

## THE WOODS OF TROOH.

FROM THE IRISH.

With the rings shining fair  
Of her rich red of hair—  
With the beam flashing blue from her eye,  
These heart strings of mine  
Are like fibres they twine  
When they fettered the fawn that must die.

Yet, if Fortune would give  
That with her I might live,  
Like the winds should I fly to my queen,  
For my fond heart abides  
Where the bright one resides  
Where the tall woods of Trooh flourish green.

Now, then, let us depart,  
Oh thou prize of my heart!  
And in love's rosy bowers we'll abide;  
There's a murmur of trees,  
And of waves and of bees,  
Where the tall woods of Trooh mantle wide.

The apple is there,  
And the nuts cluster fair,  
And the berry hangs red on the bough;  
Then away love with me,  
Under Trooh's summer foliage now.

The linnet shall pour  
From its blossomy bower,  
And the thrush shall sing from the spray,  
Such warblings divine  
When they know you are mine,  
All the woods—all the world shall be gay!

### A Drummer's Adventure.

Not long ago a New York drummer, traveling on the New York Central, entered the baggage car and sat down on a box for a quiet smoke. The baggage master pointed significantly to a stranger sitting near by and shook his head, but the drummer didn't seem to see what was wanted, and smoked on placidly, heedless of the baggage functionary's more pronounced signals.

At length the stranger raised his head with a sigh, and regarded the intruder with a prolonged stare.

"Nice weather," said he at length, still contemplating the drummer with a steady look of lively interest.

"Fine as silk," responded the drummer indifferently.

"Did you know her?" inquired the stranger after another pause.

"Know who?" asked the mystified salesman.

"Praps you were introduced to her at some large gathering, and have forgotten the circumstance," continued the stranger, staring at the traveler as though he were trying to place him.

"Don't know who you are talking about," retorted the man of samples, whose attention was divided between the curious questions of the stranger and the equally unaccountable gesticulations of the biggame man.

"Was it at a picnic, or some agitation about the pastor? She was very fond of both, and if it wasn't one or the other, I'm blest if it hasn't been at some auction," and the questioner's face was full of anxiety as he waited for the reply.

"I don't know what you are driving at," growled the professional "masher," gazing from his interlocutor to the dancing baggage man; "what's this thing all about anyway?"

"I suppose I might have known that you were a stranger to her," sighed the melancholy man. "I should have dropped on it at the first. Any man who knew her wouldn't have tried it under any circumstances, and I only wonder that even a stranger manages to pull through," and the dismal man changed his look of anxious inquiry to one of undisguised admiration.

"Will some one explain to me what this old lunatic is working out?" demanded the drummer.

"Nothing! nothing!" replied the solemn man, stretching back in his chair, and examining the landscape—"nothing, only you are sitting on the remains of my defunct wife, and I thought you were a bosom friend or a total stranger, to think that any one could take that kind of a liberty with her without turning the corpse into dynamite and being blown clear through the roof of the car so quick that you wouldn't even leave a hole! Don't stir, sir—don't stir! Keep your seat—only if she should happen to be in a trance, instead of dead, you'd better take off one boot, so we can give some kind of an account of you at the end of the line."

But the drummer knew a trick worth a gross of that, and people along the line of the Central will now understand the recent appearance of a very dusty young man on the back platform of the last car as the through express whirled by.—Traveler's Magazine.

### Her Self-Control.

The power to keep still is very often a valuable one in critical moments. The lady school teacher in New York who quietly and safely led all her pupils out of a burning schoolhouse before they knew that it was on fire might have put them into a panic and imperiled many lives if she had not possessed the power of controlling herself. The following little incident on board of an English man-of-war flag-ship is no less creditable to the girl (Miss Susie Prior) who appears prominently in it, because she tells the story herself in a private letter:

"After tea I went on deck for the air with Mr. Billy, the Commodore's son. As we leaned over the rails enjoying the orange sunset, suddenly I had a notion that I smelt a singed, smoky odor. I turned to Mr. Billy, without thinking anything serious had occurred: 'If I were on shore I should say that some careless person had allowed the chimney to get on fire,' and at the same time I pointed to a particular spot in the ship. He cried 'Nonsense!' but stopped short, and raised his head as he too smelt the faint odor of something burning. In an instant his face became stern, and a hard dogged light came into his eyes. 'Don't stir, Miss Prior, till I come back,' he said. 'If I can I'll be here again in a moment,' and he hurried off in the direction I had indicated. Then it flashed upon me that yonder, whence the smell of the burning came, lay the powder magazine. I did not stir from the spot where Mr. Billy had bidden me stay. It was not many seconds, though it seemed an hour, but the night wind was kind and felt like a cool hand, lifting the damp hair from my temples, and keeping me from falling down in a swoon.

Mr. Billy came back very quietly and spoke composedly, but his voice was low and his lip quivered. 'It is all right now, and safe,' he assured me. 'What was wrong?' I asked. 'Only a stupid fellow, who was assisting in moving the stores (the powder)—and who had no

business to have a light there—dropped a spark among some bagging and it was getting ablaze. But I got there in time to stamp it out; and the captain of the gunners finished the business with a wet blanket. But how well you behaved, Miss Prior,' he said, forgetting his own conduct and appreciation of danger. 'If you had made a row and detained me, nothing short of a miracle could have saved all on board the Conqueror from being whirled into eternity. Even if the accident had got wind and thrown us into confusion, there is no saying where the matter might have ended. I who am in the secret, shall thank you for all your lives, and for that of my dear old mother's twice over. Had a whisper of the terrific danger reached her, with my father absent, I am certain it would have cost her life on the spot.'"

### The End of a Beauty.

Of the Duchess de Chaulnes, who lately died in Paris, the Paris correspondent of the London News says that her health was quite broken down by the scandal, excitement and weariness of spirit caused by her lawsuit and by the terrible habit she had acquired of using morphine. She was, while the guest of her humble friend, in a state of constant stupor. Since her suit had been rejected by the Court of Appeal her life has been uncertain and reckless. She quarreled with her mother, and when she asked for hospitality at Villette, of a very struggling family, she said that if it was refused she had no resource except that of throwing herself into the Seine. She had, as death approached, sufficient consciousness to see a priest and give directions for her burial, and she asked the people she was with to telegraph to the Duchesse de Chevreuse, her mother-in-law, that she was making a Christian end. Notwithstanding the absence of her hair, which she had cut off to sell but could not make up her mind to part with, the Duchesse retained her beauty to the end. The house in which she died, in the Rue d'Allemagne, is a sort of barrack in which poor clerks and working people lodge. Her father was the Prince Galitzin, whose conversion from Greek orthodoxy to Catholicism so exasperated the Czar Nicholas. She was sister-in-law of the Duchesse du Luynes, who is a leader of the Carlist section of the fashionable world at Cannes. The correspondent adds: "I saw her as a bride. Never did a young and aristocratic beauty enter the world under brighter auspices. Her head was soon turned with adulation. She was not devoid of mother wit, but had not a grain of common sense."

### A Trick Played a Bridal Pair.

The Fond du Lac Journal tells the following story at the expense of certain Milwaukee parties. About twenty years ago occurred a wedding in this city on a grand scale. In the course of the evening, a guest suggested that one of the wedding cakes be sealed in a tin box until the marriage of the bride and groom's first-born. One of the most delicious cakes was selected and sent to a tin-shop with the proper instructions. As may be supposed, the tinner yearned for that cake; and soon it was divided and found its way to their stomachs. The tin box which had been prepared for its reception, was then filled with water-soaked ashes, carefully sealed and sent to the blushing young couple, who, remembering what was expected of them and their prospective offspring, took it tenderly in charge, and have since guarded it well. In course of time a son was born to them who is now nineteen years old, and, it is said, will ere long be married. It will be an amusing sight when that box is solemnly brought before the guests, its little romance related, and the seal of years broken in the presence of the company. The consternation may well be imagined when he of the can-opener suddenly drops his instrument and exclaims, with the disappointed lover in Hansel Kirke, "Nothing but ashes!" The parties reside in Milwaukee, and are doubtless remembered by many citizens of Fond du Lac.

### The Ladies Preferred Gin

In a neighboring city where the inhabitants are so very, very temperate that many of them Neal Down to say their prayers, a good old deacon of a colored church lately called upon the city agent for the sale of that article, which, if judiciously used, "cheers, but not inebriates."

"Mr. L.," says the deacon, bending low and almost whispering into the ear of the obliging and affable agent, "Mr. L., I've cum to get a quart of spirits for purely sacramental purposes."

"Yes, deacon, I suppose you want some light wine, perhaps claret, tarragon or something of that sort."

"Well, boss, if it doesn't make no sorter difference toard you de ladies dey have canvassed dis matter, and dey has come to de 'unanimous' elusion dat dey would puffer gin."

We think the deacon got it.—Boston Globe.

### "Point Out Your House."

This was a club dialogue and its sequel:

Q.—What are you smoking?  
A.—An imported Havana.  
Q.—How much does it cost?  
A.—A quarter.  
Q.—How many do you smoke a day?  
A.—Half a dozen.  
Q.—How long have you smoked?  
A.—Thirty years.  
Advice.—My friend, with that amount of money you could have bought a house on Fifth avenue.  
The parties quitted the Brunswick and strolled up town. As they came near the Windsor, the smoker asked:  
Q.—You never smoke?  
A.—Never.  
Sarcastic query.—Then point out your house.

In a Dakota town, one Sunday afternoon, the Postmaster called on his neighbor, and, as he took his departure, he informed his neighbor that there was a letter in the postoffice for him. A few days afterwards the Postmaster met his neighbor in a saloon and told him again about the letter that bore his address. John discharged a stream of tobacco juice, straightened up and said: "William, from what State did the letter come?" "Ohio," replied the Postmaster. "Send it to the dead-letter office. That letter contains my grocery bill. Confound that grocery man, he has discovered my location again."—Peck Sun.

## Timely Suggestions.

In former days "spring fever" was considered as only another term for laziness, and our ancestors regarded with suspicion a complaint which had for its principal symptom a total disinclination to bodily activity. But we, wiser in many respects than were our forefathers, have learned that the feelings of lassitude with which so many persons suffer in spring, the tired, worn-out sensation, is really a disease, not serious in itself, but decidedly uncomfortable, predisposing the system to become the victim of a more dangerous ailment, and should be treated as a disease.

Yielding to it only makes it worse; the more you lie down, the less you feel like getting up or making sort of exertion; food falls upon your appetite, and, going to bed worn out, you rise in the morning still not rested. In fact, it is a mild form of acclimating fever, in which the physical system adjusts itself to the change from winter to summer—a fever from which one person may suffer much and others not at all. As in many other cases nature provides her own remedies. Exercise and the proper diet is the cure for it. Tonics are valueless, except as they act on the liver and improve the appetite. The juice of the lemon, taken without sugar, before breakfast, is a sovereign remedy for biliousness with many people. Indeed, vegetable acids are often medicinal, and pickles are by no means as pernicious as they are popularly supposed to be—that is, provided they are pure. Sulphuric acid vinegar and pickles greened by copperas are, it is scarcely necessary to say, rank poisons to any stomach save that of an ostrich. But home-made pickles, in which the ingredients are above suspicion, are rarely hurtful unless used to excess, and we have known of instances where children who had been forbidden pickles all their lives have had acids prescribed for them by physicians as necessary to health. But aside, like sugar and salt, should be taken in moderation, not as a strong diet.

Salads, "spring greens," as old-fashioned folks used to call them, are invaluable in spring dieties. Spinach, lettuce, kale, etc., are all medicinal as well as toothsome dishes. In the southern states turnip tops are a popular dish for early spring, and many housewives insist upon their use as a sanitary measure. They act directly on the liver and are an excellent remedy for biliousness. In the late winter, i. e., in the latter part of January or early in February, the turnip patch in which some roots have been left to stand for the purpose, are covered with brush to protect the undergrowth, which soon gets up under such shelter. This boiled with bacon, is the famous "bacon and greens," of southern dinner-tables, and is a slightly bitter but not an unpalatable vegetable. Radish tops are the nearest approach to it which we have ever found in the northern markets, although dandelions have much the same properties.

Watercresses also are good for the health, and act as a pleasant stimulant to the appetite. Many persons eat them with no seasoning but salt; others prefer them dressed as a salad, with vinegar and oil. In France lettuce is eaten when the plant is no larger than a silver dollar, dressed with vinegar and oil. For those who prefer mayonnaise, the following recipe is given:

Boil the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs and mix with them thoroughly one even tablespoonful of mustard and a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in very slowly half a teaspoonful of fresh olive oil, adding drop by drop until the mixture is smooth. Add to the strained juice of a lemon enough clear vinegar to make a cupful. Turn this slowly into the dressing, stirring all the time. If this makes the dressing too thin, do not use all the vinegar. Do not pour the dressing over the lettuce until ready to serve it, or, better still, serve the dressing in a sauce-bowl and let everyone help himself. If you think it lacks mustard or pepper, they may be added to taste. If the former ingredient is needed, take it dry in a cup and mix with some of the salad dressing, then stir it thoroughly into the whole.

For people who dislike oil, butter may be used instead, taking half a teaspoonful and creaming it very light, then mix into a paste with the eggs.

Stewed prunes are among the best of gentle laxatives, and used frequently at this season of the year will act frequently as the traditional "ounce of prevention" and avoid the necessity of more disagreeable medicine. Before stewing they should be soaked in water until they plump out, otherwise they will present a shrivelled, withered appearance.—Phila. Press.

### Cats and Dogs.

Why do cats run up the tree for safety, and why does not the dog try to follow them into the branches, instead of contenting himself with fatle barkings below? Here we find ourselves met by two points, the first being that the structure of the animals is different, and the second, that the instinct coincides with the structure. Up to a certain point their structure is almost identical, but after that point they begin to diverge. Both are, in the wild state, carnivorous animals, and both live on prey which they procure by their own efforts. But the mode in which they do so is widely different. The dog pursues its prey in the day time, and runs it down by its claws. None of the cats do this, but almost invariably hunt at night. Therefore their eyes are not made like those of the dog. When Ponto has barked himself hoarse after the cats in the tree, we will call him and make him look us in the face. The "pupils" of his honest brown eyes are quite circular, like those of the human being. Suppose we look at them again after dusk, we shall find that they are much larger than they appeared in daylight, but that they are still circular. Having induced Ponto to go back to his own premises and coaxed the cats from their refuge, we will examine their eyes, as we did those of the dog. The pupil of the eye will be seen to be but little more than a narrow slit. Toward dusk, if we look at pussy's eyes, we shall see that the slit has greatly widened. At midnight the pupils will be as circular as those of the dog, only very much larger in proportion to the size of the animals. This change is caused by the effect of light upon the mechanism of the eye, and it is invariable in the cats all over the world. The Chinese have long known and utilized this phenomenon. As we all know,

they are very fond of cats, both as pets and for the table. In which latter taste they are perfectly right, for juggled cat is quite as good as juggled hare, and very few persons would discover the imposition if one were exchanged for the other. If, then, a Chinese wishes to tell the time on a cloudy day when the sun cannot guide him, he takes up the nearest cat, looks at its eyes, and from the width of the pupil can form a very good idea of the time.—J. G. Wood, in Good Words.

### A Would-be King.

The first of the would-be assassins of Queen Victoria has just died in the criminal lunatic asylum at Broadmoor. His name was John Goode, and he formerly held a captain's commission in the Tenth Royal Hussars. He was taken into custody on her Majesty's birthday, the 24th of May, 1887, for creating a disturbance in, and forcibly entering, the enclosure of Kensington Palace. On Saturday afternoon, in the middle of November, the same year, the Queen was passing in her open carriage through Bird-cage walk, St. James', on her way to Buckingham Palace, when Captain Goode suddenly sprang to the side of her carriage and made use of threatening gestures and language. The Queen heard the threats distinctly, and on alighting from her carriage directed her eunuch to cause the man to be taken into custody. Brought before the authorities he declared that he was the son of George IV. and Queen Caroline, was born in Montague Palace, Blackheath, and was entitled to the throne of England. Upon every other subject unconnected with the royal family he spoke in a most rational manner, but when the Queen's name was mentioned he became exceedingly violent. He was committed to prison, and on entering the coach engaged to convey him she smashed the windows with his elbows and screamed out to the sentinels, "Guards of England, do your duty and rescue your sovereign." He was tried at the Queen's Bench for using seditious language to the Queen, and was sent to Bethlehem Asylum as insane. He was admitted to Broadmoor in March, 1884, where he remained until his death.

### Sun and Moon.

The following table was constructed by the celebrated Dr. Herschell, upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the sun and moon. It is confirmed by the experience of many years' observation and will suggest to the observer what kind of weather will probably follow the moon's entrance into any of her quarters. As a general rule it will be found wonderfully correct:

If the moon changes at 12 o'clock, noon, the weather immediately after will be very rainy, if in summer, and there will be snow or rain if in winter.

If between 2 and 4 o'clock, P. M., changeable in summer—fair and mild in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock, P. M., fair both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 10 o'clock, P. M., in summer, fair, if the wind is southeast; if south or southwest, rainy. In winter, fair and frosty, if the wind is north or northwest; rainy, if south or southwest.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock, P. M., rainy in summer, and fair and frosty in winter—unless the wind is south or southwest.

Between 2 and 4 o'clock, A. M., cold and very showery in summer, and snow and storm in winter.

Between 4 and 6 o'clock, A. M., rainy, both in winter and summer.

Between 6 and 8 o'clock, A. M., wind and rain in summer and stormy in winter.

Between 8 and 10 o'clock, A. M., showery in summer and cold in winter.

Between 10 and 12 o'clock, A. M., showery in summer, and cold and wintry in winter.

### Letting \$800 Drop.

A solemn-looking citizen appeared at Police headquarters yesterday, and beckoning the Chief into a private room, said:

"You know that \$800 robbery at my house that I reported to you yesterday morning?"

"Certainly, and I have put two of our best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided not to pursue the matter. You needn't take any further steps. In fact—"

"You don't mean to say that you have recovered the money?"

"Oh! not—not at all."

"Found a clue, eh?"

"Well, no-o-o, not exactly. The fact is the money was taken out of my trousers pockets at night, and—"

"This morning my wife had sent home a new sealskin sacque."

"Ah."

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop," and with a deep sigh the bereaved husband drifted out.—S. F. Post.

A Hartford young lady gave a "soap-bubble" the other evening. Two long tables were set with clay pipes and china bowls filled with soap-suds, one bowl to each couple. Three prizes were given to the competitors, who stood in rows with the puffy cheeks of the cherubims most of the evening. The first prize was a pretty cup and saucer to the guest who blew the largest bubble. Second prize, a good mirror for the largest number; and the third, a match safe for the least number. The young ladies were dressed in pretty walking costumes, finished with white ruffles, and some of them wore fragrant bouquets of English violets. The rooms were filled with floating, bounding bubbles.

A London correspondent, writing of the Prince of Wales at Cannes and Nice last year, says: "The friends with whom he consorted were chiefly Americans. Perhaps it was because Americans, being strangers to royalty in their own country, are not so observant as other people of the somewhat stiff ceremony that is proper in intercourse with princes, that the heir-apparent is so fond of the company of citizens of the United States. Be this as it may, the fact that he generally associates with Americans when on the Continent, is not to be denied."

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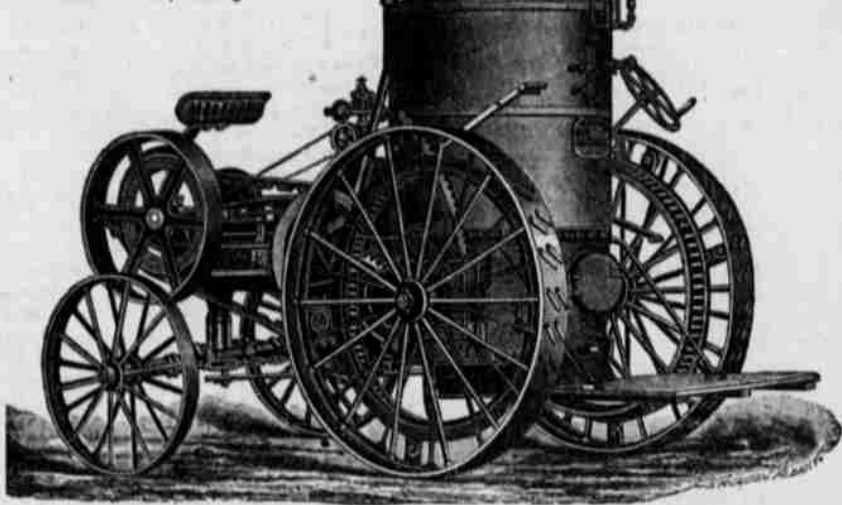
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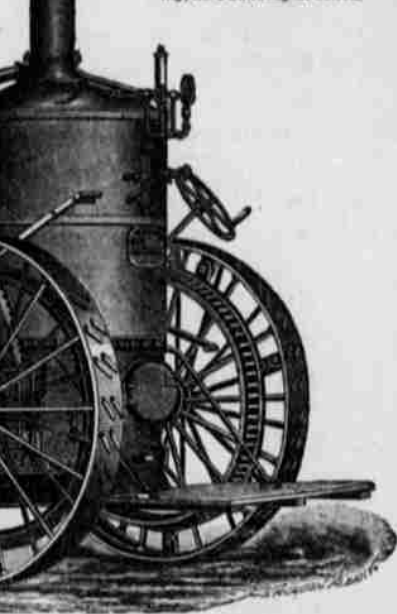
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