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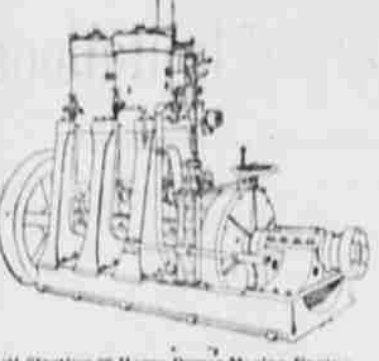
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IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

Astoria Lady Tells of Their Wonders and Beauties.

LUTHER CHURCH PEERED INTO

Reformer's Birthplace Visited in the Town of Eisleben.

THE MONUMENT OF THE EMPEROR

Situated on the Kiffhauser--Beautiful Sights of a Summer's Vacation in Far-Off Germany.

Today is the sunny 1st of June and over the hills and far away, only with us it sounded more like this: "Tis July's first sunny day and with the train we'll fly away to Old Halle on Saale, and then maybe the Harz we'll see.

Arrived at Halle, only an hour's distance from Leipzig, we proceeded to the market place. It was the busy hour of the morning, and the place was filled with wagons from the surrounding country, and housewives crowded around the tiny stalls well filled with vegetables, fruits and flowers, presided over by portentious old dames. It was a scene of confusion to an outsider, but the participants knew well what they were about.

After trying of looking down we looked up. The church of Our Lady, the "Rothe Thurm," a high clock tower, and a bronze statue of Handel all received their share of observation. Handel is represented in English court dress. On the back of the music desk on which he leans is a pretty little relief of St. Cecilia, whose face is a picture of Jenny Lind.

This city was the birthplace of Handel, and now we turned our steps to the house in which he is said to have been born, but no one seems to know positively in which room of the house and eight-seers are not admitted; so we went out in the garden restaurant behind and had our second breakfast.

We wandered through little narrow streets, dark alleys, and then again in the wide, pleasant boulevards, passed the university, old churches and monuments, until finally we found ourselves on the outskirts of the city, and crossing the Saale we stumbled up against the house where the students fight their duels. Going in we found nothing so remarkable about it. A plain brick house with a restaurant on the first floor and on the second a large assembly room. Opening from this is a smaller room, in which the real duelling is done. Back of this is a regular network of rooms, through which the students can make their escape and avoid the police, should they happen up. Here also the duellists have their wounds attended to.

Directly opposite from this building, across the river, rises a very high bluff bearing the ruins of Gleibichenstein, an old castle in which, so the story runs, Louis the Springer was once imprisoned and made his escape by jumping into the river below.

In the afternoon we went on to Eisleben, the birthplace of Martin Luther. We saw the house in which he was born, his bed, some old books and pictures, gave the old lady who told us about these things some "Trinkgeld," and went on to look at the town that had cradled such a great man as Luther. There was nothing in particular to distinguish it from other little German towns of the same size, only an air of sadness seemed to prevail. No laughing faces, but all were hopeless looks. While sitting in an out-of-the-way corner eating some cherries, an old grey-headed man let his tongue talk of what his heart was full. He told us that the underground salt lake, over which the city is built, has been drained through mines, and the city is now sinking piece by piece. We told him that was a common occurrence in America. Why, in some localities the ground was not satisfied with sinking, but there was such a constant drain that it even ran away, carrying houses and people with it, and all we thought of it was to tie a rope on and pull our houses back again and let the land go, for we knew more would be along directly.

The church in which Luther first preached was pecked into, his statue on the market place, and near it the house in which he died, and near it the house in which he was beginning to feel quite familiar with Luther, and walked slowly up the hill to the station thinking a big thing. Our final stopping place for that day was Sangerhausen, or "Jammerhausen" as the inhabitants call it. We preferred saying we were up in the "Golden Aue," tired, to be sure, and quite content to be embraced by a feather bed. The next morning we felt refreshed and ready to start for Kelba, where we arrived in half an hour. Here was

a long warm walk in store for us, for we were going to see the new monument on the Kiffhauser. Going on, we took the chaussee, which was the longest way, but good walking, and a gradual climb. After three hours' walking and resting, with an occasional straying off on the side to indulge in pranks, among other things climbing to the top of a construction used only by surveyors to get a view, we began to meet tourists, and before long we were at the monument. It is an imposing structure, which had been erected by the old soldiers and dedicated to Emperor William I. It had just been raised the past spring and people were there in swarms to see it. The greater number had come in the same manner as we. Great, big, fat men and fatter women, with little streams of perspiration flowing down their faces, would come puffing up the hill and ask "Bist du nicht bald da?" stop a minute to mop off, and then go laughing and talking among themselves, having such a jolly good time as only Germans know how on expeditions of that kind. And what walkers these people are. "Spazierengehen" seems to be a motto with them. If their good example is this way were followed by a great many of our American friends they would soon notice beneficial results.

Our walk back to the station was simply a case of running down hill. Itothelords was as far as we could get that night from Kelba. We had no idea what hotel to go to or if there even was one, so we stopped at the first "Gasthof" we came to, and of all gasthofs, this is one which probably is too well impressed on our memories ever to be forgotten. But we were tired, having walked over ten miles, and for the first day we were content. The next morning, on comparing notes, we found that imagination had played a large part as a disturbing element in the resting of the past night. After waiting for the hens to lay the eggs and the cows to be milked we had our breakfast and started for Stolberg.

We some way had the faculty of always taking the longest road to get to a place. It was a lovely walk, and we had great fun, trying to carry our baggage where it would hurt the least. We had to take that with us. It was not much, but even the lightest of burdens is a heavy when carried a long distance.

Stolberg is a little nest, as the Germans say, up in the southern Harz and ruled over by a court of the same name, a part of which we were made aware of by the numerous signs up in all corners, forbidding all sorts of things, possible and impossible. So we conscientiously shut all gates, put bars in their places, and tried not to trespass. Thunder and lightning heralded our approach. On the hills around the women are harvesting hay. They would tie a rope around an immense bundle, strap it on their backs, and come down with it to the village.

Here we saw the answer to the old German riddle, "What house has three stories and no steps?" The answer is: The Kath Haus (down hill) at Stolberg. It is built against the side of a hill and each story is entered from a different sidewalk.

After eating our dinner we went on through the pouring rain. We trudged along like old stagers and pretended we liked it. Our guide's SAMI to take a road straight up a hill. It was like pulling a wall. Our reward at the restaurant in which we sold nothing but a German beverage, warranted to be the only cure for pacific throats.

How came one of the prettiest walks we had in the whole trip. We left the road and wandered through the meadows. The flowers made a carpet for us which a king might envy. It is nearly impossible to describe the beauty and luxuriance of the wild flowers here. We came to a little brook. The earth over which it was flowing was quite red from the iron in the water. Here was a drinking place afforded by nature, and oh! how we enjoyed it. Countless little blue butterflies flew around us and the flowers nodded and smiled as though they were glad to see us; a hazy blue in the distance and the sun shone brightly overhead. What more would we also find. It was ideal, and we, like little children, playing in nature's garden. We could hardly contain ourselves, so happy did we feel. With what sighs of regret did we leave it and turn again into the chaussee. There it was real dark and solemn; the dark pines looked as though they might be holding a conference and discussing some weighty question. We went from the pine woods out into the beech and oak forests. At once we felt the difference. The last rays of the setting sun were kissing the bright green tops, making them still brighter, and the birds were giving a last concert for the day. They told us to hurry on, for it would soon be dark.

But we still had much to do. We were to see the ruin Hohenstein, the largest in the Harz. In the twilight as we saw it, it was made doubly impressive. In its largest halls mighty trees have grown up, standing there as ghosts of past generations, it was a grand old ruin, and suggested very imaginable legend.

Down in the valley lay the little town of Neustadt, a summer resort. Thither we turned our steps after conquering

HOW PIONEERS RAISED FLAX

On the Plains of Clatsop in the 40's Pine Flax Was Grown and Spun.

SEED FROM OVER THE PLAIN

Best Quality Flax Raised and Thread Sold to the Indians by Mrs. Thomas Owens.

Sunnymead, March 11.—(Editor Astorian.)—A great deal of attention is lately being given to the subject of flax culture in Oregon. Therefore a little information that shows that Clatsop county is justly entitled to the credit of having produced the first flax grown in Oregon will doubtless interest your many readers.

Before coming to Oregon my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owens, lived in a section of Kentucky where flax was extensively and profitably grown, and my mother there learned all about the culture and preparation of flax for market. She brought with her across the Plains a small quantity of flax seed. My father brought his wife and three children to Oregon with the immigration of 1842, and made his first western home on Clatsop plains, upon the present Carnahan farm, arriving there in December, 1842. In the spring of 1844 mother planted her little handful of flaxseed, and very carefully cared for it until she was able to reap a large yield. She frequently has said that she raised better crops of flax on the Clatsop farm than she ever saw grow before. She very carefully saved every single seed from this first crop, obtaining about one quart. She tied the flax in bundles and placed them in a small lake close to her house, in order that they might undergo the rotting process. She then, with the aid of such rude tools as father was able to make, prepared the fiber for use. Fortunately, she found a carpenter who was able to make for her a spinning wheel from her description, he never having seen one. From this first crop of flax mother spun the thread that was used to make the first pair of shoes she wore in Oregon. Other pioneer women were supplied with shoes made with this thread out of elk hides. The elk were killed and the skins prepared, tanned and pressed by father, and the shoes were made by one Samuel Hall.

Mrs. Owens continued from year to year to carefully preserve and plant her flax seed until she was able to do quite a profitable business in supplying the Indians with flax for use in making their fish nets. The Indians were amazed at the superiority of thread made from flax over the twine they had been accustomed to make and use from cedar bark. They eagerly bought flax from Mrs. Owens for several years, taking all they could get. The discovery of gold, however, created great changes in the conditions of Oregon farmers. Money flowed into their hands freely from various sources, and the cultivation of flax in old Clatsop was abandoned. Enough, though, had been accomplished to demonstrate the adaptability of our soil and climate for the successful growing of flax.

MRS. DR. OWENS ADAIR.

MEN IN GOOD CONDITION.

Carson, March 13.—Among the visitors at Corbett's quarters this afternoon was William Muldoon, the wrestler. He stood around the handball court watching Corbett at his work, and after the champion had concluded his exercises Muldoon, Al Smith and Billy Madden were invited into the dressing room to see Corbett rubbed down. After looking Corbett over in the most careful manner, Muldoon declared that he was very much pleased with his condition and said he had never seen any man do better work than the champion had done that afternoon. No man on earth could do better work, Muldoon said. Billy Madden was also asked what he thought of Corbett's condition, and simply said: "He's all right." Muldoon also visited Fitzsimmons and expressed himself as equally well pleased with his condition.

FLOOD IN TENNESSEE.

Memphis, Tenn., March 13.—The Mississippi river is over its banks in many places. In the low-lying sections near this city many houses are submerged. At Marion dozens of negro cabins have been swept away and hundreds of cattle drowned. No lives have been lost so far, but it is feared that the rapidly rising waters caused by the late heavy rains and snows will inundate a great part of the Mississippi valley.

SMITH THE WINNER.

New York, March 13.—Solly Smith gets the decision over Oscar Gardner in the twentieth round.

A. & C. R. R. R.

Lewis & Dryden's Guide.

The Astorian says, in a recent issue, Mr. A. D. Charlton, assistant general

passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, who was in the city yesterday, expressed himself as highly pleased with the progress being made in the construction of the A. & C. R. R. R.

"Will your road use the Astoria road through 'business' Mr. Charlton?" "Yes, we will run through cars from Portland in the passenger service, and through freight cars from the East."

This is undoubtedly correct. A. D. is not a man to talk on such a subject, or to hazard foolish assertions without excellent foundation. It is perhaps just as well to call Portland's attention to the fact that the shipping business of the Northwest is going to be done from Astoria in the very near future, and while they haven't any fresh water bath for barnacle-laden ships, they have the capital all subscribed for a dry dock that will enable the wheat vessels to undergo a thorough scraping, painting and general repair that is always necessary and not so expensive as to preclude its general use.

The editor of the Guide may also be informed that, in addition to all of the other reasons for the handling of shipping business in Astoria, is the fact that this is a fresh water harbor. There is not now, never has been, and never will be a terebin in any of our waters, which are just as pure for ship-bathing purposes as the Willamette.

WIRES CROSSED.

The electric power wires of the city were last night crossed with the Western Union wires, so that only a small portion of the press report was received in Astoria.

TO BREAK AWAY

Seattle, Wash., March 13.—At an informal meeting of the delegates from various clubs forming the Pacific Northwest Association of A. A. U. in this city tonight, there was a long discussion on the proposition to break away from the A. A. U. and to form a coast union.

OUT OF BOND.

San Francisco, March 13.—Importers of the city fear that congress will surely raise the tariff. In consequence a rapid rush is being made to remove all goods now held in bonded warehouses.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

First Officer Leighton, of the Columbine, who resigned his position Friday, is now in Portland.

Captain Charles Sharp, of the Wai-lusk, who was in town yesterday, said that the roads were now simply horrid. Business in his part of the country is good. Eggs are plentiful and cheap. Grass is coming on nicely, and the trees are all in bud. Bridge Tender Fisher has recovered his health, and is now busy in his garden.

Judge McGuire met with a serious accident at his home in Seaside yesterday. Dr. Tuttle happened to be in Seaside on business, and stopping at the Judge's house, found him in very bad shape. The old gentleman has been suffering from rheumatism recently, and in coming down stairs early yesterday morning, he slipped and fell nearly all the way, striking his head through a door at the foot of the steps, and inflicting several gashes in his head and badly bruising his knee.

Persons who have believed that the moon controls the weather, and who have been predicting for the past week that when the moon changed the weather would change, have "experienced a change" themselves, although the weather remains the same. The moon changes every week or so, and therefore has rung the whole list of her changes from the first quarter to new moon, since the showery weather began, and it still keeps a-showerin'. In fact, the moon is all the time changing, but some people seem to imagine that at each of her phases, noted on the calendar--first quarter, full moon, last quarter, new moon--something takes place, a whirling of the machinery and the flying open of a door, like in a cuckoo clock, and the man in the moon turns a crank and changes the weather. He has evidently been asleep for the past month, for, although the moon has changed as usual, there has been no change in the weather. The moon follows out a regular program, and her changes can be calculated years or ages ahead, but the weather cannot be prognosticated with any certainty five minutes ahead--at the present time, at all events. Every year the moon goes practically through the same changes, but the weather is not the same, by a long shot. The weather is bound to change some day, and this may happen at a change of the moon, or before or after it, but not possibly more than three or four days from one of the changes, because there is a "change" of the moon every week or so; but any man may safely bet all of his small change that changes of the moon do not cause changes of the weather.

Wait for the "Hueby," the best bicycle on earth for the least money, \$40 and \$50. F. L. Parker, agent.

IT NOW MEANS WAR IN CRETE

Greece Is Calling on the Reserves of 1873 Residing in America.

NOTHING CAN STOP A CLASH

Train Bearing Turkish Troops Dynamited on a Bridge and Many Lives Lost by Drowning.

St. Louis, March 13.—D. Jannapoulos, Greek consul at St. Louis, today received a telegram from the Grecian minister of foreign affairs, urging the reserves in this country to comply with the order calling to arms the reserves of 1873 to 1875. The consul said: "This call means war, of that I have no doubt. Nothing can now prevent a clash between the Grecian and Turkish armies."

Athens, March 13.—Ustics Larissa, correspondent, says that the news of the destruction of the railroad bridge over the river Vardouira, near Salonica, has been confirmed. The bridge was dynamited as a train carrying 1,000 Turkish troops passed. Many carriages were thrown from the rails and many soldiers drowned. The transport of Turkish troops has been suspended until the bridge is restored.

BAILEY NOMINATED.

Speaker of the House by the Democrats in Congress.

Washington, March 13.—Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, was nominated speaker by the democratic members of the house receiving 56 votes against 23 for Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, and 23 for Richard P. Bland, of Missouri.

Although the election was of no significance, except in recognizing the nominee as the minority leader, there was quite a spirited contest. There were 108 votes in the caucus. J. D. Richardson, who had been candidate for speaker, withdrew. He was elected chairman of the caucus. Bailey was placed in nomination by Mr. Sayers, of Texas, and McMillan, of Tennessee, by Maguire, of California, and Richard P. Bland by Terry, of Arkansas. Several speeches endorsing the nominations were made. On roll call the vote stood: Bailey 56, McMillan 23, Bland 22. The nomination was made unanimous.

A resolution offered by Mr. Dockery for the appointment of a steering committee to confer on the party policy was agreed to and Messrs. Richardson, Dockery, Henrichsen, Colman and McTear were appointed.

ARBITRATION TREATY.

Important Amendments Made by the Senate Committee.

Washington, March 13.—The amendments to the arbitration treaty, which will probably be reported to the senate next week by the committee on foreign relations, and which have been practically agreed to, will be somewhat different from those previously submitted by the committee. The Turpie provision requires the president to submit to the senate his formulation of any claim that he may desire to submit to arbitration under the treaty. Another amendment will eliminate the clause calling on the United States supreme court as a fixed tribunal of arbitration. The president will appoint and the senate confirm the members of the tribunal. The portion of the treaty providing for the appointment of the king of Sweden and Norway as umpire will be eliminated, a majority of the committee considering that no umpire will be necessary.

In Italy the walnut tree has a bad name. The country people call it the witches' tree, and are afraid to sleep under its branches.

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