The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

SUNDAY.....APRIL 6, 1884

ISSUED EVERY MORNING.
(Monday excepted)

J. F. HALLORAN & COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
ASTORIAN BUILDING, - - CASS STREET

Terms of Subscription.

Served by Carrier, per week.....[illegible]
Sent by Mail, per month.....[illegible]
" " " one year.....$7.00
Free of postage to subscribers.

☞ Advertisements inserted by the year at the rate of $2 per square per month. Transient advertising fifty cents per square, each insertion.

CLATSOP TIDE-LAND RECLAMATION MEETING.

Pursuant to call the above meeting was held Friday afternoon the 4th inst., at the town hall, Skipanon Landing, Clatsop county. After some general discussion, Mr. D. K. Warren being called to the chair, stated the object of the meeting to be the arranging for the reclamation of the tide-land lying between the Skipanon landing and Mr. Hiram Gray's east line, on Young's bay near Lewis and Clarke's river.

Mr. Warren urged the importance of this reclamation to those present, as well as to the property holders of the entire county. He also clearly stated that unless it was accomplished, in his opinion, the Clatsop road would not be built this year and possibly not for several years to come.

The feeling of the meeting being unanimously in favor of making the proposed reclamation, after some discussion as to the proper point for western end of proposed dyke, it was

Resolved, That the dyke begin near Mr. Phin Warren's house and cross the Skipanon below and near the "Cut-off."

Following the above resolution Mr. D. K. Warren declared his willingness to give right of way for extending the present county road down to the end of the dyke, free use of sand for building said road, and desired being placed on record to this effect. On motion it was resolved that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to prepare and submit to the people of Clatsop plains an argument setting forth their willingness and desire to have the proposed dyke cross the Skipanon at the point agreed above. Robert L. McEwan, John Adair, Jr., and F. J. Taylor were designated as such committee. F. J. Taylor, being present, signified his willingness to act on above committee and generally do all in his power to aid the work in hand.

On motion, the secretary was instructed to obtain the approximate acreage to be affected by the proposed reclamation and represented by owners, and in their absence by other persons present, which resulted as below:

J. and S. D. Adair, 700 acres; Hiram Gray, 142 acres; D. K. Warren, 400 acres; A. Sutherland, 230 acres; W. L. McEwan, 125 acres, represented by Robert McEwan; F. Hill, 53 acres, represented by A. Sutherland; John Hess, 20 acres, represented by A. Sutherland; H. Brallier, 20 acres; S. B. Smith, 10 acres, represented by A. Sutherland; J. and O. Wirt, 13 acres; D. E. Pease, 10 acres; Chas. Ward, 5 acres, represented by A. Sutherland; Chas. McGuire, 6 acres, represented by A. Sutherland. Total number of acres, 1,734.

On motion, Mr. F. J. Taylor was requested to prepare and submit at the next meeting a form of agreement under which the above property holders may carry on the desired reclamation.

On motion it was ordered that the secretary hand the proceedings of this meeting to the Astoria papers for publication.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet in the town hall at Skipanon landing on Friday, April 18th, at 10 o'clock A. M.

WM. B. ADAIR,
Secretary.

A Shooting Affray.

About twelve o'clock last evening those living in the vicinity of Trullinger's mill were startled by the report of a pistol and cries of murder and for help. Several persons hurried to the place from whence the words came and found a man whom Mr. Trullinger recognized as Julius Fraser, who has been in his employ as fireman for several months past, lying close to the well in front of his house, and helpless from the effects of a shot in his side. When the wounded man became sufficiently composed he stated that he had been down town in company with James Reeves, who has been employed by Mr. Trullinger as engineer in his mill, and that he was trying to induce Reeves, who was considerably under the influence of liquor, to go home. When they had got almost opposite Reeves' house, Reeves became fractious, and, fearing injury, Fraser tried to get away from him and ran past Trullinger's house down to the mess house just beyond, when Reeves gave up the chase and started back, Fraser following after to the well, where the shooting took place. It was impossible to find out exactly how the trouble occurred at the well. After the shooting Reeves went to his house, and in the meantime Fraser was taken to the office of the West Shore mills. Dr. Baker was sent for and the police summoned. Fraser had been in the office but a few minutes when Reeves came back and found him there, and drawing his pistol, threatened to shoot him again, and was with difficulty restrained by those guarding the wounded man. Reeves then went back to his house and resisted all attempts for his arrest, threatening to shoot anyone who approached. Additional police force was sent for and in the meantime he slipped out of some unguarded way and went down town, and while on his way back to his house again was arrested, and a Smith and Wesson's five shooter and dirk knife were taken from him, after which he was lodged in the city jail.

Fraser was taken to the hospital, and at half-past one was paralyzed in his lower extremeities, spitting blood, and apparently suffering intense pain. The doctor fears that the ball which entered the left side near the sixth rib may have passed through the lung and lodged in the spine.

Young Republicans.

Some very young Republicans and a few older ones met at the hall of Astoria Engine company No. 1 last evening in answer to an alleged call. Mr. F. J. Taylor was elected president and F. L. Parker secretary. Mr. Taylor had the "call" read and suggested that it was in order to find out what the meeting was for. Mr. A. F. Johns asked for information relative to the purpose of the meeting, and suggested that in his judgment it was a little premature. C. W. Fulton stated that the signing of his name to the "call" was wholly unauthorized, and that he knew nothing of the matter till he arrived on the evening boat from Portland. C. J. Curtis said that some one had suggested that a club be formed and that some one else had said he would see C. W. Fulton and that it would be all right. Capt. Hustler thought that it was a little previous and that there was no necessity for the meeting. A. F. Johns moved that the convention adjourn to May 2d, which was carried, and the procession filed out.

Use Dimmitt's Cough Balsam, at W. E Dement & Co.'s.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

This Mundane Sphere—Happiness—Politics, —Etc.

This little, peevish wriggle through a short and anxious life, what is it all worth?—what does it amount to? If of all the unnumbered myrads of millions of human beings that have been born, and toiled, and died; if from oceans' depths, battle-fields, forest fires, earth's convulsions, famines, and epidemics, there could be marshaled the grand procession of the dead, and to them, one by one, could be proposed the question, "Was life worth living as you lived it?" what would be the response? If the historic period goes back some three thousand years or more, and our wise ones who read history could be called upon to answer for those unanswering dumb, how much of this column would it take to give the names of all those for whom it could be truthfully answered that their lives were worth living? From out all this great concourse is there one—one name, one life—that might or might not have been dispensed with? If from out this throng there had been blotted all the names that history has preserved to us, would the world—this little unimportant, inconsequential speck of the universe—have been, in any essential particular, different from what it now is? If any one of its islands or continents had sunk when Atlantis dropped beneath the wave, or millions of ages before, would they have been missed? Had any of the races which live to-day been annihilated, as others have been, would there be an unoccupied space in earth's human family? If all that is human should die to-day, would the universe be disturbed? If all the great men and ambitious ones should die to-morrow, and leave the common people to work out earth's great concerns; if all the wealth that human skill and human toil has produced could be consumed, and all the monuments of human building be blotted from the earth; if all the learning that hides in printed pages could be destroyed, all traditions forgot, and all who live could have no further learning than that which comes with any child of nature, would the world be worse or better? Given a new earth and a new people, an earth untilled, a people in a state of nature, what would a generation produce? What an hundred generations? If we could find ourselves in the happy valley of Rasselas, without knowledge except that of instinct, no wants except those suggested by nature, in the association of those like ourselves in health and in innocence, without other cares than to provide for what nature demands; if we had for clothes fig-leaves, provided the climate justified it; furs, if the climate demanded it; if our food were bananas if in tropical latitudes, and pine nuts or seal oil and fish if in more northern regions, would we or would we not be happier than in the condition that these ever so many millions of years of development, these ever so many centuries of civilization find us?

These are questions that resemble life itself in this particular—we must all "give it up." To the question, "Is life worth living?" it may be tersely said, "It depends on the liver." Some people think that the world is out of joint when it is only themselves that are disjointed; others think they've "got religion," when they have the dyspepsia. Whether we write of Astoria or Australia; of the ninth or the nineteenth century; of the siwash or sybarites, one statement may be made without fear of successful contradiction—we are all in pursuit of happiness, and all that anyone of the human family thinks, says or does, is thought or said or done to gratify that desire. Happiness is the mainspring of every action, the goal of every hope, the fruition of every wish. The generally accepted statement that "labor is dignifying" is undergoing revision. It is becoming a generally accepted idea that we all work, not because we are enamored of work, but to further happiness in some way; those that do not need to work and yet do work, keep on working because they find more happiness in working than in anything else; those who spend money freely find their happiness in prodigality; those who save and stint derive happiness in being stingy; the charitable are happy in the consciousness that the recipients of their charity are grateful; the uncharitable are happy in the belief that that which they might have spent in charity is still their's to use in some way which they believe to be more conducive to their happiness, each one seeking happiness in his own way. Of course, to the man who preaches prohibition it seems singular that his neighbor should find happiness in an occasional glass of cold tea, and yet to that neighbor it doubtless appears as singular that his prohibitionist friend should find his happiness in endeavoring to abridge the rights of those who don't agree with him. The monk in his cell finds his happiness in the life of a recluse and looks with abhorrence upon the life of a devotee of fashion; to compel both to exchange places would result in mutual misery, while each following the bent of his own inclinations is intent solely on his own happiness. It is this pursuit of happiness that so universally influences all our relations with others, all implied or ascribed motives being directly traceable to the search after happiness—that impulse that animates in common every child of earth.

This matter of happiness is the unknown quantity in the equation of life. We say a man is "ambitious"; what we really mean is that he finds his happiness in the pursuit of place, prominence or official position. We say that another man is not ambitious; what we mean is that his happiness lies in other channels. Some men are born politicians. They are never happy unless they are smelling out a job in the enemy's camp or putting up one in their own. It isn't because they mean any harm by it: it is because their idea of happiness lies that way. If their notions of happiness lay in some other directions, in place of promoters of piece clubs and layers of pipe to secure the coveted nominations, we would find them inciting discord in the church or trying to find out how Mrs. Blank manages to dress so on Blank's salary, or wondering why Blink didn't see what was going on while Mrs. Blink was away. It is a sad commentary on human nature that the pursuit of happiness takes so many unworthy and responsible forms, but so it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end—all men. According to all accounts this seeking after happiness has been unfortunate for all hands at various times. Municipal affairs got so bad at one time in Gomorrah that the chosen few who sought their happiness in other less devious ways, fled between two days and left the Gomorrahites to be sent to their eternal sempiternage by cremation. Another time, if we are to believe what we are told, the whole lot of our ancestors grew so persistent in their search for happiness by forbidden paths, that they were checked in a wholesale and salutary manner by being drowned; a few being reserved to keep the race from dying out, and the first thing the chief of the survivors did was after the deluge to get comfortably howcome-you so, in his still mistaken idea of happiness. So that as we string the beaded centuries on the strand of time, let us not be self-abased in the thought that happiness, which we all worship, is any more misleading now than when this rounded orb was young.

Political meetings and primaries, etc., have begun, and what is usually styled "the campaign," may be considered as having commenced. There is a good deal of unconscious sarcasm about that word "campaign" as applied to the interval of time between conventions and elections. The word calls to mind all "the pomp and glorious circumstance of war," and when one realizes all the wriggling, twisting, beseeching, buttonholing, promising, explaining and all the rest of it, it doesn't seem as though there was much pomp or glorious circumstance about it. The whole matter is one of the most prosaic of actions. Two, sometimes three or more, opposing sides name men for the various offices. By mutual agreement a day is selected on which all those who can or who want to may go to certain designated places and express their preference; the one or two or twenty who have the largest number of adherents who took the trouble to go to the polls is elected; that is all there is to a "campaign." Of course there is a good deal of fun spring on and that is what makes it interesting. In such piping times of peace as at present, elections would be very dull affairs if in the absence of more stirring themes a little personality be not now and then injected. When questions of state or national policy come up for the arbitration of the ballot, when measures fraught with import to the country and its institutions are to be passed upon, then comes the stirring of the popular heart and the great wave of popular feeling that picks us all up and carries us to loftier shore marks than those washed by the ordinary currents of political action. But the present county, state and national campaign is mainly one of cakes and ale. The bowls of soup stand in the front row. Here, in Clatsop county we have, fortunately, few offices, and the few we have don't pay very big. The sheriff's office is probably worth $4,000 a year, the county clerk's a little more. These are the principal offices to be filled here next June, and, it is very natural, these are the offices that are the most eagerly sought after. We say these are the "principal" offices. Were we to mention the most important office in the county we would designate that of county commissioner. The two commissioners to be elected, together with the county judge, form the real government of Clatsop county, on their election depends a good deal of our prosperity for the next two years. The office goes begging, as usual. The reason is that a man who is qualified to fill the office doesn't want it, for the reason that it doesn't pay. And the reason is a very good one. It is not right to expect that in this new country, where we are all necessarily workers, and where the man who best applies himself is the most successful, a man should be expected to work for the community for nothing. Take Messrs. Leinenweber and Fisher, the gentlemen that have so ably and conscientiously filled the position they are now about to vacate. The time that they have given to the transaction of the public business has been an absolute gift on their part, and nothing is awarded them beyond their own sense of public duty as American citizens, fulfilled. The commissioners should be paid, as the sheriff, who is the peace officer and tax collector of the county, or the clerk, who is the book-keeper and custodian of the county records. "But," says some one, "this is extravagance, we are a sparsely settled populace, and must be economical." Exactly, it is in the interest of economy that we speak. Economy, as we understand it, is only another name for good management; as things go in this world they are worth what they cost, whether it be groceries, men, principles, or any other "commodity." If any one want what is of value he must pay for it; and for nothing one gets—nothing. It would be no more than right to pay the Clatsop county commissioners a per diem for their services. Our idea in suggesting this is to direct attention to the fact that what is really one of the prime necessities in the matter of candidature should be recognized and appreciated.

In the wider domain of state and national politics there is but little to be said. What is new is not good and what is good is not new. The names of those that are suggested for state offices are names of men that command respect, which is of itself a subject for congratulation. As regards men the *Oregonian* and *Standard* preserve a dignified silence. A good many of our interior exchanges chirp cheerfully concerning the claims of this man and that man. There is something in that. A man that has always served his party, that has stood in and stood up for the ticket and done his level best to win, deserves well of his party, and if he be honest and capable should have decent regard paid to his claims. A man who has sulked or skulked and who only shows up when there is a possibility of spoils, is always a good man to beat, in the convention and out of it.

On national matters the Republican state press seems to favor Blaine; he is so thoroughly American—there was such a sturdy assertion of American rights and such a straightforward American policy outlined while he was secretary of state, that Republican hearts in Oregon warm to him above others that are mentioned. On the Democratic side there seems to be no decided preference; it would appear as though the delegation to the national convention would go unpledged and the question of expediency would be paramount at Chicago.

Democratic Primary.

The Democratic primary at the court house at half-past seven yesterday evening was largely attended. The purpose of the meeting was stated, which was to elect delegates to the Democratic county convention which will be held in this city on the 12th inst. C. H. Stockton was elected chairman and C. J. Trenchard secretary. It was at first proposed that the names of twenty-one delegates be voted for by ballot, but it was finally determined to vote viva voce, each one in the meeting having the privilege of making one nomination, which resulted in the election of the following delegates: Ike Bergman, Thos. Dealy, J. C. Trullinger, A. A. Cleveland, B. B. Franklin, W. S. Kinney, C. H. Page, F. Bartoldes, G. G. Smith, C. W. Shively, John Hobson, A. H. Sale, C. J. Trenchard, C. H. Stockton, John McCann, P. J. Meany, John Gustafson, N. Johansen, Doc O'Brien, Jno. A. Devlin and L. C. Kinney. On motion the meeting adjourned.

Balm for a Wounded Heart.

Special to ASTORIAN.

PORTLAND, Or., April 5, 1884.

The jury in the Clarno-Doran breach of promise case this morning returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $1200. As the defense had attacked the character of Miss Clarno, the verdict is regarded as a substantiation of his charges.

The kidneys become diseased by impure circulation which St. Jacobs makes healthy.

"WELL, I'LL TELL YOU"

About JEFF'S Dinner Bill of Fare To-day, from 4:30 to 8 P. M.

SOUP.
Clam.
FISH.
Spring Salmon, Baked, Brown Sauce.
BOILED.
Corned Beef, Ham.
ROAST.
Beef, Mutton, Pork, Stuffed Veal, Lamb and Heart.
ENTREES.
Beef a la mode, Tripe, Spanish; Shoulder of Mutton a la Gardinier, Veal Blanche, Lamb Pot Pie, Kidney Saute, Macaroni Italian Style.
COLD MEATS.
Ham, Corned Beef, Sheep's Tongues.
VEGETABLES.
Sugar Corn, Mashed Potatoes, Lima Beans, Cabbage.
RELISHES.
Cheese, Pickled Red Cabbage, Etc.
PUDDING.
English Plum, Brandy Sauce.
PIES.
Custard—Apple.
Meals, 25cts.

Breakfast, from 5 A. M. to 4 P. M. All kinds of fish and meats, muffins, Boston baked beans, etc.

Wanted to Rent.

A house with 5 to 10 rooms. Must be in a respectable neighborhood. Good tenant. Address Box 296, Astoria, Ogn.

A MESSAGE TO MOTHER.

The Telegraph Used to Bleed Confiding Relatives.

"Any message here for me?" brusquely inquired a man of the young gentleman at the delivery window in the telegraph office of——.

"No, sir," said the young man without asking the name of the inquisitor.

"Yes, there is; I know there is a dispatch here. You will oblige me by looking for it." The last sentence was uttered in a way which left the clerk no alternative but to look. He went through a stack of about forty dispatches from the "M" box, and again returned the answer that none were there.

"Strange. I should receive a dispatch of great importance to-day," still doubting the truth of the young man's answer. Seeing that the latter paid no more attention to him, the gentleman slowly passed out—in strong contrast to the brisk manner in which he had entered.

"For six months that man has come in here three or four times a week, asking the same questions and acting in the same manner, and never once has he been given a dispatch."

"Is he a crank?" inquired a reporter, who was the person addressed, and who had been a witness of the scene.

"I should certainly call him crazy, if I was not sure that he never expected a dispatch. Some time I'll surprise him by handing him a message with two dollars charges on it. He is one of those fellows who would have the world believe that his head is just bursting with business. He always comes in when the office is full, and as you perhaps noticed, asks his questions in a tone of voice loud enough to attract the attention of every one in the room. I don't know why he does it, but he does, and that fact is enough for us, who are nearly bored to death by him and his ilk—for there are others like him."

"But it isn't a marker to some who call here," continued the clerk, a breathing spell being afforded him by the absence of inquirers. "They cause us to wish we had been born before this enlightened age of telegraph and electric appliances. I tell you this is a good place for the study of human nature and character. There are more unreasonable and downright mean men in this world than you imagine, and a good many of them live right here in this town. There are more tricks in this trade than one would suppose, and we detect schemes innumerable.

"A favorite method of obtaining money by the young man who is afraid to work, is to telegraph something like this:

"DEAR MOTHER: Fell into a coal hole and broke my leg to-day. Will be laid up a long time. Please send me $100 to defray expenses.

Your loving son, ——.

Collect."

"This dodge works better than you think. It nearly always brings the money. Of course, failures sometimes occur, and in some instances the young men place themselves in awkward positions, as in the case of a young man who recently telegraphed his parents that one of his arms had been broken in two places. His mother was so worked up over the mishap to her son that she came all the way from Boston with the money instead of sending it, as desired. She found her son hale and hearty, living upon expectations of what he was shortly to receive from home. A more disgusted woman never lived, and, as the young man afterward explained to me, she went away with all the money she had brought, and a very bad opinion of her son, in whom she had placed great confidence.

"Then there is the young man who is continually going into business. One spruce young fellow here is the idol of a fond, old and rich uncle, who lives in one of Philadelphia's suburbs. According to the dispatches to his uncle he is engaged in business in a dozen different places in Colorado. His losses are made good by frequent drafts upon the old man, as he calls him. His drafts are always accepted and paid, and the proceeds go over the gaming table. The young man thinks it great fun to 'work the old man,' but some day his methods will be exposed, and then we shall lose one of our regular customers.

"The majority of the telegraphic money orders received at this office are addressed to women of ill repute. They receive large sums of money by sending dispatches something like this:

"'Have been very sick and have no money. Please save me from going to hospital.'

"Another favorite dispatch is:

"'Am in trouble. Unless you send $200 will be sent to jail. You are the only friend I have on earth. Help me out of this for God's sake.'

"The money invariably comes along in a day or two. The way in which these women impose on their victims is a wonder. Their dispatches are sent to prominent men in all parts of the country. It may, perhaps, be a mild system of blackmail, but it is effectually carried out and evidently pays."

DEATH OF MRS. WHIPPLE.—On Friday last Mrs. Charlotte A. Whipple, wife of Mr. S. R. Whipple, breathed her last at her home in this city. She had been an invalid for the past fifteen years, and the last eight months of her life she was confined to her bed, suffering from paralysis. Some time since all hope of her recovery was abandoned and death came as a happy release from her sufferings. Mrs. Whipple was born in Sussex county, New Jersey, June 21st, 1822, and was married in November, 1849, at Chicago, to S. R. Whipple. She crossed the plains in 1852, and has been a resident of this county ever since, living in Vancouver 21 years. The funeral services took place at the Methodist church in this city on Sunday and were largely attended. Rev. H. K. Hines, of Portland, delivered the discourse on the occasion, and the remains were buried in the city cemetery. Many friends sympathize with the bereaved family in their affliction.—*Vancouver Register, 3d.* Deceased was the mother of Mrs. C. Brown of this city.

Spring Opening.

Mrs. Eaton and Miss Carnahan, invite the ladies of Astoria and vicinity to their opening of new Spring Millinery, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 9th and 10th.

ASK FOR
"THE BOSTON"
RUBBER BOOT.

Made of Fine
'Para' Rubber
Will Not Crack.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.
The Gutta Percha & Rubber Mf'g Co
Portland, Oregon.

PERSONAL.

Frank Parker goes to Portland this morning.

C. W. Fulton returned from Portland yesterday evening.

J. J. Stokes will have charge of the books of the Columbia cannery this season.

Rev. B S. McLafferty returned yesterday and will occupy his pulpit this morning and evening.

Mrs. J. F. Warren went to Los Angeles, Cal., on the last steamer on a three months visit to friends in that vicinity.

NOTES.

Palm Sunday.

Last week of lent.

The *Idaho* Sails for Sitka to-day.

Columbia salmon giveth bounteous Lenten fare.

There is no April assessment on the members of the A. O. U. W.

The I. O. G. T. of upper Astoria are building a hall for occupancy.

The vestry of Grace Church will meet on Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

Frank Blake will be "on deck" with his carriage to-day for the public accommodation.

A salmon forty-four inches long and weighing forty-five pounds was caught at Oregon City last Tuesday.

The steamer *Sam* will leave Wilson & Fisher's dock at half-past nine this morning for Clatsop, returning in the evening—if the weather permits.

The *State* is due this morning from San Francisco. The *Alaskan* left that city at 1 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and will probably show up on the morning tide. The *Oregon* leaves out to-day.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

To die in the White house is said to be Tilden's ambition. To live in the White house is Jim Blaine's.

Senator Miller of California is not a vice presidential candidate; Judge Miller will accept it if it is proffered him.

Slater reported in the senate last Friday an amendment to the bill granting the Astoria and Winnemucca Railroad Company the right of way through public lands, and the right to construct bridges over navigable water courses, to change the title of the bill by striking out the words "Right of way through public lands."

The ocean steamship *Daniel Steinmann*, from Antwerp for Halifax, struck off Sambro Head, last Thursday night and over one hundred lives were lost, but nine of the passengers and crew reaching land. The unfortunate vessel was wrecked almost in the exact spot where the *Atlantic* was wrecked in April 1873, when 546 lives were lost.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

OCCIDENT.

J Lawrence, S F
S Smith do
W D Weidenfield, do
O D Garrison, Spokane Falls
W T Pr..., Yakima
H P Engels, Knap'tn
N S Crockett, do
G W H Johnson, Ks
E J Harris, Portland
B E Diamant&wf, do
Geo W Weidler do
F T Dodge, do
D Jenan, do
C W Hassen, do
C Reid, city
A C West, Skipanon.

PARKER HOUSE.

J Murphy, Youngs R
R Cole, Napanee, Ontario
H A Spaytt, Port
J Moore, do
A Lundell, do
P Johnson, do
D H Gibson, Elmira, Mich
J J Wren, Brookfi'd
E Nickerson, do
J Tarr, Newport
M Abrahams, S Jose
C H Cole, Napanee, Ontario
Mrs V Harris, Victo'a
A Sutherland, Knap'a
E Bradbury, Oak Pt
W H Helms, Gaylord, Mich
M Mareck, Chinook
Z W McGowen, do
D Moore, Seattle
J Walker &wf, Jewell

Steamer Days for April.

From San Fran.		From Astoria.	
State	4	Oregon	6
Columbia	8	State	10
Oregon	12	Columbia	14
State	16	Oregon	18
Columbia	20	State	22
Oregon	24	Columbia	26
State	28	Oregon	30
Columbia, May	2	State, May	4

Mr. John Sword, Monticello, Minn., writes to the *Svenska Amerikaneran*, that he recommends St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-reliever, to his countrymen as the best cure for rheumatism and aches; that by its use he was cured of severe pains in the joints; his father also, who suffered intensely with rheumatism and was unable to walk, tried it and after a few rubbings all the pains ceased.

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.

Notice.

—Dinner at "JEFF'S" CHOP HOUSE every day from 4:30 to 8 o'clock. The best 25-cent meal in town; soup, fish, seven kinds of meats, vegetables, pie, pudding, etc. Tea or coffee included. All who have tried him say Jeff is the "BOSS."

"JEFF"

At enormous expense has just secured the services of PROFESSOR ELLIS one of the best white cooks in the state; and Jeff proposes to excell any of his former efforts in the culinary art. Italian and French dishes a specialty.

At the Empire Store

You will find the finest laces and embroideries, of richest quality.

Something New.

The latest in Ladies' fashionable Wraps is the Newport scarf. It is designed to take the place of shawls or dolmans, and is the most elegant wrap for the price in existence. They can only be obtained at present of Mrs. A. B. Jewett, who has introduced them in this market. It is worth your while to see them.

Just Received.

A large stock of soft and stiff Hats in all the latest styles, at McIntosh's Furnishing store.

Notice to the Public.

After leaving your watch with most all the jewelers of the town, and still she don't keep good time, please call and give me a trial; all work guaranteed.

Having 15 years of experience in the watch making trade and being supplied with a full set of the latest improved and finest watch making tools, the same as the Waltham and Elgin watch factories use, I am enabled to do any repairing in the watch making line.

Call and see the electric clock.

W. F. Armbruster,
Practical watchmaker and jeweler, at Carl Aadler's Crystal Palace.

Special Notice.

Mr. N. Loeb has instructed me to dispose of his entire stock of Clothing, Furnishing goods, Boots and Shoes, etc., at cost, without reserve.

C. P. MOFFIT.

Telegram.

MR. WISE, (with M. D. Kant), Astoria, Ogn.

Make all the room you can in the store, I will bring the largest and best assorted stock of Novelties in Clothing and Furnishing Goods ever brought to Astoria, by the steamer *California*.

Astorians, look out for bargains this season. M. D. KANT.

1884. 1884.

New Spring Importations!

Embroideries! Embroideries!

We have received from New York, per express, upwards of 6,000 yards of Embroideries in

Cambric, Swiss, Lawn and Nainsook,

Of the Latest Designs and from 15 to 25 per cent. cheaper than ever before.

1760 yards of Embroideries from	3c to 12½c per yard.
2137 " " "	15c to 40c per yard.
1275 " " "	50c to $1.00 per yard.

THE IXL THE IXL

C. H. COOPER,

The Leading Dry Goods and Clothing House OF ASTORIA.

Books and Stationery.

Having made SPECIAL ARANGEMENTS with the management of the N. P. R. and Eastern Houses, I am now getting my STOCK, especially BOOKS and STATIONERY, from the East. This enables me to give the Public a show to buy at

LOW EASTERN PRICES.

I have just received a Fine Stock of STATIONERY: Full and Half bound Ledgers, Day and Cash Books, Journals, new Letter Copy Books, all sizes; Hand's Stylographic Copy Books. All kinds Bill and Letter Files, Bank Files of all descriptions; Copy Presses, Invoice Books, Trial Balances, Pocket Ledgers, Journals, and Cash Books. All kinds of Orders, Drafts and Notes, and Receipts; also a full line of Bill Holders and P. O. Boxes

The Latest NOVELTIES in small Stationery, used in every office.

Being now in business connection with one of the largest Eastern PAPER FACTORIES, I can sell any and all kinds of PAPER cheaper than any other house north of S. F.

I have now a Large stock of Legal Foolscap Paper, all weights; Bill Paper, all sizes; 50 different kinds of Letter and Note Paper.

Some very fine Writing Paper for the Ladies, in Linen and all Colors, with Envelopes to match.

50,000 Business Envelopes, Just Received.

My Assortment of BOOKS, NOVELS, and READING MATTER is well known to the Public and my store is the ONLY ONE where

People Can Find What They Want.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry.

SOLID GOLD LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S WATCHES in all Styles and Qualities.
The Celebrated Duber, Newport, and Keystone, Waltham, and Elgin Silver Watches, from $12.50 $40.00.

The Latest Styles of Gentlemen's Solid Gold and Quartz Chains from $18, upward.
Also a Full Assortment of LADIES' JEWELRY; Diamond Finger Rings, Earrings and Breastpins. Solid Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Earrings and Breastpins, in sets or single. A Large Assortment of Plain Solid Gold Rings. Rings with Sets, such as Amethysts, Topaz, Cameo, Onyx, Garnets, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious stones.
Solid Gold Sleeve Buttons, Collar Buttons, Studs, Scarf Pins, Lockets and Chains, Emblem Pins and Charms for all Orders.
Also a Complete Assortment of the Finest ROLL PLATE JEWELRY.

Solid Silver and Plated Ware.

Remember The Crystal Palace.

The Leading Book Store. - - Carl Adler. Proprietor.

New Goods for Spring and Summer!

AN
IMMENSE STOCK
OF
CLOTHING, HATS
AND
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Direct from the Manufacturers, Retailed at

Wholesale Prices.

Being in the Manufacturing Business I am prepared to sell Clothing that will give PERFECT SATISFACTION both in FIT and QUALITY of Goods.

Perfect Fitting White Shirts, Medium and Fine Grade Underwear. Newest Styles in Scarfs and Ties.

A FULL STOCK OF FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SUITINGS.

D. A. McINTOSH,

OCCIDENT BLOCK, - - - - - - - ASTORIA.

Most Popular Remedy Sold.

The OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
Best
PFUNDER'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.

For Pimples, Blotches, Chronic Sores and Diseases, Loss of Energy and Habitual Constipation unequaled. Relief Guaranteed.
Sold everywhere. $1. 6 bottles for $5.00.

LOEB & CO.

JOBBERS IN

WINES,
LIQUORS,
AND
CIGARS.

AGENTS FOR THE

Best San Francisco Houses and Eastern Distilleries.

Tumblers Decanters, and All Kinds of Saloon Supplies.

All goods sold at San Francisco Prices.
MAIN STREET,
Opposite Parker House, Astoria, Oregon.

PERUVIAN BITTERS!

Wilmerding & Co., San Francisco.
Loeb & Co., Agents, Astoria.