

The Daily Astorian.

ASTORIA, OREGON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16 1889.

Good weather for railroad work. Republican primaries next Saturday.

Did you see the display of meteors last night? A full line of legal blanks at THE ASTORIAN OFFICE.

Seaside Lodge No. 12, A. O. U. W. have received 250 handsome new badges.

The Pacific coast commercial conference meets in San Francisco next week.

Pears and grapes are still in the market. There is a flavor of pumpkins in the air.

The fair announced some time ago to be given by the ladies of the Episcopal church will be held at the opera house Thursday evening, December 5th.

A dispatch dated Empire City Nov. 14th signed by Geo. Jackson, notifies J. G. Meagher that N. J. Peterson was drowned on Coos bay bar yesterday.

Regarding the Western Amateur band, R. V. Monteith says that the band has not disbanded. It is understood that Prof. A. W. Utzinger is about to tender his resignation.

The revenue cutter Corvina has been ordered here by the secretary of the treasury to remain all winter. Astoria is the Corvina's home port and this is her station. She will arrive next week.

The Oregonian, is authority for the statement that Jim Turk having seen the error of his ways is going to not only turn over a new leaf, but throw the old book away, altogether and keep a meekish and a workingmen's hotel, in Portland.

THE ASTORIAN HEARS FROM A SOURCE considered authentic, that Wm. Reid, president of the Astoria and South Coast railroad company, now returning from New York, makes satisfactory and successful arrangements in that city for the placing of the \$3,000,000 bonds of the company.

The steamer Oregon is due from San Francisco to-day with the following passengers: C. T. Allen and wife and two children, R. P. Daniels and wife, C. E. Williams, Mrs. E. R. Harbinger, J. S. Egar, M. Harbinger, Miss Mills, Mr. Taylor and wife, Geo. Simpson, G. W. Morton and J. F. Hart.

The feature of the week's sales in real estate is the amount of "outside" capital that is seeking investment here and hereabouts. And this is but just a beginning. The present outside demand for The Astorian is something phenomenal, and every reader becomes a purchaser of real estate in this vicinity, sooner or later.

A correspondent states, confidentially that a candidate "cannot win with his hands in his pockets." That's all right, young fellow; just as long as a candidate keeps his hands in his pockets, the country is safe. It's when a candidate begins to take his hands out of his pockets to put them into somebody's else, that you want to keep your eyes skinned.

"Gimme an Astorian," said a man rushing hastily in yesterday morning. "There's a friend of mine back in the wild settlements that's always sending me little slips out from newspapers and magazines, telling about what they think are big vegetables. Yesterday I got one telling about a big thirteen-pound beet, and I want to send in a copy of this morning's paper with an account of that thirteen-pound beet that was sent to you from Gray's river. I guess that'll sort of lay over the one's paper bags about."

Some time ago John Case was let out of the penitentiary after serving three years for grand larceny committed in this city. A few nights ago he and a brother in crime made a ride on a Chinaman's woodchopper's camp near Astoria. One Chinaman, Ah Mine, showed fight, and killed Case's partner, Myron D. Lockwood, a man 35 or 40 years of age. Lockwood had respected the name of Eugene City, and was at one time a prominent politician in this state. Case is a tough, and will probably go to the pen, again for his share in that night's work.

Judge Deady, of the United States court at Portland, has made an order directing that the jury commissioners and the clerk of the court select 5,000 names of eligible taxpayers in various counties of the state, in proportion to their population, to be placed in the box from which juries for the United States court are to be drawn. The law provides that juries shall not be drawn from a box containing less than 300 names. The present list was prepared in 1885, and through deaths, removals, etc., has been reduced to about 200. It is now deemed advisable to have a new list made.

There was a delicious crispness in the atmosphere yesterday morning, and the sun shone brightly on the blue water. To those who remember the "Indian Summer" of the Mississippi valley, there was a good deal of similarity in the feel of the air, and the general appearance of things, for an hour or two. The difference, however, was soon made manifest, for as the morning wore on toward noon, the air grew warm, and the warm breath of the Pacific came in in marked contrast to the chilly November breezes in that part of the country that figured on the school geography maps twenty years ago, as "the western states."

This from the Seattle Press of the 13th, shows criminally careless work: "A package consisting of a pair of boots was handed into police headquarters by a man whose name was not ascertained. The letters were all addressed to British Columbia, and were sent from different places, Oregon, and Vancouver, Chehalis and Centralia, Wash. Chief Mitchell was seen in regard to the letters to-day, and he stated that the man, whose name he did not learn, said he found the package down by the bay. The letters were considerably soaked with water, and it was with great difficulty that the postmarks and addresses were deciphered."

Well, the regular fall crop is showing up in great shape. The man with the big potatoes, the man with the Nebelmees, the man with the top to bottom sea, the man that shot a white deer over in Ilwaco, the man with a little bottle of petroleum drained out of an oil can, the last strawberries of summer left blooming alone, the first lobster caught at Gray's Harbor, and several other items are on time. There are several, however, that are over due, the gold nugget from Seddie mountain, the hauled house at Clatsop, the chunk of Tillamook beer, the man who walked in from Jewell and back in one day, the mountain of stove-polish just back of Knappston, the chicken killed on the beach, and the three ounces of gold in its craw, and other ancient fables, are a little late this fall.

A new patent for making change consists of an ordinary tin or iron cash box with slots put under the cover pass through dollars, halves or quarters, as the case may be. Running diametrically through the box from top to bottom are five round tubes, after the manner of cartridge shells into which fit respectively, dollar pieces, half dollars, quarters,

dimes and nickels. Each tube is filled with coin according to the denomination it accommodates; the tubes fitted into receptacles made to hold them running through the cash box as described above and you are ready for business. For instance, on the top of your cash box appears a dollar, a dime and a nickel each the top one of a tube full. A piece of wire connected to the top of each tube and passing on top of the coin keeps it in place. A man hands you, say one dollar and has eighty-five cent change coming. You slip the dollar through the slit which passes it through and to the bottom of the cash box, and from off of the different tubes slip first a half dollar, next a quarter, next a dime and the change is made. In the bottom of each tube is a spring like one used in a Jack-in-a-box. When the tube is full of coin, this spring is pressed down tight. Every time you take a coin off of the top the spring expands and coin number two comes to the top, next three, four, five, and the tube is empty when you press the spring down and load up again. It will be seen that there is always a half or a quarter, as the case may be, to slip off of the denominational tube in the change making process, until you have exhausted the same, the last one bobbing up just as serenely as its predecessors.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Judge F. J. Taylor and wife returned yesterday morning.

Judge Raleigh Stott, of Portland was in the city yesterday.

Pilot Tom Neil is now in command of the steamer Dolphin.

Rev. Geo. W. Grannis and wife have returned from The Dalles.

E. C. Hughes and Sam Harris returned yesterday from Boise City, Idaho.

Capt. Thos. Parker has removed his family into his new residence on Nob Hill.

Rev. F. O. Weeks has accepted the call recently tendered him by the Baptist congregation of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Crosby are outgoing passengers on the steamer Columbia, for San Francisco, to-day.

B. A. Seaborg, J. G. Meagher and wife, B. VanDusen and C. W. Knowles went to Portland on the Potter last evening.

Mr. E. C. Holden and Mr. M. C. Crosby left on the Columbia, to-day, and will represent the Astoria chamber of commerce at the Bay city assemblage.

MARINE NEWS AND NOTES.

The Lakme sailed for Seattle yesterday morning.

The tug Fearless arrived from Coos bay yesterday.

The Gen. Miles went to Shoalwater bay yesterday.

The A. B. Field arrived from Tillamook yesterday.

The steamer schooner Augusta sailed for Tillamook yesterday.

The new steamer Rattler started for Shoalwater bay yesterday.

The Dumbie arrived from Victoria yesterday morning and after taking on a pilot went inland.

The steamer Dolphin came down from Portland yesterday and will go to Gray's Harbor to-day.

And now the steamer Bonita goes towing. The T. J. Potter will shortly be taken of the Portland route.

The Enderdale has given bonds in the sum of \$1,500, to satisfy the libel placed upon it by Kelly, Dumbo & Co., of Portland, who claim damages on freight received by that vessel.

The British ship Enderdale cleared for Liverpool, yesterday, carrying 25,511 bbls. of wheat, worth \$19,134, and 10,010 bbls. of flour, worth \$8,428. She also carried 1,644 cases salmon from the Aberdeen Packing company, valued at \$9,864, and 6,580 cases, from the Chilean Canning company, valued at \$35,000, a total value of cargo, of \$103,465.

Worthy Our Attention.

EDITOR ASTORIAN:—I am gratefully a stranger among you, but find myself rapidly making up for it by the hopefulness which seems to prevail in Astoria. The natural facilities here, for a great city, are comparable only to those of our chief Atlantic port, New York. Whether these possibilities shall be realized depends upon Astoria herself. And there are a few small things which I want to mention, which will have a bearing in determining the great question. They are things which at once attract the attention of a stranger; and first impressions are often decisive.

One of these is the naming and numbering of the streets. Astoria is no longer a little country village, where every man knows his neighbor; and how is a stranger to find his way about the city? If he wants to find John Robinson, it gives little information to tell him that he lives "next door to Capt. Smith." And it does not make the case much clearer to say that his house is "at the top of the hill above Gen. Cash." A stranger wants a street and number. At the very least he wants a name for a street, and that name plainly marked on the corner. This difficulty in finding one's way about a strange city annoys, and so prejudices a new comer. It gives him the impression of a place that is asleep, and that is badly lacking in anything like public spirit. It is a very small thing perhaps, but it is the small things that annoy. And this is a matter so easily remedied, that it would seem sufficient merely to call attention to it. Will some one get the ear of the City Fathers on this matter? Can we not have at least a beginning? It would cost almost nothing. At the central part of the city at least may we not have the name of each street conspicuously shown at each corner? And along the business streets may we not have numbers?

L. R. LI.

Real Estate Transfers Nov. 15.

S. D. Adair and wife to J. Q. A. Bowley, lot 90, blk 4, Meriwether Downs, \$200.

Geo. C. Hall and wife to F. E. Vaughn, lots 3 and 10, blk 19, Columbia additions; \$130.

A. Jurha and wife to Otto Dufner, one acre, Smith D. L. C.; \$300.

Geo. C. Hall and wife to H. R. Lewis, blk 8, Columbia addition; \$800.

Frank Faber to Geo. W. Yocum, quitclaim to lot 2, blk 155, lot 5, blk 138, lot 10, blk 138, lot 4, blk 149, McClure's; \$63.00.

Geo. C. Hall and wife to Bruno Sittig, lot 1, N. E. lot 2, blk 13, Columbia addition; \$168.

Wanted as an Investment.

One or two improved business lots. Enquire of W. H. ADAIR.

Machinists, Carpenters, Merchants, Laborers and Capitalists.

The Astoria Real Estate Co. are now selling lots 50x150 feet in WARRENTON, the beautiful suburb, 3 1/2 miles west of Astoria, on the west side of the Skippanon, where the Astoria and South Coast R.R. crosses. The railroad company have secured 25 acres of land immediately west, and adjoining this townsite, for machine shops, round houses, and depot accommodations. Construction of these important improvements will begin early in the spring. For more particulars, apply to the Astoria Real Estate Co., 300 men at Warrenton, which is also the junction of the Tansey Point Branch to the proposed Lumber and Grain Dock. Corner lots, \$125; inside lots, \$100. When 100 lots are sold, prices will be advanced from 10 to 20 per cent.

Weinhard's Beer.

And Free Lunch at the Telephone Saloon, 5 cents.

EARTH TO EARTH AND DUST TO DUST.

Funeral Service Yesterday Afternoon.

The Telephone arrived at 3:40 yesterday afternoon, bearing the body of the late W. H. Gray. Accompanying it came his children, the beautiful little Mary, members of the pioneer and historical society, and a large concourse of citizens.

The cortege proceeded to the First Presbyterian church, which was draped with black. In attendance were: Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Mrs. F. J. Taylor, Mrs. C. J. Trenchard, Mrs. H. F. Prael, Miss Winnie McKean, J. Q. A. Bowley and F. Ross sang "Swear, My God to Thee," and "Safe In The Arms of Jesus," it having been the last wish of the departed that those two hymns be sung at his funeral.

After the fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Campbell, the pastor, and a short address on the connection of the deceased with missionary work, Rev. Dr. Garner spoke as follows: "I am much surprised to see so many citizens present to testify their esteem for the memory of the departed Mr. Gray. We have been accustomed, for so many years, to see his venerable form amongst us that we all shall miss him as though we had parted with a relative, and as we miss him we shall mourn for him, as we do this day."

Mr. Gray was taken from us in his ripe old age. He had accomplished his life work, and was full of honors. He rests from his labors, the results of which will last for the benefit of many generations. His transition is his gain. It is right and proper that this afternoon be set apart by us, who have known him so well and so long, that we may think and tell of the many good deeds, his devotion to principle, to honor, to mankind, to God.

I formed the acquaintance of him whose death we mourn in the summer of 1884. Our acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy that continued as long as he lived. Actuated and influenced by a common sense and interest, many opportunities were enjoyed and embraced to study the character of the man—the aims, objects and purposes that molded, guided and controlled his public and private life. I had a more clear and definite knowledge of him than of many whose acquaintance I have much longer enjoyed.

Mr. Gray was a typical American; in his love of his country, in his sympathies, his aspirations, and in his pride, he was intensely patriotic—loyal to the interests of this great republic in every fibre of his being. The day over which he traveled was often rugged but he was blessed with indomitable courage, untiring industry, and a far-seeing sagacity. His patriotism was of the highest and purest. He was proud—he gloried in the fact that in our country, and under our institutions, young men enjoyed opportunities and could entertain ambitions and aspirations unequalled elsewhere on the face of the globe.

He was a man of the purest affections, with a heart as tender as that of a child. He was possessed of a strong, rugged common sense that aided him in the discharge of all his duties and which produced confidence in him by those who knew him; but to know him thoroughly, to understand something of his ability to grapple with great questions, one wanted to see him in his study surrounded by his books and papers, and hear him speak of this great Northwest—the marvels of wealth developed and undeveloped resources. I have gathered information and knowledge of the history and resources of Oregon and Washington, which I believe no other man could impart. Here he was at home; here he was skilled; here he had knowledge; and while he was proud of his whole country, his pride in his own State, his hope of its future, his belief in its destiny, were a part of the man. His faith in its growth was unbounded. It gave him an inspiration; it impelled him onward in his career, and by this confidence he stimulated faith in others. He firmly believed that the city of Astoria had a wonderful future before it. He tired not in dilating upon the vast possibilities that spread out before this city.

In all the relations of life the aims of Mr. Gray were high and his purposes unselfish; his life was a noble life, a pure and full of the tenderest affection for his family, and now that his labors on earth are closed, and his voice will no more be heard by us, now, when so many of us shall meet his manly form or greet his well-remembered countenance we rejoice to think of these things.

Mr. and Mrs. Gray were charter members of the first Presbyterian church which was organized on this coast, the present church on Clatsop plains. It was what both were in this church relation that Mrs. Gray "went before," to wait for her coming, and she was still cherished in all our churches, and the mind of her husband received a blow from which he never fully recovered after their separation. The one was the complement of the other, and Mr. Gray often felt himself to be a lonely, weary pilgrim, missing her gentle ministrations long after she had crossed the dark "valley of death."

At the formation of this church Mr. Gray withdrew from the church at Clatsop plains and became a charter member of this church, of which he was a member to the time of his death. He was elected to the eldership, but on account of growing years declined to act. Altogether, as we look upon all that could die of him, we say within ourselves, "Rarely has there been a prince and a mighty man in fallen this day in Israel."

With the surviving relatives of our departed friend we sincerely sympathize. Our loss is our loss, but we feel with heart of grace when we remember, that with him it is better—far better, for he is with Christ, whose presence makes heaven.

The perils of warfare have been succeeded by the honors of victory, and pain from which he often suffered, has given place to "fulness of joy." Wherefore comfort to those who are left behind. Your father, your relative, you will not see again till the heavens be no more; let it be your concern and your earnest endeavor so to live that you may step hands into that beautiful city. "Repent and be converted that your sins may be forgiven you." Seek, by simple faith in the crucified Redeemer, to become, like Him, a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. And what I say to you I say to all. Let us every one in the strength of the Lord give ourselves most earnestly to the work of preparation for our coming change. And now I conclude.

"There is no death." The stars go down to rise upon some fairer shape.

And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forevermore."

After the address, a large number of those who knew and loved him in life came forward for a last look at him who lay peacefully sleeping in his robe of white. The body lay in the chancel of the church last night. The funeral will be at ten o'clock this morning.

Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body. Give it a trial.

The latest style of Gents' Boots and Shoes at P. J. GOODMAN'S.

Remember the Austin house at the Seaside is open the year round.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

ELECTION DAY AND NIGHT.

BY MRS. JOGGLES.

Know Joggles? He's my invalid husband. Doesn't know enough to come in when it rains. If he did he'd stay out and get soaking wet to oblige his political party.

Joggles is peevishly domestic and intelligent except at election time. About a week before election he begins to act up. He saddles the party on his back and begins to grow thin and pale and nervous. His mind is filled with majorities, straight, splits, slips, canards and candidates.

I give him Hall Columbia—I have even kept him awake all night talking to me—but it does little or no good. The old crank is figuring out a net gain of 28 in the second ward all the time I'm talking, and when forced by exhaustion to stop for a moment, he looks at me with glowering eyes, reaches out his paw and yells:

"Whoop! shake! I tell you, we've got 'em!"

The closer it gets to election day the more of an idiot he comes. Strange men come to the house, and he takes them out on the porch for a whispered conversation, during which they nod and wince and chuckle and shake paws. He is called out of bed to stand on the front step and mutter and mumble with strangers who may be mistaken for assassins. "I all know, I wish they were. I wish they'd hit him with a sand bag and render him unconscious until after election. He slips out nights and without asking my advice or consent, and along towards midnight, after I have got the whole police force looking for him, he comes sneaking in and confidentially whispers: "Say, Hamer, it's all fixed to run Biker in the forty-eighth ward, and his election assures us a grand victory all along the line!"

"You old idiot! but what do I care about Biker or your grand victory? I yell at him.

"Sh! Don't talk so loud or the opposition will get on to our track." And the way he says it and the rest of 'em write communications to the papers signed "Pro Bono Publico," "Veritas," "Workingman" and "Taxpayer" is perfectly awful. I've known Joggles sit down and write a whole card of protest claiming to know exactly what ailed the country, and furnishing a political platform for it, sign it "Truth," and send it off to appear in the morning print and scare half the country to death. Joggles know what ails the country! Why, he doesn't know a wart from a stone-bruise!

It is on election day that his vivid foolishness glares like an electric light. He gets up half an hour earlier, gulps down a hasty breakfast, and rushes off to peddle tickets and change votes, and see to bringing out the full vote. He doesn't go though before I have said to him:

"Joggles, you are a flat-footed idiot! You turn with a crank! You ought to be turned out with kangaroos! You—" "We'll make the majority 100 all around and bury the opposition out of sight!"

At noon I hear that he has bet our house and lot on his favorite candidate. At 3 o'clock that he has been pounded all to a jelly.

At 6 that he has also bet the baby and the cook-stove on majorities. At 9 that he has offered to bet me against a \$15 overcoat.

At 10 that he has gone to political headquarters to stay a week, and that when some one asked after my health he replied:

"Furs' rate—tuff's ole rhinoceros an' twice as ugly! 'Rah! for our side!"

At midnight I kick his Sunday plug hat across the door, fling his slippers out doors and smash his pipe and go to bed. I'll settle with Mr. Joggles when he comes home, and if blood is split the law must hold me blameless. At noon next day he comes home in a hack, hat smashed, pockets inside out, coat-tails torn off and a \$50 suit of clothes completely gone. His hat is on the back of his head, his eyes bloodshot, and beer stains all over his vest. I arm myself to slaughter him, but he begins to cry and protest:

"Shay, Hamer, go light on 'er feller! Hal ticket got cleaned out by 100 majority, an' I've come home 'er die!"

CHILDREN ENJOY.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of SYRUP OF FIGS, when it is used as a laxative and if the father, mother be costive or bilious—the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

North Addition 1 will be advanced to \$90 per lot on Monday, Nov. 17th; so all who want bargains better get in while there is a show at the \$45 rate. This is the best property on the market to-day as a speculation, and as the lay of the country is of the best it will be a good place for residences in the near future. A lot of 10 acres, with 100 calls for 6 lots to one person and 8 to another. Persons from the distance appear to be in possession of some facts of value and people are ready to invest and wisely select north Addition as a safe place in which to invest their money.

An Awful Sore Limb

Skin Entirely gone. Fleshy mass shed in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies in two months.

Cured by Cuticura

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from knee down to ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. I was diminished about one third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all remedies, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My leg was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, after nearly two years, my leg is as well as it ever was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease remains. G. G. ABERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Skin Disease 17 Years.

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was so running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies, but without effect until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case. L. R. McDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

Another Marvellous Cure

The CUTICURA, CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and CUTICURA SOAP, are the best of all skin remedies in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES. ED. N. BROWN, 729 N. 10th St., Omaha, Neb.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Human Remedies, internally, and CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, are a positive cure for every disease and humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER, DRUG AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials. PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin, prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

HOW MY BACK ACHES.

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain Relieved in one minute by the use of the Great Anesthetizer.

Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing plaster.

From now until after Christmas we will be showing New and Nobby goods Suitable for the Holiday Trade.



Why We SEALAND. THE TERMINUS of the Ilwaco and Shoalwater Bay Railroad. THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT ON THE NORTHWEST COAST. Lies at the head of the Bay, at deep water, and only twelve miles from the bar. The coming county Seat and Commercial Metropolis of Pacific coast. Now laid out. Lots on the market from \$50 and upward. For particulars and full information, call on or address B. A. SEABORG, Ilwaco, W. T.

High Novelties! This Week the Handsomest line of Sain Embroidered Goods ever shown in Astoria in Table Scarfs, Stand Covers, Piano Scarfs, Sofa Cushions, MANTLE SCARFS. OUTLINING GOODS IN LINEN MOMIE CONSISTING OF Tray Cloths, Splashers, Carving Cloths, Tea Cloths, Dyolies, Bureau and Side-board Cloths. NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY. The Leading House of Astoria For FINE DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING. C. H. COOPER'S.

THE Astoria Real Estate Co. Office First Door South of the Odd Fellows Building. The Best Bargains Yet Offered! In Blocks 21, 23 and 28, HUSTLER & AIKEN'S ADDITION. Less than 1 Mile From the Postoffice. SIXTY of these Lots sold within the past 8 days. The price of this Choice Property is going up daily, and may be taken off the market at any time. Price of Lots, \$115 to \$160, according to Location.

THE PEAVEY PATENT GANT DOG. HABICHORST & CONANT, Successors to KIRK SHELDON. HEADQUARTERS FOR LOGGERS' SUPPLIES. Agency for ATKINS' CELEBRATED SAWS. LANDER'S LOGGING JACKS. GENERAL HARDWARE. 161 Front Street, PORTLAND, OR.

Magnus C. Crosby Dealer in HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL, Iron Pipe and Fittings, STOVES, TINWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS SHEET LEAD STRIP LEAD SHEET IRON, Tin AND Copper.

HERMAN WISE THE Reliable Clothier and Hatter, Occident Hotel Building. The Str. Telephone Portland and Astoria. Time Table. Leaves Astoria: Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 A. M. Leaves Portland: Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 A. M.

Thompson & Ross Carry a Full Line of Choice Staple and Fancy Groceries. Give Us a Call and Be Convinced.