

A RAILWAY KNIGHT ERRANT.

The Chicago special bore an unusual by easy load that day.

Vacation was over, and homeward travel had begun. There was not a single empty seat in any of the four sleepers and at each stop there were new demands for berths.

Spirited conversations between the Wagner conductor and irate passengers who had failed to bespeak their berths, were frequent, and the last berth, the upper one in the rear car, reserved for the conductor himself, had just been given up to a flurried, all-important passenger who had insisted on his right to a whole section.

So now things began to quiet down. The passengers unbent from their dignity and began to compare vacation notes; the men betook themselves to the smoking compartment and the train boys ceased for a while, his journeys through the cars, offering his wares of candy, gum, books and magazines.

Trade this side of Niagara, didn't amount to much. He had learned that by experience.

At first magazines sold pretty well—but the real demand did not come until after they had passed the suspension bridge and the stop at the Falls station made. Then was the time for souvenirs of Niagara for sale.

Indeed, Dan knew about how many copies he would sell.

A few months' experience on the train had given him a pretty keen insight into the habits and desires of his passengers.

At a glance he could tell who would and who would not buy of him, and just what woman needed—a little persuasion and a pleasant smile to induce a purchase.

In fact, Dan's smile was a valuable part of his stock in trade and he used it to advantage, for it was a pleasant smile—and it made the round, freckled face very winning.

He was working over his books now, preparatory to one more trip through the cars before offering peanuts and candy again, when the train drew up at a dingy, dilapidated station. They were stopping for water he knew, and he went on the platform and jumped to the ground.

It was a relief after the rocking train. Much to his surprise he found the conductor in earnest conversation with two women.

"Oh, but you just must take her some how," he heard the younger of the women exclaim in a distressed voice.

"You see, there ain't any other way to send her, and her mother expects her sure, and she'll be at the station to take her off, and she'll be a real good girl, and won't trouble you one bit, won't you, Bessie?"

Here she pulled forward a little blue-eyed girl, and the conductor's eyes rested thoughtfully on her.

Dan drew near—he was interested to know what the conductor would do.

"They'll be the most crazy if she don't come," added the other woman. "And it will put them out dreadful, 'cause they've got to start right off for Colorado."

A sharp whistle recalled the conductor, and he put one foot on the steps of the car and stood watch in hand ready to give the signal.

"Say, I'll kinder keep an eye on the kid if that's all you want," Dan said awkwardly to the woman. "Don't know much about children, but I guess some of the women will tend to her?"

He gave an inquiring glance at the conductor.

"All right—I'm willing—jump aboard with you, we're late now," and the conductor waved his hand.

Dan seized the child and placed her lightly on the platform and the train began to move. He listened to the parting directions of the two women, and then threw back the silver half dollar one of them tried to slip into his hand with a toss of his head, as he shouted "I ain't no porter, and I'm doing this to oblige you."

Then he held the child tightly as she waved her tiny handkerchief till the station was a mere speck in the distance.

Then he took her in the car and left her to amuse herself with the rolls of lozenges, while he made a trip through the other cars. By the time he had got back she had made friends with a lady across the aisle, who offered to share her berth with the child, and before the afternoon was over, she was playing games all over the car, and to Dan's intense amusement, she insisted on eating supper with the man who had made the greatest fuss over his berth, but who, Bessie insisted, "Looked just like grandpa."

So Dan only kept a general oversight of the child and finally, when she appeared behind the heavy curtains of the berth, with a childish "good night everybody," that included the whole car, he went back to the day coach and curled up on a hard seat to sleep.

He slept soundly, for the day had been a tiresome one, but after a while he began to dream. He thought that Bessie had chewed gum until she grew smaller and smaller and finally was nothing but one of the prizes in the bags of pop corn, a little sugar image which he was about to eat when—

Crash!

Dan was awake now. In an instant he was rushing toward the sleeper. Something dreadful had happened! The train shook and shivered and swayed.

There was a second crash, and a tearing sound, and the end of the car was torn off, and a cloud of steam rushed in and about him.

The shock threw him off his feet but he crawled on. He must reach the sleeper. There was Bessie. He had promised to take care of her.

What would he say to the mother if she were killed?

Yet it really wasn't his fault!

Would he never get to the end of the car?

It seemed ages before he reached the platform, and his hand grasped the

tumbled brakes. Overturned on the truck before him was the sleeper. The dim gray light of early morning just showed its outlines. Farther than that he could not see.

He jumped from the platform and landed on the upturned side of the car. He could hear cries inside, and through one of the windows a head was thrust. With his heels he broke the glass of the window nearest him then he crawled to the next, and the next, breaking each in turn, till finally he reached the fourth.

This was where Bessie was.

Here he crawled in, but there was no one in the berth.

It was lighter now. The sun must have come up very quickly.

Then a smell of smoke revealed the cause. The broken lamp at the end of

to give him some new, 'cause he took such good care of me. Won't you, papa?"

Her sweet face was upturned and her hand was slipped into Dan's—and he hastily swallowed a big lump in his throat as he muttered:

"I didn't do nothing."

MONGOLIAN MERCHANTS.

Eight Copper-Colored Business Men Were Landed Yesterday from the Signal.

Yesterday the tramp steamer Signal went to the Holyrod dock and commenced discharging her cargo of rice and other Chinese merchandise. Her passenger list of 31 Mongolians, two of whom were females, were all on hand, spruced up like the merchant (?) kings they are, and ready for the onslaught of Deputy Collector Hamilton and Immigrant Inspector Shaw. These gentlemen showed up during the early morning hours, and at 10 o'clock began the examination. A number of reputable business men were on hand and identified the Celestials, eight of whom

TAKE THE BEST CURE FOR COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists' and is the best Cough and Croup Cure. For Sale by J. W. Conn.

You ought to know this: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain instantly. It will cure badly chapped hands, ugly wounds, sores and is a well-known cure for piles. Chas. Rogers.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT, the great Blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation. 75 cts., 20 cts., \$1.00. For Sale by J. W. Conn.

The Arcade.

Commercial Street.

WE KEEP NO BOOKS. NO BAD DEBTS STRICTLY CASH.

You don't want a carpet sweeper that barks the furniture or brushes the life out of the carpet, or kicks up dust in stead of gathering it, or lops its hand about for you to trip over. You may come across that sort under one name or another. Pass on, and remember Bissell's Grand Rapid Sweeper. It comes as near to "broom work" as a machine can. No noise, no drag on a machine to run it, almost sucks the dust up, and dumps with a touch; the brush just skims, or digs in as you press lightly or heavily on the handle. You'll say it monopolizes the Sweeper virtues. And the price is only \$2.99.

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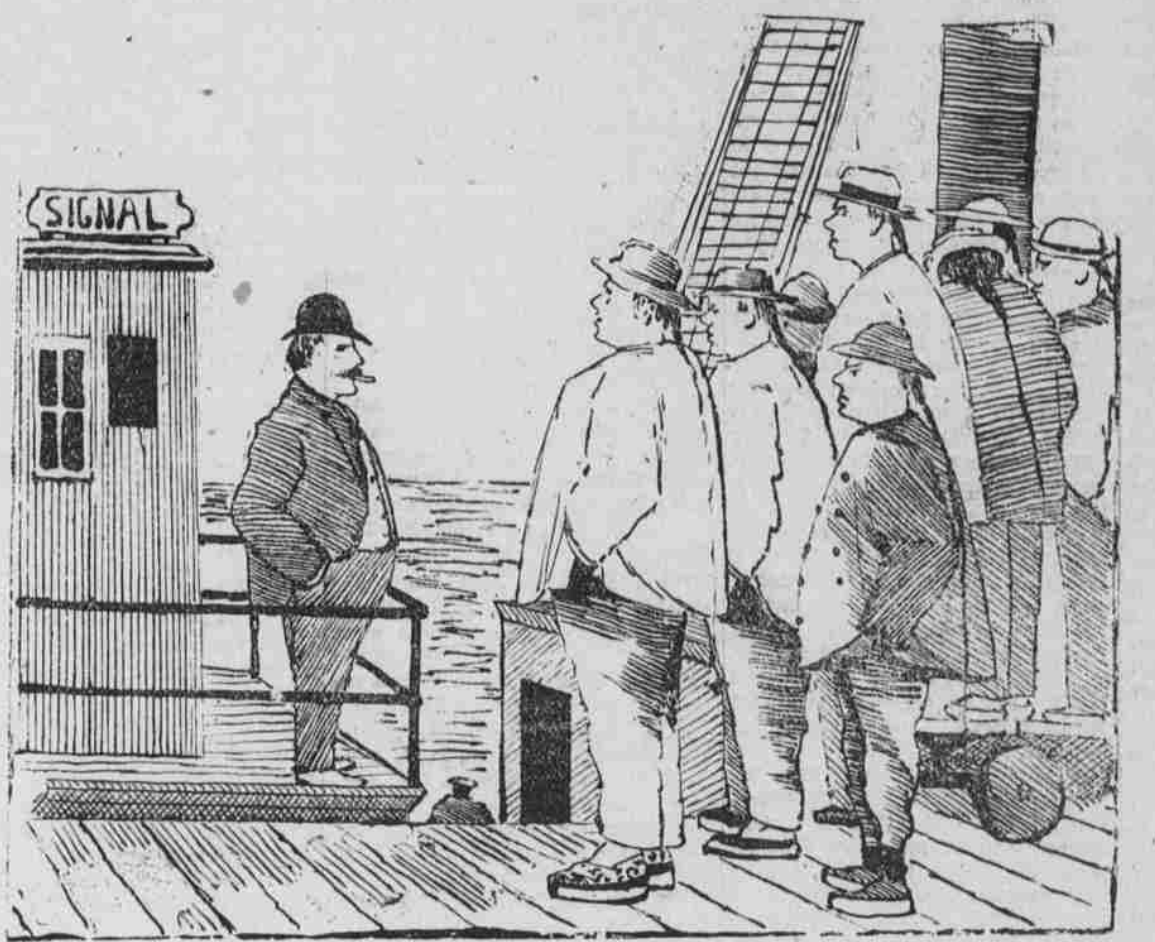
OCEAN STEAMERS

Columbia, Sunday, March 10.
Queen, Friday, March 15.
Columbia, Wednesday, March 20.
Queen, Monday, March 25.
Columbia, Saturday, March 30.

Astoria and Portland Steamers.

Hereafter the O. R. and N. Co.'s boats will run as follows, between Astoria and Portland. The Thompson will leave Astoria at 6:45 a. m. daily except Sunday, and Portland daily at 8 p. m. except Sunday. The T. J. Potter will leave Astoria at 7 p. m. daily, and Portland at 7 a. m. daily except Sunday.

For rates and general information call on or address C. F. OVERBAUGH, Commercial Agent, Astoria, Or. W. H. HURLBURT, Gen. Pass. Agt., Portland, Or.



A SCENE AT THE STEAMER SIGNAL.

Buttermilk TOILET SOAP

PRICE 25 CENTS

The Celebrated Buttermilk Soap is a cake.

This Reflector Lamp, with chimney, wick and burner, 35c.

Large Bottle Household Ammonia 13c.

Wash Boards 17c. to 30c.

Comforts 1.13.

Velling per yard 12c.

Lace from 1c a yard to 14c.

Overalls 50c.

Quilts 98c.

Silk Garter Web per yard 10c.

Breakfast Shawls 25c.

Bindings per roll 2c.

Fest Buttons from 7c to 15c a dozen.

Smoked Pearl Buttons 5c to 8c a dozen.

Towels 5c.

Table Oil Cloth 19 and 20c a yard.

Boys Pants 19c.

Ladies Underwear all prices

Corset Waist 15c.

Mer's Underwear all prices.

DeLong's Hook and Eyes per card 12c.

Safety Pins per dozen 2c.

2 Foot Rules 8c.

Shoe Brushes 10c.

Nixing Bottles 9c.

Vaseline, large bottle 5c.

Boys' Suspenders 10c.

Men's Suspenders all prices.

Umbrellas \$1.22, \$1.09.

Ladies' Hose 9c.

Playing Cards 8c, 10c.

Ladies' Aprons 24c, 27c, 34c.

Men's Hose 5c to 32c.

Dinner Bells 4c, 9c, 20c.

Coffee Mills that hold a pound, 57c.

Wool Looking Glass, 25c.

St. George's Rheumatic Bitters

Specialty Manufactured to aid those afflicted with RHEUMATISM. It gives tone to the stomach and purifies the blood better than any other bitters known. For sale by all leading druggists. Address "G. R." P. O. Box 665, Astoria, Or.

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Telephone No. 34.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copahu, Gubbs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Indio

THE OASIS OF THE COLORADO DESERT

A New Health Resort

BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA

Absolutely Dry and Pure Tropical Climate

Pronounced by Physicians the most Favorable in America for Sufferers from . . .

Lung Diseases and Rheumatism

Many Remarkable Cures

The objections urged against Indio in the past by the large numbers who otherwise would have been glad to take advantage of its beneficial climate, has been a lack of suitable accommodation. The Southern Pacific Company, takes pleasure in announcing that several

Commodious and Comfortable Cottages

have just been erected at Indio station, that will be rented to applicants at reasonable rates. They are furnished with modern conveniences, supplied with pure artesian water, and so situated as to give occupants all the advantages to be derived from a more or less protracted residence in this delightful climate.

(From the San Francisco Argonaut.)
"In the heart of the great desert of the Colorado—which the Southern Pacific road traverses—there is an oasis called Indio, which, in our opinion, is the sanitarium of the earth. We believe, from personal investigation, that for certain invalids, there is no spot on this planet so favorable."
G. T. Stewart, M. D. writes: "The purity of the air, and the eternal sunshine, fill one with wonder and delight. . . . Nature has accomplished so much that there remains but little for man to do. As to its possibilities as a health resort,—there is the most perfect sunshine, with a temperature always pleasant, a perfectly dry soil for rain is an unknown factor; pure oxygen, dense atmosphere and pure water. What more can be desired? It is the place, above all others, for lung troubles, and a paradise for rheumatism. Considering the number of sufferers who have been cured, I have no hesitancy in recommending this genial oasis as the haven of the afflicted."

INDIO is 612 miles from SAN FRANCISCO and 130 miles from LOS ANGELES

Fare from Los Angeles \$3.50

For further information inquire of any Southern Pacific Company agent, or address

E. P. ROGERS, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. S. P. Co.
J. B. KIRKLAND, Dist. Pass. Agt.
Cor. First and Alder Sts., Portland, Or.

Are You Going East?

Be sure and see that your ticket reads via

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE.

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, OMAHA RAILWAYS.

This is the

GREAT SHORT LINE

Between DULUTH, ST. PAUL, CHICAGO

And all Points East and South.

Their Magnificent Track, Peerless Ventilated Dining and Sleeping Car Trains and Motive.

"ALWAYS ON TIME"

Have given this road a national reputation. All classes of passengers carried on the ventilated trains without extra charge. Ship your freight and travel over this famous line. All agents have tickets.

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the car had set the bedding on fire. The flames were spreading fast.

Through the broken windows people were rushing, men and women, and there were groans and shrieks on all sides.

But he could see nothing of Bessie. Could he have been mistaken in the car?

Suddenly from beneath a pile of clothing he saw a tiny hand thrust out and he heard a stifled cry.

Eagerly he pushed aside the heavy blankets and pulled the child out. By the light of the flames now rapidly consuming them, he could see how white she looked, and her eyes were closed.

Could he be too late?

He tried to climb out of the window, but the seat on which he stood, broken by the crash, fell beneath his weight, and he was thrown back into the car. He struck heavily and there was a sharp pain in his head, and little Bessie almost fell from his arms.

He seized the broken bell rope that hung from his rings, and placing the child on his back, bound the cord round and round, thus binding the child tightly to him.

Then he tried a second time to gain the window. This time there was a hand held down to help him, and in a moment he felt the soft grass beneath him, and there was a sudden movement of the little body pressed close to him.

There was a terrible whirring sound in his ears, and the blackest night seemed to settle over everything and he became unconscious.

News of the disaster traveled fast, and when the train bearing the wreckage of passengers drew into Detroit there were hundreds of anxious friends inquiring for dear ones. Strong men were crying and faces were white with terror as they listened to the story of the dreadful collision.

In one corner, faint and weary, sat a sad-faced mother, while her husband wandered hither and thither in vain search for their child.

"A little girl with blue eyes?" repeated one of the passengers after him.

"Let me see, there was one—but, here, porter, perhaps you can tell the gentleman," and the passenger hastened away.

"There was one child killed, sir," the porter replied, slowly.

"I hope it ain't yours, I'm sure. Just step this way, please."

He turned to do so with tears blinding his eyes, but a tiny hand caught hold of his coat, and a child cried, "Don't run away, papa—ain't you glad to see Bessie?"

"I told the ladies I would see that she got to you safe," Dan explained as they were being driven to Bessie's home.

"And when we was struck, I knew there wasn't no one else to look out for her, special, so I made straight for her and we managed to get out some how, didn't we, Bess?"

Dan stroked the silky hair of the child and smiled at her with lips that trembled.

Even now his head was dizzy and there were queer pains running through his body.

"Yes," cried Bessie, with a happy laugh, "if recalling some pleasant time. 'It was awful funny going to sleep in those funny boxes with curtains; then I woke up and was under a great big heap of blankets."

"Dan was real good to me, Dan was, and all his lovely candy got burnt up to nothing, and I just think you ought

compelled to return with the steamer to Victoria, unless they can manage to slip into the river and swim ashore before the boat leaves out for foreign shores.

An interesting sight was presented on that portion of the vessel where the candidates for admission were congregated and silently watched the proceedings. They displayed even more anxiety than those on board the steamer who were seeking admission to Uncle Sam's domain. The inspector had trouble keeping the mob back from that portion of the vessel where the candidates for admission were standing, but otherwise there was no difficulty with the spectators.

NOTED VOICES.

John Randolph had a squeaking voice that detracted not a little from the effect of his speeches. When he became angry, as he generally did before he got through with a speech, he fairly shrieked in wrath.

Moore could "sing like an angel." He sang his own love songs with such effect that his lady friend once stopped him in the midst of one of his best efforts. "Please stop, Mr. Moore; this is not good for my soul."

Stentor, from whom we have the word stentorian, was a Greek herald in the Trojan war, famous for his tremendous voice. Homer says he was "great hearted, brazen-voiced, and could shout as loud as fifty men."

Stephen A. Douglass had a magnificent bass voice that would have made his fortune on the opera stage. The manner in which he belted forth "Follow Citizens," at the beginning of a speech was never equalled by any public speaker.

Calhoun's voice was sharp, rasping, and not pleasant to hear. His gesticulations were rapid and far from graceful, and he had a way of emphasizing a point by jerking his tail body backwards in a most active and inelegant way.

Beecher generally spoke in a conversational tone, with no great effort as what is commonly denominated oratory. When he rose to a climax, however, his voice was equal to any emergency, but even his loudest tones seemed to cause him little effort.

John Chrysostom, or John the Golden-mouthed, was the patriarch of Constantinople in the latter part of the fourth century. He won his title from the pleasing character of his oratory, which appealed more to the feelings than to the reason.

Lincoln had a kindly voice that attracted all who heard it. Even in public efforts he rarely spoke in a loud tone, but the distinctness of his articulation caused him to be heard and understood better than were some speakers with louder voices.

Frederick William, the father of Fredrick the Great, was slightly deaf, and generally conversed in a yell. Although professing to be pious, he often lapsed into profanity in conversation and commonly ended an argument by cursing his opponent.

Sontag so pleased the people whenever she sang that at one place in Germany the mob, after taking out the horses and drawing her carriage in triumph from the suburbs to her hotel went to the further extravagance of breaking the carriage in pieces so that no one should ever ride in it again.

WHEN THE CHILL MISTS OF THE MORNING

Hang like a pall over the surface of the earth, it will be well for you before venturing into the raw vaporous air, changed, perhaps, with the seeds of malarial or provocative of rheumatic twinges, to take a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and thus shield yourself from atmospheric influences threatening to health. If you happen to get snowed, sleeted, or rained upon, use the same preventive, and thus ward off the rheumatism or a dangerous cold. The agreeable warmth infused into the circulation by this genial stomachic, its invigorating and regulating properties commend it to all appreciative of the fact that prevention is better than cure. Use the bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, nervousness, and kidney trouble, sick headache and debility.

EXTENDED SYMPATHY.

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," is sympathetically shown in the following Lincoln prediction being that sympathy is born, or akin to pain or sorrow:

"Gentlemen—Please send Krause's Headache Capsules as follows: Two boxes to Flora Seay, Havanna, N. Dak. Two boxes to Lillie Wilcox, Brookland, N. Dak. I have always been a great sufferer from headache and your Capsules are the only thing that relieves me." Yours very truly,

ELURA SEAY,
Havanna, N. Dak.
For sale by Chas. Rogers, Astoria, Or., Sole Agent.

LOOK OUT FOR COLD WEATHER

Put ride inside the Electric Lighted and Steam Heated Vestibule Apartment Car trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable, and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul or Minneapolis, or between Chicago and St. Paul, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and as the somewhat ancient advertisement use to read, "For further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. All coupon ticket agents on the coast sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, or address C. J. Eddy, General Agent, Portland, Or.

The World's Fair Tests showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Poyal.

Boston Courier: We take no sides in this bloomin' question of the coming woman's wearing apparel.

When Ponce de Leon sought to find the fountain giving back lost youth, it may be that he had in mind That draught which seems to make a truth Out of the false ages old. For drinking it the old grow young; It is indeed, a draught of gold, Surpassing all by poets sung. The draught mentioned in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, of course, it is a most potent rejuvenator of the weakened and debilitated system. It drives out all poison, all impurity, enriches the blood, and makes the old and worn-out feel young and vigorous. Ponce-de-leon didn't discover it, but Dr. Pierce did, and he rightly named it when he called it a "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pills permanently cure constipation, indigestion and headaches. All dealers.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Victories.

The "ARCADE"

Commercial Street.

Knife Baskets 43c.
2 Quart Coffee Pot 10c.
3 " " " 12c.
4 " " " 15c.
2 Quart Copper Bottom Coffee Pot 15c.
3 " " " 18c.
4 " " " 21c.
Tea Trays 5c, 11c, 15c.
14 Quart Tin Fall 15c.
Dish Pans 18c.
Dust Pans 8c.
Fint Cups, 2 for 5c.
Large Glass Pitchers 11c, 25c.
Corn Poppers, 7c, 14c.
Strap Hinges, 3c, 5c, 7c, 9c.
Red Ink 4c, a bottle.