

Alone, she puts a rat to flight, Next night she at a party was At a young neighbor's house, When 'cross the floor with patt'ring steps There tripped a tiny mouse. Oh dear! how scared she was! She leaped-Her shoes were number two

And new—upon a chair and begged

"Pray kill it, some one—do!"



About her gathered all the youths, "Poor timid thing," they said; And then some flew for smelling salts, And some for water sped. Strange, wasn't it, that she alone Should put a rat to flight, And yet next night, when men were nigh, Should flee from mouse with piercing cry, And nearly die of fright?

Senator Vest's Dog.

[Memphis Appeal.]
"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious. One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blacked my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking brush in his mouth. You may not believe it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a house on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish. One Sunday, while I was living at Sedalia, this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howling of dogs in my back yard. I went to see what was the matter. My dog was out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the woodshed, standing on his hind legs in an old dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one fore paw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sally than the preacher I had heard that morning." The narrator of the crow story "threw up the sponge."

The Champion Liar from Kansas Throws Up the Sponge.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.] "Cold in Kansasf" interrogated the red-shirted gentleman who was industriously oc-cupied in holding a cracker box down, just to the right of the stova. "Well, I should softly sneeze. Tell yer wot; why, when they wanter make ice cream out thar, all they hav' ter du is to put a little lemon peel and sugar inter the bucket an' go ter milkin', an' bi the time their dun milkin' they hav' a bucket full ov the werry best ice cream."

The stillness was, as a bystander remarked, 'So thick yer could cut it with an old cheese



"That's purty good as fer as it goes," "That's purty good as fer as it goes,"
"Du tell," murmured a long slapsided specimen of humanity, as he drew himself out of a nail keg and glared around upon the motley assembly with an interrogation point in his left eye and a glass of stale beer in his left hand, "that's purty good fer ex it goes, but up inter Mishygan it air summat kold, too, lemme tell yer. Why, when I was up to Mishygan on a wisit ter my brother Bill, an' one mornin' in Jinnawerry we went out to milk mornin' in Jinnawerry we went out to milk old brindle, an' it was so kold that we had ter bild a fire under the old kow ter thaw her out, so ez she could give down her milk."

Then a silence like a wet blanket fell over the little knot of listeners that was just broken by the champion liar from Kansas, who in a tone of disgust remarked: "He takes the susange." Then the crowd arose as one man, and filed

it as silent as a funeral procession.

HO! YE PUBLISHERS

Of Oregon and Washington Territory-Free Advice from "Texas

The Texas Siftings, in its issue of receive a great number of country and more fully than the country editor can. He is trained to his business, and has nothing to distract his attention, and no other duties to perform, therefore it would be reasonable to be-lieve that he could put together a more interesting and readable sheet than could the editor in a country town, who has often to perform the duties not only of editor, but of compositor, pressman, advertising solicitor, collec-tor, mailing clerk, etc. The fact is the majority of these auxiliary sheets contain admirable literary selections and compilations of the latest news, condend as if we had turned over a new page in history. compilations of the latest news, condensed with great skill. As they are better typographically and in a literary sense than the country editor himself could produce, as they cost him less than setting up type for the amount of matter they contain would cost, and matter they contain would cost, and the sound of joyous cannon still beating in our ears. as their use leaves him more time to in our ears. try editor should presume to sneer at them. These auxiliary sheets are furnished by companies located in all the large cities, and they are becoming more popular with publishers of country weeklies every day. We would add that publishers desirous of available them along the many and the publishers desirous of available them along the many and the publishers desirous of available that the publishers desirous of available them. The flags were tracked that made the reaction overpowering. The flags were from window to window. The bells which rang gaily the day before tolled slower than men's sinking pulses. Ere noon arrived the whole city was hung in the pulse of truly live and interesting paper, can do so by applying to the Northern Pacific Newspaper Union, of Portland, Oregon. It furnishes the best "patent" in the United States and for less money than any other house. This Union pays particular attention to the artistic appearance of its patents-uses the best paper—the best reading matter-does the best press-work, and has several distinct and original features which we have neverseen in any other patent side. They furnish latest markets and telegrams, and can print all sizes and supplements at short notice. From latest accounts they are doing a large business. Publishers will con-

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The Bengali Legend of the Discovery of the Sleep-Producing Drug.

According to the Bengali legend,

lived on the holy River Ganga a Rishi, or sage, in tincily flashed in his mind; he arose and whose hut, made of palm leaves, there was a mouse which became a favorite with the seer, and was endowed by him with the gift of speech. After awhile the mouse, having been frightened by a eat, at its earnest solicitations was changed by Rishi into a cat; then, alarmed by dogs into a dog; then into an ape; then into a bear; then into an elephant, and finally, being still dis-contented with its lot, into a beautiful contented with its lot, into a beautiful maiden, to whom the sage gave the name of "Postomani," or the "poppy-seed lady." One day, while tending her plants, the King approached the Rishi's cottage, and was invited to rest and refresh himself by Postomani, who offered him some delicious fruit. The King however struck by the girl's offered him some delicious fruit. The King, however, struck by the girl's beauty, refused to eat until she had told him of her parentage. Postomani, to deceive the King, told him she was a Princess whom the Rishi had found in the woods and had brought up. The nushot was that the King made love to the girl, and they were married by the holy sage. She was treated as the favorite Queen, and was very happy; but one day while standing by a well she turned giddy, fell into the water, and died. The Rishi then appeared before the King and begged him not to give way to consuming grief, assuring him that the late Queen was not of roygive way to consuming grief, assuring him that the late Queen was not of roy-

wife, "I am unable to get any sleep. I have tossed ever since I came to bed.

which he had intentionally concealed to prevent excitement. He then faint-ed.—Ben. Perley Poore.

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Recollections of the Sad Event Which Saturday, April 15, on which Abraham Lincoln died at an early hour, was February 3, 1885, says editorially: We a dismal day, in harmony with the mournful occasion that shrouded all hearts in gloom, and robed the city and weeklies from all parts of the United the country in weeds of woe. It was a States. With one or two exceptions, day in as marked contrast with that none of those that are altogether edited which preceded it as the feelings which and printed at the office of publication on the one animated and on the other are as good as those that use the mat- depressed the public mind. From dawn ter ready printed on one side of the till dark the weather was cheerless. sheet. They could not be expected to cold, damp and drizzly. The heavens be so good. The patent inside is were hung with black. A faint tinge of edited by an experienced man, who the sun went down, and that was the has facilities of obtaining better selections of interesting reading matter than universal gloom. If ever nature symthe country editor can have with his pathized with man since the time when limited exchange list; and this editor the sun was darkened and the dead lives in the city where he can obtain walked the streets of Jerusalem and apthe latest news much more promptly peared to surviving friends, it certainly seemed to do so on the memorable day which ushered in the saddest news that ever fell upon the ears of the American

People.

The hush of profound dejection hung

give attention to the local side of his The transition from a city decorated paper, we see no reason why any country editor should presume to sneer at ing, had a tragic effect that made the ing themselves of this money and in black. The blinds of the pa'ace were time-saving method of publishing a closed as if the corpse lay in the house, the inmates, perhaps, robbed them-selves of bread to purchase the sorrow-ful emblem. Shrouded portraits of the blunt, kindly face, side by side with Washington's, were placed in windows, and were looked on with eyes that grew mo'st and ran over. The grief was not noisy—it was profound, unspeakable.

President Lineoln had occupied the evening previous at Ford's Theater, two boxes which had been thrown into one.

His party consisted of only four per-sons-himself and wife, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone; but one of the boxes was occupied. A man was observed by an officer standing in the adjoining box for a minute or two before the catastrophe. Mr. Lincoln and his party were in fine spirits, chatting and observing the play. At a moment when the eyes of all four were fixed on the stage a pistol-shot was heard, and the first impression of every one was that it was fired on the stage. So thought Major Rathbone, until, looking around, ne saw smoke and a man with a drawn dagger in his hand. The truth indisseized the unknown man with both hands by the lappels of his coat. A mementary scuffle ensued, in which the assassin made a thrust at the Major, grazing his breast and piereing his left arm near the shoulder. Some hing arm near the shoulder. Some mag seemed to give way about the man's coat collar; he got loose and disap-peared. The smoke prevented the Major or Miss Harris from getting a fair view of the fellow, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see him until he leaped out of the box. Her first impression was that it was her husband who leaped out. This shows how quickly the whole affair passed.

Meantime, the assassin appeared on the edge of the box, crying: "Sic Semper Tyrannis," and flourishing a dagger, leaped to the stage. He crossed the stage rapidly, exclaiming: "Revenge!" and again flourishing his dagger, disappeared, saying: "I have done it!"

him that the late Queen was not of roy-al blood. Said he: "She was a mouse, and according to her own wish, I others, carried the President from the and, according to her own wish, I changed her successively into a cat, a dog, an ape, a bear, an elephant and a lovely girl. Let her body remain in the well: fill up the well with earth. Out of her flesh and bones will grow a tree, which shall be called after her, 'Posto;' that is, the 'poppy-tree.' From this tree will be obtained a drug called 'opium.' which will be either swallowed a brieks. She was attended by Miss or smoked till the end of time. The or smoked till the end of time. The Laura Keene and others. At the house, opium swallower or smoker will have one quality of each of the animals to which Postomani was transformed. He was administered, and it was thereupon witch Postomant was transformed. He will be mischievous, like a mouse; fond of milk, like a cat; quarrelsome, like a dog; filthy, like an ape; savage, like a bear, and high-tempered, like a Queen."

— Weekly Medical Review. had received a wound in the arm, which he had intentionally concealed

OFFICE BOYS.

The Wonderful Love of an Office Youngster for His Mate

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts that beat as one." It is probable that Damon and Pythlas were on exceedingly friendly terms. and that something superior to a sneaking regard for each other warmed the breasts of David and Jonathan; but the love which existed between either pa'r was cold indeed compared to that fervent affection which unites and welds together the fond hearts of the two boys employed in one office. When David, apostrophizing the stricken Jonathan, exclaimed: "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women," he thought he was putting it pretty strong. And so he was. Had he said: "passing the love of the office boy to his mate," he would have capped the cli-max; but nobody would have believed

Nowhere else can be found the acme of pure, unadulterated, disinterested, unselfish, all-abounding love that fills the respective breasts of the two boys employed in a common office.

The evidences of this beautiful affection are many and manifest. Is one of the loving pair to go on an errand, the other, fearing that the idol of his soul may be knocked down or run over or drowned or drawn and quartered en route, can not be persuaded from accompanying him, save by the most per-emptory orders to the contrary; and even then the lover who is left will be anxious and uneasy and fit for nothing until his mate returns; nay, it is more than likely that his feelings will so get the better of him that he will start out in search of his comrade upon the first convenient opportunity, your positive command to the contrary not-

Are the two boys sitting together, after their custom, communing soul with soul, and is a boy wanted to do something or other, each is so disinterestedly desirous that the other shall answer the summons, and thus give new evidence to his employers of the treasure they possess, that neither will start for many minutes. And when, after repeated and sometimes profane adjuration, one re-sponds to the summons, the other re-sponds likewise, and by his counsel and companionship aids and assists his compeer in the discharge of his commission, even if it be but the earrying of a bit of paper across the room.

When complaint is made of some-thing which "the boy" has done, or something which he has left undone, how quick is each to charge the fault upon the other! Not out of ill-will or desire to escape in his own person the results of the error, fault, shortcoming, overdoing, or whatever else it may be Not at all; but each knows that the censure or chastisement which the of-fender, when discovered, will receive must prove of incalculable benefit in the end, and each, therefore, is willing, nay, desirous, that the other, whom he loves so much better than himself, shall alone enjoy the castigatory emolument, and that himself shall be robbed of what could not but prove of inestimable good, not only for the present moment, but for all time to come.

And what happy hours they pass to-gether! Quite unconscious of all things else, or even the duties which it is their province to perform, they will sit to-gether for hours, the flame of mutual love irradiating and glorifying their features, and each pouring into the ear of either the most ardent assurances of the fond affection which fills each heart. While in this rapt condition they are oblivious to everything. They know not that their tongues are more noisy than a brace of sawmills. They are unconscious of the groans and grunts that make the air sonorous with disconthat make the air sonorous with discon-tent. They only know that they are luxuriating in the happiness of affec-tionate propinquity. And when, at last, they become cognizant of the uni-versal demand to "stop that confounded chatter," each has been so lost in ad-miration of the other's eloquent discourse that he cries out, and, as he thinks, truthfully: "'Twan't me!" But this disclaimer is uttered out of no wish to bring the other to grief or to escape consequences himself. No; he merely desires to give to his fellow the full honor which should be accorded to the generator of so much edifying con-

versation. It is pleasing, too, to see how devoted-ly each is every ready to place himself at the other's service. An office boy has been known, even when engaged in some necessary piece of work, to forsake his labor utterly that he might assist his mate in a difficult sum at marbles or an intricate problem in devil's fiddle, or help him to understand the meaning of some passage in "The Boy Highwaymen," or other equally recondite literary work.

But why accumulate evidence of what must be self-evident to all? Truly, the love of the office boy for his mate is

the love of the office boy for his mate is not exceeded by any other form of hu-man love, unless it be the love of his mate for the office boy.—Boston Tran-

Treatment of Hydrophobia. A native surgeon, M. Nursimula, has

written a letter to the editor of the Times of India, from which it would appear that he has treated successfully a case having all the symptoms of hydrophobia. The treatment adopted was the subcutaneous injection of the sixteenth part of a grain of atropia. The breathing became infrequent (tweive per minute), and the pulse slowed to the rate of fifty per minute. A quarter of a grain of morphia was injected hypoder-mically as an antidote to the atropia and this was repeated several times. me a little laudanum." "It's hardly worth while now," she replied, consulting her watch, "It's almost time to build the kitchen fire." "Then he sank into a quiet, resifut slumber,—Chicago Journal

—The charcoal burners of New sersey inhabit a long strip of wooded hills running parallel to the coast for miles. It is said they put their dead in the coal pits and cremate them, and the pits also give evidence of having received living victims.—N. Y. Sun.

—The police of Chico, Cal., do not wear uniforms.

—"Pot holes" have recently been discovered on Great Island, Me., and some persons have considered them of mysterious origin. A correspondent who has often seen similar excavations along the Columbia River, in Oregon, says they are due to the swift current in the overflow of the rivers, which forms eddies and small whirlpools, causing a molion in a loose bowlder, which acts as a drill, and in course of time bores a smooth, round "pot" in the rock in which it lies, the loose stones becoming round in the process. Any number of the round stones may be found in the holes and lying among loose stones on the beach.—Troy Times.

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Peter E. Love, Jan. 9, 1885,

Augusta, Ga.

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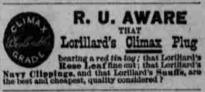
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