

BEWARE OF QUACKS AND FRAUDS.

Never in the history of the Pacific Northwest, has the country been so overrun by quacks and frauds as at present; unfortunately the editors of our newspapers, with but remarkably few exceptions, in their great haste to make money, forget what they owe their subscribers, and for a few paltry dollars prostitute the columns of their journals, and do not hesitate to print and editorially recommend that, which, if they are fit for the position they occupy, they must certainly know to be a swindle and humbug.

We have not the space now to particularize each and every specie of fraud now before our people, but if "a word to the wise is sufficient," our readers would do well to cut out the following and pin it to the linings of their hats:

When you read a long advertisement telling you what positive cures a certain medicine effects, give it a wide berth; no medicine can be guaranteed to *positively* cure anything.

When some fellow takes up a large amount of newspaper space in telling you what a skillful doctor he is, that he can tell all about the patient's disease by simply looking at him, and that he is just from Berlin, Paris or Dublin, and comes here to Oregon or Washington out of pure love for mankind and to alleviate human suffering, give him "the go by," he is a quack, and when you are sick consult the regular resident physician of known standing and respectability; his card in the newspaper is modest, and simply announces his name, profession and office hour.

When a fellow tells you you can get a piano by simply purchasing a can of yeast powder, don't do it, for usually you will find a grocer gets the piano, whilst you have the yeast powder and a poor quality at that.

When a fellow offers to sell you a box of pens for a dollar and give you a chance to draw a hundred dollar prize, don't bite; he is a fraud and doesn't come here to get rid of hundred dollar bills. He may, as a bait, allow you to draw a dollar bill, but the large prizes are taken by his confederates.

When a pretending spiritualistic medium offers to send you a picture of your future husband or wife on receipt of your photograph, a lock of your hair and two dollars in coin, don't send

for it, but if you feel as if you must have a picture of that kind, we will on the receipt of ten cents and without the aid of your photo or lock of hair, send you as pretty a picture, and which will be as near a photo of your future husband or wife, as any picture that you pay two dollars for.

Don't have anything to do with these seers, fortune-tellers and kindred humbugs. The past you know, and the future, if pleasant, will be an agreeable surprise to you, if not anticipated, and if unpleasant, you will have time to enjoy your misery when it comes; in such

CALOCHORTUS OR MARIPOSA TULIP.
This beautiful flower is a native of California as well as Oregon. It grows in great profusion at the base of Mount Hood, and is considered one of the most desirable bulbous plants known, where a grand display in the flower garden is desired early in the spring. It blooms about the same time as the tulips, and by many it is considered finer; the flowers are of the same shape and size as a single early tulip; they are of various colors, all marked in the center in an odd and curious manner, the markings resembling those of a



CALOCHORTUS VENUSTUS, OR MARIPOSA TULIP.

cases it is much better not to take time by the forelock.

Last, but by no means least, beware of tree-peddlers who claim to represent Eastern nurseries. Their stock is usually worthless, and last year's experience with this tribe should be quite sufficient for most anyone. When you need trees or shrubbery, purchase them of any of the responsible nurserymen in Oregon and Washington Territory; if not acquainted with them, look for their cards in the advertising columns of a journal which you know to be respectable.

A \$12,000 public school house has just been completed at Eugene City.

peacock feather. They were named in honor of Mariposa county, where they are more plentiful than anywhere else.

APPLES AS A LUXURY.—A friend residing on the main road from Walla Walla to Spokane Falls, in a letter to us says: One day last week a pack train, consisting of thirty-three mules laden with green apples from Walla Walla, crossed at the bridge, going to Missoula, Montana, where apples sell for twenty-five cents a pound at wholesale. The distance is about 325 miles, and they were making fifteen miles a day; each mule carrying a box on each side containing from 140 to 190 pounds. The animals were going through on bunch grass and looked sleek and fat