

Albany Register.
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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876.

Condensed Lightning.

Mouton has discontinued his suits against Decker.
The Maritime bank of St. Paul, suspended on the 13th.
The Tribune thinks Hayes has a majority.
Gen. Sheridan will make his headquarters at New Orleans.
The court of Alabama claims has adjourned till Dec. 31st.
President Grant has pardoned Wm. O. Avery, the whisky thief.
Cravens, Democrat, has been elected to Congress from Little Rock.
Last Thursday the commission to reorganize the army was to have met.
Democrats are charged with fraud in North Carolina.
There were three interments from yellow fever in Charleston on the 12th.
New York hotels have reduced their prices since the 15th inst. to \$3 50 per diem.
Three steamers with 3,000 Spanish troops have arrived at Cuba.
The Car's speech produced great excitement in England.
In case of the Pope's death the Vatican will be occupied by the military.
Sir Stafford Northcote, deprecates Lord Beaconsfield's defiance of Russia.
The Servian Government has received instructions to send back all Prussian officers in that territory.
Tweed was extradited as a matter of courtesy displayed by the United States under similar circumstances.
Seven thousand citizens of Athens met lately to resolve upon an association for promoting military preparations.
By objecting to the conference, the London Times accuses the Porte of attempting to create dissension among European powers.
The Egyptian Minister of Finance, died before reaching exile of hard drink.
He plotted against the Khedive by telling that he was selling the country to the Christians.
Florida Democrats are accused of doctoring the returns and stealing the ballot-boxes.
The N. Y. Sun hopes the American people will tamely submit to the election of Hayes.
Many of the gentlemen appointed to watch the Louisiana count have arrived at New Orleans.
The disqualification of Sollice, the Vermont Postmaster, will make no difference in the Electoral vote of the State, as by the State law the Legislature can fill the vacancy.
The U. P. R. R. Company earned during August, \$1,263,175 85, in September \$1,305,935 99.
Chandler denies that he telegraphed Kellogg that Louisiana must be counted for Hayes at all hazards.
Jos. Gorgenson, Republican, has been elected to Congress from the Fourth Virginia Congressional district.
The N. Y. Times claims South Carolina for Hayes by 2,000 to 5,000 majority.
It is said that 7,700 Republican votes were thrown out at Petersburg, Va., by the Democratic Board.
Several minor "crooked whiskies" were fined at St. Louis on the 13th, thus disposing with the last of the rig.
F. Grappate, convicted of murder in the second degree, hanged himself in his cell at Watertown, on the 13th.
C. Crall, freight conductor of the C. C. D. I., was shot by a tramp at Shelby, Ohio, on the 12th, for pulling him off the train.
The New York Sun says Tilden has carried Florida and Louisiana with South Carolina in doubt, but in favor of Tilden.
A nice and sympathetic but inquisitive and "spoons" young man was visiting a State prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "I stole a girl's will, and got off safe, but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The nice and sympathetic young man left immediately.

The U. S. Government lately bought \$1,000,000 in silver in London.

Famine is feared in some districts of Bombay.

Lisbon was visited by a hurricane on the 13th inst.

No wheat was received from Pacific ports in England last week.

Negotiations are going on between this country and the great powers for an interchange of fugitives from justice.

In this way Sweeney and Conolly, now in Paris, will be sent home.

Concerning the next Congress the situation now seems to be about as follows: It is tolerably certain the Republicans have elected 132 and the Democrats 145, and 3 members are yet to be chosen. This leaves 9 members in dispute, as follows: The 3d Arkansas, claimed by the Democrats, though not with confidence; the 4th California in doubt, with chances apparently equal; the 6th Illinois is claimed by the Republicans; 2d, 4th and 6th Louisiana claimed by the Democrats, apparently on very slender grounds, 5th Maryland, claimed by the Democrats by a very small majority, and the same remark applies to the 3d and 7th Missouri, the majority asserted in the former being but one. It should be added that the Republican candidates in the 3d and 4th Massachusetts Districts have asked for a recount of the votes.

A Times' special says many of the Florida polling places are so inaccessible that it may be a week before the full returns can be placed in the hands of the board of commissioners. Republicans say they have underestimated their vote in this State.
Pinchback says the returns which are coming in at New Orleans show encouraging signs for the Republicans. Bruce thinks all the Congressmen are elected in Louisiana except one.

Sollace, of Vermont, having resigned the postmastership, is a qualified elector. So says Senator Morrill. Resignation at any time before he receives his election commission is sufficient.
It is telegraphed that Democrats are circulating the report in Washington that one of Oregon's Republican electors will go for Tilden. A telegraphic falsehood.
Gen. Ruger has arrived at New Orleans with troops. Democrats are pouring in from all parts of the State. Three New York detectives have arrived.
A serious riot occurred at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on the 14th, between some railroad mechanics on a strike and those of their number who insisted upon working.

The campaign against the Sioux is over, and the Sitting Bull, proud of the result, walks off pawing up the ground, to the admiration of the smiling squaws, and boastfully bellowing, "I'm yer howling hyena of the hills and pate-t-old he har-lifter of the per-rarries—I'm your rip-roaring raccoon of the mountains—your Sitting Bulli boy with the glass eye, and your big gaul darned and double-fisted son of a steam engine—I'm the high pressure, iron-jawed passage machine, to chew up your Crooks and Terry's—you heard my horn!" And poor Crook and Terry, they must feel sorry that they ever learned the business.

Our Nation's Financial Standing under Republican Rule.

During the month of September last, four and a half per cent bonds to the amount of \$50,000,000, were sold at par in gold, the best sale of government bonds on record in the history of any nation. If this transaction had been made on the basis of Mr. Buchanan's loan, the cost to the Government would have been \$5,000,000, while all the expenses are now about one twentieth of that sum. On the whole, the sum of four and a half per cent bonds negotiated, the Democratic discount would have been \$28,000,000. As it is, the loan is sold at par, and the expenses of all kinds are limited to one half of one per cent.

In 1867 the Government paid \$143,781,591, for interest on the national debt. Last year it was reduced to \$100,243,271, and this year it will be nearly \$5,000,000 less still. That is to say, the burden of interest has been reduced one third in ten years.

Had the Democratic House perfected necessary legislation, the Treasury would now be selling bonds paying only four per cent interest. In spite of the neglect of that body, the present administration has the distinction of having disposed of the four and a half per cent bonds on better terms than any other nation ever negotiated its bonds for so large a sum.

This Government never before paid so low a rate of interest as now, and no other Government ever reduced the interest burden so rapidly as the present administration is doing.

A nice and sympathetic but inquisitive and "spoons" young man was visiting a State prison, gently asked a girl prisoner the cause of her being in such a place. "Oh," said she, with a contemptuous toss of her head, "I stole a girl's will, and got off safe, but, like a fool, I went back after the stream that turned it, and was arrested." The nice and sympathetic young man left immediately.

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair, good name was willed;
And friends once fond grew cold and stilled,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whisper, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one,
That muttered low, for very shame,
The thing the slanders dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight!

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

It seems but yesterday that he came to me, the dog, I mean. Allie and I were sitting in the cool portico, the sunshine flecked the floor and the wood-bine cast dancing, leafy shadows athwart the brightness. The air walden with the sweetness of the honey-suckle, and the great syringa was starred with the pale, fragrant flowers. I was putting the last stitches in Fred's vest, our dear, only brother.

"I don't suppose," said I, half angrily, "that this is the last vest I shall ever make for poor Fred, by any means! Ellen will never make one for him, I am sure! What he ever saw in that doll-faced creature to love is more than I can imagine." I was ashamed of the words as soon as uttered, for Ellen Warren was a very good girl; but, you see, I did not want Fred to marry any one.

"She is very amiable," said Allie.
"O, yes, of course, and I am not. My path is marked out for me, an unlovely old maid in my brother's family! We were so happy! And my foolish tears fall on Fred's wedding vest."
"You will have me left, Helen!" exclaimed poor Allie, in distress.

For an answer, I touched the hand of gold on her shapely hand and shook my head mournfully, I am afraid.

"A sister is a sister all the days of her life," quoted Allie.
"O, yes, I replied, wiping my eyes, "and a brother is a brother till he marries a—" but the sentence was never finished. There was a stir among the shrubbery, a low growl, and a great, black, Newfoundland dog bounded to my side in an alarming manner. He showed his white teeth threateningly to unoffending, terrified Allie, but rested his great head on my knee, wagging his tail, and looking up in my face with eyes that were full of honesty and goodness.

No one knew the dog or claimed him; it was a quiet country village in which we dwelt, and it was almost a mystery from whence he came. He persisted in his sudden attachment to me, however, and I became quite attached to him. I could think of no name to which he would answer, until I chanced to speak the name of Philip. He sprang to me with such a burst of wild joy, that I thought he recognized it as his own, and called him by it.

Fred married and took his wife to Quebec, so Allie and I were left alone for a time. They were coming back when "honey-moon" was over, but I dreaded the coming of a stranger to our pleasant, peaceful home. I was so selfish, I wanted Fred all to myself! One afternoon young Paul Waldron came for Allie, they were acknowledged lovers. He wished to carry her out to his mother's to take tea and spend the evening. I assured them I was not afraid, and they were off. Fred was quite true. Tying my sundown beneath my chin in a goodly hard knot, I looked the door, and strolled away into the woods, with Philip for protector and companion. The hills were wrapped in a fleecy mantle of clouds and haze, but there was an ominous stillness that foretold a tempest. We took a long walk, but the heavy peals of thunder accelerated our steps, and I stumbled and almost fell over what appeared to be a bundle of rags, lying directly in our path, in a little grove of hemlocks and pines back of our own house. Philip growled fiercely, and the bundle of rags cursed and swore to a way that proved it to be a living man. I called the dog away and hastened home, as the rain-drops came burrying down.

Paul and Allie could not return at present, so I tried to wait patiently for them. The heavy thunder seemed to come nearer and nearer, the very windows rattled, a loose blind kept time to the warlike music of the tempest. It had been a happy, restful day, but it was closing in darkness and anxiety. How lonely I was, and this feeling was to mine for the rest of my life. Fred was married, home would be home no longer with a stranger as its mistress. All the glory and beauty of my quiet life was to be snatched from me at one sweep, for Allie was soon to be married. I was unreasonably, I knew I was, but that did not prevent my feeling wretched and miserable. Thinking such wicked, rebellious thoughts, I fell asleep to be awakened at a late hour by a low growl from Philip, and, at the same instant, a loud knock at the front door. The tempest had passed, and I thought my sister and her escort had returned at this unseasonable hour, out of pity for me. "I thought I am asleep," I said, as I ran to the door. "Have you come at last, tranquil!" I cried, joyfully, as I drew back the bolt and flung open the door.

"Yes, here I am," said a rough voice, "and I'll teach yer to step on yer betters," and the brute, with a fearful oath, caught me rudely by the arm. The dog at my side raised himself to his full height, standing on his hind legs he towered far above me, and without a sound, sprang at the man's throat. Then came a fearful struggle, they rolled over and over on the floor like two human beings, the dog showing more intelligence than the man.

The noble dog was victor, and, without harming him he held him on the floor in one position until morning came,

and with it the help I walked a long, weary mile to obtain.

Philip undoubtedly saved my life, for the prisoner proved to be a dangerous villain long wanted by the State. They told me that I fainted when it was all over and Allie and Paul got home; after it followed a long and tedious illness through which my brother's wife nursed me with untiring care. How I had wronged her! I learned to love the sweet, girlish face almost as well as Fred himself. She was so honest, unselfish and kind that I was heartily ashamed of my former feelings. I yielded submissively to her kind care, or I was as helpless in my weakness as a child, but I could not subdue the thoughts that crowded my feeble brain. I missed something; at last I remembered, it was Philip, was he dead? did he writh kill him? One day I questioned my sister Allie. "He has found an owner," she replied, with an odd look.

"I want to see him," I said, bursting into tears and sinking weakly back upon the pillows of my chair. The dog was sent for; and, by and by, when I was stronger, I became acquainted with his master, a fine looking gentleman of forty, with hair and beard of snowy white, and contrasting strangely with the youthfulness of his face and form. He was Ellen's half-brother, and, while on a visit to his step-mother, had lost the dog. He had returned to find the valued animal. Strangely enough, I had called the dog by his master's name, Philip—Philip Warren. He was a scholar and a bachelor, wealthy and eccentric, yet I have never regretted that the dog or his master claimed me for their own, to love and protect, even unto death. Fritz, for such was the dog's name, is old and blind, but my twin girls twice fresh wreaths around his neck, and nestle their curly heads beside his, grown gray with age, with a beautiful childlike devotion of which he is well worthy.—Mrs. S. P. E. Hathorne, in Portland Transcript.

What saved a Veteran.

Years ago Clus. M. Lee was a great lawyer in Rochester, New York. On one occasion he was defending an old veteran for having stolen a note for thirty dollars. There was scarcely a doubt of the man's guilt, but Lee getting over the knotty points of the evidence as well as he could undertook to carry the jury by oratorical means. He described in graphic terms the bloody attack on Stony Point, by Mad Anthony, at which the prisoner, then a dare devil of nineteen years of age, distinguished himself, and closed his speech as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, will you send to the State Prison for passing a contemptible thirty dollar forged note, an old hero of three-score and ten, who in his youth cheered the heart of his country in the darkest hour of the revolution by storming Stony Point?"

"This was a pose to the jury, who retiring, returned after an absence of about two hours, when the clerk went through the usual formula:
"Gentlemen of the jury have you agreed upon a verdict?"
"We have."
"Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty, or not guilty?"
"Not guilty, because he stormed Stony Point!" thundered the foreman. The audience applauded and the crier rapped for order, the district attorney objected to the recording of the verdict and the judge sent the jury out again, telling the foreman in a sharp tone, that they must render an unseasonable verdict.

After an absence of ten minutes, they returned, when the foreman rendered the simple verdict of not guilty, adding, however, as he dropped into his seat:
"It was a good thing, though for the old revolutionary cause that he stormed Stony Point?"

FORMING A SALE.

It was a job to sell old Twister anything at a decent profit, and, indeed, to sell him anything at all half the time; he only handled over the goods, asked the price, said they were too high, and walked off. One day our head salesman saw him coming in, and told the boys to keep back and he would certainly sell him something before he left the store, and so we stood back and waited.

"What's the price of these goods?" said Twister, taking hold of some that were lying in an open case.
"These, Mr. Twister, are twelve and one-half cents a yard," said the salesman, naming half a cent under the price.
"Twelve and a-half! Too high. Now at twelve we might trade."
"Well, we will say twelve to you," said the salesman.
"Well, I dunno as I want the goods enough," said Twister. "It ought to be made an object. Now at eleven and a-half I'd buy."
"Well, you shall have a case at eleven and a-half," said the salesman, determined he should buy at some price.
"Well, I don't want but half a case," said Twister.

"Very well, we will divide the case for you."
"I s'pose," said the purchaser, "you'll throw in the case and won't charge for cartage?"
"Yes," said the salesman, "we'll take out half the case, charge you nothing for cartage, throw in the case, and sell you the goods for eleven and a half cents."
"Six months, I s'pose," said the keen buyer.
"Yes, six months' credit and privilege of returning all you don't sell," said the persevering seller—"now, I suppose I may ship them right up to your town?"
"No, no, I don't be so fast, young man; I guess I won't take 'em, I don't like to have goods forced on me in that style."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree.

The Story of Eliza Harris.

Everybody will remember the story of the poor slave mother in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who escaped from her pursuers by crossing the Ohio on floating ice; but possibly everybody is not aware that Mrs. Stowe only wrote a real incident into the thread of her story. In the "Reminiscences of Levi Coffin," just published, he gives the following version of this thrilling incident, as told him by the woman herself.

She said she was a slave from Kentucky, the property of a man who lived a few miles back from the Ohio river, below Ripley, Ohio. Her master and mistress were kind to her, and she had a comfortable home, but her master got into some pecuniary difficulty, and she found that she and her only child were to be separated. She had buried two children, and was doubly attached to the one she had left, a bright promising child, over two years old. When she found it was to be taken from her she was filled with grief and dismay, and resolved to make her escape that night, if possible.

She watched her opportunity, and when darkness had settled down and all the family had retired to sleep, she started with her child in her arms, and walked straight toward the Ohio river. She knew that it was frozen over at that season of the year, and hoped to cross without difficulty on the ice, but when she reached its banks at daylight she found that the ice had broken up, and was slowly drifting in large cakes.

She slowly tried some way to cross the river the next night, but there seemed little prospect of any one being able to cross the river in safety, for during the day the ice became more broken and dangerous to cross. In the evening she discovered pursuers nearing the house, and with desperate courage she determined to cross the river or perish in the attempt. Clinging her child in her arms, she started out of the back door and ran toward the river, followed by her pursuers, who had just dismounted from their horses when they caught sight of her. No fear or thought of personal danger entered Eliza's mind, for she felt that she would rather be drowned than be captured and separated from her child. Clinging her child to her bosom with her left hand, she sprang on to the first cake of ice, then from that to another and another. Sometimes the cake she was on would sink beneath her weight, then she would slide her child on to the next cake, put herself on with her hands, and so continue her hazardous journey. She became wet to the waist with ice water, and her hands were numbed with cold, but as she made her way from one cake to another, she felt that surely the Lord was preserving and upholding her, and that nothing could harm her.

When she reached the Ohio side near Ripley, she was completely exhausted and almost breathless. A man who had been standing on the bank watching her progress with amazement, and expecting every moment to see her go down, assisted her up the bank, after she had recovered strength. He directed her to a house on the hill in the outskirts of town. She made her way to the place, and was kindly received and cared for. It was not considered safe for her to remain there during the night, so, after resting awhile, and being provided with food and dry clothing, she was conducted to a station on the Underground Railroad, a few miles further up the river. The next night she was forwarded on from station to station to our home in Newport, where she arrived safely and remained several days.

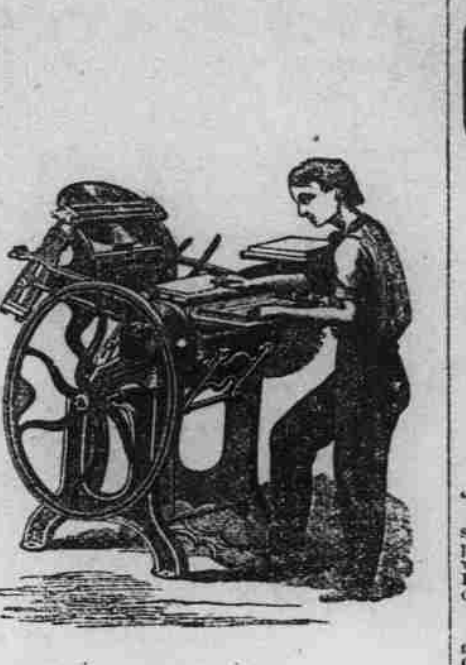
Other fugitives arrived in the meantime, and Eliza and her child were sent with them by the Greenville branch of the Underground Railway to Sandusky, Ohio. They reached that place in safety, and crossed the Lake to Canada, landing finally at Clitham, Canada West.

Keep the Brain Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry it through is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can. This is the only recuperation of brain force. Because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes, burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the splendid steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness in sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing to themselves; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is no power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is no power enough left to swallow anything and all is over.

Where is the best place for reflection? In a mirror.
A farmer gathers what he sows, and a seamstress sews what she gathers. Many a man who pretends to dislike pastry always has his finger in everybody's pie.
A man in Cayuga county, says he has found where the try-strings place of the honey-bee is.
Why are railways aristocratic? They teach a man to know his own station, and stop there.
"But that man is deaf," expostulated a man at the opening of a case in the criminal court. "Oh, that is all right," whispered a bailiff in reply; "the Sheriff has told him on a piece of paper what kind of a verdict is wanted."

JOB PRINTING.



When you wish

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Visiting Cards.

Business Cards.

Bill Heads.

Letter Heads

Envelopes.

Ball Tickets.

Programmes

Labels.

PRINTING HOUSE.

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Circular.

Pamphlets.

or in fact anything in the

Printing Line.

call at the

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Centaur
Liniments.



[Letter from a Postmaster.]
"ANTICHI, ILL., Dec. 1, 1874.
"Messrs. J. B. Rose & Co."
"My wife has, for a long time, been a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism. She has tried many physicians and many remedies. The only thing which has done her any good is Centaur Liniment. I am pleased to say this has cured her. I am doing what I can for her and her children."
W. H. RING.

This is a sample of many thousand testimonials received, of wonderful cures effected by the Centaur Liniment. The ingredients of this article are published around each bottle. It contains Witch Hazel, Mentha, Arnica, Rock Oil, Carbolic, and ingredients not known to the masses. It is an indispensable fact that the Centaur Liniment is performing more cures of swellings, Stiff Joints, Excisions, Rheumatism, Sprains, Sciatica, Caked Breasts, Lockjaw, &c. than all the other Liniments, Embrocations, Extracts, Salves, Ointments and Plasters now in use.

For Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Neuralgic Causalgia Epistaxis, It is admirable. It cures Burns and scalds without a scar. Extracts of some from bitches and sing, and burns from dunes and children, in a short time. No family can afford to be without the Centaur Liniment, white wrapper.

The Centaur Liniment, Yellow Wrapper is adapted to the tough skin, muscles and flesh of the animal creation. Its cures are more numerous than of any other Liniment. It cures cases of Swelling, Sprains, Wind Galls, Hot Feet and Puff Swellings, and is superior to all other Liniments. Messrs. J. B. Rose & Co., Wholesale, Corner of Elm and Front Streets, New York.

In our neighborhood a number of gentlemen are using the Centaur Liniment. They pronounce it superior to anything they have ever used. We sell as high as four to five dozen bottles per month in New York City.

We have thousands of similar testimonials from Druggists, Physicians and others, who have used it. We have used it in the most difficult cases, and for Swellings in the face, and in the throat, in the most difficult cases, and for Swellings in the face, and in the throat, in the most difficult cases.

PITCHER'S
CASTORIA.

Mothers may have rest and their babies may have health by using Pitcher's Castoria. It is a pleasant and healthy medicine for children. It is a pleasant and healthy medicine for children. It is a pleasant and healthy medicine for children.

POND'S
EXTRACT

Be careful, for I will speak of excellent things. Pond's Extract is a great Vegetable Pain Destroyer. It has been in use over thirty years, and for children, it is a pleasant and healthy medicine. It is a pleasant and healthy medicine for children. It is a pleasant and healthy medicine for children.

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NATIONAL
Business College,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION IS THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. The National Business College, Portland, Oregon, is a well-organized and successful institution. It is a well-organized and successful institution. It is a well-organized and successful institution.