O'THELLO.

O'Thello was a sojer bould,
Though black he was by nature;
To Disdemony he was wed—
An innocint young crayture.

Wid her he lived in payce an' quiet,
For she was no vyrago,
Till on a cursed night he met
A villin called Iago.

Sez he, "Yer wife's a perjured jade;
Och! she's a faithless lassie—oh!
She doesn't care two pins for you,
But she'd give her two eyes out for Casshio!

"Wid him she gallvants about
All in her hours of laysure;
To him she gave her pocket-handkerchief,
All for to wipe his rayshure!"

Wid that he fell into a rage,
An' ris a wondhrous riot,
An' swore he'd murdthur her that night,
Whin everything was quiet.

But not wid dagger nor with dirk,
For that would raise a foul shtir,
But he'd take an' blow the candle out,
An' smother her wid the bolsther.

[*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine.*

JOSEPHINE'S DREAM.

Josephine March lived in an old red-brick house, which stood at the corner where the Canor's Close intercepts the Cathedral square. It looked on neither of them, except as it were by the side glance of two big windows which lit its staircase. All its other casements opened on its own green garden, large enough to allow of bright flower-beds, open, sunny lawns and bower-like leafy dells. The Misses Knightly to whom the house belonged, took a pride and interest in their garden. They were proud, too, of the delicate needle-work which decorated their apartments, and days had been when they had added to its treasures, but they were old ladies now, and their eyes were failing, and they did no more. But spring and summer, autumn and winter, made room for perpetual changes in that garden, and their gentle exercise in its genial sunshine did them good. And Miss Margaret often said to Miss Elizabeth, "What should we do without the garden and Josephine?"

Josephine was not of their blood. She could remember the day when first she wondered who she was. She remembered asking that question of Miss Elizabeth, and she remembered the kind lady's answer, "that when she was old enough she should know all they could tell her." The promise was kept when she was seventeen.

That was three years ago, and Josephine would have started to be told how many hours she had spent in revolving the few meagre particulars she then heard. She was a foundling, discovered in an encampment of gypsies, whose thievishness had brought down the police upon them. The pretty baby's fair hair and blue eyes had provoked inquiry and some of the women of the gang had eagerly confessed that she was none of their people; she had belonged to a strange young woman who had joined them some months before, and had since died. They could not be quite sure whether she was the mother. She had always said she was not. One harridan went so far as to narrate the dead girl's confession that she had a baby of her own, which had died, and that she had stolen this one to personate it, for the sake of some money. The Misses Knightley had heard this at the time, and like most of the neighboring ladies they had gone to see the little innocent babe crowing in the honest arms of the constable's wife, who had it in temporary charge.

The Misses Knightley walked home in silence, till Miss Margaret said, "Lizzie, the little thing took to you." Then she saw her sister was crying. But Miss Elizabeth put aside her tears with a strong effort, and said:

"She curled her little fingers around mine, just as Joseph did when he was a baby."

Joseph was a brother years younger than themselves, who had died in boyhood.

"Her eyes are the color of his," observed Miss Margaret. "Ah, if he had grown up and married, we might have had his children about us now."

"Why shouldn't we take this one?" asked Miss Elizabeth impulsively; "we have a right to do as we like, I suppose," she added with a dash of defiance at the storm of ridicule and criticism which she felt would rise about them.

And in the end the two ladies drove back in the twilight and bore home the baby in triumph.

"I never in my life felt so much as if I was committing a crime," Miss Margaret said afterwards confided.

This was little enough for poor Josephine to hear, though it was dressed up with loving little details of how they gave her the feminine form of their dead boy-brother's name; and added for patronymic that of the "roaring moon of daffodils," during which he was carried into their quiet retreat.

What dwelt most in Josephine's mind was the vague unknown which lay behind all the information she could get. In her own heart she entirely refused to believe that she could be the child of the outcast woman who had died in the gypses' camp. The police might have refused to believe about her dying confession—the Misses Knightly might seem to have forgotten all about it. What did they care to whom she belonged, now that they saw her a fair and graceful maiden, full of gentle ways and learned in gentle lore, turning over their old volumes of the poets with her fresh young fingers, and looking, and speaking and acting just as they could have wished in that dream-child who might have been Joseph's "if Joseph had lived?"

They had her portrait painted by the rising young artist of the town, and it was exhibited in the country art academy. It was not called "Miss Josephine March."

"Nobody but our Josephine's friends need know who it is," they said to each other, and the picture was called "An English Girl."

It showed her standing at the door of Miss Elizabeth's favorite arbor, just as she really stood nearly every morning during the mild months, for she always ran down there to await the lady's return from her daily tour round the garden.

The young artist—Philip Harvey—felt he had never had a sweeter subject, and perhaps there was something in his eyes which said so, for certainly there was something which set Josephine thinking what would happen if they fell in love with each other, and she was suddenly discovered to be some great man's daughter—the child, perhaps, of some secret marriage. That dream dominated the poor girl's mind terribly. She grew to believe it.

It was only natural that she should yearn after the unknown kindred who must be somewhere in the world. It was only unfortunate she began to feel that the two dear old maiden ladies were not really her aunts, and this alone accounted for any rebellious feelings that would arise when the wise restrictions and counsels of age occasionally crossed the whims and impulses of youth.

There was nothing bitter or scornful in Josephine's dreams. How could there be in one so sweetly reared? Only she fancied unimaginable warmth in the kindred ties that might at any moment close around her and carry her off—the Misses Knightley would never wish to keep her, and she would fulfill all the pet wishes of those dear old hearts. They should have the new Turkey carpets they sometimes talked about, and the Knightley jewels should be reset.

But it came to pass that one morning when she was standing by the arbor, just as she had stood in the picture, a carriage drove up to the gate—at least it was not a carriage, but a cab; and out of this cab stepped an elderly lady with a lean, dark face, muffled in rich but rather rusty black lace. She paid the cabman, and lingered for a moment at the gate, looking to the right and to the left. Then she advanced up the straight, center walk toward the arbor. She was nobody whom Josephine had ever seen before—a sour, common-place-looking person who eyed her with great curiosity.

"This is Miss Knightley's house?" she asked abruptly, when she was within speaking distance.

"Yes, madam, it is," answered Josephine.

The lady came a step nearer, and looked at her shrewdly. "And you are a Miss March," she said," and your portrait is in —— gallery. Have they been good to you—these people here?"

Josephine flushed hotly. "They have been my truest, kindest friends," she said warmly. "But for whom—"

"There, there, child!" interrupted the stranger, "don't go into heroics. I want to see them. Take me to them."

Josephine obeyed. She led the stranger to the prim little drawing room, and bade a maid send the Misses Knightley to her immediately. Then she returned to the arbor. Her heart beat fast with uneasy fears. No, no, it could not be; it was foolish to imagine it. This was somebody from the country town, probably begging on behalf of some institution.

Presently there was a light step on the gravel walk beside her. It was only Miss Elizabeth; but her face was pale, and her eyes tearful. Josephine's heart stood still.

"Child," said the old lady tenderly, "it is a comfort to think we shall not suffer in losing you. We often felt that you must long for your own people. We think that they are found now."

"That is not—not my mother," gasped Josephine.

"No," said Miss Elizabeth, "your mother died when you were born, sweet one, and that poor outcast of the gypsies' camp stole you from the woman with whom you were placed at nurse. It was that pretty portrait which did it all," cried she old lady, bursting into tears. "Your relations saw it, and thought that nobody but their own lost daughter could be so like your dead mother. And so they found out who you were, and all your story. This lady is your aunt—your father's sister."

"And my father?" gasped Josephine again.

"Is a learned and distinguished old gentleman with whom she lives in profound retirement about 100 miles from hole," returned Miss Elizabeth with heroic truthfulness. "Come into the house, child, and see your mother's miniature, and hear all your aunt has to say."

How different it was from Josephine's dream. Yet her courage somewhat revived at the thought of the learned old gentleman and his scholarly seclusion. Only her new aunt, her "real aunt" damped it again. She was so ugly, so business like. She did not want to lay surreptitious claim to Josephine's affections. She did not want to carry her off. A lawyer would wait on the Misses Knightley and go into every detail of the matter, before they would be expected to resign their charge. Then she would return for her. Her name was Payne—Miss Selina Payne—and her niece had been christened after her.

"So you're Selina Payne, too?" she said, looking at Josephine March; "and I expect you will be very thankful to have a name that really belongs to you."

Josephine had just one more week in the old Corner House, and a sad and trying week it was.

As for the Misses Knightley, they wept much in secret, and though they said little about Miss Selina Payne, they often wondered over Mr. Payne, and remarked to each other that brothers and sisters were frequently very unlike, as if that offered the most hopeful view of that unknown savant.

Then Josephine left them. Miss Selina cut their farewells very short. "You're not parting forever," she said; "I come very near here every half year about some money business, and some times I'll bring her with me and leave her for half an hour." And before the Misses Knightley could protest against such curtailed visits, the cab had driven away.

Their railway journey brought them to a dismal little black village called Carrow. It stood up anyhow round a great factory, which was pouring forth fierce light from a hundred square windows.

"That's the works, Selina," said her aunt—"the chemical works for which your father experiments and analyses."

"Oh, how ugly!" cried the girl—which was perhaps ungracious.

"It brings us bread, Selina," said the aunt, "and your father will expect you to take an interest in his work and to help him, I can tell you," she added; "though he'll claim more from you for his hobbies and his pets, and such useless trash."

"And so you're Selina," cried a thin, cracked voice, in the hall of a low, dark house into which they were ushered. "Ah! you've got Maggie's eyes. Poor Maggie! There, there, don't smother me! We shall have plenty of time to get to know each other."

And as that life began, so it went on all through that awful winter. The old lady and gentleman received no visitors, they had dropped most of the amenities of life, and they were waited on by faithful servants after their own heart. Mr. Payne's duties lay among dangerous gases and acids; his recreation consisted of the study and domestication of living snakes and newts and frogs, and the dissection of dead specimens—delights which he cordially invited his daughter to share. As for Miss Selina, she always gave a grunt when letters came from the Misses Knightley, and when Josephine threw out hints that she would like them to receive some substantial yet graceful recognition of their goodness to her Miss Selina curtly replied that she had no doubt they paid themselves in one way and another.

And this was the fulfillment of the dream for which Josephine had often turned away from the sweet realities of her old life at the Corner House! There was nothing shameful in it; on the contrary, it had credit and honor, for the poor girl saw from newspaper and certificate how high her father stood in the estimate of his scientific brethren. And she would inherit a considerable fortune, too. She was assured of that. Yet Josephine's head was sick and her whole heart faint.

The crisis came one day, when, rising from a dutiful but nauseating endeavor to mount a specimen for her father, she fancied she heard a familiar voice in the hall. What could have brought Philip Harvey there, and what sort of reception would he get from Aunt Selina? Hastening from the study, she met that lady returning from the front door with a satisfied smile on her lips.

"Who has been here?" asked the neice, with a sinking heart.

"Some young whipper-snapper, wanting to see you," returned Aunt Selina. "A Mr. Harvey. We don't want any of that sort here. Those fellows who live by their wits are always very sharp after fortunes."

As her aunt spoke Josephine felt the low dismal hall reel round her, until it seemed as if frayed brown oilcloth rose up and smote her on the face—and she had fainted.

* * * *

It was summer once more, and the old green garden of the Corner House was again rich in color and sweetness. A carriage stands at the gate. Half an hour ago it brought up three people—in a few minutes it will carry away only two.

A group of five advance from the little arbor. There are the two Misses Knightley and Josephine. (How pale and thin she looks; and how like a convalescent breathing fresh air and sunshine after months of fevered confinement! and yet Josephine has never been, as her Aunt Selina says, "really ill." And there is Aunt Selina herself and Mr. Payne.

"Yes, ladies," says the old gentleman, "I know it's all right. 'What can the girl want,' says my sister, 'more than to have us always, and to see the Misses Knightley every now and then? Say I, Selina, maybe the right chemical combination would be for her to have the Misses Knightley always, and see us now and then, just by the way of renewed experiment to prove it would not do.' You needn't defend yourself, child; I know you did your best. Selina are you ready? Well, child, if ever you hear of any curious specimens—you remember that rare toad I was always looking out for—let me know. Good-by."

"Josephine," whispered Miss Elizabeth, as the three turned back to the old house, "I have asked Mr. Harvey to come up and spend this evening with us—I did not think you would object——. Why, Margaret, the roses on her cheeks are beginning to bloom again already!"

And Josephine dreamed no more of grandeur and broken hearts.

Two Literary Women.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal recently visited two literary women, and found them so practical in the management of their homes, that she could not refrain from communicating the following facts concerning them. She says:

"Marion Harland, Mrs. Terhune, is living now in Springfield, Mass., her husband having accepted a call to the First Congregational church there. He is a noble man; strong, learned, eloquent. Enter his crowded church and you feel his power; visit his Sunday school of over 500 members and see what a grand work he is doing. Besides all this he is a physician and gives his services to the poor of his congregation. Mrs. Terhune has a class of 40 young men in her husband's Sunday-school, who are glad to be guided by her wise, common sense counsel. She is not merely a successful novelist who has amassed a handsome fortune by her pen—she is every inch the true woman, a model wife and mother.

"She planned the architecture of their new home, and the kitchen is to me the most interesting part of the house—so wisely arranged, so pleasantly fitted up; she is queen there, quite as much as in her drawing room. Her hand is seen everywhere—in the exquisitely decorated panels of the furniture, devised and executed by herself; such dainty themes as a cluster of water lilies and a fascinating little cherub or winged Puck standing in the center of one flower, parting its beauties with his rosy-tipped fingers. The pictures of fish and fowl in her dining room are done by herself, and in the library you find copies of color from Pompeii. All this without the least trace of vanity or superiority. It is one of Mrs. Terhune's pet theories that the more a woman knows, the better housekeeper, wife and mother she can be, and she is a shining instance of such possibilities.

"Rose Terry Cooke is another. Her home in Winsted, Conn., is entirely different, but equally charming—an old-fashioned country house, with antique furniture rifled from many a garret; everything extremely simple, but full of cosy comfort; a genuine home. She not only writes capital poetry about her garden, but she actually gets up before sunrise to work in it. Her roses are her especial pride; but she takes almost the entire care of all the flowers, and they repay her richly. She, too, is a famous cook, and might publish a cook book, if so many others had not done the same thing."—[Christian Mirror.

A Brave Girl

Everybody knows Ruggles, of Swan Lake—a good natured, noisy farmer, who can be heard all over the township. But everybody don't know his daughter, Miss Mary R., and this anecdote relates exclusively to her. Ruggles has a fiery, high strung team of horses, that will run at every opportunity. One of the horses by family consent, belongs to the daughter. One morning a few weeks ago the team was standing hitched to a wagon at the door; something startled them, and away they were off in a twinkling like the wind. They made a straight line for a deep slough about half a mile away, and in less time than we have been telling it were in it—clear up to the driver's ears, with the wreck of the wagon attached to them, and all hands kicking and struggling, but still stuck fast. The girl, with dilated eyes, had watched the flight of her favorite, and without a moment's hesitation she resolved to rescue the animal. She ran like a deer to the water, plunged in, swam to the horses, extracated them from the harness, the mud, and the wagon, and piloted the whole outfit to the shore! Mary is a brave, courageous girl, and the Gazette takes pleasure in recording the fact.—Fonda Gazette.

The Smallest Baby Alive.

A gentleman from Candelaria informs us that the smallest baby in the world was born in that camp at noon on the 31st instant. The father is a miner in the employ of the Northern Belle mine and weighs 190 pounds. The mother is a stout, healthy woman, weighing perhaps one hundred and sixty pounds. The child is a male, as perfectly formed as any human being could be, but at its birth it only weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut, and the size of its limbs can be imagined when we say that a ring worn on the little finger of its mother was easily slipped over its foot nearly to the knee. Our informanant states that it was the opinion of the attending physician that the child would live and prosper in good health, notwithstanding its diminutive proportions. The midget is so small that three of its size could play hide-and-seek in a cigar box. This is believed to be the smallest baby ever born.—[From the Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Lookout Mountain.

It was on Lookout Mountain, at Chattanooga, a New Yorker stood on Pilot Knob and looked down into the valley, and exclaimed:

"How grand!"

"That's ten cents extra," replied the guide as he extended his hand.

"What a charming prospect!" continued the visitor.

"That's a fifteen cent expression—pay at the gate as you go out!"

"Here has nature mingled the grand with the beautiful—the sublime with the lovely—the majesty of the mountain with the loveliness of the valley!"

"Colonel, that's one of our regular fifty cent ovations. It will be charged in with your hotel bill."

"Villain! how dare you!" said the Yorker, as he seized him and backed him to the edge of the cliff.

"Don't you do it, Colonel," calmly observed the man. "Throwing a guide off the Knob always costs two dollars more—pay at the toll-gate as you go down."

USEFUL RECIPES.

Bachelor's Pudding.—Beat up three eggs, flavor with essence of lemon and grated nutmeg, and add them to four ounces each of finely minced apples, currants, grated bread crumbs, and two ounces of sugar; mix thoroughly and boil in a buttered mould nearly three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

A Cake for Children.—Here is something especially for the children: Make a light, but not rich layer cake, then shave up fine a cupful of nice white maple sugar; add about two tablespoonfuls of water; let this boil till, in the language of a cook, it "hairs from the spoon;" stir it till it begins to cool; have the white of an egg beaten to a standing froth; stir this into the sugar and spread between the layers of cakes.

Jellied Chicken.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible until the meat can easily be picked from the bones. Manage to have about a pint of liquor when done. Pick the meat from the bones in fair-sized pieces, removing all gristle, skin and bone. Skim the fat from the liquor, add an ounce of butter, a little pepper and salt, and half a packet of gelatine. Put the cut-up chicken into a mould, wet with water; when the gelatine has dissolved pour the liquor hot over the chicken. Turn out when cold.

Lemon Soufflets.—Put four tablespoonfuls of potato starch in a bowl with three yolks of eggs, one ounce of butter and a few drops of lemon essence; turn into it, stirring all the time, about three gills of milk; set on the fire, stir continually, and take it off as it comes to the boil; continue to stir slowly, when it is cold, beat three yolks of eggs to a stiff froth and mix them very gently and slowly, pour into cups, and bake in very moderate oven.

Zephyr Cakes.—Excellent. Wash the salt out of nearly a quarter of a pound of butter; add to it a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar and three well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of rose water, and sifted flour enough to make a thin batter; stir till the batter is perfectly smooth and so light that it will break when it falls against the sides of the mixing-bowl; fill well-buttered muffin-moulds (small) nearly half full with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven; serve hot with newly-made butter.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, one teaspoonful of butter, and sufficient milk to fill the plate. Beat the butter and sugar well together, add the beaten yolks, mix all the ingredients thoroughly together except the juice of lemon, which must not be added till ready to bake. Line your dish with a rich paste, and bake half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with two spoonfuls of powdered sugar spread over the pie; when cool, return to the oven and brown slightly.

Orange Jelly.—For a small dish of jelly take a little more than half a package of Cox's gelatine and dissolve it in a half-cup of water, letting it stand for an hour; then add the juice of five sour oranges and a little less than a pound of white sugar; after mixing these together pour on the whole a half pint of boiling water. The mixture is not to go near the fire at all. Put it into your mold and set it in a cold place. When ready to serve dip the mold for an instant into hot water, and then turn out the jelly. Double the quantity for a large dish.

A Word of Caution.

"By George! there's the girl I told you about who flirted with me the other day—the one with the sky-blue neckerchief and swell hat, with white feather nodding over her forehead. Stunner, r.in't she?"

Then followed some words in an undertone, ending with a light laugh.

"Good afternoon, Jack, I'm after her."

"No, youre not!" and the other seized him roughly by the shoulder. "By Jove! what do you mean? That girl is my sister. Just you dare speak lightly——"

"W-h-e-w!" interrupted the first speaker. "Beg pardon, Jack, but you must teach your sister not to flirt with strangers if you want her spoken of with respect," and he vacated the spot which had become rather warm for him on the instant.

From our standing place in a doorway on Washington street, we searched among the crowd for the girl with the "sky-blue neckerchief and swell hat." We caught a glimpse of a lovely, vivacious face, with bright, sparkling eyes, the white plume drooping over the rings of dark hair on her forehead, and saw her brother, his face contracted with a frown, join her hastily. Evidently she would not be allowed to wait until she arrived home for the lecture she needed.

The practice of flirting with strangers on the street, on the horse-cars, in the restaurants, etc., "just for fun," without the shadow of an introduction, at best under cover of some flimsy pretext, which is at once understood by the opposite party, has grown very prevalent.

'Dont do it, girls! You may have as much pride of character and self-respect as the most punctilious, well-bred lady who stands upon strict etiquette, but you won't get credit for it!

"But it's such fun to lead them on a while, and then make fools of them."

Don't delude yourselves. They don't see the matter from your standpoint. In nine cases out of ten you make yourselves ridiculous in their eyes, and pamper their self-conceit, which was too well fed before.

We know innocent, pure-minded girls do such things thoughtlessly—from love of mischief—one leading on another. But if they could hear the sly inuendoes and covert insinuations with which their acts are coupled afterward, their slumbering, womanly instinct would be aroused, and they would blush with mortified shame at the motives imputed to them.

"Prudery!" some girl exclaims. Very well, if a woman's opinion is worth nothing, ask that of some of your gentlemen acquaintances. We mean neither "old fogies," as you would call them, nor those sceuted, mustached exquisites, with three ounces and a quarter of brains or thereabouts, and narrow souls, inflated with self-esteem, until each considers himself the peer of the noblest. Ask a self-respecting, high-minded man, and listen to his opinion.

This is the age of agitation of "Woman's Rights." We don't know much about the subject except this, that woman has a sacred right to the respect of man. We think the majority of men have a natural instinct in that direction. Let woman see that the charm be not dissolved by an act of hers. Let her scorn to descend a step beneath her level. Let her carry herself loftily.

Horseradish is a profitable crop to grow, as it finds sale at five and six cents per pound unprepared. It is bought readily by manufacturers of the prepared article.

Nearly all kinds of fruit do well on a mixture of superphosphate and wood ashes. Lime is not suitable for strawberries, but excellent around apple, peach and pear trees.

Every farmer should select a portion of rich soil, clear from weeds, which should be devoted to roots, such as beets, turnips, rutabagas or carrots for feeding cattle and hogs. They are good starters for fall feeding.

If sulphur is well dusted around the sheds and hog-pens it will effectually drive off lice. Put it on the hogs, also, and leave a little in the trough for them to eat.

The Westinghouse.

The proprietors of the Westinghouse threshing machine have decided to push their goods throughout the entire northwest and have already started a vigorous campaign. The Westinghouse Separator is light running, strong and durable with an excellent shoe and riddle movement that makes the machine very valuable in separating wild oats from wheat. It has many excellent points that will win for it golden opinions wherever introduced. The house has established a branch in Portland with a thoroughly practical machine man Mr. G. P. Dart, as manager. Mr. Z. T. Wright, for some year with the J. I. Case company is with Mr. Dart and will be of much service in pushing the Westinghouse to the front. The house also handles an engine that has many improvements and good points. They are always ready to send descriptive circulars on application.

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. LADD,

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

The best way to have good photograph work done is to go to Abell, the Gold Medal Photographer, 167 First street, Portland. He always gives satisfaction.

After giving the Oregon Blood Purifier a fair trial, I have found that, as blood purifier and reconstructor, it is what it claims to be, and gladly recommend. A. LEVINGSON.

Do you suffer from biliousness and liver complaint? Nothing equals Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier in relieving these diseases.

Remember the Elite Theater is the only established place of amusement in Portland. Open every night except Sunday. New stars every week.

Any book in the Seaside or Franklyn Square Library sent on receipt of price by the N. P. News Co., 147½ First street, Portland. Dealers in all kinds of books and stationery.

All sensible people suffering with rheumatism use Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. Sold at $1.00 a bottle.

Send $1.00 to W. D. Palmer, Portland, for one year's subscription to the Pacific Overseer, the great semi-monthly A. O. U. W. paper.

SHEET MUSIC—Largest stock on the northwest coast, orders filled promptly. Send stamp for catalogue and journal, Wiley B. Allen 153 Third street, Portland.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John R. Garrison 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

For the best Oregon photographs go to Abell the gold medal photographer, 167 First street, Portland. The best work at popular prices to be had there.

MUSICAL I.—The largest stock of sheet music and musical instruments north of San Francisco can be found at Simon Harris', Portland, Oregon. Catalogues mailed free.

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines

For that headache! Try the Oregon Blood Purifier, the vegetable remedy, it's the cure.

Dr. Henley's celebrated California I X L Bitters always relieve Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Portland Business Directory!

MUSICAL.

THE MUSICAL PASTIME.—A monthly journal of music (both vocal and instrumental,) sent to any address for 50cts per year. Address Wiley B. Allen, publisher and music dealer, 153 Third street, Portland, Oregon. Catalogue free.

SURVEYORS.

W. B. MAYRE.—Civil Engineer, Contractor and surveyor. Office—79 Stark street, Union Block, Portland, Or., with Perry & White, Real Estate Agents. Surveying done in any part of Oregon or Washington.

BAKERIES.

EMPIRE BAKERY.—62 Washington. Voss & Pihl, Props. Manufacturers of Pilot Bread, Soda, Picnic, Butter, Boston, Sugar and Shoe Fly crackers. Orders from the trade solicited and promptly attended to.

ASSAYERS.

J. R. McINTOSH.—Cor. Front and Stark. Chemical analysis made of coal, mineral waters, etc. Ordinary assays of gold, silver, lead or copper, from $3 to $5. Dr. P. Harvey, Consulting Chemist.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. KENNEDY.—Attorney and Counselor at Law Room 5 Dekum's building. Legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for inventions, before the Patent Office, or in the Courts, a specialty.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY
—AND—
SANITARIUM, OR HOME FOR THE SICK.

Macadam Road bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.

Dr. Pilkington, late Professor of Eye & Ear Diseases in the Medical Department of Willamette University has erected a fine building, on a beautiful elevation in the south part of the city and is prepared to accommodate patients suffering from all diseases of the EYE, EAR or THROAT. Also will pay special attention to persons laboring under Chronic Nervous affections, and to diseases peculiar to women, and receive a limited number of cases expecting confinement.

The intention is to provide a Home for such cases with all the best hygienic appliances combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolis.

Consulting physician and surgeon Dr. Philip Harvey, Prof. of diseases of women and children in the medical department Willamette University.

Also Dr. J. M. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med dep't. Willamette University.

For any amount of references and circular, address

DR. J. B. PILKINGTON,
Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

WILLIAM COLLIER,
MACHINIST.

Dealer in New and
SECOND HAND MACHINERY,
68 Madison St., Portland, Or.

Parties desiring Boilers, Engines or SAW MILL MACHINERY can secure by addressing Mr. Collier.

New and Second Hand Machinery
Bought and sold or traded to advantage.

THE ESMOND.
FIRST CLASS.

RESTAURANT THE BEST IN THE CITY
All Modern Improvements. Open all day.
J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor

DRS STARKEY & PALEN'S
PHILA. HOME TREATMENT PENN
COMPOUND OXYGEN
SOLD BY INHALATION 606
H. E. MATHEWS MONT'G ST
SAN FRANCISCO.

For Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Headache, Debility, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and all Chronic and Nervous Disorders. Packages may be conveniently sent by express, ready for immediate use at home. Send for free treatise on the Oxygen treatment. Address the proprietors, 1109, 1111 Girard Street, Phila., Pa., or H. E. MATHEWS, Pacific Depository, 606 Montgomery St, San Francisco, Cal.

Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh

LIQUID OR DRY, PRICE $1 00; "ATMOSPHERIC Insufflator," price 50c. Dry Cure and Insufflators mailed on receipt of price, with full direction for use, etc. S. G. SKIDMORE & Co., Druggists 151 First street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast. mar29ly

MEN AND WOMEN,

Boys and girls, anyone who wants light, pleasant employment in which from $3 to $10 per day can be made will send their name and postoffice address to us immediately, and receive our descriptive circulars. Address, D. H. Getchell & Co., No. 187 Front street, Portland, Oregon.

THE "WHITE." WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD our entire interest in, and transferred the agency of the White Sewing Machine to Mr. John R. Garrison, of 167 Third str et, Portland, Or. Mr. Garrison will hereafter supply the growing demand for this superior and popular sewing machine exclusively.
ap15 HILL & BARR

THOMPSON, DeHART & CO.
Iron & Steel
MERCHANTS
AND DEALERS IN
Shelf and Heavy Hardware,
BLACKSMITHS' TOOLS,
Farmers' and Mechanics' Supplies,
WAGON AND CARRIAGE
WOOD STOCK,
CARRIAGE HARDWARE.
CLOTH AND LEATHER TRIMMINGS
ANVILS, VISES,
Files, Twist Drills, Hammers, Sledges, Tongs, Stocks and Dies,
Norway and Refined Iron, Horse Shoes and Nails, Cumberland Coal,
CHAINS, CORDAGE OF ALL KINDS.
Blocks, Oakum, Oars, Capstans, etc.
BOLTS, RIVETS, SPIKES AND NAILS.
OUR STOCK OF
Wagon and Carriage Material
IS THE
LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTED ON THE COAST.
174 First St., 173 and 175 Front St., corner Yamhill, Portland, Oregon.

A GRAND REVOLUTION
In the Boot and Shoe business.
AT THE
New York Boot and Shoe House
NO. 196 FIRST STREET.

Having enlarged my store and just received a large invoice of Ladies', Gents' and Children's
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
From the largest and best Eastern Houses. The public can rely upon getting a finer article than ever before offered in Portland and at LOWER PRICES.
Call and see for Yourself and be convinced
H. GALLICK,
New York Boot and Shoe House, No. 196 First Street.
All orders from the country will be delivered free of charge.

"For the Blood is the Life."
OREGON
REGISTERED MARCH 25, 1879.
BLOOD PURIFIER
Absolutely the best known remedy
MAKE USE OF THIS VEGETABLE KINGDOM
A SURE REMEDY FOR
BLOOD and LIVER COMPLAINT
For sale everywhere—$1 00.

PACIFIC COAST
Land Bureau,
A CORPORATION.

President.....WENDELL EASTON
Vice-Pres. and Gen. Manager.... GEO. W. FRINK
Treasurer..... ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK
Secretary..... F. B. WILDE

Board of Directors.
J. O. ELDRIDGE, GRANT I. TAGGART,
G. W. FRINK, F. S. WILDE,
WENDELL EASTON

Principal Place of Business.
22 Montgomery Street, San Francisco
Sub-Agencies in each county seat of the State.
Agency for Sale and Exchange of Farming lands. Large tracts subdivided and sold at auction or private sale.
Colonists and Immigrants located. Careful appraisements made for Banks, Courts Administrators, Trustees, etc. Legal forms complied with. Full records of sales in each county on file at the General Office. Assume entire charge of property pay taxes, insurance, etc. etc.
MONEY TO LOAN

GARRISON'S
SEWING MACHINE STORE,
167 Third Street, Portland.
JOHN B. GARRISON, Proprietor,
AGENT FOR THE
White, Improved Singer, Crown, Howe, New Home, Davis, Wilson, "D" Howe, Royal St. John,
And General Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory for the
Household Sewing Machine.
Dealer in all kinds of Sewing Machine Attachments, Needles Oils, Etc.
Sewing Machines repaired on short notice.

BUCKINGHAM & HECHT'S
BUCKINGHAM & HECHT THE COUNTER & SEAM PROTECTOR TRADE MARK HER CULES PATENTED MAY 4 1880
BOOTS AND SHOES
Are the BEST and COST NO MORE than Other Brands, and if the Merchant with whom you Trade does not keep our Goods it is because it PAYS better to sell a pair of Boots or Shoes every TWO Months than every FOUR or FIVE.
WE WARRANT EVERY PAIR
We make. All Merchants in Good Credit can procure these Goods at our Warehouses in PORTLAND or San Francisco.
TRY OUR "HERCULES" BOOTS
HECHT BROS. & CO.

PALACE ORGANS.
Warranted First Class
$85 UPWARDS.
SIMON HARRIS
SOLE AGENT
48 First St., Portland
Catalogues mailed Free.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
SCHENECTADY,
NEW YORK.
BRANCH HOUSE,
PORTLAND, OGN.

We are now receiving a full line of our Celebrated Separators, Lever and Tread Powers, Portable and Traction Engines. Our Separator is Light Running, Strong and Durable and unequaled as a Grain Saver. Our Thresher and has the best Shoe movement and Riddle for separating Wild Oats from Wheat. Our Horse-powers are Compact, Easy Running and don't break down. Our Engine is an improvement long needed; Weight 1500 to 2000 lbs less than the average engine of same power, and uses one-third less water and fuel to do the same work. Is durable and easy to manage. Hundreds of these engines and threshers have been in successful operation for years.

Please send for our Descriptive Catalogue and Price List and investigate thoroughly before giving your order.

Saw Mill Machinery and Stationery Engines Furnished on Reasonable Terms.

G. P. DART, Manager.

OFFICE—Commercial Dock, Foot of Morrison street, Portland, Oregon.

FURNITURE!
F. S. CHADBOURNE & Co.
Cor. First and Yamhill, Portland, Or.
We are now prepared to give the best Bargains in
FURNITURE, BEDDING & UPHOLSTERY,
EVER OFFERED IN THIS MARKET.
Don't Fail to Give us a Call Before Purchasing.
F. S. CHADBOURNE & CO.,
First and Yamhill Streets, Portland, Oregon.

PERUVIAN BITTERS

(CHINCHONA RUBRA.)
The Finest BITTERS in the WORLD.
THEY EFFECTUALLY CURE
MALARIAL DISEASES,
Vitalize the System and arrest the ravages of the Dreadful Alcohol Habit, DIPSOMANIA.
Ask your Druggist or Wine Merchant for them.
WILMERDING & CO., Agents, San Francisco.
W. J. VAN SCHUYVER & CO., Portland.

F. S. Akin. Ben. Selling. H. E. Dosch.
BUY NONE OTHER. BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST. THEY ARE ALL "SADDLE SEAMED."

See that our Trade Mark, "THE BOSS" and
A. S., & CO.
is on every pair.
EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED.
AKIN, SELLING & CO.

1850. 32 Years Practical Experience. 1882.

John A. Child
DRUGGIST,
Dealer in
Fine Chemicals, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Sponges, Soaps, & Rubber Goods.
Cor Morrison & 3d sts Portland, Or.
Special attention paid to orders by mail when accompanied with the cash.

SPORTSMEN'S EMPORIUM.
WM. BECK & SON.
Importers and dealers in
Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers
Rods, Reels, Lines, Baskets, Flies, Leaders, Sinkers, Floats, Sturgeon Lines, Hooks of all kinds.

FISHING TACKLE.
Braided and Tapered Oil Silk Lines.
Six Spliced Split Bamboo Rods,
165 and 167 Second st., Portland, Or

This great Strength Giving Remedy and Nerve TONIC is the legitimate result of over 30 years of practical experience, and CURES WITHOUT FAILING CERTAINTY Nervous and Physical Debility, Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa,