

EUGENE CITY GUARD

LATEST NEWS SUMMARY.

BY TELEGRAPH TO DATE.

The American rifle team arrived at Queenstown, June 27th.

Recently, at Damietta, Egypt, there were 42 deaths from cholera in one day.

Major Nickerson has been expelled from the Metropolitan club at Washington.

It is learned that the average death rate by yellow fever at Vera Cruz, is 15 per a day.

Lorillard's horses Iroquois, Aranza and Parthenia have left England for the United States.

Fears are felt at Sourabaya and Rembang, Java, of a rice famine. Disease has destroyed 200,000 acres.

The duke of Connaught opened the Irish lace exhibition at the Mansion house, London, June 12th.

John H. Alexander, a colored applicant for admission to West Point, has passed a splendid examination.

It is stated that the Pullman Palace Car company propose building a branch manufactory in San Francisco.

The graduating class of Harvard college this year numbers 219, the largest in the history of that institution.

John L. Stryker, a well known New York millionaire, was drowned while bathing in Saratoga lake recently.

The Republican state convention of Minnesota, at St. Paul, June 27th, re-nominated Gov. Hubbard by acclamation.

Several persons were killed during the progress of the fire of June 25, in the warehouse on Gutjewsky island, Russia.

It is reported that Martin Fenille, French minister of justice, intends to resign, and that the post will be offered to Deves.

A cyclone passed over the town of Elberton, Ga., June 24th, killing Bynum Bell, colored, and blowing down 16 buildings.

The committee having the erecting of the Garfield monument in charge, have selected a site in Lakeview cemetery, Cleveland.

At a recent meeting of Irishmen in Paris the execution of the Phoenix park murderers in Dublin was denounced as a massacre.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints for the week ending June 23d was \$211,999; corresponding period last year, \$205,499.

The newly appointed Mexican minister to England, Senor J. Mariscal, arrived in New York from Mexico, June 28th. He leaves for England July 7th.

At Whitlesey, Wis., June 28th, the boiler in Ives & Hale's sawmill exploded without apparent cause, killing three men. The mill was almost totally destroyed.

In a difficulty at Cullensville, Ala., recently, between A. B. and Thomas Hall, father and son, and Thomas and William Muller, brothers, both the Halls and Thomas Muller were killed.

A frightful accident took place at Trelhas, N. B., recently. A large fishing boat went down and six men were drowned out of a crew of seven, only one being saved. It is supposed the vessel was overloaded.

The Republican state convention of Iowa was in session at Des Moines, June 27th. They nominated Prof. Akers for superintendent of public instruction and Judge Reed, of Council Bluffs, for judge of the supreme court.

The board of commissioners of immigration are taking active steps to prevent further pauper immigration from Europe. The steamer Anchorie was recently prevented from landing a number of pauper immigrants which it had brought from Great Britain.

At Louisville, June 26, L. M. Aylesworth, formerly of New York city, and employed as a stenographer by Louisville and Nashville offices here, wound up a debarb by taking an overdose of chloral and was found dead in his bed in a room. He has a young wife in New York.

Intelligence is received of a frightful calamity at a place of amusement in Dervio, Italy, on the shore of Lago Como, where a performance was in progress. A puppet theater structure took fire and was entirely destroyed. Forty-seven lost their lives and twelve others were injured.

At Rich Hill, Mo., June 27th, the Foote and Beaumont well, at a depth of 600 feet, has struck a heavy vein of petroleum. Other wells will be at once sunk, tanks erected and refineries established. The oil is pronounced by experts to be equal to the finest petroleum in Pennsylvania.

William DeBell, San Francisco agent of the New York Central and Hudson river railroad, has received notice that on and after July 1st dining and parlor cars will be run on his road between Buffalo and New York, thus giving through passengers the benefit of these modern conveniences from ocean to ocean.

At Muskegon, Mich., June 28th, a dock with 800,000 feet of lumber fell into the lake, precipitating about twenty men at work into the water. Three or four of them are missing, but the men are Hollanders, and their names are unknown. A boy named Frank Barhardt was crushed under 40,000 feet of timber. Two immense piles of lumber adjoining, which threaten to fall, prevent search for the bodies.

Three thousand Chinese laborers, employed on the Oregon and California railroad, have struck for an advance in wages from \$1 to \$1.25 a day. The strike began, every man quitting at a given hour, on June the 20th. They will listen to nothing except \$1.25, and all attempts to coax or compromise have been rejected. The contractors are now trying to starve their stubborn workmen into submission, but without success. Chinese bosses here say the advance will have to be paid, as there is such a demand for laborers in this section that men will have no trouble in getting work elsewhere. They also state that there never has been an unsuccessful strike by Chinamen on the Pacific coast.

The naval retiring board recommended the retirement of Commodore Thomas H. Eastman.

The London Times in an editorial says there is reason to believe the French cabinet is divided on the Tonquin question.

At Hanover, N. H., Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrow of San Francisco made an address at the Dartmouth alumni dinner.

The London Standard's correspondent at Rome says the pope is indisposed, and is much disturbed by the state of affairs in Ireland and France.

A dispatch from Bethlehem of June 28th says 1000 employees of the Bethlehem iron and steel mill quit work yesterday, demanding an increase of wages, which was refused.

A Greenville dispatch of June 27th says: News reaches this place that two negroes who outraged a young lady near Jefferson, were lynched to-day. One was hanged, the other burned to death.

At Utica, N. Y., June 28, a coal train on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and a train on the West Shore collided at the crossing. Thos. Dunn, a West Shore man, was killed, and several were injured.

The secretary of the interior has declined to grant the request of a number of citizens of California, looking to a discontinuance of suits brought to recover lands in Colusa, California, from the Central Pacific railroad.

The president has appointed Frank A. Classon master and refiner of the mint at New Orleans, vice M. F. Bonzans, vice Benjamin F. Taylor, assayer of the mint at New Orleans, vice Joseph Albrecht, assayer.

A Wilkesbarre, Pa., dispatch of June 27th says: Heavy rains of the past few days and the bursting of a dam have caused an extensive cave in the Baltimore mines, and residents in the neighborhood are alarmed.

The postoffice department at Washington has received information that the Australian colonies have resolved to apply for admission to the universal postal union. If the application is successful Bolivia will be the only country with an organized postal service not included in the union.

The secretary of the interior has decided that lands selected under the laws of Utah for university purposes are effective and valid as to location, but refuses to anticipate the power of a future state to endow a contemplated university, holding that the question is political rather than executive.

A statement prepared at the office of the commissioner of internal revenue at Washington shows that the aggregate receipts during May, 1883, were \$346,818 greater than the same month in 1882. There was an increase of \$231,729 from spirits, an increase of \$220,527 from tobacco, an increase of \$167,363 from beer, a decrease of \$84,049 from banks and bankers, and a decrease of \$188,752 from miscellaneous.

The New York Public says: The report of exchanges for the week ending June 23d is altogether more favorable than one could expect from other indications at New York. The returns are at least more satisfactory than those of several previous weeks. Returns outside of New York show an increase of from 4 to 8 per cent., and in the aggregate the volume of business at cities outside of New York has been generally larger than it was a year ago, though it may be inferred with reason that much of the increase is due to speculative transactions. The fact is that speculative activity does not always mean prosperity; but the improvement noticeable at other cities is sufficient to make the returns measurably encouraging.

At Montreal June 26, the contract for another great railway enterprise was given out to build a new line, called the Ontario and Pacific railway, from Cornwall, on the bank of the St. Lawrence to Sault Ste. Marie, to connect with the Northern Pacific railway, over a big bridge, to the western terminus 700 miles. It is claimed this will make the most direct and shortest line to the west from the Atlantic seaboard, and will give the Northern Pacific an advantage over both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk from ocean to ocean. The Dominion government's charter gives the company power to build a bridge over the St. Lawrence, and American connections are already secured from the border line to Portland, Maine, Boston and New York. A large part of the new road will run almost parallel with the Canadian Pacific, to Sault Ste. Marie. It will receive subsidies from municipal and other sources. The contract was given to Philadelphia men, and the promoters are American and Canadian capitalists. Bonds to the extent of \$12,000,000 will be issued. Duncan McIntyre and B. R. Angus, directors, and Van Horn, general manager, went off in a hurry to meet President Stevens of the Canadian Pacific relative to his threatening scheme. How they can counteract it without purchasing the charter is a mystery.

A New York dispatch of June 27th says: Davies, tea appraiser, has completed an inspection of a cargo of teas brought to this country by the Flintshire, and found that a large proportion of it is grossly adulterated. He to-day presented his report to the collector, showing that he had rejected 3100 packages, which, if sold in the market, might have realized about \$2200. These teas consisted of greens of all colors, sizes and descriptions, some of which were mixed with sand and some with gravel; others were composed of dirt and paste rolled into pellets. About 500 packages of colored Japan dust were also rejected, on the ground of high color and admixture of mineral substance, intended to make the tea heavier in weight. This tea was also brought to this country on board the Flintshire. The collector and the appraiser of the port of St. Louis have forwarded to Davies samples of so-called tea sent to that city by way of San Francisco, an examination of which has clearly shown that the "stud" was only wild leaves, indiscriminately collected and dried and sent to this country to be palmed off as tea. This was intended to be sent to a part of the country remote from the regular market and there disposed of as tea, regardless of the fact whether or not it would injure the consumers. Davies said this morning that the new crop, now arriving overland, appeared to be of good quality.

Ivan the Terrible.

Ivan the Terrible was an embodiment both of the Byzantine autocrat and the Tartar Kahn. The title of Great Prince was too insignificant for him, and so he called himself the czar, by which title the Russians used to address only the Khans. Ivan became ruler when only three years old. On reaching his thirteenth year, he ordered that Prince Shuisky, the head of the temporary government, be thrown to hunting dogs, which tore him to pieces. That was his first independent act as a ruler, and the Russians realized that their little crown-bearer had become a real master. He established the "oprichniki," the gen darmes of to-day. From their saddles hung dog's heads and brooms, which signified that they were always ready to cut off the heads of the czar's enemies and to sweep treason from the face of Russia. Thus autocratic terror was established. The Red Prince before the Kremlin was kept literally red with human blood during the reign of the terrible, which lasted fully half a century. What tortures did he not try? What ways of putting to death did he not practice? But then he was pious, too. He ordered the priests of the convent of St. Kyrie to pray for the repose of the souls of his own victims. In his list, or synod, there are found 3470 names, many of which were accompanied with these suggestive words, "and family" or "and sons" or "and family servants." There is also found this eloquent item: "Lord, remember the souls of Thy servants, the Novgorodians, 1505 in number!" The terrible put to death the Boyards not only with their families and servants, but also with their cattle and the fishes in their lakes! No doubt the czar surpassed the Kahn. However Ivan feared for his own life, and he corresponded with Elizabeth, queen of England, on the subject of an asylum for himself in case of need. His character was a strange mixture of grandeur and barbarity. He was a cruel maniac with lucid intervals, when he was a genius. One day he was a despot, the next day he listened to the counsel of the people's representatives. One day he swam in human blood, and another day he turned his dreadful oprichniki into monks, himself acting as their prior. Once, as he was confessing before his brethren, a Boyard remarked that the czar was humiliating himself too much. "Keep your mouth shut, brute!" roared the terrible prior. "I can humiliate myself as much as I like, before whom I please." Once in his rage he struck his beloved son with his iron stick and killed him on the spot. It was under the terrible that Erma, with his valiant comrades, conquered the Siberian exar dom. The freedom loving Cossacks never dreamed that they had furnished the czars with a horrible prison for sons and daughters of liberty.

Southern Life.

There are two phases of southern life, which are but little appreciated at the north—the domesticity and its humor. The conventional planter of the ante-bellum era, was a careless, boastful, swaggering tyrant; his wife and daughters equally careless in regard to the home life, its comforts and economies, as to the administration of his boundless acres. Both ideas were almost equally incorrect. The southern planter as a rule, was a careful administrator of his estate; not in the same snug, tidy manner of which the northern farmer boasts—he did not work and fuss and worry over all the details of farm management as much as his compeer of the north, nor was his sense of fitness outraged by a lack of completeness and order which would have driven his farmer of the middle states into an insane asylum. There was a sort of laxity about his methods which was hard for the northern man to distinguish from slothfulness. Yet he watched with care the development of the crops, the progress of his work, and was no doubt a better director of labor than the northern farmer. With ignorant labor and crude machinery he achieved good results. It is especially with regard to the domestic life of the south, however, that false ideas prevailed at the north. The planter's family has been credited with hospitality of a lavish, careless kind, but a very small proportion of the people of the north have ever supposed that the planter's wife was very generally a Martha of the most anxious and troubled variety. The difference of method between the northern and the southern housekeeper has been so great that the former has very often been inclined to elevate a dainty nose in scorn of any professed acquisitions of the latter. So, too, the hurly-burly of our northern life; its sharp competition and the constant influx of the outside world have been such as to predispose us to underestimate the charming domesticity of the southern home. It is not often as strictly ordered or administered with that anxiety with regard to detail that characterizes the northern household, yet there is rarely to be found a more faithful purveyor of comforts than the mistress of a southern plantation. The very isolation of life; the rarity of strangers' visits, and the care with which even the most distant family ties are remembered and acknowledged in that section, all tend to make the domestic life of the better class of the south very charming and delightful.—Exchange.

"And the Man Got Left."

No finer view of New York City can be obtained than from this position, and it was fully half an hour before I had found time to inquire of an old sailor sitting on a coil of rope if he knew much about the bridge. I half expected him to pull out a printed card, but he must have been out of them, for he said: "Know much about it? I should say so. I've watched it from the word go. I helped sink the caisson. I've been down in it when the pressure was so strong it seemed as if 'twould break in your car drums, and you couldn't blow out a candle, but 'twould light up again. I was there when they filled the caisson with thousands of tons of cement, and the man got left."

"Got left where?" was my natural question.

"Didn't you never hear that story? Why, there was eighty-six men went to work in the caisson that morning, and owing to some mistake in the count they turned on steam and poured thousands

of tons of cement into her before they found out that only eighty-five had come up. It would have taken a year to pump it out again, and so they charged him to 'profit and loss.' His dinner pail was found on the dock with his dinner in it." The old fellow winked his weather eye, but seriously the death-roll of the bridge is a long one, twenty-eight men having been killed. Going down the bridge staircase is nothing compared to going up; familiarity breeds contempt, and no more aweing of the structure is noticed. And the same may be said of the trip across. When one has reached the top of the towers there are no more terrors in store. At present a trip across the bridge need not make the most nervous person shake unless the very solidity and consequent weight of the structure inspires one with fear.—Exchange.

What Coaches Have In Idea For.

The consummate achievement of New York Anglomaniacs is doubtless the hunting of the anise-seed bag over the gentle undulations of Long Island, but next to that is the driving of four-in-hands before English coaches and the riding thereon, up into Westchester or through the Central Park. This noble feat was performed on a recent Saturday by a choice selection of Anglophiles known as the Coaching club. Eleven coaches, to borrow the language of an enthusiastic witness, "unwound like a bright ribbon from the green center of Madison square," and went rolling up Fifth avenue to the park. The coaches—yellow body and red under-carriage, blue body and yellow under-carriage, claret body and canary under-carriage, or what not else—were glorious with new paint; the harnesses splendid with polish plate. The "gentlemen drivers" wore the uniform of the club—dark green coats with gold buttons, yellow-striped waistcoats, drab trousers and tall white hats—and have looked the Pickwick club on their travels, and as they were exceedingly English, that was well. There was Col. William Jay and William K. Vanderbilt, Roosevelt and Sturgis, Lorillard and Havemeyer, Parker and Bronson, Kane, Newbold and Kernochan, and wives and fair friends of theirs; six persons to a coach, and all of them seated on top. The coaches were, as a reporter observes, "pedestals of visions of shimmering satins and flowers and pleasing figures"—only that and nothing more, so far as it appears. The horses were tooled with science, the horses pranced and Col. Jay "unreined his whip-arm" at 5 o'clock. It was a glorious sight; thousands that hadn't a dollar in the world to spend for fun looked on and glorified the show. It was really one of the circumstances that an aristocracy are always bound to provide to accompany the "distressful bread" of the lower classes. The common people in the park admired to the full, to be sure, the "gentlemen in livery and the gay silks and satins and flowers and faces behind them. When the parade was over, and the noble beings drew up their equipages before the Brunswick to refresh their higher appetites at a table spread like a whiffletree, it was then discovered what the insides of the coaches were for. Ladders were drawn thence, whereby the ladies might descend from their lofty seats with decorum. Before this age it has been a mystery.—Springfield Republican.

The Society of Decorative Art.

What is called scientific charity is one of the signal distinctions of the time. It proceeds upon a principle which has never before been so clearly perceived, that true charity consists in helping the needy to help themselves. Some, indeed, the eager and infirm, cannot help themselves. They must be wholly relieved. But the relief must be so given as not to increase the evil it would remedy.

The forms in which this wise and kindly spirit manifests itself are many, but none is pleasanter than that which offers to the decayed gentleman the opportunity of trying to help himself. It is this office which the society of Decorative Art has undertaken. Of course even this work must be attended with many and sore disappointments. But the general purpose of the society is to serve as an agency for the display and sale of such delicate decorative work as refined and accomplished women may with a little care be able to do, such as painting dinner-cards, for every purpose; painting china, fans, screens; ornamental needlework of every kind; inlaying; and the myriad forms of minor decoration to which cultivated taste and intelligence and faculty will naturally turn. Schools of instruction, also, are contemplated. The humane and thoughtful and efficient ladies who have the enterprise in charge have regarded it as a form of charity, and it is not yet self-supporting, as in time it may be.

There is, indeed, a broader and higher improvement of the situation to which this admirable society owes its impulse. It is that its existence and operation bring more clearly to the consciousness of the sanguine young Durbys the possible situation of his widowed Joan, and warn him more impressively than ever of the folly of running for lack, and they suggest that the "true sphere of woman" is not elegant imbecility and velvet uselessness. The saddest moral of the novelist's decayed gentleman is that she is a natural product of a social spirit which holds, in effect, that "a lady" is a being designed

To eat strawberries, sugar and cream.

To sit on a cushion and sew up a seam.

Men and women are mutually help-mates. But the condition of helping others is ability to help one's self.—Harper's Magazine.

Mark Twain.

Mark Twain, the renowned archaeologist, poet and astronomer, is a lineal descendant of the celebrated Twain who were made one flesh. He was born on Plymouth Rock, April 1, 1728, on a remarkably cold morning, and the admiral department afterward stated that he was the most remarkable baby she had ever seen. At an early age of 7, Mark—for so he was cruelly christened—was already addicted to science, and his discovery, made one year later, that a spring clothes-pin artistically applied to the continuation of a cat, would create in that smug animal a desire for vigorous foreign travel, is still used by the aborigines of Connecticut and Massa-

chusetts. When he was nineteen Mark went through college. He entered the front door, turpentine the rector's favorite cat, and graduated over the fence. He then started for California, Milwaukee and other remote confines of the earth, and began those remarkable series of anecdotes for which he is now justly famed. As an archaeologist, however, he has won most renown, and his collection of Pompeian, Sanscrit, Egyptian and early Greek jokes, now in possession of Osgood & Co., of Boston, is considered the most complete in the world. Some envious critics claim that most of these were painfully carved by himself, and the balance composed of heterogeneous and unrelated parts, but there seems to be no reasonable doubt that they are all genuine antiques.

Blaine, His Book and His Daughter.

Ex-Secretary Blaine will start shortly with his family for his home in Maine. Mr. Blaine has lived a very quiet life during the past six months. He has been working almost constantly on his forthcoming book, and has been "at home" very little to callers. Mr. Blaine has about completed the first volume of his book, and it will be published early in the fall. A Connecticut firm has the contract for printing the work. There will be fifty steel plate engravings in the first volume. It will be published in parts and sold on subscription. The book will be completed in two volumes. Miss Margaret Blaine, who returned from Europe a day or two ago, was abroad nearly two years. There have been many changes in her father's affairs in her absence. When she left Mr. Blaine was secretary of state and living in a modest house on Fifteenth street. The ground for his present residence had not even been broken. She returns to find her father in private life and engaged in writing a book about his past greatness.

A frog fell into a pail of milk in a country town, and in the morning was found sitting upon a roll of butter. A local paper says that the sole explanation is that, in trying to extricate himself, the frog had, by diligent and continuous strokes of his long legs, churned the milk into butter. Biddy says she don't believe it.

A FINE GALLERY.

A person walking hurriedly down First street, Portland, with his whole mind intent on business, would hardly notice the many brilliant displays made on either side, but plenty of leisure upon one's hands, how great the variety, how much to see and admire, especially in this case at the galleries at 167 and 171. One cannot but stop and admire the beautiful specimens of graphic art that fill the cases on either side of the hall, consisting of Cards, Cabinets, Prints, Boudoirs, Imperial, Views, Crayons, etc. Having partially satisfied your mind, curiosity will impel you to go further, and mounting the stairs you stand before the door with the modest sign, FRANK G. ABELL, PHOTOGRAPHER, and two little words which please you more, for they are brims full of hospitality and good nature—Walk In. Taking advantage of the luxurious and cozy room, you open the door and find a perfect subterranean beauty beneath the vision. Move from the gold, ebony, mahogany, carved and gilt, and filled with beautiful specimens of the "art-procreative" line, from the north of England. Look and admire to your heart's content and if perchance you wish to make a lasting and valuable acquisition, you will find the proprietor with him and explain to you the different styles. Make your selection, then enter into the dressing room (a ladies' boudoir of itself). From there to the opening room and it is done. No, it is not done, you cannot get your picture for a week or ten days to come. Your negative must go through the hands of the retoucher, the printer and finisher, and then the choice of the State fair these portions have been so crowded, and yet many additions have been made to the working force of the establishment, so all the work accumulates and you will have to wait a few days on this account. Never mind, never mind, time flies swiftly; it is now done, and as you view the finely finished and artistic work, you will be but one of those who are happy by visiting the photographic gallery of FRANK G. ABELL, 167 and 171, First street Portland.



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Portland Business Directory!

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REMOVAL.

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ATTORNEYS.

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

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