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MY DISREPUTABLE FRIEND, COLONEL COYOTE CLARK.

When I told the officers of my church in that newest city of the southwest states that Mrs. Clark had called upon me with a view of joining our society, those officials were struck with dismay, for the Colonel had shot her former husband.

"I am glad to know her," I insisted.

"And you would like to have her husband, Coyote Clark, call you?" Mr. Jones asked, derisively, but I replied as promptly:

"I will be glad to have him do so. He shall be welcome. That is what I am here for. It is the worst people who need me the most."

"Do they? Well I am anxious to see what will come of it. Colonel Coyote Clark!" and Mr. Brown evidently coincided in the sarcastic exclamation of Mr. Jones. As soon as they were gone I painted the dreadful reprobat in imagination before me.

"It is plain," I said to myself, "that he is a large, red-faced, bushy-whiskered, boisterous man, a bully and a blackguard. Doubtless the sobriquet of Coyote, prairie-fox, has come to and clings to him as naturally as the name of Bob, Tom, or Bill, to other men. I am not afraid of the ruffian," and if my fists did not instinctively clench themselves, my manner became in anticipation frozen and defiant.

A few weeks afterward, and when I had forgotten the disreputable Colonel, there called upon me one afternoon a gentleman whom I know at a glance to be a book or insurance agent. He was an undersized man but well-formed and remarkably well-dressed, closely-shaven, and whose singularly youthful face was made the more engaging by a pair of frank and laughing eyes. There was that in them that grasped me as cordially as did his hand, which I observed was small and white as that of a lady, and which adhered to mine with a curious magnetic warmth. His voice too, and whole bearing had such an innocent and childlike sincerity as to win me at once. No one could be less intrusive or more respectful during our conversation upon general topics; I observed that he listened most attentively to me, and with more than his eyes fastened upon mine. "I will subscribe to this book whatever it is," I murmured to myself at last. "If he is an insurance agent how can I refuse to take out a policy?" But he only remarked, as after a very pleasant visit he arose to leave, "I am pleased to know, sir, that my wife desires to unite with your church."

"Your wife," I stammered. Yes, sir; Mrs. Clark. My name is Colonel Clark." I dare say," he added, with the laugh of a school-boy, "that you have heard of me as Coyote Clark. That is only myself a Christian, as I regret to say, no man, sir, has a deeper respect for religion," and his face had taken on the sincerest seriousness.

That is the way we began our more than mutual acquaintance. Every day I heard of some fresh rascalery of my new friend. He was a gambler, was horribly profane when enraged, could become more thoroughly intoxicated over night and show less signs of it next morning than any other toper. When crossed in his plans he could and did kill his man without a symptom of regret for it afterward. It is absurd to suppose that I liked him notwithstanding all this be-

cause he named a race horse after me. It was a shame, but I did like him. Like most men I was born twins, not like Chang and Eng, for mine is the innermost quality of Jacob and Esau in eternal strife, and the hidden Esau in me, shocking as it is to confess sprang forth to greet him every time we met, as we did very often did. It may have been because I had a desire to save the man from himself and impending doom. "He is sure to be killed in the end," I urged upon myself; "he is apt to be shot any moment; whatever he does I will not break with him--will do my best to win him over."

He gave me an opportunity to do so. After a very long probation his wife became a member of my church. Not only was she a regular attendant, but she brought her husband with her. On prayer-meeting nights, when it was too cold or the rain was falling in torrents, whoever else was absent it was not Colonel Coyote Clark nor his wife. Every child was in the Sunday school. During sermons the Colonel gave me his, if not devout, at least undivided attention. I met a cordial reception when I visited at his house. I was a little surprised when on calling one hot August evening, two or three of his youngest children raced in and out of the parlor as naked as the hour they were born, but they were very beautiful children, and were soon hustled off to bed, and the father sat listening for an hour after, and with sympathetic eyes, to all that I could urge upon him as to a change of life.

As I knew at the outset, I cannot condense into limits so brief a tenth of what I would like to say to my friend. For, notwithstanding everything, I liked him; yes, and I like him to this hour! I recall the picnic-dinner he gave to the Sunday school in the woods on a bright October day, the profuse generosity of the man, then as always, who for some occult reason wore a ruffled shirt and was apparently the ideal of a refined gentleman. We had to repress and refuse his pecuniary gifts to the church. I believe he would have built us a new edifice had we allowed it.

"And you still think that you can make a Christian of him?" The question was continually dashed upon me like cold water, and from it seemed to me, every quarter. "I can but try!" I always said so, but it was with a sinking heart. My friend seemed to belong to a wholly different species somehow, always so cordial, so attentive, so open to conviction, so frankly boyish and bright faced, yet all along, I could not but know, the same unmitigated reprobate. Disasters befell him in quick succession. His house was burned down, but he tracked the incendiary, killed him and was as cheerful as ever. His favorite son was blown up and burned to a crisp in his Christmas pyrotechnics. Another son, a handsome fellow accidentally shot and killed a young negro with whom he was playing. A daughter not fifteen was assisted out of a back window one midnight by a lad not much older, and eloped to be married by me some weeks after to her abductor. A third son not ten years old had his clothes hidden while bathing in the river, and searched and found them only to take a small revolver out of the pockets, run, still naked after his mischievous companion and dangerously wound him. Through everything, Colonel Coyote Clark remained, as far as I could see, the same pleasant-faced,

sincere-spoken, innocent-mannered and hopelessly wicked desperado.

"Now, is there anything I can do for you?" he reined in his horse at my gate one morning to ask, looking the picture of a cavalier, for he was captain of the Rangers, and was off on a scout after the Indians. I made a request but forgot all about it until, months after, he stopped on his return at my gate to give me the ox-hide quiver full of arrows, the medicine bag and bow of a Comanche. "He was a big chief," he said, "and I picked him off on purpose for you."

One morning, not long after, I saw him on the roof of a burning house helping to put out the flames at the peril of his life. The next day I heard the rapid cracking of revolvers down street. It was a little difficultly he was having, and I hastened past his dead enemy to find him dying on the sidewalk. His face brightened like that of a child when he saw me, and he gave me the same cordial and sympathetic attention as of old to all that I had to say. I see his boyish and innocent-looking face this moment, as smiling unconsciously of what concerned him most, as a squirrel without the faculty to care.

"Anyhow, I fetched him!" he laughed—and was dead. But why is it that I liked him so much, so very much more than I do people so very much better? Why, oh, why is it?—Our Content.

How Jackson and Benton Made Peace.

President Lincoln is quoted by Charles Gibson, of St. Louis as telling a story illustrating Thomas H. Benton's turn for the drama. Benton and Jackson had long been at feud; they had engaged in a rough and tumble fight, and had not spoken for years, until Jackson was president and Benton senator from Missouri. "It was in this room," said President Lincoln, at the White House, "that their first meeting took place. Jackson was seated at this very table, when yonder door swung open and Benton stalked in and stood silently in the middle of the floor. Jackson looked up and recognized him at once and recollected at the same time that he had no weapon to defend himself. Silently he got up, walked to the door, unlocked it and put the key in his pocket, and went back to his seat. Then he said, "Does this mean war or peace?" "It means peace," said Benton. Jackson again arose, walked to the door, unlocked it, came back to his seat, and then said, "Colonel Benton, I am pleased to see you. Take a chair." All this time Benton was standing stately in the center of the room, never moving a muscle while Jackson was locking and unlocking the door, and the reconciliation was complete."

All for Love.

A story in real life, with a most pathetic side, comes to us from the "old tar state." A postmaster in that state was indicted for stealing money from a letter, and he pleaded guilty, and four months ago he was sentenced to a year's imprisonment. Lately it has come to light that the wife was the thief, and the husband voluntarily became a felon in order to shield the mother of his children from the shame and imprisonment. When his self-sacrifice was brought to the notice of the Governor of North Carolina, that official made application to the President for a pardon, and it has been granted. In fiction this incident would be thought most improb-

able; in real life it is a touching fact that ennoble our common humanity.

A Pettifogger's Ruse.

A Portland lawyer, short of funds, tried in a peculiar manner to "raise the wind." Aware of the \$100 offered by the O. R. & N. Co. for the apprehension and conviction of thieves stealing from that corporation, he put up a job whereby a boy was to pilfer some articles of value, and be caught at the theft. The lawyer would defend him, the sentence be light and the thief and his pal would divide the reward. The boy peached before the job was even attempted and the pettifogger is out his dishonest fee.—Sunday Mercury.

Brain and Nerve.

Wells' Health Renewer, greatest remedy on earth for impotence, leanness, sexual debility, etc. St. at druggists. Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Oregon.

Notice.

Ice cream, ice cream, at Rescoe's refreshment saloon, Saturday and Sunday evenings. Occident block.

Musical Instruction.

Prof. Fred. Mayer, of Switzerland, is now in the city and intends organizing a class in instrumental music. Any one who contemplates taking a course of instruction on the piano will find this a rare opportunity. Prof. Mayer may be seen at Mrs. Twilgh's.

Notice.

I have bought out the restaurant on Main street, in Boehling's building, from James White and How Lee and retained the same to James White, and will not be responsible for any debts contracted.

MAX WAGNER.

Take Notice.

On after this date an additional 10 cents per cord will be charged on all orders for sawed wood not accompanied by the cash, at Gray's wood yard, July 1st, 1882.


Peruvina Bitters.

Cinchona Bitters.

The Count Cinehon was the Spanish Viceroy in Peru in 1620. The Countess, his wife, was prostrated by an intermittent fever, from which she was freed by the use of the native remedy, the Peruvian bark, or, as it was called in the language of the country, "Quinquina." Grateful for her recovery, on her return to Europe in 1621, she introduced the remedy in Spain, where it was known under various names, until Linnaeus called it Cinchona, in honor of the lady who had brought them that which was more precious than the gold of the Indies. To this day, after a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, science has given us nothing to take its place. It effectually cures a morbid appetite for stimulants, by restoring the natural tone of the stomach. It attacks excessive love of liquor as it does a fever, and destroys both alike. The powerful tonic virtues of the Cinchona is preserved in the Peruvina Bitters, which are an effective against malarial fever to-day as they were in the days of the old Spanish Viceroys. We guarantee the ingredients of these bitters to be absolutely pure, and of the best known quality. A trial will satisfy you that this is the best bitter in the world. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and will willingly abide this test. For sale by all druggists, grocers and liquor dealers. Order of L. Loeb & Co., agents for Astoria.

—For lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiho's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cents. For sale by W. E. Demott.

A cough, cold or sore throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable lung disease or consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but act directly on the inflamed parts, allaying irritation, give relief in asthma, bronchitis, coughs, catarrh, and the throat troubles of singers and public speakers are subject to. For thirty years Brown's bronchial troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at 25 cents a box every where.



King of the Blood

Is not a "cure all." It is a blood-purifier and tonic. Impurity of the blood poisons the system, deranges the circulation, and thus induces many disorders, known by different names to distinguish them according to effects, but being really branches or phases of that great generic disorder, impurity of blood. Such are Dyspepsia, Biliary Disorders, Constipation, Nervous Disorders, Headache, Backache, General Weakness, Heart Disease, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Pile, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Skin Disorders, Pimples, Eczema, Scalding, &c. King of the Blood prevents and cures these by attacking the cause, impurity of the blood. Chemists and physicians agree in calling it "the most genuine and efficient preparation for the purpose." Sold by druggists, 50¢ per bottle. See testimonials, directions, &c. in pamphlet, "Treatise on Diseases of the Blood," wrapped around each bottle. D. KRANSON, SOLE & CO. PROPRIETORS, N. Y.

Sherman Bros. Express

Will receive orders at the store of I. W. Case for upper Astoria or any other part of the city. Leave your orders on the slide and they will be promptly attended to.

Cataera of the Bladder.

Stinging, smarting, irritation of the urinary passages, diseased discharges, cured by Buchu-palati. St. at druggists. Oregon Depot, DAVIS & CO., Portland, Oregon.

A Toilet Luxury.

SOZODON is a luxury as well as a necessity. Placed where it should always be upon the toilet, it adorns it, and gratifies the taste and senses. It sends out a delicious perfume, and gives pleasure and health to its users.

The Weekly Astorian

Is a mammoth sheet, double the size of the Daily. It is just the paper for the fireside, containing in addition to all the current news, choice miscellany, agricultural matter, market reports, &c. It is furnished to single subscribers at \$2.00 per year in advance.

War! War! War!

Water front offered free to any person that will build a saw mill in the city of Williamsport. Lumber we must have to build this city. We have one store in running order at present. Quite a number have already located homes in this city, and there is room. Sold on time to suit purchasers. Located one mile south of Astoria, on the sunny side of the hill, on Young's bay.

J. WILLIAMSON, SR.

Various Cures.

Advancing years, care, sickness, disarrangement, and hereditary predisposition operate to turn the hair gray, and other of them incline it to shed prematurely. AVIENS HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicles are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on frayed, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil nor dye, and will not soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and keeps it fresh and vigorous.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

—Circuit Court Blanks, County Court Blanks, Justice Court Blanks, Shipping Blanks, Miscellaneous Blanks, Deeds, Mortgages, &c., for Sale at THE ASTORIA OFFICE.

—All citizens of Oregon who desire to inform their friends in the states of the condition and prospects of this state, can have no more complete and comprehensive volume of facts to send them than by subscribing for this journal, and having us mail it weekly to their friends. We mail it as directed. For \$5.00 in advance, we mail three copies of THE WEEKLY ASTORIAN one year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAINT MARY'S HOSPITAL,

ASTORIA, OREGON

THIS INSTITUTION, UNDER CARE OF the Sisters of Charity, is now ready for the reception of patients of either sex. Private rooms for the accommodation of any number.

Patients admitted at all hours, day or night. No physician fee charged. Every patient in fee to and has the privilege of employing any physician they prefer.

United States Marine, Seaman who pays Hospital Duty, are entitled to free care and attendance at this Hospital during sickness. Permits must be obtained for United States Marines at the Custom House.

WILSON & FISHER,

SHIP CHANDLERS.

DEALERS IN Iron, Steel, Coal, Anchors, Chains, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, WROUGHT AND CUT GALVANIZED SPIKES.

Nails, Copper Nails and Burrs. Shelf Hardware, Paints and Oils. Rubber and Hemp Packing of all Kinds.

PROVISIONS, FLOUR AND MILL FEED. Agents for Salem Flouring Mills. Corner Chenamans and Hamilton Streets ASTORIA, OREGON.

J. H. D. GRAY. Wholesale and retail dealer in FLOUR. ALL KINDS OF FEED, Hay, Oats, Straw, Wood, Etc.

General Storage and Warehouse on reasonable terms. Foot of Benton street. Astoria Oregon.

SHIPPING TAGS THE BEST QUALITY, WILL BE SOLD by the hundred, or by the box, printed or plain, to suit customers, at THE ASTORIA OFFICE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. ARNDT & FERCHEN, ASTORIA - OREGON.

The Pioneer Machine Shop

BLACKSMITH SHOP AND Boiler Shop All kinds of ENGINE, CANNERY, STEAMBOAT WORK Promptly attended to. A specialty made of repairing CANNERY DIES, FOOT OF LAFAYETTE STREET. ASTORIA IRON WORKS. BENTON STREET, NEAR PARKER HOUSE, ASTORIA - OREGON.

GENERAL MACHINISTS AND BOILER MAKERS.

LAND AND MARINE ENGINES

Boiler Work, Steamboat Work, and Cannery Work a specialty. CASTINGS. Of all Descriptions made to Order at Short Notice.

A. D. WARE, President. J. G. HORTON, Secretary. I. W. CASE, Treasurer. JOHN FOX, Superintendent.

WILLIAM EDGAR,

Corner Main and Chenamans Streets, ASTORIA - OREGON.

DEALER IN CIGARS AND TOBACCO. The Celebrated JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS GENUINE ENGLISH CUTLERY AND THE GENUINE WOSTENHOLM and other English Cutlery. STATIONERY! FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS Genuine Meershaum Pipes, etc.

A fine stock of Watches and Jewelry, Muzzle and Breech Loading Shot Guns and Rifles, Revolvers, Pistols, and Ammunition. ALSO A FINE ASSORTMENT OF FINE SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES.

MAGNUS C. CROSBY,

Dealer in HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Plumbers and Steam Fitters Goods and Tools, SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD SHEET IRON TIN AND COPPER, Cannery and Fishermen's Supplies Stoves, Tin Ware and House Furnishing Goods. JOBBING IN SHEET IRON, TIN, COPPER PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING Done with neatness and dispatch. None but first class workmen employed.

SCALES

Constantly on hand. For sale. LOTS 3, 4, 5, AND 6 IN BLOCK 45, OPTO-site main and Company's door, and ash factory and the Western Hotel. This property is in a business location and will be sold cheap. Also Lot 3 in Block 69; this lot is next to Capt. Wass' double house. Inquire at this office or of THOS. LOGAN.

BUSINESS CARDS.

E. C. HOLDEN, NOTARY PUBLIC, AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION AND SURETY AGENT.

DR. J. C. SHAFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (DEUTSCHER ABT.) Diseases of the Throat a Specialty. Office over Conn's Drug Store.

DR. C. C. GLASS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office over A. V. Allen's Store. ASTORIA - OREGON.

F. B. WINTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in C. L. Parker's building, on Benton street, opposite Custom House, ASTORIA - OREGON.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE—Over the White House Store, RESIDENCE—Over Eberson's Bakery, opposite Barth & Myers' Saloon.

F. F. HICKS, DENTIST, Rooms in Allen's building up stairs, corner of Cass and Squemoche streets, ASTORIA - OREGON.

J. Q. A. BOWLBY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Chenamus Street, - ASTORIA, OREGON.

C. H. BAIN & CO., DEALER IN Doors, Windows, Blinds, Trusses, Lumber, Etc. All kinds of Oak Lumber, Glass, Boat Material, etc. Turning and Bracket Work A SPECIALTY. Steam Mill near Weston Hotel, Cor. Gas and Astor streets.

MRS. DERBY, DEALER IN New and Choice MILLINERY, Desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Astoria to the fact that she has received a large assortment of the LATEST STYLES OF Hats, Bonnets, Trimmings, AND FANCY GOODS. Corner Main and Squemoche Streets.

H. B. PARKER, DEALER IN Hay, Oats, $\frac{1}{2}$ Straw. Lime, Brick, Cement and Sand. Wood Delivered to Order. Draying, Teaming and Express Business. Horses and Carriages for Hire.

DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

GOLDEN SHOE STORE.

I have opened a NEW BOOT and SHOE STORE On the Roadway, Opposite the O. R. & N. Company's Dock. I am prepared to do FIRST CLASS WORK in my Line. My stock is large and new and very nice. Of any style you all shall have your choice. If on the shelves you find none that will do, You can have them MADE at the Golden Shoe. I. J. ARVOLD.

CITY BOOK STORE.

We are constantly receiving new additions to our stock and have the finest and largest assortment of variety goods in the city.

Combs, Brushes, Stationery, Frames Celluloid Goods. All our goods are marked in plain figures Call and examine quality and note prices. CHAS. STRYVENSON

FIRST CLASS Dress Making, Mrs. T. S. Jewett. Up stairs, opposite Mrs. Rogers Boarding House.