot speak too highly of her captain and first mate for the courageous manner in which they acted during the whole voyage. I dare say there is not one captain in 50 that would have brought his vessel through in safety as did Captain Arnesen."

"In speaking of the damage to the Fearless, Captain Haskell said:

"We are out fully \$1,500 on the two hawsers, for while one of them was saved, it is so badly chafed that it is worthless. The one that we cut was a 2 1/2-inch Coir, 150 fathoms long, and cost at Calcutta, where they are especially made for the Sprackles Company, about \$800. The other damage to the vessel I have not attempted to estimate.

"No," said Captain Dan in conclusion, "None of the crew were sea-sick, but I'll venture to say that they were all pretty sick of the sea."

Captain Haskell will remain in port until the weather moderates. He says that he does not fancy bucking any more gales just at present. Going back he will keep a sharp lookout for disabled vessels, as several are known to have been out in the storm. The Norwegian bark Stjorn, the Scottish Dale, and Red Rock are all on their way from San Francisco to this port. Captain Haskell says this storm was equal if not worse than the storm three years ago when he brought the Kinross up from 'Frisco, arriving here on New Year's Day.

LOST AND FOUND.

The following from the Eugene Register will be agreeable news to the many friends in this vicinity of Thomas Mulkey:

Thomas Mulkey stayed away from the residence of J. H. Harris in this city Wednesday morning. Since he was brought back from Arizona he has been cared for here, and on account of his weak-mindedness was watched carefully, but escaped the vigilance of his watchers and got away. A search was instituted as soon as it was learned that he was gone, and Thursday he was found at the residence of Ben Mulkey, about eight miles west of town, where he had wandered. He was all right and will be cared for there for the present at least.

The opposition steamer line to Alaska is a certainty, says the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and the steamer Willapa is to be the pioneer of the new undertaking, with the result that a large proportion of the products of Alaska which are now being carried to San Francisco and from there East over the Southern Pacific will be landed at Seattle and go East over the Northern Pacific, Great Northern, or Canadian Pacific road. The promoters are Captain George Roberts, of the steamer Kingston; Chief Engineer Geo. H. Lent, of the same steamer; and Charles E. Peabody, a well-known Port Townsend business man. It is the intention to start out the Willapa on her maiden trip for the new company on March 1, from this port, which is to be the headquarters of the company. The Willapa is now being extensively overhauled for the route.

Ex-Governor Nathan, of Georgia, is devoting his time and abundant energy to the colonization of his state by northern immigrants. He expects soon to open an office in New York for the purpose of capturing new citizens for Georgia, and he has sent an agent to the far west on a proselyting tour. Governor Nathan is a physician, a farmer, and, above all, a "promoter" of his state.

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