The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON:

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Notice To Advertisers.

THE ASTORIAN guarantees to its advertisers the largest circulation of any newspaper published on the Columbia

This paper is on file at the St. Charles Hotel, Portland, Or. County court meets to-morrow.

C. P. Wilson advertises the Heyneman

Sibson, Church & Co. will ship 400

cases of salmon on the State to-day to Otago, New Zealand. Pacific county has 1,860 inhabitaats the total valuation of property as amend-ed by the commissioners is \$674,0.30.

The Oregonian produces figures which go to show that the grain surplus of the inland empire will this year exceed 393,-

The Walla Walla Journal says E. Z. Ferguson "of Pomeroy," has been made "deputy collector of customs at Astoria." It also says that he is a Republican.

They don't need any curfew bill or ord-inance to keep the boys home in Cincin-nati. Two wild cats escaped from a menagerie in that city a few days ago and you couldn't get a boy to go around the corner after dark for love or money. The obsequies of the late Irving Stev-

ens will take place in the Congregational church to-day at 2 o'clock, and be con-ducted by the pastor, Rev. W. S. Hamlin. The funeral service will be held at the same place on next Sunday evening, June 7th, at 7:50 p. m. Arrangements are in progress to have firemen's tournament at City View

park in Portland on the return of the several companies from this city. All of them have to pass through Portland on their way home and could probably be induced to remain one or two days. Correspondence on the subject has begun, and should any number of organizations signify a willingness to take part, sufficient inducement in the way of cash prizes and medals will be offered to make the contest an object to competitors.

That part of Squemoqua street in front of The Astonian office is pretty well filled up with gravel and earth forming an ef-fectual bulkhead. The need of bulkheading the city front has been before discussed. A continuation of the filling up of Squemoqua street eastward would be about as good a way of securing against the filling up of the channel as could probably be devised. It would be a little ore expensive than planking, but would done when it was done.

The Evening Star social club met in the Y. M. C. A. Hall yesterday evening and organized with the following officers. President, J. Wilson: vice-president, J. C. Ward; secretary, W. A. Sherman; treasurer, J. T. Ross; sergeant-at-arms, W. R. Melntosh; sentinel, C. N. Martin, The subject for debute at the next meeting is "Resolved, 'That the hope of reward is a greater incentive to action that the fear of punishment.'" Following are the disputants: Affirmative, J. C. Ward, J. T. Ross, C. N. Martin: negative, C. A. Hansen, W. A. Sherman, H. G. McKenzie, A vote of thanks was tendered the Hansen, W. A. Sherman, H. G. McKenzie. A vote of thanks was tendered the
Y. M. C. A. for the use of their hall; adjourned to meet next Thursday evening.

Fred Wards who has been seen by the state of the Post, Junior Department Commander H. M. Gregory delivered the following address:

Fred Warde who has been playing Comrades, W "Virginius" in Portland, once spent a very hot hour in Boston. It was a benefit to some old and well-known Bostonian and all the professionals were represented in in the bill. Warde was on for an act of "Richard III."—the tent scone. It was a terribly hot night. Some of the jokers of the profession got hold of Warde early in the evening and kept him out of the way until it was just time for him to dress and go on. He reached the theater. He found the fiends had heated his armor to a point that it was hardly bearable. Virginius" in Portland, once spent a very | ing Post No. 14, G. A. R., greet ag: to a point that it was hardly bearable. but he had to put it on. He struggled on the stage, the perspiration breaking on the stage, the perspiration breaking from every pore and washing all his make-up off. He got to the tent and while he lay asleep there they covered him with rugs and he couldn't protest. When he got off he was fairly broiled, but the jokers had disappeared and they gave him time to cool before they came near him.

rou are hereby ordered to meet at the truck room in full uniform, to-day, at 1 P. M., to attend the funeral of our late brother fireman Irv. Stevens. of Astoria Engine Co. No. L. By order F. B. Eliberison,

Notice.

The foreman of Rescue Engine Com pany No. 2, requests the members to meet at their hall to-day, Sunday, at 1 P. M., in full uniform to attend the funeral of the late Irving Stevens, an active member of Astoria Engine Co. No. 1.

Foreman.

Atention No. Ones.

You are hereby ordered to meet at your Engine House in full uniform Sunday May 3ist, at 1 P. M. sharp, for Fines for non-attendance strictly en-forced. By order FRANK SURPHENANT,

MEMORIAL DAY.

ITS OBSERVANCE IN ASTORIA

PROCESSION, SERVICES IN CEME TEEY. ADDRESSES. ETC.

Full Account of the Celebration of the Day.

For the twentieth time the memory of the dead heroes was vesterday celebrated and observed all over the continent, from the crags of Maine to the arid wastes of Arizona; from the sunlit waters of the southern gulf to our own northwest shows, and for the twentieth time since the first Decoration Day, May 30th, 1866, the remembrance of the stormy years of conflict was recalled as the brilliant buds of spring and fragrant blossoms, Nature's kindliest gifts, were scattered by loving hands over the hundreds of thousands of graves, over whose green mounds may be rend: "A soldier of the Union-mustered out."

The Oregon is due from Frisco this In these times of peace, it is meet and morning. Rear-Admiral Upshur is among fitting that one day of the year should be In these times of peace, it is meet and consecrated to the cultivation of patriotism, that to the young should be told the reason why the graves of the gallant dend are honored, and that pledges of loyalty to the national flag should be renewed, and beneath the simple ceremony of strewing flowers lies the stardy resolve that the Union shall be maintained, and that which was so dearly bought is worth perpetuating.

In common with avery other com-In common with every other com-munity in the country, Astoria duly ob-served yesterday's holiday. Nearly every flag in the city was at half mast, and by

oon there was a general cessation of namess. At 1:37 a procession was brined in front of the ball of Cushing formed in front of the ball of Cushing Post No. 14. First came Cushing Post Cornet band: then a detachment of soldiers from Ft. Canby with arms reversed; then the officers and numbers of Cashing Post No. 14, G. A. R., with draped flags; followed by Cushing Relief Corps No. 3, school children with flowers and a large concourse of citizens. The band played a dead march as the procession filed through the streets and passed up the hill to the hillside cemetery. Arriving there, Post Commander R. V. Monteith read the ritual service, and after an teith read the ritual service, and after an

impressive prayer by Rev. Dr. Roberts, the band played "Neorer, My God, to the most impressive addresses that it ever has been our pleasure or privilege to bear. A stiff breeze was blowing and the grasp-exertion of climbing the steep hill made spirit it necessary to be brief, but in the few minutes he spoke he condensed a volume of patriotism. He s; she of the dead and that for which they died; of the living and the duty they owed to their country that the dead had died to save; of the young who needed to be told what it was all about; of the blood and treasure that this country cost; of the position we of this country cost, of the position we of to-day occupy; of the necessity for broad and deep foundations for the noble edi-fice of Liberty; of the responsibilty, the dignity and the high privilege of being an American citizen, and in tones of fer-vent patriotism prayed God that our be-loved nation should endure strong and great, and that the great loyal spirit that saved it once should continue and abide and that our national life should not grow weak nor perish. "America" was then

realize the terrible scenes, the struggles of the war that swept like a hurricane over the face of our fair land. Where father and son, mother and daughter, severed the ties of humanity and with severed the ties of humanity and with hearts filled with harred, met in unnatural when he got off he was fairly broiled, at the jokers had disappeared and they gave him time to cool before they came lear him.

Notice, Alert H. & L. Co., No. 1.

You are hereby ordered to meet at the ruck room in full uniform, to-day, men attested the glorious feith still felt. men attested the glorious feith still felt in the value of our republic and its in-

stitutions. As in the days of yore, when a handful of bold spirits defied the tyranny of England's rule, and with bleeding feet stained the snow of Valley Forge's winter—mute appeals to the world of a nation's struggle for a free land—so their sons present that they meant to wainten proved that they meant to maintein those liberties if it took oceans of blood to accomplish the desired end.

Nothing in the history of ages ever equaled the uprising of the mighty hosts—the guns of Sumter echoed in every nook and vale of our broad country. At its summons the farmer hung his ceythe on the tree, the merchant closed his books; the lower left the averest delliance. books; the lover left the sweet dalliance Sunday May 31st, at 1 P. M. sharp, for of Cupid's sway, the son kissed his moth-the purpose of attending the funeral of er and all donned the Blue and swelled our late brother fireman Irv. Stevens. of the Republic-turning their faces towards the foe, their backs to homes-

of millions make their yearly pilgrimage and returning again to the toils of life, feel all the purer feelings that patriotism

instils in the human breast.

It were useless here to speak of the causes or the effects of the late war. All has passed into history and with renewed life our nation prospers. The feud of those days will never be renewed. Wiser those days will never be renewed. Wiser counsels have been borne from the battle field into the councils of the uation. The sword has been turned into the plough share and the sickle and all that remains now to mark the struggle, is the myriads of white stones that to-day throughout our land have been crowned with chaplets of flowers by the loving hands of their comrades, who, now frosteries. hands of their comrades, who, now fros-ted by the blight of passing years, are fading fast away. Who can realize the meaning of this day to the veteran of the meaning of this day to the veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic? To them, truly it is no unmeaning ceremony. Memory crowds fast upon them. The bivouac, the field, the battle all comes before him like a dream. They can hardly realize that so many years have passed since that great army of the dead first left their peaceful homes, in the flush of young life, brave noble spirits. And too, with pride they look back upon the undying vigilance with which the interests of the republic were guarded by the Grand Army—faithful and true to the trust reposed in it.

Truly have we reason this day to feel that those of our noble comrades who that those of our noble comrades who

graves have been covered with the graves have been covered with the graves ful incense of flowers, died, not in very, with pride we look at our glorious courtry, basking in the sunshine of peace, while all the world is filled with the gloss of appraisance and marking beat

while all the world is lined with the gloom of apprehension and martial hosts are mustering for the fight.

Our dead scattered over the width of a continent, mute appeals to the sympathy and love of a nation baptized in their blood from a touching tribute to that lovalty which swells our bosoms. A country, mond among nations where freedom.

proud among nations where freedom reigns and law and order prevails, are the results that their death won.

Humble and lowly as they might have been in the heroism of their death, e.c. one of them stands forth grandly as a recomber of what participate leads were exemplar of what patriotism leads men to do and dare. Far preferable to lie as they lie, even in an unknown grave, than to have by word or act been dis-loyal to their flag.

Fostered by the care and veneration of

a nation, crowned by the love of their comrades our heroes sleep their last sleep

lags; followed by Cushing Relief Corps
No. 3, school children with flowers and a
large concourse of citizens. The band
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impressive prayer by Rev. Dr. Roberts,
the band played "Neorer, My God,
Thee."

Rev. Dr. Roberts then delivered one of
the most impressive addresses that it
man had an incentive in the dash and
daring that brings honor within his that brings honor within his -woman went forth in the pure daring that brings spirit of mercy, to minister and to soothe the sick, wounded and dying soldier—her deeds unknown to the world, known only to God and those she ministered to

> "We hear of men and heroe Whose flashing swords are keen, Who on the field of battle Drink from the same canteen; Who at the post of Danger With front unbroken stand. And in her hour of peril Will guard her native land. But who will tell the story Of Love's sublimest law, Of choicest treasures given

By 'women of the war.' Meet and right, is it then, comrades, for us to yield all the right to woman to be with us this day in honoring our

dend.

While we mourn our lost comrades, let us while we mourn our lost comrades, let us not forget the thousands of our maimed, too many, alas! poor and needy. As we enjoy the luxury of Life, let us never forget them, but turning from our duty to the dead, let us remember the living.

And let us so do our work that when the And let us so do our work that when the augel of the God of battles calls the muster roll of the Grand Army at the final day, He may say to us "Well done, good and faithful servants.

Steadily our ranks are being depleted by the hand of Death. Daily, in our wide country, a new mound marks the resting

place of some of our number. Soon the last solitary veteran will stand on the threshold of eternity. The last of a mil-lion will pass the portals of death and our land will know no more the Grand Army of the Republic. Its sons of vet-erans will remain to protect those liber-ties their sires fought for, and God grant

they may prove worthy of their heritage.

The names of Grant, Farragut, McPherson, Thomas and a host of others who battled so nobly, written in golden letters on the scroll of history will ever stand before them, pointing the way to duty. The daring and dash of our own peerless Cushing, whose tireless ambition and patriotism led him to pluck victory from the jaws of defeat and crowned him with an undying glory, will ever point the way for the youth of our country to follow.

The memory of their deeds do follow them and their graves, this day, nestling in garlands of flowers are dear to a nation and precious in the sight of Heaven.

Comrades! how memory brings back to you this day the wild scenes of battle, as with firm ranks, elbow to elbow, you pressed on in the charge, each screaming shell tearing wide gaps in your lines, the sickening thud of the bullet telling its fatal errand, the maddening smell of powder, the rush, the struggle—the waving flag rising to view amid the smoke and the cheer of victors—all this ground and the cheer of victory—all this comes before you this day in vivid remem-brance. Then, too, the hurried burial of your comrades, men who, but a few short hours before had shared their food with you; buried with not even a prayer to commend their souls to God. Is it strange, then, as you recall all this, that the flowers you scatter over their graves should be to your hearts no unmeaning

eremony? The widow and the orphan are the heritage left to your care by your dead—yours be the curse, the shame if ever one such is turned from your hearts—if you ever prove recreant to a dead comrade's faith

our late brother areman Irv. Stevens. Fines for non-attendance strictly ender the property of the Republic—turning their face which, alial too many of them never and property of the step of them never which, alial too many of them never which and and with grief and iamentation households much the funcarial of our late brother proporties of the Sanitary movement, as from now the funcarial of our late brother invited to attend. By order on the funcarial of our late brother firing Stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens. Sojourning brether invited to attend. By order of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens of the state of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens of the state of the funcarial of our late brother firing stevens of the stevens of the funcarial our late of the funcarial our lat

and his indomitable courage, he has laid light and darkness; liberty and oppress on the confines of the unknown world. Sight and wrong stood hand to Fighting death with the same obstinate hand in the bloody conflict and grapples pertinacity with which he so often in the death struggle. They fought not wrested victory out of defeat, he still lives, an object of tender solicitude to a grateful people. God grant that he may be spared to us is to-day the prayer that mingles with our memorial service. His

from any violent display of partisanship, exercising judgment in helping to place on a firm basis the structure you have saved from the contaminating influence of civil war. Knowing naught but the

The Grand Army of the dead, whose

nation: Going hence this night, I ask you to carry deep in your hearts the prayer that the blood of our heroes, the sufferings of our maimed and our sick may not have been given in vain; but that with one country and one flag, America may ever be blessed among nations and to an unending eternity be ever the future home of the brave and the free.

May the mantle of Fraternity, Charity and fragelity exchanged for

May the mantle of Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty hold you closely in its folds, a mantle so well described by the gifted national president of the Woman's Relief Corps, that it forms a fitting con-clusion to our services:

Search each comrade's heart and there Search each comrade s neart and their Graven with the tenderest care, You will find these letters three Linked in blessed trinity, Honored, loved and heeded well, Honored more than tongue can tell, Golden are they—F. C. L.

Brooding o'er the flight of years-Born of love for you and me, Born of battle and of tears: These are they who stood the test Where the charging columns prest-Won their fame and are at rest. Charity"! a gracious spell

Great is this "Fraternity"-

Wrought in days of doom and dread, Where they stooped to hearken well What a dying comrade said— For the wives and orphans far, Shivering in the blasts of war: For the shattered ones that are

"Loyalty"! 'twas theirs to show What are faith and fealty, Upward, where the bugles blow On the heights of victory: Upward from the gloom of night, From the clamor of the fight, To the blaze of Freedom's light.

Comrades, ye whose hearts are sealed To the glorious Trinity— We our reverent homage yield, Lift the hat and bend the knee! Honor to whom honor's due— Honor to the Loyal Blue— Honor, Love, from me and you

Music and prayer followed Capt. Gr. ory's eloquent remarks, after which Rev. W. S. Hamlin, himself a member of Wm

Spears Post, G. A. R. of Indiana, spoke as follows: And the victory that day was turned in

Comrades and Fellow Citizens:

It is befitting that we assemble here with so grand an object before us. We come from the noise and tumult of the living to mediate upon the deeds of those who dwell in the city of the silent. We come with hearts once bleeding and sorrowful but now healed and comforted by the lapse of time, to do honor to those our brothers in the common straggle; whose wounds earth could not heal, but who have gone home where God has wiped all tears from their eyes. We come not as different parties and discordant factions of political strife and civil war, but as friends and companions to tender our votive oferings and to bedeck our common brotherhood. As time wears way and the clash of steel dies out upon

way and the class of seer dies out upon he distant air we are apt to forget the groans of the dying and the virtues of our loved ones. It is well, therefore, that we reawaken our recollections of those whose voices are forever husbed. Their patriotic spirits no longer prompt them to heroic deeds. It should be ours to catch the inspiration of their self sac-rifice and with sincere devotion march on to noble lives and glorious victories.

We are here to perpetuate a sacreustom and retain a sentiment noble in

the heathen-sublime with us. "Dulce et decorum est, pro patri mori." This national spirit should go further than simply to chisel an inscription upon some marble column; it should stamp the sentiment of true loyalty upon the

tablets of every living heart.

We are called upon to honor those whom angels delight to honor. Our encomiums may die upon our lips but their deeds shall last through the unnumbered cycles of eternity. If a victor in the

sion; right and wrong stood hand to hand in the bloody conflict and grappled

mingles with our memorial service. His country that he did so much to save bees food to spare the grand old soldier.

Comrades: To you now belongs a higher and nobler duty than all else. Having fought the good fight, with its ending comes new responsibilities. It is yours to exert all the influence of your calling to encourage purity in the administration of public affairs, abstaining from any violent display of partisanship, exercising judgment in helping to place on a firm basis the structure you have glory for evil intensifies with our fallen deroes, there are grander duties and more profound responsibilities. We form a grand army still, and are entered as a grand army sill, and are entered as a firm basis in the structure of your without an element of grandeur. Discovering judgment in helping to place on a firm basis the structure you have glory for evil intensifies with magnitude. on a firm basis the structure you have saved from the contaminating influence of civil war. Knowing naught but the right, it behooves you to watch well and guard sacredly the interests of the Republic "with charity to all, malice towards none."

The Grand Army of the dead whose the result of the contaminating influence of civil war. Knowing naught but the has been committed the grossest acts right, it behooves you to watch well and guard sacredly the interests of the Republic "with charity to all, malice towards none." men loving right and truth more than raves you guard, demands this of you, place and power; country and liberty lise, has their sacrifice been in vain. more than wealth and honor, humanity

graves you gnard, demands this of you, else, has their sacrifice been in vain. With this duty plainly before you you will perpetuate the Union, saved at the expense of the best blood of the nation. Soil not your laurels by the malevolence of party feeling or sectional prejudices. Lay all spirit of revenge to rest with the flowers that this day shed the perfume of brotherly feeling over the graves of your Comrades, and mourning over your dead let the mantle of sympathy over the resting places of your foes and your kindest thoughts go forth to their memories, recollecting that "to erris human, to forgive is divine."

Yours be it to treasure well the words of the martyr, Lincoln—a government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the face of the earth.

Comrades and women of Cushing Relief Corps, loyal men and women of the nation: Going hence this night, I sak you to carry deep in your hearts the form the Goddess of Liberty on the grave of the grave that the blood of our heros, the dome of our carrier and grander, blooming in the people and a nation with elements of power and indestruct ability.

In time our grand army may dwindle have passed into history and the fireside stories of our conflict be forgotten. There may be only a handful of gray haired veterans left to come with staff-supported, tottering limbs to drop a singular deverable will nover be forgotten; they are chiseled upon enduring mansolea; engraved upon our legislative halls: engrafted into a nation's life. They will never grow old, but as the years wear away will become grander and grander, blooming in the powly added stars of our national banner and forever shining from the Goddess of Liberty on the

honesty and fragelity exchanged for avarice and theft; then will there be un-timely graves whether there is war or not. I timely graves whether there is war or not. The swords may pass into ploughshares, but thorns infest the ground; and exemption from fields of battle may not always mean peace at home. It is the grand purpose of life and the principles of our existence that must make us lofty, and it is the affinity of our hearts and the united interests of the people which will establish safety in all the borders of our beloved land.

As stood our coveredes in the hottest and

As stood our comrades in the hottest and thickest of the strife, when one fell anthickest of the strine, when one fell another stepping forward to take his place, so are we to stand in all our mutual and civil relations of life. As one hero falls we must close up the ranks, and as we take their places let us possess all the additional valor and patriotism their memories can inspire within us. It is one ories can inspire within us. It is our privilege and duty to make ours the grandest army in existence. Not of carnage and bloodshed, but of right and truth, and then shall our dead look down and bless us, as we decorate their time-

worn graves.
Thus shall we be true soldiers indeed, and whenever and wherever we fall— whether in the heat of battle, piled in heaps of undistinguished slain, by the roadside unnoticed by the living, or in

roadside unnoticed by the living, or in costly mausolea sculptured with our fame—it will be all the same to us so that we fall at our post, as true soldiers in noble, honorable battle.

And then when the end shall come: with the cannon's roar forever hushed and life's battlefield deserted, may we hear from the great Captain of our salvation—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

Space and the lateness of the bour

Hener, Love, from me and you.

Your duty is done!
May the God of Love and Right bless you forever. Amen!
Music and prayer followed Capt, Greg-

War! War! War! The latest news to hand states that 5,000 menattacked Jeff's Restaurant last week. They were galantly met by that vetran, and got the best and cheapest meal in town. Jeff intends to fight it out in that line if it takes all summer.

Concert At the Telephone this afternoon from

A Good Cigar.

Just as good as you usually pay a bit for, can be had FOR FIVE CENTS at C. P.

Notice, Alert H. & L. Co., No. 1. You are hereby ordered to meet at the room on Monday evening Jene 1st For a first-class Shave, scientific Hair-cut. Parker House, Main St., at 7:20 o'clock, for drill. Special meeting after the drill. By order F. B. ELBERSON,

Astoria Division No. 1. A special convention of the above division is hereby called for Tuesday evening, June 2d, 1885, at 3:30 sharp, for drill, at the Pythian eastle. Every memper is notified to attend.

By order of the Commander. JNO. O. BOZORTH,

Hot Lauch, at the Telephone Saloon From 11 to 2 every day.

A fine lunch with drink or eigar, 25

nts. No charge after two o'clock, JEFF.

To Accommodate His Patrons Alex. Gilbert will keep his saloon open day and night. Fishermen can get a good lunch at any hour of the night. The genuine French sardine constantly on hand.

Wanted.

A competent bartender. None but a man with good references need apply. RUDOLPH BARTH. For a Neat Fitting Boot

Jr Shoe, go to P. J. Goodmans, on Che-namus 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.

Fresh Eastern and Shealwater Bay Oysters Constantly on hand, cooked to any style at Frank Fabre's.

When others fail fry Crow, the leading Photographer, No. 6% Water street At Frank Fabre's. Board for \$22.50 a month. The best in the city. Dinner from 5 to 7.

Summer Fashions

C. H. COOPER'S

The Leading

Goods and Clothing House OF ASTORIA.

Our stock is now complete in every department and ladies wishing a choice scion of first class goods at very LOW PRICES would do well to call early.

In the following lines of goods our selections and prices will compare favor-with Eastern and San Francisco houses carrying first class goods.

Rich Black and Colored Silks. Handsome Brocaded Black and Colored Silks.

Evening Silks, in all the latest tints.

Fine Imported Dress Goods. Embroidered and Figured Combination Suits.

New Ginghams. New Prints. New Lawns. New Chambrays.

New Table Linen and Napkins. Embroidered Table and Piano Covers. Lace Curtains and Curtain Nett.

Novelties in Lace Goods, Buttons, Gloves, Parasols, Ribbons, Fans, etc., etc.

Cloak Department.

Having bought more largely than this seasons trade seems to demand we have concluded to reduce our immense stock to cost price.

-THE LATEST STYLES IN-

Ladies Cloaks, Traveling Ulsters, Wraps, Jerseys, etc., etc.

C. H. COOPER'S

PYTHIAN BUILDING,

ASTORIA, OREGON.

The New York Novelty Store

The Leading Stationers and News Dealers of Astoria.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS. PIANOS. TOILET ARTICLES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. JAPANESE GOODS JEWELRY. FANCY GOODS. WATCHES AND CLOCKS. BIRD CAGES. BABY BUGGIES.

The Latest Notions and Novelties, Etc.

We defy any and all competition. Call, examine our goods and be convinced. OPPOSITE PARKER HOUSE. ASTORIA, OREGON

GO TO THE

Hair Dressing Saloon

H. Du PARK, Prop.

Columbia Candy Factory.

Ed. Jackson, Proprietor. Candies. - - 20 Cts per lb. Bread, Ples and Cakes delivered every

Astoria Bakery

CITY BOOK STORE

School Books. Music Books,

Little Clant, and Kranich and Bach's Planos, Taber, and Western Cottage Organs,

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

D. A. McINTOSH,

The Leading Clothier and Hatter.

New Goods!

New Styles! DEPARTMENTS.

Men's, Youths' and Boys'

Hats and Furnishing Goods.

FINEST GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.