

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON. TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1884. ISSUED EVERY MORNING. (Monday excepted) J. F. HALLORAN & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, ASTORIAN BUILDING, - CASS STREET.

THE SALMON SEASON OF '84.

Notes Concerning Astoria's Chief Industry. Already the laden trucks are going from the docks to the canneries with twine, tin, salt, etc., for next season's operations. In the several canneries boats are being put in shape, stock overhauled and inventoried, though there is not as much active preparation manifest as at this time one year ago. But few new boats are building so far, the tendency being to economize in this as in other respects.

THE DARK AND DEADLY DEVIL FISH.

The Dreaded Octopus of the Alaskan Coast. Blanket fishes, devil fishes and octopi abound in Pacific Coast waters. They are by no means pleasant customers for a bather in salt sea foam to encounter. The shark is a Christian gentleman compared with a blood-sucking octopus. Many a venturesome sailor has been pulled into Davy Jones' locker by one of these hideous and shapeless monsters. The blood runs cold to even imagine the incidents and sensations of such a fate. A man traveling on the river boat a few days ago was interrogated concerning a very singular looking charn, which was dug from his watch-chain. It was a curious oval object, in which a compass was set. It formed a bowl about two inches in diameter, and was of a substance resembling fish scales, but of a rich opal hue. The edges were serrated. "If you didn't know what it was," remarked the owner, "I never guess but to be a devil fish in suspense, it's the sucker of an octopus that attacked me once. If you remember, about four years ago there was a rumor to the effect that valuable pearl fisheries had been discovered on the Alaskan coast. It fooled a good many, and it caught me for one. I secured five men, good divers, and got there to find that it was all a swindle. There wasn't a pearl within 500 miles, and to get my money back I went into the regular diving business, and after raising several vessels we squared up and left. It was during one of these trips that I went you know, and I was working at a small smack that had sunk, and I took the first spell down alone, to see what was in the bottom. I was down in about forty feet of water, some of her running gear about showing where she was.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

OCCEIDENT. J. E. Palmer, Seattle T. H. Foss, J. Daya T. Moriarty, G. W. Hanson, Port W. H. Smith, Ft. Ste J. P. Rees, do M. S. House, Skam G. Riddle, do E. Gorstad, do J. Dann, do PARKER HOUSE. E. M. Grimes, Seaside A. G. King, Ilwaco J. A. Gilkey, Mrs. Dolan, S. Bend H. Glassell, Sprag F. E. Shaffer, Detroit T. C. Keenan, do Mrs. Scintilla, do J. Carlson, city J. M. Leonard, Olymp T. J. Claxton, Olympia

Around the City.

Council meeting to-night. Splendid weather for skating at the rink. The cut of the Knappton mill averages 25,000 a day. Mayor Chapman of Portland is "in the hands of his friends." The regular frosty morning running steed yesterday. No damage. The State due from San Francisco this morning with 113 cabin passengers. Less than \$2,000 state and county taxes have thus far been paid in at the sheriff's office. The Ladstock and Morayshire sailed yesterday. The Isle of Erin sailed to Portland. Revival meetings are in progress at the Baptist church. Preaching to-night by the pastor, B. S. MacLafferty. The weather yesterday was superb. Seldom has there been a January so full of sunshine as the present one. Mr. N. Stevens, who has been in attendance at the circuit court for two weeks, leaves for Portland this morning. The papers and carpeting of the Y. M. C. A. room it is one of the pleasantest apartments in the city. The Standard reports that there are about fifteen hundred railroad laborers out of employment in Astoria and East Portland. Grain appears to be a little scarce at present, says the News, judging from the way a couple of vessels, which have been chartered and are partly loaded, are kept waiting. The lights and shades in this little life of ours were strikingly exemplified on the Fleetwood yesterday morning. On the little steamer bound for Portland were the Nellie Boyd Theatrical company with all the paraphernalia of their merry art, and the funeral cortege on their way to pay the last sad tribute of humanity to the dead. The funeral of the late John Hume took place yesterday morning, the Fleetwood leaving with some forty friends of the deceased, at six o'clock. Upon arriving at Portland yesterday afternoon carriages were in waiting and the body was conveyed to Lone Fir cemetery, where Mrs. Westerbe, a sister of the deceased, is buried.

THE IDEAS OF THE PACIFIC CAN FACTORY.

The idea seems to take the shape of a proposed agreement among the thirty-nine salmon canneries on the Columbia that they employ a commissioner, to visit each cannery and ascertain and see the number of boats (outside and cannery) under the cannery's control; to receive one-half of such boats paying a rental of say one dollar each for them for the season, and store them in some safe suitable place, and to ascertain also the number of traps and seines. It is further suggested that the commissioner issue to each cannery a license to run one-half the number of boats, seines, traps, the canneries to agree to receive no fish other than caught by licensed boats, except such as the commissioner should distribute from the unlicensed traps and seines, and from them the fish to be distributed pro rata among the canneries. Canneries to pay the expense of the commissioner in proportion to the number of boats run. The days of making a big profit in one season in the salmon canning business on the Columbia have gone by. The same rules now apply to it that apply to any other legitimate business intelligently and successfully managed. It would appear essential to the common prosperity that a mutual understanding be reached, and a uniform basis of action agreed upon. The completion of the Northern Pacific railroad has been a good thing for our cannery men. It renders them entirely independent of possible competition from California. Heretofore, salmon shipped overland from the Columbia had to go by steamer to San Francisco, there to be reloaded and reshipped eastward. It is an object at times to the salmon shipper to have his produce in the hold of a vessel in slow transit to market rather than paying insurance and storage at the point of production. Then, too, the rate of carriage is far below the price at which the railroad company can possibly afford to take such freight. The probabilities in relation to the coming trade with the east are the Atlantic coast cities will be supplied by sailing vessels, while all points west of Chicago will draw their orders via N. P. R. R.

THE IDEAS OF THE PACIFIC CAN FACTORY.

The idea of starting "The Pacific Can Factory" which was talked of some months ago does not seem to amount to anything. In one sense it would be a benefit. Should (as happened last July) a big run of salmon come in the river the cannerymen could order a supply of cans and devote their whole force to the packing of the fish. Last year the complaint was at the close of the season "I can't dispose of the fish that the boats offer, for I have no cans." The establishment of a can factory would obviate that trouble. On the other hand the objection to the enterprise may be stated as follows: Cannerymen are compelled to contract for their Chinese labor in advance. They cannot depend on picking up as many men as they work for two or three months, but must have them for a longer period, and consequently must have something for them to do while waiting for the run to begin. The making of cans has heretofore utilized this otherwise unprofitable time, and the probability is that the present order of things will continue.

THE IDEAS OF THE PACIFIC CAN FACTORY.

The idea of starting "The Pacific Can Factory" which was talked of some months ago does not seem to amount to anything. In one sense it would be a benefit. Should (as happened last July) a big run of salmon come in the river the cannerymen could order a supply of cans and devote their whole force to the packing of the fish. Last year the complaint was at the close of the season "I can't dispose of the fish that the boats offer, for I have no cans." The establishment of a can factory would obviate that trouble. On the other hand the objection to the enterprise may be stated as follows: Cannerymen are compelled to contract for their Chinese labor in advance. They cannot depend on picking up as many men as they work for two or three months, but must have them for a longer period, and consequently must have something for them to do while waiting for the run to begin. The making of cans has heretofore utilized this otherwise unprofitable time, and the probability is that the present order of things will continue.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.

The "LOCAL HIT" MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

IT WILL PAY TO Read This Dry Goods and Clothing. FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS I will offer my STOCK of CLOTHING at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES in order to reduce previous to stock-taking February 1st.

REMEMBER I WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD! FIVE CENTS EACH. Fireside Companion, N. Y. Weekly Ledger, Saturday Night, Arm Chair, Family Story Paper, Boys of New York Week's Doings, Texas Siftings, S. F. Chronicle, Call, Oregonian, News, and ASTORIAN, etc., etc.

J. E. THOMAS, DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST, ASTORIA, OREGON. HOMOEPATHIC REMEDIES. Boat Building. JOS P. LEATHERS. FRESH CANDY AT THE ASTORIA CANDY FACTORY. CARL ADLER'S SUBSCRIPTION NEWS DEPOT. The Crystal Palace. CARL ADLER, PROPRIETOR. BOAT BUILDING. R. M. LEATHERS. G. A. STINSON & CO. BLACKSMITHING. GEO. GANSZ, DEALER IN Fresh and Cured Meats. SAUSAGE A SPECIALTY. PLUMBING, Gas and Steam Fitting. D. A. McINTOSH, The Leading TAILOR, CLOTHIER, HATTER and GENT'S FURNISHER.

STOP THAT HORSE! USE THE PATENT SHOE. George McLane. HAS JUST RECEIVED A PATENT Horseshoe from the Patent Office, for the purpose of preventing all classes of horses from slipping on plank, or stone roads. Horses shod with this shoe WILL NOT SLIP. A trial will convince anyone. I keep Two First-class Shoes in my shop. Try the NEW SHOE "Corns and Contracted Hoof" cure a specialty. No satisfaction no pay. GEO. McLANE.

WILSON & FISHER, SHIP CHANDLERS. DEALERS IN Iron, Steel, Coal, Anchors, Chains, TAR, PITCH, OAKUM, NAILS AND SPIKES, Shelf Hardware, Paints and Oils STEAM PACKING, PROVISIONS. FLOUR AND MILL FEED. Agents for Salem Flouring Mills, and Capital Flour. FAIRBANKS STANDARD SCALES. All sizes, at Portland Prices, in Stock. Corner Chenamus and Hamilton Streets. ASTORIA, OREGON. COAL! COAL! The Oregon Improvement Co. Now have for sale at the new Bankers. SEATTLE COAL. For Domestic use, clean, \$2.35 per ton of 2,240 lbs. For Steam use, average, \$2.50 per ton of 2,240 lbs. For Steam use, screenings, \$2.50 per ton of 2,240 lbs. Also constantly on hand First-class Cumberland Coal For Blacksmith use, at market rates. E. A. NOYES, Agent. Jan 20-3m

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

THE LOCAL HIT MAN.—The "local hit" man of the minstrel show is a great humorist. He has no education and could not couple two sentences of English to save his life, but he is the man to plunge an audience into a roar of laughter. All that is required to accomplish this feat is to mention the name of some man who lives in the town, some very fat or extremely lean fellow. This is pure wit, and persons who could not find a hint of humor in the entire range of English literature, yell and swell up and explode, and look around to see if they can single out the crushed victim. When he is found, and while he makes the strings of banjo, says, "Oh, yah, got de best looking gal in town. Oh, yah, got de best fine. Got a foot like Col. Jaggins'." Another row. Col. Jaggins' face grows as red as a turkey's eye, and he tries to laugh. His friends slap him, and the fools in front of him turn round, stare impudently and explode. Ten dollars a week is not a salary commensurate with the accomplishments of the local hit man, and the manager should better reward him. In fact, he should kill him.

IT WILL PAY TO Read This Dry Goods and Clothing. FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS I will offer my STOCK of CLOTHING at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES in order to reduce previous to stock-taking February 1st. OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, OVERCOATS, AT COST FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS. GENTS FINE DRESS SUITS, BUSINESS SUITS, WORKING SUITS. Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps REDUCED. IXL C. H. COOPER, IXL The Leading Dry Goods and Clothing House of Astoria. For special Dry Goods Advertisement see Daily Independent.

FIRST QUALITY LUMBER. 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, COP PER PLUMBING and STEAM FITTING Done with neatness and dispatch. None but first class workmen employed. A large assortment of SCALES Constantly on hand. WESTPORT MILL COMPANY. Address all orders WESTPORT MILL CO. S. C. BENNER, Supt.

First Annual Clearance Sale of Clothing, Hats, Gents' Furnishing Goods Begins To-day at the Occident Store. Will Continue for 20 Days Only. Men's Overcoats Reduced, Business Suits Reduced, Hats Reduced, Youth's Overcoats Reduced, Dress Suits Reduced, Furnishing Goods Reduced. D. A. McINTOSH, The Leading TAILOR, CLOTHIER, HATTER and GENT'S FURNISHER.

YEARLY CLOSING SALE OF M. D. KANT BARGAINS IN Men's, Youth's, and Boys' CLOTHING. BARGAINS IN Furnishing Goods, Etc. Notice of Dissolution. I HAVE THIS DAY SOLD OUT MY HALF interest in the Astoria Salt Lick to G. J. Johnson, who, in connection with Mr. A. M. Johnson will carry on the business at the old stand. J. HESS. Mr. A. M. Johnson will not cut all bills and settle all accounts of the late firm of J. Hess & Co., per A. M. J. FOR SALE. IN LOTS TO SUIT, FR OM 5 ACRES TO 40 acres, in S. W. corner of Chas. Stevens' D. C. Title perfect. For particulars inquire at office of N. D. Raymond, City Hall, or on the premises of O. D. Young, Astoria, Nov. 21, 1883.

THE NEW YORK NOVELTY STORE. JEWELRY. MAIN STREET, Opposite the Parker House.