

Special Sale!**500 Pairs**

—OF—

WOMEN'S SHOES!**Regular \$1.75 and \$2.00 Values**

—FOR—

\$1.30**Wherity, Ralston & Company**

The Leading Shoe Dealers.

Fisher's Opera House**L. E. SELIG, - - Lessee and Manager****One Week Beginning Monday, June 26th,****CORBIN, The Great****AND****THELMA, The Mystic,**

In a marvelous performance of magic. Change of program each night.

Pony Ballet, 5 Pretty Girls,**PRICES: 25 and 35c,
No More; No Less.****CLEANLINESS**

is a necessity to perfect Health and an essential element of Happiness.



To prevent sickness and enjoy the comforts of life you should equip your sleeping apartment or dressing chamber with a snowy white, one-piece "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Lavatory and have running hot and cold water as desired at your touch.

We have samples in our showroom and will gladly quote you prices.

J. A. MONTGOMERY, Astoria, Or.J. Q. A. BOWLEY, President
O. L. PETERSON, Vice-PresidentFRANK PATTON, Cashier
J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier**Astoria Savings Bank**Capital Paid in \$100,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$35,000.
Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest Paid on Time Deposits

168 Tenth Street,

ASTORIA, OREGON.

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

Capital and Surplus \$100,000**For Porch and
Summer Home
Bamboo
Furniture**

gives that refreshing touch to the weary and tired person. Settees, Roman Chairs, Hall-racks, etc., etc. Step in and examine the line. Did you buy that Chocolate set yet?

Yokohama Bazar

623 Commercial Street, Astori

Progress Shoes

for Ladies are the

BEST \$2.50

shoes made. We have just received a full line of these shoes. Lace and Blucher. Vic Kid. patent leather tips.

**BILLY BUSTER
SHOES**

for the boys have a sole that won't wear out.

S. A. GIMREFine Boots and Shoes
543 BOND STREET, ASTORIA.**COST HIM \$50,000****Tells How He Came Within an
Ace of Getting a Fortune.****HAD UNCLE WHO LEFT WILL**

Was Given Three Months Trial to Make Good and Learn a Trade But Laughed and Got "Canned" at the Critical Moment.

It was a slow day for the police of the Butler street station yesterday, not even a "drunk" disturbing the monotony. Sergeant James Allen, the pride of the fair sex of the Tenth Ward, was at his desk, busily engaged in reviewing his splendid record and contemplating the day when he would wear a captain's shield. Detectives William Dillon, John Clare, and Joseph Roberts had just come in from a futile chase after nothing in particular, and were so completely exhausted, both mentally and physically, by their exertions for the support of justice that they sank wearily into convenient chairs. Clare moved his over to the typewriter, and started to write a song in which the poor sparrows in winter were the main theme.

"This poet business is great," said he as he struck a 'b' for an 'm.' If I wasn't a cop, I'd be a Longfellow."

"You would make about as good a poet, I think, as you are a cop," said the sergeant mysteriously. Clare took the favorable side of this observation and smiled his thanks at the compliment.

"Did I ever tell you," returned the future captain, "how I came to lose \$50,000 by a laugh?"

The three sleuths had no recollection of it.

"Through some fortunate occurrence," continued Allen, "I had an uncle out west whose figure in the financial sense was estimated at \$100,000. He was a sickly man, however, and was continually making his will. One day he died, and when the right people got hold of his last will, they found that yours truly was awarded half the fortune on one condition. It was to the effect that I must make good in some profession within three months, and if I tried more than three different occupations and failed to make good in all after three months' trial, the money was to go to some one out in Iowa. This proposition nearly tickled me to death.

"The first thing I tried was when, at the age of fifteen, I started as an apprentice in a dentist's office. His name was Dr. Hogg. Not too bad for him, either. He was the only one in the town and did a good business, and had a large number of regular victims. One of them was the pretty 16-year-old daughter of the leading groceryman, and at that time I was susceptible, and I fell head over heels in love with her. I had got pretty fair in my work and the doctor let me watch him yank the molars at a short distance, to be ready in case one fainted. In this particular instance, old Hogg left the room for something, and the girl looked so sweet in the chair that I took a pair of nippers from a near by table and went up close to her. She thought I was detailed to do the job, and offered no objection. Instead of telling her to open her mouth, I leaned over and quickly kissed her. She screamed. The doctor came out, saw the girl crying, and when she pointed at me he grabbed me by a certain part of the trousers and I left the profession.

"Next I secured a place as office assistant to the secretary of a big company, but was fired when I took advantage of the boss's absence to put on his coat and hat and scare the other clerks, butting in on them when they were resting.

"The clerks were fooled, but in comes the old man himself, and I was caught with the goods on. My second chance gone.

"I was finally placed as assistant to a literary man who took a fancy to me, and I got along swimmingly. His name was Middlecoop, or something like that, but he couldn't help it, and wasn't bad. He fell in love too. One day the girl called at his home and was shown into the library. He came in and tipped the wink to me to retire. So I sat in one corner and picked up Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." Suddenly I heard a smack, and I laughed at just that moment at one of Tom's pranks. Well, it was all up. My three months was up at 5 o'clock, but the man gave me pay at 4.

"Everyone heard I was once more discharged, but they would not believe my side of the story, and"—

"Did you get the money your uncle

left?" asked Clare. The sergeant drew out the pockets of his coat and trousers.

"Do you see any sign of a fortune there?" he queried disconsolately.

**FLIRTING MOTORMAN
BLAMED FOR ACCIDENT**

Plaintiff in Damage Suit for \$50,000
Makes somewhat Novel Charge

Brooklyn, June 24.—It was charged in a trial that is now on in Part V. of the Supreme Court, before Justice Howard, that Mrs. Marguerite Sunderland, who lives in Manhattan at Eighty-third street and Central Park West, nearly lost her life through the flirtation of three motormen employed by the Brooklyn Heights Railroad Company. As it was it is claimed that Mrs. Sunderland's carriage was struck by a trolley car at Gravesend avenue and Sixtieth street going at a high rate of speed, and was thrown a distance of fifty feet into an adjoining field and is injured and disfigured for life.

In the complaint it is stated that on June 26, 1902, Mrs. Sunderland with a party of friends was driving in a carriage, and was crossing the tracks at the above mentioned point, which is a usual stopping place for the trolley cars, when the carriage was struck by a trolley car. It was testified to on the witness stand this morning that two motormen got on the front part of the car at Ninth avenue and began a flirtation with two colored women, and that when nearing the usual stopping place at Gravesend avenue and Sixtieth street, one of the motormen took the lever so that the regular motormen could sit beside the colored women. The new motorman, it is claimed, became reckless, and sent the car ahead at a high rate of speed and did not make the usual stop at Sixtieth street, with the result that the Sunderland carriage was struck with great force.

Counsel for the railroad company made a general denial of responsibility. The testimony of the two colored women aroused great interest.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Maintains unexcelled service from the west to the east and south. Making close connections with trains of all transcontinental lines, passengers are given their choice of routes to Chicago, Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans, and through these points to the far east.

Prospective travelers desiring information as to the lowest rates and best routes are invited to correspond with the following representatives:

B. H. TRUMBULL, Commercial Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
J. C. LINDSEY, Trav. Passenger Agent,
142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
PAUL B. THOMPSON, Pass'gr. Agent,
Coleman Building, Seattle, Wash.

Erik Gustafson, a native of Sweden, was granted first citizenship papers yesterday by County Clerk Clinton.

FLIES HIS COLORS**Norwegian Ship Captain Denies
Allegiance to King Oscar.****IGNORES SWEDISH CONSUL**

Arriving at New York Hoists Large
Norwegian Flag Demonstrating His
Patriotism. Would only Report to
Consul When Forced By Officials.

New York, June 24.—Captain Nilsen, commander of the Norwegian ship Tjomo, has demonstrated his patriotism and recorded his good ship as the first to clear the port with papers from which all reference to Sweden has been eliminated. The biggest Norwegian flag Nilsen could find was flying from the masthead when the Tjomo passed down the bay.

Captain Nilsen reached port Monday last and showed his patriotism by ignoring the Swedish consulate until the custom house officials made him go there and enter his ship. Then he went through the formality of presenting his paper's to the consul and allowing the ship to pass under the consul's control.

The captain decided to make another effort at recognition when he visited the consulate to get his papers back and obtain clearance papers. He sought Vice Consul Hansen and the latter filled out the papers but the captain, before signing, carefully erased the word "Sweden" and the consul, himself a Norwegian, did not argue the question. He allowed the erasures to stand, signed the papers as many times as was necessary and then shook hands with the skipper.

**FATAL ENDING TO A
UTICA BEER PARTY**

Murderer Becomes entangled in Weeds
and Drowns, Trying to Escape.

Utica, June 24.—As a result of a row on the circus grounds in this city yesterday afternoon, James P. Gill, a teamster, was murdered, George Earhardt, a laborer, was perhaps mortally shot, and Carmeno Gutziano, an Italian, the man who shot the other two was drowned.

Gill and Earhardt were members of a crowd composing a beer party, and it appears that the Italian, unbidden, helped himself freely to the beer. Gill and Earhardt protested against the Italian's conduct, and ordered him away from the vicinity. Gutziano showed fight and Gill and Earhardt chased him.

Pears'

A soap is known by the company it keeps. Pears' is found in good society, everywhere.

The use of Pears' Soap betokens refinement.

Scented, or not, as you prefer.

Nearing the bank of the Mohawk river the Italian drew a pistol and, turning on his pursuers, shot Earhardt through the right shoulder and dropped Gill with a bullet through the abdomen. The Italian then plunged into the river. Gutziano swam toward the opposite bank and had nearly gained it, when his feet became entangled in some weeds and he drowned. Gill died ten minutes after being shot, Earhardt is in a hospital.

City an Agreeable Surprise.

Messrs Shaw and G. B. McLeod, representing A. B. Hammond, were in the city yesterday attending to some private business. Mr. McLeod expressed himself as agreeably surprised at the rapid advancement and the number and character of improvements made in the city this year. Both gentlemen left for Portland last evening.

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LOW EXCURSION RATES.

Via Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

From Chicago to Asbury Park, N. J., and return, \$21.35. Tickets good going June 29, 30, July 1 and 2, valid for return until August 31 by extension.

Stop-over at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

Through sleeping cars to Asbury Park, Baltimore and return, \$18.

Tickets good going July 2, 3 and 4. Valid for return until August 31, by extension. Stop-over at Washington.

The only line that operates through trains. Send for circulars to Peter Haway, Pacific Coast Agent, San Francisco.

B. N. Austin, G. P. A., Chicago. Consult your nearest ticket agent for details.

THELMA, "THE MYSTIC"

Who Will Appear at Fishers' Opera House Tomorrow Night.