"Bock of eges, cleft for me,"
Thoughteesty the maiden sung:
Pell the words unconsciously
Prom her girlish, gleeful tongue;
rang as little children sung:
fang as ling the birds in June;
well the words like brown haves down
on the current of the tune;
"Rock of eges, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

Let me hide myself in thee—"
Fit her soul to need to hide;
sweet the some as song could be
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unbesdingly
Fell from lips unquebed by care,
braming not they each might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rick of ares, elect for me,
let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me..."
"To se a woman sung them now, pleadingly and praye rfully;
grery word her host did know;
nose the son; as storm, towed bird.
Beats with weary wing the air;
avery not, with corrow silirad.
Every exclude a prayer...
"Rack of ages cleft for mo.
Let me hide invalid in thee."

Roak of ages, cleft for me-

Rock of ages, cleft for me—"
Line grown sged sting the hymn
Trenting's and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eres grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in thes."
Trembling though the voice and low,
Bose the sweet strain neaccfully.
Lake a river in its flow,
Surg as enly they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
'Rock of ages, cleft for me.
Let me hide myself in thee,"

"Bock of ages, cleft for me,"
sing above a coffin-lid;
Underneath all restfully,
All Lite's joys and sorrow hid
Nevermore, O storm tossed son!
Nevermore from wind or tide.
Wit thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Close beneath the soft gray hair.
Could the mute and suffeced lips
More graft in bleading prayer, Move egain in bleading prayer, Still, aye still, the words would be, "Let me hide myself in thre."

#### A RUNAWAY MATCH.

At the western end of a wide main street of a Connecticut village is an ancient, weather-stained house. Its mosscovered roof has settled heavily down in the center, its walls bulge outward and its two tall chimneys lean menacingly over, perpetually threatening annihilation to the wilderness of weeds below.

Mr. Ephraim Tinkle, the owner of this wealth of desolution and decay, was a tall man, bent with age, yet in some re-spects lacking none of the ambition of youth. He was a widower, and dwelt alone in his old house. His only child, a daughter, lived with her husband half a mile distant, but made her fathera visit every Sunday, to make his bed and do various other chores. Mrs. Little over the way daily milked the old man's cow for him.

One cold evening in May as Mr. Tinkle sat before the chip fire in the living-room something unusual seemed occupying his mind. It was six o'clock, and the lowing of the cow in the barn plainly indicated that her wants had not yet been attended to.

"Where can Sary be?" murmured Mr. Tinkle. "She's never missed five o'clock before, and here it's six. Hope nothin's happened to her."

To tell the truth, Mr. Tinkle was in love; and it was a serious matter to him. When a man with one foot in the grave will halt and surrender himself to Cupid's wiles, his case must be worthy of serious consideration.

Twenty years ago Mr. Tinkle had buried the wife of his youth; and now in the decline of his years, the loneliness of his hearthstone became daily more apparent, until at last an intense longing sprang up within him for a companion who should brighten his fireside by the grace of her presence. Naturally his thoughts turned to Mrs. Little, but with the diffidence of long reserve he had withheld an open declaration of his affections, and thus the matter stood when the lady herself took the matter in hand. She was a few years younger than Mr. Tinkle, short and thick-set, with an aggressive hold on life not to be shaken off. Her two sons had hinted that they were hard put to it to care for their own families, and unless she could provide for herself they would confide her to the tender mercies of the town. At the thought of such a fate Mrs. Little's soul revolted in horror, and the person of Mr. Tinkle aussumed greater fascination for her than ever. He had a house and land and a few hundred in the bank, so she decided to share with him, and by a little clever manouvering she led the old man on until the momentous words were spoken which engaged him and her for

the remainder of their lives.

So matters stood on that cold May evening when Mr. Tinkle was waiting the daily visit of his intended bride. The fire was almost out when quick but heavy steps were heard outside and a moment later Mrs. Little entered.

"Couldn't come a bit sooner, Ephraim," she said, taking down the querulous in-quiry that fell from the old man's lips. Sallie went over to Mary Slade's to hear about the surprise party out to Simpkinses last night, and I had to hold the baby until she came back." "It's dreadful lonesome here this even-

ing. Hope you can stay a little, now you've come. "I must do the milking first; when I

come back I'll talk to you about our marriage.

The milking did not keep her long and she was soon back.

"I'm afraid the cow is running dry," she said, "but that's neither here nor there at present. I've get something of more importance to discuss with you tonight. Ephraim, when are we "going to

"Jest as soon as we kin be, I suppose, "You suppose! Don't you know, Ephrem?" she said insinuatingly. You know, Sary, I want to be married jest as soon as I kin; but-but ha'n't

you got any preparations to make?" "Preparations! I could be ready to go to China inside of two hours, let alone just to git married; and you and me are old enough to have our own way in this matter, without consulting everybody in Narbue about it, a'n't we?"

"I suppose so." "There you go again! Gracious sakes alive, Mr. Tinkle, what's to hinder our being married to-morrow, if we want to

Mr. Tinkle moved uneasily and glanced at the bride-elect, as he said, hesitating-

"There's nothing to hinder, unless it's "Well, now, is Jane going to stop us?

We're of age, a'n't we?" "So Jane says, only in a different way. She says we are too aged."

"That's our business and none of hers. Is that that the only objection, Ephrem?" "Well, no. You see Jane is cut up

dreadful about the property. She says her mother worked as hard to get it as I did, and so she has the first claim after me. She came down flat-footed agin our ways, is Jane."
"I guess we can be as sot in our ways

as she is in hern; and just you be guided by me, Mr. Tinkle, it being that I have your interests at heart, and don't you think of Jane Crawford and her selfish motives.

Mr. Tinkle cast an admiring glance at his determined bride.

"What shall we do, Sary?" he asked timidly. "I know Jane would walk right into this house or any other and stop the wedding. As I said, she is sot in her

"I'll tell you what we'll have to do, then, Ephrem. We'll have to run away and get married."

"What!" "It's the only thing to be done," said Mrs. Little, coaxingly. "Then we can whistle at Jane and her meddlesome

'But how?-and when?" stammered Mr. Tinkle. He felt that he was as putty in her hands and he might as well be shaped gracefully as any other way.

"To-morrow morning early, if it's fair weather. Harness up Betsy at five o'clock and take the road to Gainesville. You'll find me waiting for you in Deacon Gaslee's field under the old oak tree. When we get to Gainesville all we'll have to do will be to take our license and go to the parson's. That will end the matter for good and all."

Mr. Tinkle had his doubts about its being the end for good as far as Jane was concerned, but he made no objection to the scheme; in fact it had a spice of romance about it that stirred his effete imagination; it threw him into a state of excitement bordering on recklessness, and he solemnly declared that nothing but death or a spell of weather would prevent his keeping the rendezvous.

Mrs. Little was satisfied. She arose and imprinted a moist kiss under Mr. Tinkle's nose, and bidding him remember the hour, she fluttered out into the darkness.

Shortly after seven o'clock the next morning Betsy was drawn up at the door of the Gainsville town clerk, and Mrs. Little descended from her perch at Mr. Tinkle's side.

"You sit quiet, Ephrem. It's no powerful hard job to take out a marriage license. I won't be long getting it." An uneasy fear of being pursued baunted the old man, and he glanced over his shoulder now and then as if expected to discover the avenger on his

It was not long before Mrs. Little appeared all smiles.

"Now we'll go to the parson's, Ephrem. It's the second house down the road. Drive along slow, and I'll keep up with

There was no immediate danger of going too fast. Indeed, it required Mrs. Little's firm hand on the bridle to induce Betsy to move at all; and her drooping head and dispirited mein plainly indicated the journey had been distasteful to

When the parsonage was reached Mr. Tinkle got down, and with Mrs. Little on his arm walked up to the door and "Tell Mr. Humpworth a lady and gen-

oblige 'em if he'll do it as soon as he can," said the lady to the giggling ser-

In a few minutes Mr. Humpworth entered the parlor. Conflicting and indescribable expressions shot over his face as his eye encountered the beaming face of Mrs. Little and took in the dejected air of Mr. Tinkle.

"We want to be married, parson," said

Mrs. Little, simply.

Mr. Tinkle was assisted to his feet and the ceremony performed, the lady's ring, which had done similar pleasing duty on two previous occasions, being once more brought into use. The now Mrs. Tinkle at once assumed the responsibilities and duties of her new position.

"Can you tell us where the lawyer's office is, parson?" she inquired, pinning a shawl about Mr. Tinkle's throat. Mr. Humpworth pocketed his fee and

smiled very significantly.

"It is the first house you come to on the north side of the green, madam; a brown house without blinds." Mrs. Tinkle bustled out of the house, her husband meekly following.

"Now, Ephrem, we'll go over to the lawyer's and get your will drawn up. Then we'll go home and laugh at Jane,"

said the bride. Not a thought of opposition entered Mr. Tinkle's mind. He had surrendered himself entirely into his wife's keeping, and she had taken him so thoroughly in hand that even his own identity was a

matter of some speculation to him. The will was drawn up, and the old man was on the point of affixing his

signature to it, when the sound of wheels and a sharp exclamation outside arrested his hand. He cast a nervous glance out

of the window. "O Lord! It's Jaus!" he grouned. "Sign that will before it is too late, Ephrem," said Mrs. T. The old man took the pen and tried to write, but the attempt was a signal

"Sign, Ephrem, sign," implored Mrs. Tinkle, hurriedly.
With a supreme effort Mr. Tinkle

traced his name on the paper. As the last stroke of the pen was made the door flew open and Jane entered.

"A fine sight, this! A precious pair of old fools, truly!" she exclaimed, ignoring the presence of the bewildered pettifogger and the witnesses he had summoned. Mrs. Tinkle conveyed the will to her pocket and then lay back in her chair

and smiled screnely up at Jane. Mr. Tinkle regarded his daughter with a half defiant half deprecatory expres-sion, in curious contrast with the abandon of despair his attitude sug-

gested. "What is the meaning of this, father?" demanded Mrs. Crawford. "What is the meaning of this slyly sneaking away from home and friends? Have you no shame, sir? or has that un worthy woman got you so completely under her thumb of pardons. The board consists of the that she can blind you to the ridiculous governor, judge of the supreme court man! Shame on you!"

Mr. Tinkle made no answer to this harangue, and Mrs. T. laughed quietly to herself. Her coolness exasperated the

other beyond all bounds. "I know I am too late to prevent the evil," she said, bitterly, "but, praise Heaven, it may still be remedied. marriage. Oh, she's dreadful sot in her Father, if you have one spark of self-respect, if you have any regard for me, renounce that woman and come with me. Can't you see she cares only for your Can't you see she cares only for your low lands. If properly managed the money? Can't you see that it is not you ditch will have such sloping banks that but your purse she loves? Come with me. You have given this artful woman your dirt that is spread over adjacent land is name, but don't let her make a plaything of you. Come."

His daughter stood with outstretched hands, but the old man made no reply, no movement.

The smile faded from Mrs. Tinkle's lips and a soft expression transigured her not uncomely face. The rose with dignity and confronted the speaker.

'You say I don't love him; that is false, I do. You say I am artful. That also is false. I don't deny that I am glad he had property, for I am old and need rest. And why haven't I as good a right to his affection as you have? Do you think neglecting your father's comfort, and leaving his wants to be supplied by strangers, gives you a strenger title to his love than I can lay claim to. A child would be able to decide whether I have the most right to his love, or you. I don't bear you no ill will; your anger is natural, but I don't think it is right. Love is older nor you or me, and a wrinkled face don't make a dead heart. Come, Ephrem, our business is settled, and we'd better go home. We are not young, but we won't be hindered from loving one another, and trying to make brighter, happier and more peaceful what little of life is left to us. Come, Ephrem, let us go."

#### Houses Built of Cotton.

And they went.

Of all substances apparently the least likely to be used in the construction of a fire-proof building, cotton would, perhaps, take the first rank, and paper the second, and yet both these materials are actually being employed for the purpose indicated, and their use will probably extend. Compressed paper pulp is successfully used in the manufacture of doors, wall panellings, and for other similar purposes, with the result that all risk of warping and cracking is obviated, while increased lightness is attained and the fear of a dry rot is forever banished: Papier mache, after having served a useful purpose in an unobtrusive manner for years as a material for small trays, paper knives and other such light articles, has suddenly assumed a more important position in the industrial world. A still more sudden and striking ad-

vance has been made in the employment of cotton as a building material. A preparation called celluloid, in which cotton is a leading ingredient, has been used lately as a substitute for ivory in the manufacture of such articles as billiard-balls and paper-cutters, and now a process by which compressed cotton may be used, not only for doors and window frames, but for the whole facade of large buildings. The enormous and increasing demand for paper for its legitimate uses as a printing and writing material prevents the extended use of the papier mache as a building material, for which it is so well suited in many ways; but the production of cotton is practically unlimited, and there seems to be a large tleman is waiting to be married, and he'll field available for its use in its new capacity as a substitute for bricks-or as plaster-and wood. Treated with certain chemicals and compressed, it can be made perfectly fire proof and as hard as stone, absolutely air and damp-proof; and a material is thus produced admirably adapted for the lining, internal or external, of the buildings of which the shell may or may not be constructed of other material, while it easily lends itself to decorative purposes.

### HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Corn Pone is highly recommended as a breakfast dish. Take one heaping coffee-cup of boiled hominy, heat it and stir in a tablespoonful of butter, three eggs and nearly one pint of sweet milk; as much corn-meal may be added as will serve to thicken this till it is like the batter for "johnny cake." Bake in a quick oven and serve hot.

French Toast.—Make the toast of slices of stale bread. Bakars' bread is best for this purpose. Brown carefully without burning; beat two eggs very light, add to one pint of sweet milk; blend a table-spoonful of milk and a dessert spoonful of flour together, add to the milk and eggs; have a sauce-pan ready with some well heated butter; dip the bread in the egg and milk, and fry a light brown on both sides. Send to the table hot; sift powdered sugar over each slice, or a cream sauce flavored with

wine may be used. For panning fifty oysters provide four ounces of butter; four tablespoonfuls cracker dust; two saltspoonfuls of salt; one saltspoonful white pepper; one saltspoonful mace; two teaspoonfuls whole allapice; one pinch cayenne pepper. Put the oysters and their juice into a bright stew-pan, set on a quick fire, add the butter, salt and spices, sift in the cracker dust, stir gently until well mixed; at the first boil pour them into a hot tureen, cover and serve immediately. If longer cooked, they shrivel and get tough and indigestible. This is the popular Phila-delphia style of panning oysters. They are often prepared in the same manner at table on a chafing dish.

The secretary of the interior has received a joint letter from McCullow, deputy collector of customs, and John T. Maloy, member of the Canadian parliament, under date of Tuttle Mountain, Minn., April 14, in which they say that a Tuttle Mountain band of Chippewa Indians are in a starving condition, and unless immediately relieved few of them will be alive to meet the commissioner of Indian affairs in June, as they now anticipate doing. Allison, commissioner, has directed Indian Agent Lake to use every effort to provide for these Indians at once.

In the house of the Connecticut legislature a bill was passed creating a board of pardons. The board consists of the that she can blind you to the riniculous governor, judge of the legislature; figure you cut, aping the airs of a love- and four members of the legislature; to affect his mental powers in any partisick boy, you, jan infirm, tottering old and it will require a unanimous vote to cular. There is probably no case on grant spardon. grant a pardon.

#### AGRICULTURE.

The granary should be entirely cleansed it least once a year, or it may breed wee vil in the old grain. The wheat needed for flour for family use should be ground during some warm day in spring and kept in some cool place during summer.

The dirt-scraper can be profitably used in making open ditches through a wagon or reaper can pass over it. The worth as manure all that the latter will

The department of agriculture has leased a piece of ground in the outskirts of the city of Washington to be used as an experiment farm and hospital in connection with investigations of diseases of animals. Dr. E. B. Salmon, who has for a number of years been employed by the department in the investigation of the diseases of cattle, swine and poultry, will take charge af the work.

Doura, or sorghum vulgare, has been receiving notice in the Country Gantlemen and several correspondents speak favorably and unfavorably of it. It is claimed that stock relish it more than they do corn fodder. It is adapted to light, sandy soil, and does well with a small quantity of fertilizer. It sprouts well after being cut for fodder, thus producing a second crop. It stands severe drought much better than corn, and is highly recommended for ensilage purposes.

An Ohio man has invented a grain drill which sows the grain upon the surface of the prepared ground in a row six inches broad, and covers it with shovels which throw the surface soil over it, leaving an open furrow between the rows of wheat. His drill tubes are one foot apart, so that half the land is occupied with grain and half with furrows between. By this method he deepens the soil by placing the seed at the surface and then putting the surface soil from between the rows on top of it.

Lettuce plants that were wintered in frames may be set out at the same time as cabbages, placing them between the rows of cabbages and a foot apart. They may also be transplanted to other cold frames and give a crop earlier. Seeds should be sown under glass or in window boxes for a succession. As soon as the soil is is good condition seeds may be sown in the open ground, in rows fifteen inches apart, to be thinned ten inces. The curled Simpson, tennis-ball and Hanson are among the good kinds.

Sheep raising in California is about as uncertain in its results as mining for gold and silver. A dry year withers the hopes of the most enthusiastic. During the drought which prevailed in the months of February and March many stockmen shipped their sheep from the southern counties of California into Texas on account of food. To be sure wool is one of the great sources of agricultural wealth on the Pacific coast, but the uncertainties of sheep husbandry in California are too great for the farmer of Canadian manufacturer has invented a moderate means to embark in the in-

dustry. Probably the very best treatment of a bearing orchard is to keep it in clover and pasture pigs upon it. Pigs destroy immense numbers of insects by eating the fallen fruit, and the occasional plowing required to renew the clover will turn under an excellent fertilizer, and the land will be kept improving. In the absence of pigs, sheep man be pastured in the orchard; but unless the trees are well protected by stakes, horses and cat-tle should be excluded. Of course, staking is impracticable after the trees have been set two or three years.

It is said that in Poland, where ventilation and drying are continued for some time, wheat has been kept sound and good for half a century. Its age never does it injury, and such wheat is said to yield handsomer and better flour than that obtained from grain more recently harvested. At Dantzic the preparation for Reeping wheat continues for a year or longer, and after this period it is often kept for seven years, perfectly sound, in large granaries, although Dantzie is surrounded by the sea. These facts show how easily wheat may be preserved if proper precautions are taken.

To grow potatoes successfully you must have a suitable soil to commence with; then it must be put in proper con dition. I prefer an old clover sod, if the quality as well as the quantity is to be considered. A sandy, loam soil, with clay subsoil, I think, is the best, although good crops can be produced from clay soil if proper y managed. Light, sandy soil will produce potatoes of excellent quality, but a light yield of small tubers unless the season is very wet. Whatever your soil may be (unless it is black muck with water near the top of the ground) your land should be deeply plowed early in the spring, and well pulverized on the top just before planting. Mark your ground with a marker that will place the seed one inch below the surface when dropped. the rows four feet apart, and plant from one to two feet apart in the rows. Cut your seed in pieces with one eye only, and put one piece in a place. The drill system I consider preferable. Plant early and cover about four inches deep, and make a broad, flat hill. believe in raising the soil around the plants, not very high or conical, to secure a healthy growth of vine, and a good crop. Select a good, sound seed. Never plant diseased tubera. " . As soon as the top is out-of the ground, so that you can follow the rows, commence cultivating close to the plant. Do not let the weeds get the start of you. Make all the hill around the plant that you intend to make before the tubers set, and in no case hill up your potatoes

after they are set, unless the hills get washed down by heavy rains, as they did last season. Keep the ground as level as possible between the hills in the row. Be very careful and not get your hills toe conical. The physicians in one of the hospitals Vienna have made the remarkable discovery, in dissecting the body of one of their patients, that he had carried about in his brain an iron nail covered with rust that, to all appearances, must have held its singular lodgment since early childhood. The man was forty-five

years of age, a bookbinder, and always

passed for a thoroughly intelligent per-

son. The nail in his brain did not seem

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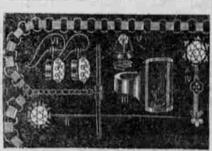
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