

No fireworks, please.

Mrs. Samuel Elmore and three children are on the incoming steamer.

What a grand chance this affords for the man who goes around saying "I told you so!"

The postoffice will be open today one hour after the arrival of the ocean and river mail steamer.

Capt. Gray's new steamer has been launched near Smith's mill. She will be run in the Gray's harbor trade as soon as completed.

Caches of stolen goods were found in various locations yesterday, and all day long property was being identified and removed from the city jail.

An exchange says that the body of a merchant, who never advertised, was found dead on his counter where it had lain several days without being discovered.

The Polaris having appeared in the same form for three weeks consecutively is apparently in definite distress. It is a witty publication and is evidently prospering.

H. G. Huriburt and his surveying party are camped near the junction of the Mithawaka and Jewell roads. The timber experts are expected this way about the 15th.

The city is in a dangerous predicament. Everything is unusually dry; the water supply is exceedingly limited; the utmost care is necessary or we shall have a repetition of Monday's disaster.

A. G. Spexarth will reopen in Flavel's new building, Ford & Stokes have already begun business in one of Hume's new stores; others will begin again as soon as they can find accommodations.

A fire alarm near Kinney's cannery yesterday morning created the utmost confusion among many who feared the scenes of Monday would be repeated. Fortunately it was a trifling blaze and easily extinguished.

There won't be much celebration in Astoria today. We've had all the celebration we want. If you see any one with fire crackers, organize yourself into a committee of one and sit down on him, gently but firmly.

Let it not be forgotten that Astor Lodge No. 6, will give their social party this evening. They will doubtless have a pleasant time. Good music has been secured, and the committees of arrangements and floor managers insure the best of order.

A man named Jas. Brown was shot in the left shoulder by a special policeman yesterday morning. The alleged reason was his interference with the arrest of a man who was stealing goods at the time. He was taken to the hospital and attended to. The wound is not a serious one.

At a citizens meeting held at the city hall last evening, the mayor and common council being present, his honor presiding, it was ordered that all places of business in Astoria be closed at 10 p. m., from the 3d to the 5th inclusive. A committee of safety was organized to act according to a preconcerted system of arrangements.

A party of specially detailed officers who went to look for stolen goods captured a boatload of provisions at Barney's Point and two prisoners yesterday afternoon, and brought them to town. They started across the river again and returned at sundown with another lot of recovered property. Parties who have lost their property may find it at the city jail.

Damage to the Eskdale

The British ship Eskdale, hence January 19th, arrived at Liverpool May 12th, having experienced heavy weather off Cape Horn, during which jettisoned seventy-five tons of cargo, had bulwarks badly damaged, washed away the wheel and sustained other serious injuries. One man was washed overboard and drowned, and the man at the wheel had both legs broken. An inquiry was held to determine the cause of the disaster, and at its conclusion the commissioners, in delivering the judgment of the court, said that it had been shown that the vessel when she left Astoria was laden to a quarter of an inch below the board of trade rules, and three-quarters of an inch below Lloyd's rules, and there was a difference of opinion as to whether she was overladen or not. Captains Knox and Wilson taking the view that she was not overladen, and Captain Parish, considering the nature of the passage and the time of year that she would be off the Horn, taking a contrary view. The court, however, was of the opinion that she was deeply laden. They had no fault to find with the storage of the cargo, nor with the navigation of the vessel. They considered that any attempt to save the life of the man who was lost would have been madness. They were also well satisfied with the condition in which the vessel had been sent to sea—a marked contrast to other cases which had come before them.

THE GREAT FIRE.

Further Particulars.

When daylight came yesterday morning the full extent of the destruction wreaked the night before was manifest. From where the saw mill stood eastward is a mass of blackened timbers and smouldering debris. The engines kept steaming till five o'clock, and after hastening to other alarms again took their post. The blackened roadway was crowded with people who stepped carefully across the rent and smoking timbers, below which the tide ebbed carrying out burning masses which floated down the river till they sank hissing in the water. Men in boats were stationed below to see that none of these destructive brands found lodgment, and on the street wherever a puff of smoke showed itself a stream of water was turned upon it. The destruction was complete; in some places the locality of the house was a difficult matter to determine. Farther down the street were scattered provisions, melted glass, charred remains of buildings, with here and there a safe which had been hurriedly rolled out from the flames. On the O. R. & N. docks the fire burned all day yesterday. The piles of iron pipe for the Columbia Water company were irreparably injured, some slight damage, but not so bad as feared; the great piles of salmon were still burning, and the machinery stored on the dock destroyed; below, the coal bunkers were completely destroyed, the burning heaps of coal alone showing where they stood. On the dock the morning before the fire were 1,600 pieces pipe for the Columbia Water Co., 272 boxes tin for Balfour, Guthrie & Co., 4 billiard tables; J. M. Brunswick, 42 barrels cement for the school house, 4 bales web, Seaside Packing Co.; 7 packages liquor, W. E. Dement & Co.; 29 cases labels for the Union Pacific, Pacific Union, White Star, and Seaside Packing Co.; A. W. Berry and Sara Elmore, 18 packages furniture; P. E. Neville, 3 do.; Lieut. Green, 2 crates sewing machines; C. N. Scammon, 539 cases Pyramid Inlet; 3 packages marble, J. D. Merriman; 100 boxes tin, W. T. Coleman & Co.; 6 pieces pump, P. T. Cassidy; 78 packages fruit, Shubrick; 227 packages freight for Tillamook, including machinery and goods, and 8,000 cases salmon. The loss on the dock including everything is \$125,000. The other losses can not be given in anything like detail, as can readily be understood. Every one is still busy gathering up whatever is saved from the wreck, but the following will be found, in general, correct: Clatsop Mill Co., lumber and shooks for 150,000 boxes, \$17,000; mill and machinery, \$3,000; buildings and outside lumber, \$3,000; total, \$23,000, insured for \$12,000; W. W. C. L. and H. B. Parker, \$11,000 on Foster's building and Central hotel, no insurance; J. W. and D. H. Welch, and Mrs. Wood, \$12,000 on buildings at different points of the burned district, insurance \$1,500; Mrs. Grant \$6,000, insurance, \$2,800; Mrs. O'Brien, Camp Restaurant, \$4,000, insurance \$1,500; C. Wallman, Central Hotel, \$3,200, insurance \$2,000; A. G. Spexarth, \$7,000, insurance \$1,000; August Danielson, \$6,000, insurance \$2,100; John Douglas \$300, no insurance; Pt. Adams Packing Co., 1440 cts salmon, \$7,200, no insurance; A. Estelle, \$500, no insurance; G. W. Hume \$5,000, no insurance; White's building, \$1,500, no insurance; Wm. McCormick, \$1,300, no insurance; Ford & Stokes, \$10,000 insured \$5,000; Ite Foster, \$12,000, insured \$5,000; Wm. Headington, \$500, no insurance; Frank Fabro, \$1,200, insured \$900; Carl Adler, \$1,000, insured; Col. Taylor, \$2,500, no insurance; Ed. Taylor, \$300, insured; St. Mary's hospital, \$1,000, no insurance; Merton's shooting gallery, \$1,200, no insurance; Gilbert Christiansen \$1,500, no insurance; G. W. Coffinberry, \$3,000, no insurance; Antoine's restaurant, \$4,000, no insurance; Luigi Serra, \$1,500, no insurance; Kinney's new building \$4,000, no insurance; A. Ginder's saloon \$1,000, no insurance; Blue Wing saloon, \$800, no insurance; China wash houses, \$600; Astoria Soda Works, \$2,000, insured; Jas. Turk \$2,000, insured; J. W. Gearhart, \$2,500, no insurance; Greenburg & Co., \$3,500, no insurance; J. W. Ruddock, \$1,000, no insurance; H. Strudinski, \$500, no insurance; Centennial hotel, \$5,000, no insurance; John Malin, \$750, no insurance; S. J. Sinclair, \$2,000, no insurance; Ecanapius saloon, \$800, no insurance; A. J. Cloutier, \$300, no insurance; Jo. Chartars, \$350, no insurance. Dr. Kinsey, \$3,000, no insurance. The total loss as announced yesterday aggregates \$250,000; insurance \$50,000.

A Legend of the Columbia.

When the little town of Astoria, which lies beneath the hills on the left shore of the Columbia, was in its infancy, it was even more picturesque than it is at the present day. It was situated on a rising ground and close to the waters' edge. The tall fir, hemlock and spruce trees that surrounded the village protected it from the tempests of winter. Several miles across the blue waters of the Columbia were to be seen the tree-capped hills which are now the Washington Territory shore. The part of this little town which was formerly called by its eight or ten inhabitants the Lower Town, was originally a trading post of the Hudson Bay company, and was first known by the name of Fort George. Here, thousands of miles from the civilized world, with the silence of a vast forest to the right of them and behind them; the silence and deep solitude of a mighty ocean to the left; with the silence of a grand river in front of them; here, all alone, lived a few waifs from the great living world. As may be imagined, these beings who had wandered away to this western world belonged to a class who might be said to consist of the curiosities of humanity. Trappers, men who had escaped from justice, men inhibited by the strange chances and misfortunes of life—such men formed this community. Amongst the last class was a curious old lawyer; a man possessed of profound ability. He had been brought up at the Inns Court of London. He had striven for many years in that great city, feeling, knowing his ability. In his attempt to obtain a foothold he had battled against poverty and misfortune, and had felt the pangs of that hope deferred which makes the heart sick; but the rushing stream of misfortune was too powerful for him with its terrible tide, and he lost his hold upon the world. He sought the peace and solitude of the great forest.

This last gentleman was the oracle of the little town, and many a lecture did he give to his audience there assembled, as he sat before the great stove in the Hudson's Bay store, and puffed the gray tobacco smoke from his meerschaum pipe in clouds above him; for it was around this stove that the whole city assembled whenever it rained, which happened at that time, nearly every day in the year. Around this great stove in the old log-wood store this whole city on these numerous occasions chewed and smoked tobacco, and told hideous yarns.

And all the while the Columbia, with the rain ever falling on its smooth surface, rolled on in grim silence to the sea.

When such a strange event as the appearance of a white sail upon the ocean happened, the quiet little community would be thrown into a state of enormous excitement. Then would the members of the community lay down their tobacco pipes, the quids would be cast aside, the people would put on their rubber-boots, their oil skin hats and coats, and the whole community, followed by the sheep, cows and dogs of the village, would go down to the beach; the great life-boat of the company would be manned and the crew would prepare to pilot the ship into port. But such an occasion as this occurred only at very long intervals indeed.

There were Indians there in those days, but not one is now left to tell of the race that is gone. They were a quiet, peaceable and idle race. They lived chiefly by salmon-fishing, and were not of a warlike disposition.

The little town of Astoria had been sleeping in the quiet manner which we have described, disturbed only by the cry of the panther and the howl of the wolf, when a great commotion was caused by the report that there was to be an increase in the population. A young clerk was to be sent out from England. The sale of blankets to the

Indians had increased of late, and the company had come to the conclusion that an additional clerk was necessary. An old trapper had been seen coming around Tongue point in a canoe, one day, and he had brought the news from another station placed by the same company far up the Columbia. For many days the community smoked more violently as they discussed the news around the great stove in the old log-wood store.

One day a sail was seen beyond Sand Island, and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the ship anchored in front of the town, and the new clerk was rowed ashore.

It was not long before the town became aware of the fact that this gentleman had been married to a lovely English girl the day before he left England. He had left his young wife in England, and had come to this far land to work for the company for a few years until he had saved money enough to go home and live with his wife in ease. It was a hard trial to him and a hard trial to his young wife; but poverty was his master. He had thought first of delaying the day of marriage until his return, but this had already been delayed, and both were deeply in love to reason. Instead of reasoning they got married. A few hours of exquisite bliss and they parted.

The white sails of the vessel which had brought the young husband to Astoria were spread and aloft and away on her homeward voyage; the citizens watched the sails until they became a white speck on the ocean, and then became undistinguishable from the distant clouds on the horizon.

The new member soon settled down and became like the rest of the community, and it was not long before he acquired those habits which were common to all. At first he was the principal speaker at the old store, and would describe to the little band of listeners the great and busy world so far away. Even the dogs of the village would sit on their haunches and look up into his face with a look of seeming interest as he spoke. And one time he told of the sweet quietude of life that he had behind him, and he described her in glowing terms; his listeners leaned forward with their elbows on their knees, and one old pilot took off his hat and laid it on the floor as the young man described the lovely life like that of an angel, and spoke of the golden hair and the eyes like the blue of heaven.

But after a while a deep melancholy took possession of him, and he was often seen to wander up and down the beach in the evening after the day's work was done. He became the subject of conversation, and the villagers all solemnly agreed—and especially did the old lawyer conclude—that he was out of his element; that that was no place for him.

Still the days dragged by and the rain came drearily down; still the Indians in their canoes paddled their way over the smooth surface of the river, and still the river carried off a time in his invisible boat down the ocean.

One day an Indian came ashore to the store and informed the people there that a big canoe was out on the ocean. They went out, and sure enough on the far horizon, and a "bleat" to port of Sand Island, as a rough old sailor expressed it, was a sail. The sail moved across the mouth of the river, and many were the conjectures as to whether she would come into the river or not. At last the question was settled when the vessel rounded the north end of the sand-spit on the bar. In two hours the vessel, with all sails set, passed within a quarter of a mile of the town, and went on up the river. The vessel was a beautiful clipper packet; one of the splendid line of packets that sailed between this country and France fifty years ago; one of those vessels that were fitted up like a palace; that were built of oak and pine and were fastened with copper bolts. This was the *Silvia de Gras*, and she had a majestic appearance as she moved with all sails set over the top of the Columbia.

Every spy-glass in the city was leveled at the vessel as she glided onward. A lady on the poop-deck was waving a handkerchief, and a spy-glass showed to the young clerk that this was the wife he had left in old England. The day had been a bright one, and the sun was sinking at the mouth of the river through a heaven of golden clouds.

The young husband got into the life-boat with four companions and rowed up the river after the vessel. The sun sank, and the clouds of gold in the west took a crimson hue.

It was suddenly noticed that the vessel had stopped. She had struck upon a hidden rock. The vessel remained in the same position without moving. The boat reached her, and the young husband seized upon a rope that was hanging from the bow of the vessel in order to keep the boat in position. The ebb-tide was rushing rapidly around the bow of the ship forming a whirlpool in its course.

During the voyage from England the young wife had had a constant presentiment that she would find that

her husband was dead, for she had never heard from him, and this had induced her to go in search of him; and now after a long sea voyage which had lasted thirteen months, she with inexpressible joy, saw his face again.

The young man while holding the boat in position was looking up into her face, and had just commenced to speak to her, when the tide coming around the bow of the ship caused the boat to lurch to one side, and he was thrown into the river. He lost his hold upon the rope and was carried down with the tide. One shriek from the young girl and she fell insensible to the shock. The young man rose to the surface, sank, rose again, and yet a third time, and was then lost to sight.

The young girl was taken ashore in an insensible condition. Some men living in a log-cabin deserted it and came to her. An old woman who had worked for some of the officers of the company, attended her during her sickness, which lasted two weeks. Day after day the rough inhabitants would creep stealthily to the old cabin, lay their hats on the ground and wait silently until the old Indian woman happened to come to the door, when she would tell them how the young wife was. They would go away then, shaking their heads mournfully as they went. During most of this time she was delirious. The long continued anxiety, followed by the unexpected sight of the one she loved, and that followed by his death at the moment of her greatest happiness, had been more than her gentle nature could stand. In her delirium—so the oldest inhabitants say—she seemed to think that she was on an island in the middle of the ocean, and that her husband was being torn from her arms by savages who intended to murder him.

But death cast his soft mantle of eternal sleep over the poor weary form at last, for one evening, as the sun was sinking down through the sky of fire that hung over the mouth of the great river, a ray of sunlight coming through the old log-cabin—a ray which had been resting on the poor weary face and playing in the hair of gold, grew dim, and more dim, until it had gone, and the night had come, and to her the night of death!

The pretty eyes, blue as the blue light of heaven, had lost their look of weariness, and their look of sorrow forever. There was no more suffering, no more pain for her—she was dead.

The next morning the body of the young husband drifted upon the beach. Preparations were made for the funeral. Two canoes were placed side by side, and boards were placed between, forming a platform. On this the community placed green boughs. The carpenters of the packet shop made two pine coffins. The remains of the young people were placed on these, and they rested side by side on the platforms on the canoes. This was taken in tow by the life-boat, and the inhabitants took canoes, and the ship's company their boats, and this little company rowed slowly and silently around Smith's Point and up Young's river. A number of Indians in their canoes followed grimly and silently in the rear.

Near a narrow gorge in this river, beneath the shadow of tall fir trees was found a little green spot, and here a grave was dug. The oldest

man in the community read the burial services, and the unfortunate young pair were lowered to their eternal resting place.

The hull of the old *Silvia de Gras* withstood the shock of the wind and the weather for many years. It is said that people sailing by the old ship at midnight in their boats have heard the despairing cry of the young girl, and on moonlight nights the sailors have been seen pulling at the ropes of the vessel. But these mysterious visitors are to be seen no more, for the noble vessel has at length given up the battle with time.

A few years ago the last remnant of the *Silvia de Gras* was carried away by the dark, rushing tide of the river—*Adair Walker*, in *Sacramento Record-Union*.

A Trunk Mystery.
The expressman carefully deposited a new trunk in the hall, Mr. T. with a knowing smile, remarked to his surprised family: "This is the mysterious trunk I told you about," and commenced to unlock it, his wife and children drew back, expecting something wrong to come forth. But their fears came to nothing, for he pulled out a new suit for his boy Jim, 2 line colored shirts, 1 tie and a bundle of socks for Charlie, a pair of white blankets for the new bed room, 2 pair fine garters for the boys, an elegant suit for himself, and then turned the trunk over to Jane to pack her things in. The whole mystery was this; he bought all these goods for \$40 of M. D. Kant, the Ross Merchant Tailor and Clothier. He will solve the same mystery for all who call on him.

Card of Thanks.
We desire to express our sincere thanks to the friends, who by their great exertions saved St. Mary's hospital from the flames last Monday, and especially to the members of Alert Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, of this city, who so nobly came to our relief when the danger was so great and did most effective work.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.
HURRAH FOR THE FOURTH AND JEFF.
His Dinner Bill of Fare for To-Day.

SOUP: Oyster.
FISH: Baked Salmon.
ROASTS: Chicken Stuffed, Beef, Mutton, Pork and Cranberry Sauce, Veal Stuffed, Baked Heart.

ENTREES: Lamb and Green Peas, Veal Fried, Oyster Patties, Corn Beef and Cabbage.
VEGETABLES: Green Corn, String Beans, Mashed Potatoes.

PUDDING: Cranberry and Apricot.
Tea, Coffee, Wine or S. F. Beer.
Dinner from 5 to 8.

At Carl Adler's
"Peck's Bad Boy." "Confessions of a Bashful Man." and all the new and popular books. Every book of any note received as fast as published.

I Know Whereof I Speak.
For have used it extensively. I regard Parker's Ginger Tonic a most excellent remedy for kidney, lung and stomach disorders. It invigorates without intoxicating. J. Francis, Religio Philos. Journal, Chicago.

Attention Knights—Astor Lodge No. 6, K. of P.
You are hereby requested to meet at your Castle Hall at 6:30 P. M., on the evening of July 4th.
By order G. C. W. L. Romb, K. of R. and S.

Constipation, liver and kidney diseases are cured by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, and strengthens the whole system.

Go to "Jeff's" for your oysters, nights.
—Handsome trimmed hats for \$1 at Sheriff O'Neil's bankrupt store.
—Ladies' linen slaters for \$1.50 at Sheriff O'Neil's bankrupt store.
—Boy's full suits for \$2.50 at Sheriff O'Neil's bankrupt store.

THE IXL The Leading Dry Goods and Clothing House of Astoria.

LACE CURTAINS.
I have just received a large consignment of Lace Curtains, and Curtain Materials, in the newest designs, and would invite an inspection from intending purchasers, confident that for rarity and Low Prices NO SUCH VALUE HAS EVER BEEN OFFERED IN ASTORIA.

Silks and Dress Goods.
We are showing on our Centre Counters a collection of the most elaborate and richest Goods ever shown in this City.

AT REMARKABLE LOW PRICES.
All Silk Rhadamens, All Silk Foulards, All Silk Ottomans, Etc.,
Drap D'Almas, Wool Surrahs, Satin Solesis, Etc.

CLOAKS.
We are now showing the Largest and most Elegant Line of Ladies' Cloaks and Wraps ever brought to this City.

Black Dolmans, Trimmed with Lace, Fringe, and Gimp.
Black Silk Dolmans, Lined and Trimmed with Gaipure Lace and Gimp.
Fine Brocade Satin Dolmans, Handsomely Trimmed with Chenille Fringe.
Walking Jackets, Mantles, Ulsters and Dusters.

Shetland Shawls, Evening Shawls, Wool Shawls, All Sizes and Colors.

CLOTHING AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT
We are showing, without doubt, the largest, and most complete stock of Mens', Youths', and Boys' Clothing ever brought to Astoria AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

Largest Stock, and Lowest Prices in Astoria.
C. H. COOPER, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS BUILDING, ASTORIA.

OCCIDENT STORE.

Having received the most complete line of Gents Furnishing Goods ever opened in Astoria, I shall offer to buyers the choicest Neckwear, Underwear, Dress Suits, Fancy Shirts, White Vests, Linen Dusters, Alpaca, Coats, etc., etc.

At the Very Lowest Prices!
The Largest Assortment of Straw Hats, All the leading styles in Soft, Stiff and Flexible Hats.
Full stock of Clothing, including fine Prince Albert Coats in Black and Blue

The Tailoring department comprises the largest stock of imported Cloths, Cassimeres, Worsteds, Tweeds, etc.

D. A. McINTOSH, The Leading TAILOR, CLOTHIER, HATTER and GENTS FURNISHER.

Salmon Shipments from Astoria to San Francisco.
JULY.
2-Oregon: Quinn 350, J. Williams 350 Thomas & Knowles 400, Warren 500, J. W. Hume 525. Total 2125.

The Albany Democrat gravely informs its readers that in Nevada and California, the dust is so thick that bells on the teams are necessary in order to prevent collisions. A man that would believe that would believe anything.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, should include three stamps for part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

For a Neat Fitting Boot
Or Shoe, go to P. J. Goodmans, on Chenamus street, next door to I. W. Case. All goods of the best make and guaranteed quality. A full stock; new goods constantly arriving. Custom work.

Important Notice to Fishermen and Others.
"JEFF," of the CHOP HOUSE, will give you the BEST 25-cent meal in town for cash. Board by the week \$5, in advance. Meals at any hour, day or night.

The Man Who Laughs
Who? Why? Where? At Carl Adler's. Get the "Bad Boy's Diary," and you'll have to get your wife to sew on the buttons that you shed.

All the patent medicines advertised in this paper, together with the choicest perfumery, and toilet articles, etc.—can be bought at the lowest prices, at J. W. Conn's drug store, opposite Ocean Hotel, Astoria.

The Peruvian syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint, boils, humors, female complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. —Seth W. Fowle & Son—Boston.

A dressing to beautify gray hair every family needs. Parker's Hair Balsam never fails to satisfy.

Shiloh's Vitalize is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. E. Dement.

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Shiloh's Vitalize is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. E. Dement.



GRAND PARADE!!

From now on until the Fourth we intend to hold a grand parade in the prices of goods. Although we have no gun-powder explosions, the explosions we are about to make in the wonderful reductions in the prices of goods in every department in our store will give unbounded pleasure to our patrons. We will give consideration and dismay in the ranks of our competitors. The first bombshell will be the balance of

Arnheim's Gents' and Youths' Clothing and Furnishing Goods.
Boys' Suits from \$2.50 up.
Men's Suits from 5.00 up.
Linen Bosom Shirts from 75 cts. up.
Underwear from 35 cts. up.
Cotton Socks from 4 cts. up.
Shaker Socks from 12 1-2 cts. up.
All Wool Hats from 75 cts.

Ladies Lisle thread Gloves from 10 cts. up.
Silk Gloves from 25 cts. up.
Cotton Hose from 5 cts. up.

Fireworks and miscellaneous explosions in Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Domestic, Millinery, Etc., at

Sheriff O'Neil's Bankrupt Store,
M. ISAACS & Co., Consignees.

Corner Concomly and Main Streets, ASTORIA, OREGON

Blanks! Blanks!