

SOLITUDE.
Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sweet and sad are bound by their birth,
But the trouble enough of its own,
Sing, and the hills will answer;
The echoes round it, a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you are all alone.
There are none to declare your pined and woe,
But those who must drink life's gill.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by,
Unconscious and unheeding of your life,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But only one who walks with pain,
Through the narrow aisles of pain.
—Ella Wheeler.

MEG'S ADVICE.
It was the day after the party, and can any day be any more utterly wretched? I mean, of course, to the people who have given the party—especially when, like my uncle and aunt, they are of quiet-going habits and moderate means, and must let guests dance in the dining-room and have supper in the biggest bedroom.

It was the day after the party, and every individual in the house was miserable. The days before the party had not been remarkable for comfort, but they at least had been tinged with the radiance of hope and bright anticipation, while now nothing remained but "dregs and bitterness," and to clear away and get the house into order again. This would have seemed rather a dreary task in any circumstances, I dare say; but it was greatly aggravated by the fact that we were all in very low spirits, or to put it honestly, in dreadfully bad tempers, having each and all a special grievance of our own.

My uncle's household consisted of himself and my aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbee, their two sons, Christopher and Peter, their two daughters, Lottie and Sophie, and myself, Meg Merton, the orphan daughter of my aunt's only sister. My mother had died when I was eight years old, and my father, whose habits were by no means of a domestic kind, sent me to school, and allowed me to spend all my holidays at my aunt's; and when he died and my school days were over, my temporary home became a permanent one. This came to pass quite naturally, and was taken as a matter of course by my kind-hearted cousins; and Aunt Charlotte, who had never seemed to suppose that she was conferring any particular favor upon me by giving me a happy home among them all. But I appreciated it, and endeavored to prove my gratitude in every way possible.

I was older than Lottie and Sophie and left school before they did, and I became very useful in the house. Aunt Charlotte was of a nervous, timid nature, and as I happened to be self-possessed and cool and decided she soon came to rely entirely on my judgment and energy, and in a year or two I was housekeeper-in-chief, and my advice was asked and pretty generally taken on matters both small and great—indeed, "Meg's advice" became proverbial in the household. Naturally I grew a little dictatorial, for I often wondered what they could have done without me. Chris was the only one I could not manage.

"Bully the others as much as you like," he would say, "but you shall never bully me," and somehow or other I never felt inclined to try.

"Tiffs" occurred amongst us now and then; but, on the whole, we were a very happy family until the day after the party, when, as I have said, we were each and all miserable. My uncle was confined to his room with a bilious attack, where he lay groaning and anathematizing "that champagne." My aunt looked very haggard when she first came down in the morning, and said her head ached badly; and her appearance did not brighten as she and I investigated the state of the crockery, et cetera.

"I shall never give a party again," she said quietly, but it was the quietness of despair, "Nine champagne glasses broken, two sherrys, and three of the best china plates, and a great stain on the drawing room carpet! It was more than entertaining a set of barbarians!"

Christopher and Peter, usually the most affectionate of brothers, were now not on speaking terms with each other, as my aunt and I discovered at breakfast time; and instead of going to business together, Peter lingered until Chris had gone, and then started about five minutes afterwards. The unfriendliness arose, as I well knew, because of a stylish, disagreeable London belle, whom some friends of ours had brought with them to the party, and who had flirted desperately but with maddening impartiality, with both my deluded cousins. Hence their coldness toward each other this morning. As for Lottie and Sophie I wished, before the day was out, that they were not on speaking terms, for they were nagging at each other all the time, and finished just before dinner with a downright spiteful quarrel; and the confectioner's man came this morning, I had not a single cake or jelly or blanc-mange to send back, for every one had been broken into! And I saw you, Chris, take just a spoonful out of that expensive porcupine, when a plainer cake already commenced was closer by you."

"Ob, don't blame Chris for that, auntie!" I exclaimed. "It was done for Miss Jones, no doubt. If he had the power Chris would cut off a bit of the Koh-i-Noor itself, she asked him."

"I would," said Chris; "she is worth a hundred Koh-i-Noors."

"Really!" observed Peter, aroused at last from the gloomy lethargy that had possessed him all dinner-time and addressing Chris. "What a pity she does not regard you in the same light! She told me last night how she hated dancing with you, saying that you were so clumsy you were constantly getting your feet on her dress."

My aunt and I had been up as early as usual this morning—we had too much to do to be able to lie in bed. Chris and Peter of course wanted their breakfast at the usual hour, and their luncheon, which they always took with them and ate in a little back room at the office—put up; and then, when they had started for business, we commenced our dismal investigations through the house. We always dined at six o'clock, and it was nearly that hour before we had succeeded in reducing the house to anything like order. Then Lottie and Sophie had their quarrel, in the midst of which Chris and Peter arrived, and we went to dinner.

Chris folded his arms and put on a dogged and determined look as he took his place at the table.

"I breakfasted off cold fowl," he said, gloomily—"I lunched off cold fowl—I refuse to dine off it."

My aunt grew tearful again.

"This is not cold fowl," she answered, "it is turkey, and you might eat it. Cold beef will keep a day or two—fowls and turkeys, with sauce over them, will not. But—turning to me resignedly—"ring for the beef to be brought in, Meg; we have had enough unpleasantness for one day."

"How is it there is a whole turkey left?" inquired Chris, somewhat mollified as the beef appeared.

"It was Meg's fault," replied Aunt Charlotte. "She put it on that dark shelf behind the cellar door, and I found it there this morning quite forgotten. But I wonder, Meg, that you did not notice there were only two turkeys at supper; this would have been eaten if it had been there."

"I did not have any supper," I said, for I thought there would not be room."

"That is merely an excuse," interposed Lottie; "you were spooning with John Howarth in the conservatory all supper time."

I meant to look defiant, but I may have looked guilty.

"Did he propose to you?" asked Sophie, staring at me.

"I will put a stop to this nonsense about John Howarth," I said, determinedly. "You shall all know exactly how the case stands and then there will be no excuse for any further display of stale wit at our expense. As Sophie supposes, Mr. Howarth did propose to me last night."

"Ob, Chris," interrupted Lottie, "how could you hit my cat in such a savage way? Come here, Tip—poor pussy."

"You should teach your cat not to stick his claws into one's legs at dinner time," retorted Chris; "then he wouldn't get hit."

"He was not touching you!" returned Lottie, warmly. "He was begging quite inoffensively."

"He was sticking his claws into my leg," retorted Chris, with quiet and aggravating obstinacy.

"Now don't you two begin quarrelling," said Sophie, impatiently, "but let Meg tell us about John Howarth. I have often read about proposals in tales but I have never heard of a real bona fide one described. Do tell us every word he said, Meg."

"Did he go down upon his knees?" asked Chris. "For if he did I wish I had been there to see him."

"I shall not tell you whether he went down on his knees or not," I answered, calmly, "nor shall I tell you what he said. 'But,' I added, with sentimental meditation, 'he said some very nice things indeed to me—nicer you than could put together, Chris, if you tried for a hundred years.'"

"I can assure you I am not going to try, even for a minute," answered Chris, giving me a most savage look.

My aunt suddenly burst into tears.

"This is the finishing blow," she said. "Meg going to be married! I will never give another party as long as I live! It was against my better judgment that I yielded this time. I did it to please you all, and this is the result—furniture ruined, catables wasted, your father ill, you all quarrelling like this, and Meg going to be married! No, never another party in this house!"

"—What—not even when Meg marries John Howarth?" sneered Chris.

"No, not even then," replied aunt, redoubling her sobs.

"Well, don't cry, auntie," I interposed, "for I am not going to marry him. I gave him a very decided 'No.'"

Chris here gave a quick, covert glance in my direction; after which his assumption of perfect indifference seemed to me a trifle overacted.

can you set our little world straight? It seems to me we are all miserable. What can you suggest to make us happy?"

"Common sense," I repeated—"only common-sense. Take my advice and peace will be restored."

"Let us have it then," said my aunt querulously.

"Oh, let us have 'Meg's advice' at once!" sneered Chris again. "How is it we have not thought of this panacea earlier?"

"I will commence with my uncle," I began firmly. "Let him—at least, make him—see the doctor to-night and he will be better before morning."

"That is good advice enough," said aunt, "and I will tell him."

"As for you, aunt—go to bed at once and forget your worries. We will start a subscription list for you, which I will head with five shillings; and if the others give with equal liberality, according to their means, you will be able to replace all the broken crockery and have the white hearth rug cleaned also."

"That is good advice, too, and I will do my part by going to bed immediately," said aunt meekly. "I am much obliged to you, Meg."

"As for you, Peter," I continued severely. "I think, instead of quarrelling with Chris about Miss Jones, you had better turn your attention nearer home. I knew poor little Kitty Reynolds would cry her eyes out when she got home last night, or rather this morning."

"You know more than I do then," returned Peter.

"Yes, I do; for I am in Kitty's confidence, and you are not; and I know what Kitty said to me when she was going home, and you do not. And my advice to you, Peter, is, make it up with Kitty and leave Miss Jones for those who want her."

"Capital advice! But I never asked you for it, you see; so I don't consider myself bound to take it," and he went on eating tart.

"And now, girls," I continued, looking at Lottie and Sophie, "make up your minds to the inevitable, and change lovers. They are twins, and so much alike that you cannot always tell which is which; and I think it must be merely contrariness in you two to pretend you like either one better than the other; and—with just a careless glance at Chris—"contrariness never pays in the end. So take my advice, transfer your affections quietly and say no more about it."

Then I helped myself to some blanc-mange, and went on eating my dinner.

"But you have forgotten me," observed Chris; "pray have you no advice for me?"

"I hesitated a moment, then looked at him defiantly.

"Well," I said, "I think the advice I have given Peter might also apply to you; instead of making yourself ridiculous about Miss Jones, I think you might find some one to admire nearer home."

Then, owing to Peter's delighted "Bravo, Meg!" and Chris' steady stare, I had a sensation that I had never experienced in all my self-possessed life before—I think it was embarrassment—and I rose hastily from the table and left the room, presumably to see "why that dog howled so." And Chris must have left, curious on that point too, for he also left the table and followed me to Nero's kennel.

When we came in again Peter was standing in the hall with his top coat on, brushing his hat very carefully.

"Why, Peter," I exclaimed, "where are you going? I should have thought you would have been more inclined for bed than a walk. Where are you going?"

Peter looked at us with a curious mixture of defiance and sheepishness in his expression.

"I am going to see Frank Reynolds," he said. "He told me last night that he has a little terrier that he thinks I shall like, and he said he would let me have it cheap; so I am going to look at it."

"But," remarked Chris pitilessly, "you know that Frank has gone away from home to-day, and won't be back until Monday; and your journey will be utterly fruitless, will it not, if you find only Kitty in?"

"I shall see the terrier," muttered Peter, putting on his hat, "and shall leave word whether I will have him or not."

"Oh, I have no doubt it will be all right," I remarked, with an innocent air. Peter looked at me, and then said:

"What was the matter with Nero?"

"Oh—his chain—I think—his collar!" I stammered, taken aback by the suddenness of his question, and ending by an appealing glance at Chris.

"Never mind, never mind!" cried Peter, waving his hands. "As you said, Meg, I have no doubt it will be all right; it's leap year, you know, and Chris has only acted as any other man—"

Here Peter darted through the hall door and slammed it after him, otherwise the hat brush would have struck him.

When Chris and I entered the dining-room aunt was there.

CHANCES FOR A SMILE.

"What is true bravery?" asks a New York paper. It is going to sleep while your wife sits up in bed to listen for burglars.

A Pittsburg female physician says: "Woman can understand woman." All we've got to say is, if she can she's mighty smart.

Not only must the front windows be boarded up at once, but the bell knob must be tarred. Tarrish can be bought at any drug store.

Translated from Omnibus: Lisette—Well, Grettie, how pleases you the trampeter? Grettie—O, good, but his kisses taste a little after brass.

Young man, keep off the grass. It is said that even a moderate indulgence at lawn tennis creates an unquenchable and inhuman appetite for ice cream.

Distigue in a Saginaw, Michigan, school: Teacher—"How many races are there?" Pupil—"Three; the spring meeting, midsummer speeding, and fall fairs."

It was, of course, an Irishman in his very best mood who said that landlords are so grasping that they take a tenth of all the tenants have, and they would even take a twentieth if the law allowed them.

The younger lady—"Oh, aunt, did you observe what a badly made dress Mrs. Brown had on?" Aunt (who couldn't bear "that woman")—"Ah, that's how it was it fitted her so well, dear—yes."

A woman in Akron, Ohio, who had been married four times, was asked: "When are you going to be married again?" "Never! I shall forever remain single. I hate a man," was her reply.

"Never engage in anything you would not open with prayer," said a very strict orthodox preacher. Whereupon an irreverent individual arose and inquired, "What would you do with a dozen oysters?"

"Pass? Of course I'll pass!" replied a twelve-year old school girl in this city the other day. "Doesn't my brother keep company with the schoolma'am, and will she dare snub one of the family?"

"No, sir," said the gentleman, "I am not brutal in disposition and tastes; but I hate hypocrisy in man or beast, and if two dogs have a rooted antipathy for each other I don't like to see 'em conceal it."

"Father," asked a Boacon Hill lad, "may I go out to-night to hear Governor Butler speak?" "You may, indeed," said the high-toned Boston parent, "and here's some money to buy a hatful of stale eggs."

An exchange says: "A Mississippi dog bit of a boy's nose and swallowed it." This shows the thoughtfulness of the dog. If he had swallowed the nose without biting it off it must have proved fatal to the boy.

"Why do good little children go to heaven when they die?" asked the teacher. "Because," answered the bright boy at the head of the class, "because it's unsafe to trust children in a place where there's fire."

"Did that lady take umbrage?" said the proprietor of a Harlem store to his clerk, who had just had a wordy dispute with a customer. "Oh, no; she took ten yards of Turkey red calico, and wanted buttons to match."

"There's one thing connected with your table," said a drummer to a western landlord, "that is not surpassed by even the best hotels in Chicago."

"Yes?" replied the pleased landlord, and what is that?" "The salt."

"Do you believe that a woman nowadays would die for the object of her love?" asked a bachelor friend. "I don't know whether she'd die or not," answered the benedict, "but I've known her to go wild when the trimming didn't suit her."

A poor woman in Lawrence was visited by a female missionary, who, in the conversation, asked her if she intended to bring her boy up to any trade. "Well," said the party addressed, "wid respects to yer, I think I shall bring him up to be an Odd Fellow."

"Yes," said the gilded youth, "I want a wife to make home pleasant."

"But," objected a friend, "you'd be howling round town nights all the same." "Yes; but now nobody cares, and it would be such a comfort to feel that somebody was at home mad about it."

On a southern veranda: "Where is your lover, Colonel Blank?" He has not been to see you for a week." "No, dear fellow, he has been detained in the city on business. He shot a judge or something the other day, and it would not be proper for him to leave until the trial is over."

A youngster of a dozen years went to pass the Whitnastide holidays with his grandmother in the country. In the evening when they sat down to dinner the grandmother cried: "O, my! There are thirteen of us!" "Don't be worried, grandmother," cried the youngster; "I will eat for two!"

The English Board Schools Again.

A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "I have been examining board schools in geography, and fancy that a few of the children's answers may have a general interest. Their excellent textbooks deal little with statistics, and much with climate, history and national manners; it also contains some simple and interesting observations about free trade. But the most interesting book can be made dull. I found that the children, while able to give an accurate list of the exports of Norway, could not recall the latitude of Paris as a furd. They knew that the latitude of Paris was 49 degrees, but when asked, 'What is latitude?' they were either dumb or inclined to the following views: 'Latitude means lines running straight up'; 'latitude means zones or climate'; 'latitude is measured by multiplying the length by the breadth.' Again, together with correct lists of imports, I received the following definitions of custom duties: 'Customs are ways; duties are things that we have to do, and we ought to do them' (from a girl). 'Customs duties are to go in the places and buy what they want, not stopping about, but go out when they are done' (from a boy.)

"If these were exceptional answers," the writer continues, "one would not complain; but they were typical."

THE NELSON ROAD CART.



Most Perfect 2-Wheeled Vehicle in the World. Easy of access, shafts being low and attached direct to the axle. Perfectly balanced and entirely free from all jerking motions of the horse, so disagreeable in other carts. Rides better and is more convenient and desirable than a buggy, at about one-half the cost, and it will carry a top equally as well. Four different styles and qualities, from \$100 to \$150. Refer by permission to all parties who have used them to prove that they are the best Riding Vehicles in the World.

The Durand Organ Co., OF PORTLAND, OREGON. (Incorporated under the laws of the State.) Every organ manufactured under the careful eye of one of our competent. We sell on easy payments, and protect our patrons from loss if they are compelled from any cause whatever to stop their payments.

330 First Street, Portland, Oregon. D. M. BROS., Manager Branch House, New Tacoma, W. T. FRANK COOPER, Manager Branch House, Salem, Oregon.

BETTER THAN GOLD CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT. BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST. THEY ARE ALL SADDLE SEAMS. BUY NO OTHER.



IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF By over indulgence in eating or drinking have sick or nervous headache, dizziness of the head, with a feverish tendency, slight nausea and sleeplessness, by all means use

Slaven's California Fruit Salt, And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it: 25¢ per bottle; 6 bottles for \$1.50. For sale by all druggists. J. H. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY The Greatest Nerve-Knowing.

BEEF (Lieber's Extract), the Wonderful Nutritive and Invigorator.

IRON (Pyrophosphate), Tonic for the Blood, and Food for the Brain.

Another Great Victory in Medical Science! **CELERY, BEEF AND IRON** Is acknowledged by all Physicians to be the Greatest Medical Compound yet discovered.

Is a never-failing cure for Neuralgia and Nervous Debility.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY—AND—**SANITARIUM OR HOME FOR THE SICK**, Mandanum Road, bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.

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

The intention is to provide a home for such cases with all the best hygienic agencies combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolis. Consulting physician and surgeon, Dr. Harvey, Prof. of Obstetrics of Women and Children in the Medical Department of Willamette University. Also Dr. J. H. Felt, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Med. Dept. Willamette University.

For any amount of references and circular, address **DR. J. H. FELT, M.D.,** Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

\$1000 REWARD WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON PRODUCING A MORE EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR **Dr. Keck's Sure Cure for Catarrh**, Which has stood the test for fourteen years. Physicians, druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it specific for the cure of that loathsome disease. Try it. Your druggist has it.

Dr. Keck thoroughly understands, and is eminently successful in the treatment of all chronic and difficult diseases of both sexes and ages, having made a specialty of their treatment for fourteen years. He treats Catarrh without using the knife. His favorite remedy is a simple, natural, and perfectly safe. No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insanity or a life of suffering in your inevitable doom unless you apply in time to the physician who understands, and is competent to treat your case. Write no more lines nor money with incompetent physicians. All communications attended to with dispatch, and are strictly confidential. Medical cases sent to any part of the country. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. **CORRESPONDENCE FREE.** Include a three-cent stamp for list and address: **DR. JAMES KECK, No. 135 First Street, Portland, Or.**

A Reliable House of Portland TO WHOM IT IS **SAFE TO SEND ORDERS.**

MERCHANTS BROKER. J. E. McLAUGHLIN, HAS OPENED IN CONNECTION with his Great Front Building, a Fine Clothing Store, a Men's and Boy's Tailor, and will sell and embrace all kinds of Merchandise in large or small quantities for parties desiring to do the city for a very small commission, thereby saving them the expense of coming to Portland. Matching dress samples and specialties. Orders promptly filled. Correspondence solicited. Address

J. E. McLAUGHLIN, P. O. Box 327, Portland.

REFERENCES—Murphy, Grant & Co., Alke, Pettigrew & Co., Jacobs Bros., Wasserman & Co., J. Harbman Bros.

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh" I OUGHT OR DEY, PRICE \$1.00; "ATMOSPHERIC" 1 1/2. Illustrations, price 25¢. Dr. C. W. and Louisa, formerly residing on Pacific Street, will give full directions for use. Send for circulars to the Dr. C. W. and Louisa, 121 1/2 First Street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast.

BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMER SCHOOL. A Boarding and Day School for Boys. THE SIXTH YEAR UNDER PRESENT MANAGEMENT begins Sept. 4. Classes in Greek, Latin, German, French, English, mathematics, book-keeping, science, music, drawing and penmanship. Disciplinary system. Send for thirteen annual catalogue with list of former members to the Head Master, P. O. Drawer 12. J. W. HILL, M. D., Portland, Oregon.

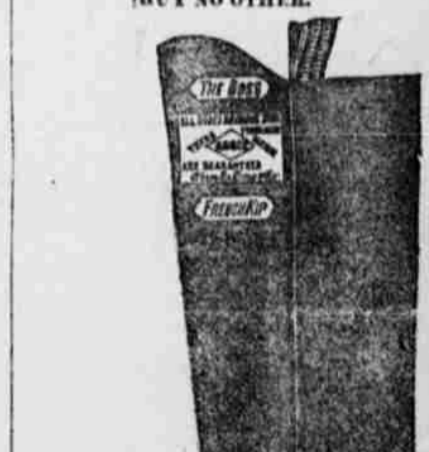
THE BALDWIN IN THE ONLY FIRST CLASS Family Restaurant in Portland. **USE ROSE PILLS,**

The Durand Organ Co., OF PORTLAND, OREGON. (Incorporated under the laws of the State.) Every organ manufactured under the careful eye of one of our competent. We sell on easy payments, and protect our patrons from loss if they are compelled from any cause whatever to stop their payments.

330 First Street, Portland, Oregon. D. M. BROS., Manager Branch House, New Tacoma, W. T. FRANK COOPER, Manager Branch House, Salem, Oregon.

BETTER THAN GOLD CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT. BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST. THEY ARE ALL SADDLE SEAMS. BUY NO OTHER.

IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF By over indulgence in eating or drinking have sick or nervous headache, dizziness of the head, with a feverish tendency, slight nausea and sleeplessness, by all means use



Slaven's California Fruit Salt, And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it: 25¢ per bottle; 6 bottles for \$1.50. For sale by all druggists. J. H. DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

DR. HENLEY'S CELERY The Greatest Nerve-Knowing.

BEEF (Lieber's Extract), the Wonderful Nutritive and Invigorator.

IRON (Pyrophosphate), Tonic for the Blood, and Food for the Brain.

Another Great Victory in Medical Science! **CELERY, BEEF AND IRON** Is acknowledged by all Physicians to be the Greatest Medical Compound yet discovered.

Is a never-failing cure for Neuralgia and Nervous Debility.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY—AND—**SANITARIUM OR HOME FOR THE SICK**, Mandanum Road, bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.

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

The intention is to provide a home for such cases with all the best hygienic agencies combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolis. Consulting physician and surgeon, Dr. Harvey, Prof. of Obstetrics of Women and Children in the Medical Department of Willamette University. Also Dr. J. H. Felt, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Med. Dept. Willamette University.

For any amount of references and circular, address **DR. J. H. FELT, M.D.,** Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

\$1000 REWARD WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON PRODUCING A MORE EFFECTUAL REMEDY FOR **Dr. Keck's Sure Cure for Catarrh**, Which has stood the test for fourteen years. Physicians, druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it specific for the cure of that loathsome disease. Try it. Your druggist has it.

Dr. Keck thoroughly understands, and is eminently successful in the treatment of all chronic and difficult diseases of both sexes and ages, having made a specialty of their treatment for fourteen years. He treats Catarrh without using the knife. His favorite remedy is a simple, natural, and perfectly safe. No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insanity or a life of suffering in your inevitable doom unless you apply in time to the physician who understands, and is competent to treat your case. Write no more lines nor money with incompetent physicians. All communications attended to with dispatch, and are strictly confidential. Medical cases sent to any part of the country. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. **CORRESPONDENCE FREE.** Include a three-cent stamp for list and address: **DR. JAMES KECK, No. 135 First Street, Portland, Or.**

A Reliable House of Portland TO WHOM IT IS **SAFE TO SEND ORDERS.**

MERCHANTS BROKER. J. E. McLAUGHLIN, HAS OPENED IN CONNECTION with his Great Front Building, a Fine Clothing Store, a Men's and Boy's Tailor, and will sell and embrace all kinds of Merchandise in large or small quantities for parties desiring to do the city for a very small commission, thereby saving them the expense of coming to Portland. Matching dress samples and specialties. Orders promptly filled. Correspondence solicited. Address

J. E. McLAUGHLIN, P. O. Box 327, Portland.

REFERENCES—Murphy, Grant & Co., Alke, Pettigrew & Co., Jacobs Bros., Wasserman & Co., J. Harbman Bros.

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh" I OUGHT OR DEY, PRICE \$1.00; "ATMOSPHERIC" 1 1/2. Illustrations, price 25¢. Dr. C. W. and Louisa, formerly residing on Pacific Street, will give full directions for use. Send for circulars to the Dr. C. W. and Louisa, 121 1/2 First Street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast.

BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMER SCHOOL. A Boarding and Day School for Boys. THE SIXTH YEAR UNDER PRESENT MANAGEMENT begins Sept. 4. Classes in Greek, Latin, German, French, English, mathematics, book-keeping, science, music, drawing and penmanship. Disciplinary system. Send for thirteen annual catalogue with list of former members to the Head Master, P. O. Drawer 12. J. W. HILL, M. D., Portland, Oregon.