(41)

"GRAN'MA AL'US DOES."

BY H. A. POE.

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails;
Jus' two, free will be plenty,
We're going to haul our rails.
The splendidest cob fences
We're makin' ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em,
Gran'ma al'us does.

My horse's name is Betsey
She jumped and broke her head,
I put her in the stable
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable's in the parlor;
We didn't make no muss:
I wis' you'd let it stay there,
Gran'ma al'us does.

I's going to the cornfield
To ride on Charlie's plow;
I 'spect he'd like to have me—
I wants to go right now
Oh, won't I gee up awful,
And woa like Charley woas;
I wis' you wouldn't bozzer,
Gran'ma never does.

I want's some bread and butter,
I's hungry worstest kind;
But Taddie musn't have none,
'Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it—
Tell you what, I knows
It's right to put on sugar,
Gran'ma al'us does.

PEN.

"What an odd little name for a young lady—Pen!" said Roy Delbert, to Miss Dane, who had been speaking of her cousin.

"A diminutive," replied Dahlia Dane, suppressing a yawn behind her fan, as if tired of the subject. She was named Penelope for an aunt of ours who left her little income—enough to buy ribbons and gloves with Heigho! what a very hot day it is!"

And Miss Dane looked down the road, as if she would like to behold a chariot and six horses coming to bear her from the sufferings of that sultry afternoon.

But Roy continued to gaze down the garden, where a young girl was busily cutting heliotrope and carnations.

She had not a pretty face, but it was a singularly interesting one, with dark eyes, gentle, tender, and framed by natural waves and curls of dark brown hair.

The profusion of hair was knotted back by a cherry ribbon, the only bit of color about Pen, while Dahlia wore a rich, silken robe of mingled purple and scarlet.

Such rich tints suited the stately, handsome girl. Roy often told her so, and wished to put her in a picture as Cleopatra, but Miss Dane declined. If it had been for another kind of character! But Roy Dalbert was not that sort of man to care three straws for a Cleopatra.

And here he was looking his eyes out after a girl who might have sat for a Miranda or an Ophelia, while the blue Dane blood was coursing through that stately body with a tumult and rapidity which seemed impossible to one who only knew Dahlia Dane as she appeared.

She seldom seemed moved by any emotion. She was stately, graceful, correct in deportment, and striking for her superb health and habit of wearing rich colors.

Roy had known her for a year, and had never asked himself the question if he could love her. It was a pity, perhaps, for Dahlia Dane loved him with all the force of a strong and repressed nature.

Imperious and resolute, a certain indolence and voluptuousness of temperament made her seem far gentler than she was. Roy had often referred to her beauty, to his artist friends in the city so freely as to make it impossible that he should be in love with her—such are the subtleties of love!

Miss Dane rose, picked a book and crimson scarf from a piazza chair.

"Come into the dining-room, and I will order an ice for you," she said.

"Excuse me for one moment," Roy replied, and ran down the piazza steps.

In an instant he had come quickly behind the little white-robed figure.

"Miss Fay, you are losing your sweetest flowers!"

Over Pen's simple dress of snowy cambric was tied an apron of white linen, one corner of which having slipped from her hand as she reached among the vines, cutting here and there a blossom, her fragrant treasures were falling fast upon the gravel path.

She turned hurriedly, and stood a picture of momentary dismay, while Roy bent at her feet and promptly repaired the accident.

"Thank you!" she said, when the last spray of pale heliotrope was restored to the white apron. "How very stupid I must have looked to you and Dahlia, losing my flowers as fast as I gathered them!"

He did not speak; but the sparkling glance resting on her face did not seem to imply the fault of stupidity. But Miss Dane was waiting, and he went back to the piazza.

When he had taken orange sherbert in the dining room, he asked Dahlia to show him the swans. But the young lady declinod, having for the time a decided aversion to the garden.

"It is far too hot to walk on the terraces this afternoon. This evening when the air is cool, or any other day, with pleasure."

Roy, disappointed, shortly put on his hat and went to his hotel. He had meant to stop at the arbor, where he saw Pen making bouquets, and ask her to [illegible] them on the terraces where the [illegible] came to be fed.

[illegible] it was always so; his innocent [illegible] of this kind always fell through; [illegible] not tell why, but it made him [illegible] out of humor. He vowed he [illegible] not go to Thrushlands again for a [illegible]th—and was there the next day.

[illegible]is time he was more fortunate. Instead of asking for Miss Dane, he asked [illegible] the ladies, and the new servant [illegible]owed him into the music room, where [illegible]en was practicing.

She rose.

"If you will take a seat in the parlor, I will call Dahlia," she said.

"I had rather stay here, if you will allow me," he replied, coolly seating himself; and was rewarded for this bit of audacity by Pen's readily consenting to play and sing for him.

It was only a brief half-hour he had before Dahlia discovered the situation, and came down, but as, with that sweet face smiling upon him, he could not do otherwise than make the best possible use of his time, Pen's young heart, throbbing with a startled sweetness—which showed itself in parted lips and flushed cheeks—Dahlia discovered that her cause was a lost one. But for the proud beauty to surrender was an utter impossibility.

"My father wants you to do some copying for [illegible] I believe Pen," she said coldly.

He did not see her again in that time. It was not strange, for Pen was proud, too, in her way.

"I did not know you were so fond of gentlemen's society as to intercept my visitors," Dahlia had said, sneeringly, that day, after Roy had gone.

Pen, stung to the quick by all the insult implied, after one silent, indignant glance, afterward absented herself from the very house whenever Roy entered it.

It was only a little way from her retreat in the woods, back of Thrushlands' bright grounds, that Roy walked with Dahlia and gave her his confidence, but it was so far among the oaks and chestnuts that she heard never a word, though she could plainly see his figure and the crimson and black of Dahlia's dress—herself undiscovered.

"Miss Dane—Dahlia," he said—"I want to tell you something which I have long kept secret, because it is very precious to me. Will you hear it?"

He did not observe the quick blood mantle her smooth cheek; he only saw that she consented, readily to sit on the mossy rock to which he handed her, and listen.

This earnestness and tender courtesy—what did it mean but that he was hers, after all?

"I want you to be kind to me," he said, slowly. "I am going to confess to you that I love your cousin Pen, and ask her to give you this letter."

He held the letter before her, but she could not see it for the red cloud of passion that swept before her eyes.

"I have tried to say—awkwardly enough probably—what is in my heart. But if she is what I believe her to be, she will be tender of such shortcomings. Say, Dahlia, you have known her long—is she not as gentle, sweet and truthful as a little girl can be?"

Though you do not love Dahlia Dane, reader, you might have pitied her then, the enthusiasm of those handsome, upraised eyes sent such a stab to her heart.

"She has a very nice disposition, and will appreciate this, no doubt," taking the letter.

"It will be safe in your hands, and you will give it to her soon?" were Roy's words as he assisted her to rise; and they walked on.

When Dahlia Dane was alone that night, she looked her door, tore open the letter and read its every word.

It was a noble and manly letter—one she would have given her great fortune to have had addressed to herself by Roy Dalbert. I do not know what prevented her destroying it, for she meant that it should never reach her cousin's hand. But this she did not do. She slipped the sheet again into the envelope, and placed the letter in a Japanese writing-desk, where it lay undisturbed a whole year.

The next morning Pen was sent up into New Hampshire to nurse an invalid aunt.

When, on the evening of the second day, Roy rode over to Thrushlands, Dahlia said:

"Of course, I delivered your letter at once, and with pleasure; but my cousin has been called from home by the illness of one of the family. She promised to write to you soon."

Roy was not suspicious. If he had been, he might have made some inquiries of others, and learned that the illness referred to was but the chronic complaints of old age, and that Miss Charity Dane had a retinue of servants at her beck and call, and did not heed Pen at all.

In truth, all unemployed, she was wandering about the rich house, looking wistfully from every window, and trying, with the worst success possible, to forget Roy Dalbert.

She had been so many years alone, was so utterly unloved, that it was cruel—that one little taste of sweetness, so quickly withdrawn.

"But Dahlia shall never say with truth that I sought him," she murmured, even with the tears dashing down her face.

Dahlia had calculated rightly that the Dalbert pride would not permit Roy to write again. He waited first with hope, then with anxiety, at last in the cruelest suspense for an answer to his letter. Being certain that she had received it, he could finally come to no decision but that he had been deceived in her. The sweet light of those eyes was but a will-o'-the-wisp, with no substance. His own delusion had made her tender and true—impossible to be unkind to the meanest thing that loved her. He had offered her an honest man's best affection—at least she need not have scorned it, he said, bitterly.

He would not talk of the matter even with Dahlia, but, still pursuing the downward path, she sought, in every way possible, to strengthen his resentment against Pen, and destroy his faith in her.

One day, when she was riding with her groom, she was thrown from her horse. She did not seem much injured at first; a slight wound only had been made upon her breast. But it did not heal. Weeks and months went by. The physician came, and came again, and shook his head.

"It could not be said, to Dahlia's parents; "Miss Dane was too young for such a developement, which is almost invariably confined to persons of mature years."

Dahlia was but twenty-five years old, but the time had come for her to die. There was no denying that the hopeless gap in that white flesh was a cancer of the most malignant and unyielding kind.

When too weak to walk about the house; she lay in her chamber thinking about it. Roy Dalbert she had not seen for months, but when she heard one day that he was on the eve of starting for Europe, she bade them call Pen home.

Pen had never loved Dahlia, but when she saw how she had changed, she sobbed.

"Hush, child! Don't cry for me—cry for your own wrongs. Can I not see that you have already almost wept yourself blind up there among the hills? Take that letter from the desk. See, it is directed to you. Roy Dalbert loves you!"

It was the last conscious hour Dahlia Dane ever knew, though she lived many weeks. Pen, alone with the clue to his tangle in her hands, was brave. She wrote to Roy Dalbert.

"I could not permit myself to write to you, but that you believe I have done you a great wrong, and as I beg you to come."

He was in New York city on the eve of his departure; but he let the steamer depart without him, and came as fast as possible to Thrushlands.

"I could not write it," said Pen, drooping in his arms; "but I love you dearly!"

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the end of the line on a tour of inspection, found themselves ice-bound when they struck the Missouri river, and returned to wait for a January thaw. Railroad inspection at this season of the year [illegible] pleasant pastime north of [illegible] line.

Killed by a Mustang.

It was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, the cowboys stripped their tired ponies of saddles and bridles, and staked them out to graze on the thick mesquit grass which fringed the grass of the San Bernardo.

After duty had been attended to, the cooking utensils were brought forth, and soon the coffee-pot was singing, a musical little song, and a leg of fresh calf-ribs spluttering before the fire. The repast, though rough, was made enjoyable by an appetite which only violent exercise and pure air can give, and after the boys had eaten until it became necessary to unbuckle their six shooter belts, blankets were spread under the branches of a live oak, which seemed to stand guard over the broad expanse of prairie, and they settled down for a quiet smoke.

"I tell you what, boys," said Ned Curtis, who was one of the hardest riders and best poker players west of the Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are going to handle some pretty rough mustangs to-morrow, and if any of you fellows want to show your fancy riding you had better be fixing your flank-girts and rolls, because there are some branded four-year-olds in that bunch that are go-going to make you hum like a churn-dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep to stay in the saddle. There is one in the pen that is a perfect picture of the mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to the angels."

"Wasn't he some galoot from the old States?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blankets.

"Yes," replied Ned, "he was a long, tow-headed chap, greener than an August persimmon, with legs shaped like a pair of hams."

"How did he happen to get killed, Ned? Did the mare flirt with him a little too strong?"

"Yes, that was the way of it. You see, he had just come from Georgy, and had never been on the back of a wild horse before in his life, but he was spunky with all of that, and wasn't scared of anything. One day while driving out in Nueces county we made 'round up' of all the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'diamond P' brand, the boys began throwing some down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils 'buck.'

"Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion to ride one himself, and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish and wilder than a coyote, and got some of the boys to help throw her down, because he didn't know any more about handling a lariat than he did about running a prayer meeting.

"When the saddle had been strapped on her, and Bill forked it, she was turned loose, and the crowd stood back to see the fun. Well, sir, that plug raised her head, looked back, bellowed a couple of times, and then she lit into the prettiest bucking I ever looked at. 'Stick to her, Bill!' I yelled, but the only thing he could say was, 'Whoa! stop her, boys; darn her old hide.'

"While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vice, and his hair standing like a brush heap, the mustang stretched herself out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then, bringing herself together like a rat trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground harder thrn I ever heard a fellow hit before. When we picked him up one ear was jammed around to the back of his neck, and, from the look on his face, we knew he wasn't long for this world. He lingered for a day or two, and we did all we could to ease his pain, but one morning he motioned for us to come to him, and as I knelt beside his couch, and took his hand in mine, he said: 'Boys, I'm going to pass in my checks, but I ain't going to shiver about it, even if I do die away out on the prairie, with no one but a few friends around me. I'll have a big, broad bed to rest tn, and if some day you ride by my grave won't you get down and think of me awhile?'"

"Well, sir, the boys—the ornary cusses—were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised that we would, and then he raised himself a little and in a faint voice said: 'Ned, I want you to write to my mother and tell her I wasn't a very dutiful son, but I loved her just the same.'

"'Ned,' he muttered, so faint I could hardly hear him, 'don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into heaven by a mustang,' and with that he fell back, his grasp on my hand relaxed, and Bill Hall was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve it made me feel weak in the knees.

"We buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a schollar, because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the headboard of the grave:

"WILLIAM HALL
Got a FALL,
Killed Dead as a Slug,
By a Texas Plug.
BORN IN GEORGY.

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how today he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live oak to mark his last resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw-poker tonight?"

A Man in the Bed.

A lady residing on Fourth street, and who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from town on a business trip, was shocked on going into her room an evening or two since to discover what appeared to be a man stretched prone upon her bed, with the cover drawn close about him. Her first impulse was to flee, screaming, from the room, but a second thought came, and with it nerve enough to put the thought into execution. The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room and armed herself with a club. She returned with it and touched the object of her fright. There was no sign of life. She touched it again, and still harder, but still the object did not move. She now thought the man was sleeping. And a third thought came. Hurrying into another room she procured a bottle of chloroform, saturated a cloth with the drowsy drug, crept back to the bedside and spread the cloth over the sleeping man's face. When it had been there a minute or two she knew her foe was vanquished. She now ran out and told her neighbors what had occurred. Men armed themselves with guns and sticks and marched in solid phalanx to where the interloper lay. The cloth and the bedclothes were carefully removed and the object beneath them was plainly revealed to sight. It proved to be nothing more than a stuffed dummy with a false face upon it. The lady's young son had fixed it up, thinking to give his mother a scare. She didn't scare, though, worth a cent, and her brave conduct has made her the heroine of the neighborhood. We have told this story just as it was told to us.—Waco (Texas) Examiner.

Dobson as a Roof Climber.

A few days ago Dobson's wife determined that as winter was coming on, it would be necessary to cover the roof with a coating of fire-proof paint. Dobson agreed that the protection of the family against the fire fiend was the first law of nature. Would Dobson be so kind as to go up and measure the superficial area of the roof? Certainly, the head of the house was of the opinion that nothing would be easier than to climb up to the roof and measure it, that the amount of paint needed might be determined. He put a two-foot rule in his pocket and clambered up on the rear of the house by way of the trellis-work. He measured the end of the gable, and then crawled along on the ridge-pole on his hands and knees, measuring as he went and tearing his pants on the nails. Then a gust of wind took him off the ridge-pole, but by falling into a space between two extensions of the house he saved his neck. His profanity and antics brought a crowd of boys to the spot, who began to evince great interest in tne proceedings. When he gathered himself up he had forgotten how many feet the ridge-pole measured and so he was obliged to go over it again. He measured all the separate conformations of the roof and figured up the square feet on a shingle. Then he started down over the trellis work. He got down bringing with him $20 worth of trellis work, spoiling a suit of clothes, and dislocating his leg.

"What are the figures?" asked his wife as she brushed her lord off.

"They are up on the east end of the roof," roared Dobson, "and if you have any more curiosity than I, climb up and get 'em. When I struck the last time they seemed to get jolted out of my head."

An intelligent carpenter was immediately given the contract. He in five minutes got at the proposition by measuring the ground floor.

Duration of Arctic Winter.

Lieutenant Schwatka also read a short paper on the duration of the Arctic winter. The generally received opinion, said he, that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of perfect opaque darkness, is not strictly correct. In latitude 83 degrees 20 minutes 20 seconds N., the highest point ever reached by man, there are four hours and forty-two minutes of twilight on December 22d, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemisphere. In latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes N., the highest point where white men have wintered, there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day, and latitude 84 degrees 32 minutes N., 172 geographical miles nearer the North Pole than Markham reached, and 328 geographical miles from that point, must yet be attained before the true Plutonic zone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man. Of course about the beginning and ending of this twilight, it is very feeble and easily extinguished by even the slightest mists, but nevertheless it exists, and is quite appreciable on clear, cold days—or nights, properly speaking. The North Pole itself is only shrouded in perfect blackness from November 13th to January 29th, a period of seventy-seven days. Supposing that the sun has set (supposing a circumpolar sea or body of water unlimited to vision) on September 14th, not to rise until March 18th, for that particular point, giving a period of about fifty days of uniformly varying twilight, the Pole has about 188 days of continuous daylight, 100 days of varying twilight, and 77 of perfect inky darkness (save when the moon has a northern declination) in the period of a typical year. During the period of a little over four days, the sun shines continuously on both the North and South Poles at the same time, owing to refraction parallax, semi-diameter and dip of the horizon.—[Proceedings National Academy of Sciences.

An English bachelor saw a handsomely dressed young lady on a Boston street and was told that she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He became acquained, and the girl knowing the woman who watched the interests of an elegant house whose owners were at the seashore, was permitted by her to receive him there. She also gave him dinners there, hiring waiters. She told him that her parents were in Europe. He proposed to her, was accepted, and found that the wife he had won was a shop girl.

THE LADIES' EMPORIUM AND LACE HOUSE.

A Visit to the Magnificent Establishment of John B. Garrison & Co.

Enterprising business men are not slow to take advantage of the rapid increase in wealth and population of Portland and the state at large, but meet the demand by careful and adequate supply. The truth of this assertion will not be doubted after an inspection of the establishment of

JOHN B. GARRISON & CO.,

No. 167 Third street, between Morrison and Yamhill streets, Portland, Oregon. This enterprising firm, with a view to thoroughness and permanence, has leased the building 25x80 feet at the above location for a term of years, and has spared neither expense nor labor in fitting it up for the purpose of their extensive business. At the left of the entrance is the

LADIES' EMPORIUM,

Under the direct care of Mrs. M. A. Winnie. Here we find an elegant variety of guipure, tortion, Spanish Chantilly, Russian, Valenciennes, English, thread, Dutchess and point laces, and other varieties, with their delicate tracery and elaborate design; imitation laces in large variety; a line of fine embroideries, one of the specialties of the establishment, edgings and insertions to match, in various widths; embroidery silks, white and in all the new colors and tints; trimming satins in the latest shades; ruchings of various grades; coral, jet, steel and ivory ornaments, and an endless variety of articles found only in a first class house. Among the specialties we note what has never been brought to this city before—a dainty article of linen and silk mulls, handkerchiefs of the finest linen, plain and embroidered, and ladies' flannel underwear, white and in colors, embroidered in silk. The show case in the center contains an elegant variety of the most rare laces artistically arranged over satin of various colors. A few feet from this is displayed an elegant white suit of Lonsdale cambric and tortion lace, made in the house.

On the right of the entrance is a full display of the

ROYAL ST. JOHN, THE NEW WILSON

And other sewing machines. This portion of the establishment is under the charge of John B. Garrison, and belonging to it is a large array of thread, needles, thimbles, machine oil and sewing machine fixtures, and needles for all machines in use in this section of the country. Mr. Garrison is prepared to repair sewing machines of all kinds, on the most reasonable terms, having employed Mr. Desmond, lately with the Howe, who is a machine adjuster and repairer of fifteen years' experience, and who will warrant all work. Passing on to the

MANUFACTURING DEPARTMENT

We find to the right of the hall a room elegantly fitted up for a ladies' reception room. Noticeable upon the wall of this room is a fine oil painting, "Sunny Hours," by Rosance; the apartment is provided with mirror, lounge, chairs, etc., all of which is stylish and appropriate. To the left of the hall is the cutting room, with appliances for that work, and beyondthat is the sewing room, 12x30 feet, airy and well lighted for the business of the seamstress. This room is under the management of Miss Jennie Brown, lately of Edinburgh. A patent plaiting machine, with a capacity of 1000 yards per day, is one of the appliances of this room. This firm proposes to demonstrate the fact that ladies' underwear, plain or elaborately trimmed, can be made at home at prices as reasonable as those paid for the same articles imported so largely from the east, and at the same time furnish steady employment and reasonable wages to a large class of working women and girls. The principles upon which this establishment is founded are carefully considered and based upon the necessity for such an institution, and the elaborate care displayed in fitting it up, shows that it has come to stay. The members of the firm give courteous attention to the wants of their patrons, and will promptly and carefully fill orders from the country. An inspection of the goods offered is cordially invited.

R. M. Reynolds, First Auditor of the Treasury, in his report, calls attention to the fact that the number of accounts examined and adjusted and the amount of money involved in their settlement are without precedent in the history of the bureau. The number of accounts adjusted for the year was 27,081, and the amount of money involved as per vouchers examined, $,099,712,000. He says: "There is over $100,000,000 in excess of the national debt during the same time." The amounts of accounts examined during the last four years were over $9,000,000,000.

An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA." ALBIA, IOWA, May 26, 1880.

To Whom it May Concern:

I take a great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am to-day feeling *strong and well.* I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney Cure is the medicine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others.

G. W. STAMM.

MUSIC, MUSIC.

Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices A large stock of sheet music, books, pianos, musical merchandise, band and orchestra music always on hand. Mr. Warren buys every thing direct from Eastern houses, and can afford to sell cheaper than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue.

Take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure

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(Successors to Coggins & Beach),

103 Front street..... .....Portland, Or.

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Having arranged to import all Principal lines of Painters' Stock and Window Glass, we are enabled to give as favorable terms on this line of goods as any dealers in Portland.

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All Goods on Commission

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Agent for Parrott's Patent Doubletree.

267 First street, Portland, Oregon.

We have for sale a large quantity of mosquite grass seed which is superior for pasturage on brush lands recently burned over.

Santa Claus' Headquarters!

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WM. BECK & SON.

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Toys, Fancy Goods and Novelties, Mechanical and Magnetic Toys, Dolls, Drums, Skates, Sleighs, Masks, Velocipedes and Games.

Send for sample case of toys put upassorted in lots, $10, $20, $30.

SKATES.

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PRICES:

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We Offer to the Interior People Great Inducements in

Crockery, Glassware, Best Plated Ware, Lamps, Chandeliers, Lanterns.

COAL OIL OF ALL GRADES.

And Pack Orders for any amount very carefully Send us your orders, especially for

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

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n5 No 160 First street, Portland

Use Rose Pills

ARRH, the most prevalent but least understood of all diseases, is the cause of much needless suffering and thousands of premature deaths annually. DR. KECK has made this disease a life study, having been a great sufferer himself until cured by His Own Remedy, which he has for thirteen years in his practice—the three last in Portland, Or.—put to the severest tests with the most satisfactory results. He has also treated several physicians. With this accumulative evidence we are warranted in saying that no other preparation for the cure of this disease in any of its forms will give such universal satisfaction as DR. KECK'S SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, which you can get of your Druggist at home, or of DR. KECK of Portland, Or., at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

The Doctor makes a specialty of the treatment and cure of chronic diseases, especially Cancer, and Diseases peculiar to Women. Young men, middle aged or old men who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., should consult DR. KECK. Everything strictly confidential. All proper questions answered through the mails promptly. Enclose a three cent stamp and address DR. JAMES KECK,

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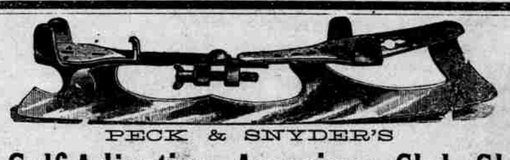

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