L. L. CAMPBELL, - - Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON. THREE STAGES OF LIFE

Sweet love, I know that I must go;
"Fis late: the noon of night is nigh;
Time speeds away and yet I stay.

Good night, my own! when you're alone.

Ere slumber seals those starry eyes.

Oh! give a tender thought to one
Who takes his leave of you with sighs.

Whose heart still for your presence orless

One kiss—adien—I wish for you Dreams roseate and slumbers light. The time is nigh, when you and I. No more will need to say good night.

NUPTIAL How radiant in her bridal dress!
How sweet the love-light in her eyes!
To-day she crowns my happiness,
and earth becomes a paradise.

I marvel, as I look upon Her now, arrayed in beauty's pride, By what strange arts of low I won This wingless angel for my bride.

And I need go from her no more, Nor dread her irste father's frown, Her parting from her at the door. Nor lear his sudden coming down.

No more to leave her at the gate, And sighing wander nome alone, For where she is—that's home; thank fate the's mine at last, my wife, my own.

POST-NUPTIAL.

What's that you say? "'Tis folly's height
To try on you that played-out dodge
To come home at this time of night.
Pretending I've been at the lodge?"

"In some saloon?" You're quite a loker. Hal ha! what's that, you "ain't so green," You "know that!'ve been playing poker?"

Where-hic-do you suppose I've been?

I'm chewing cloves?" yes, for a cough;
I've got a cold. What's that you said?
Too bad?" O, yes; what now, "take off
my boots before I go to bed?"

of course, my dear, I quite forgot
I had e'm on. Hic-there they go.
"Take off my hat?" "I'm dr unk?" I'm not
I wonder at your talking so.

"Tou won't put up with"—hush that child, The peace disturbing little eif. Ch, stop its noise; it sets me wild— What's that?—hie—"hush the child my-

Well, let me have her—by-lo-by— Here I am in my stocking feet— Safe in your papa's arms you lie; By-lo my baby—siumber swcot.

And this is matrimonial life— To walk the floor lise this, alack! He is a fool who takes a wife— Great Scott! I've stepped upon a tack.

Great Julius Casar! look at that!
Oh, who would wed for love or pelf—
My foot!—Here, take this squalling brat
And try to make it sleep yourself. Oh, "I'm a brute?" Oh, yes, of course. That blasted tack! What's that -

rude?
"You'll sue at once for a divorce?"
wish to goodness that you would.

CURTAIN.

/ UNT MARGARET'S DREAM.

An Old Miser's Sudden Transformation.

A very quiet, orderly household we were at the farm after that wild, frol esome, noisy Joe had gone back to his city life. He had only dragged through a month and a half of the summer at hands nervously together. When uncle first giving vent to some of my angry the dear, delightful old country home left the room she asked, almost be- feelings. when he declared the whole place a seechingly of me. bore, but in truth it had only been bored by him and packing up once more he went back to his work in the city, leaving everything more peaceful for his absence; all, perhaps, except lieve her fears. I crept softly into the two anxious, yearning hearts that were fast growing sorrowful and old-one the mother's, the other father's. But little the high-spirited boy thought of that the morning he drove away from the old farm gate; h s spirit, like the prane ng horse the driver firmly held check, was impatient to be off, to be freed from restrant. How hurriedly he told the old folks good-bye, and then as he dashed away threw a kiss from the tips of his tingers to his s ster Nell, who stood and looked longingly after him. Oh, brothers, sons, too little you care for the tender, anxious hearts at home when you set sail upon an untried sea and venture out alone.

Several weeks passed away quietly and pleasantly, too, except for occab.ts of news (bad news goes here, there and everywhere, you know) which found the way out to our country home, that Joe wasn't living just as he ought to do: rather too fast, too fond of drink and sometimes found at the gaming table. Poor Aunt Mar-garet, it seemed as if her face grew a attle thinner, her hair a little whiter every day after that. I shall never forget how she looked one morning as we all sat around the breakfast table. Pushing her plate away, having scarcely msted the food upon it, she sa d. looking up at uncle, who was himself in danger of falling into a brown study over his smoking mullins and steaks:

"Husband, couldn't you spare a little tome to run up to the c ty in a day or swo? I fear that things are going wrong with our boy some way. was a queer dream I had last night -" and here she leaned her head upon her hand and looked down thoughtfully. "I thought that Joseph was standing on a preciplee at a fearful height above a black, yawning sea, and that we were powerless to help him, but when I reached out my hand and shricked for aid an ugly little dwarf came in sight, and, in answer to my entreat es, he said there was only one way to save my boy, and that was money; but even that ellort would cost me the life of my other child, and then, as I threw up my hands in despar, a beaut ful angel appeared at my side. At that instant I swoke."

"Tut, tut; there's nothing in dreams, wife. What could there be in such nonsense as that?" and uncle went on sipping his coffee, while Nellie glanced toward me with a strange, serious express on on her face, and then, with a cheerful smile at her mother, she said:

"Never mind, mother: you know 'tis said that areams must go by contraries, and if so. Joseph is going to make us very happy about something."

Aunt Margaret shook her head sadly. but noth ng more was said about the late that afternoon, when the sound of the massive old door knocker resounded through the hoose, we all started nervously. A sigh of rel ef went round when Andrew returned to say that it was Mr. Wells to see Miss Nellie. Poor Nell, I think she had been longing for something to break the monotony of it had only been any other vis tor than Mr. Wells. Uncle Ben sat in his big arm-chair reading the paper, but in no way ignorant of what was passing around him, so Nell did not dare refuse to go into the parlor. Mr. Wells was a neighbor farmer, you must understand. Pray don't let your magination rush off into picturing some rustic young gallant of tender years and sentimental heart. No; such is not the beau who comes courting our Nellie to-day. There he is-a lank, grimvisaged little man, slightly stooped about the shoulders, bending be-neath the weight of the sixty years he had lived through. I guess. His thin, white hair hung in a most neglected fashion about his neck and ears, and the long white beard, flowing down upon his breast, added not a little toward making up the appearance of a patriarch. Wait a minut i, worse than all this, he was a most miserable miser, and had already been twice married; and how could he dare set his heart on our fun-loving, innocent. kind-hearted Nell; she so gentle and child-like that we couldn't bear to have the house left a single day w thout her. Many times it had seemed strange to me why Uncle Ben would have Nellie receive Mr. Well's attention, and why he would persist in talking about what a fine catch the rich old man would be for any girl.

I had once or twice heard Aunt Margaret say that times were rather hard, and that uncle didn't always have a little rendy change when it was wanted. Perhaps that was why he thought it best that Nellie should be, as he sometimes said, well married.

There was John Atherligh, a nepher of Mr. Wells, the only child of his poor dead s'ster, to whom the wretched old m ser never lent a helping hand. John was poor, but he was just as generous and good as any nobleman that ever lived. Some how uncle didn't seem to be well pleased when he came about. as he often did, to walk with Nellie in the cool of the evening, down the long shady avenue, or sit by her side and talk out on the old stone steps lead ng up to the porch. The very old steps where, I guess, Nellie's mother and father sat together and talked of love and the happy, undiscovered future during the days of their honeymoon long. long ago. I used to think some times as I watched John and Nellie walk away how that it would be a pity to spoll that match, for John was just good enough for Nellie, and Nellie-well, she was entirely too good for anybody except John. All these reflections, and many more, passed through my mind while Nellie sat in the parlor and talked to her miserly old lover, and Aunt Margaret sat in her low rocking-chair, w th her knitt ng lying idle on her lap, while uncle continued to read the

By and by another loud knock re sounded through the house, and pres ently Andrew announced a visitor to see Mr. Brandon mmediately. Hooked at Aunt Margaret; she had clasped her

can you think?" I knew her nervous state of anx et : and determined at once to find out about the visitor, and, if possible, reback parlor and up to the folding doors, which, owing to an arrangement of heavy curtains, was often le.t ajar, through which I hoped to get a sight of the visitor. I had no sooner stolen up to the door than I heard footsteps in the hall, and uncle ushered his visitor into the room. It was too late to retreat: what could I do? To pass through into the front would be to intrude upon Nellie and her company; to come out from behind the curtain would be to appear like a spy; so there I stood stone still and wa ted The first few minutes I was too much surprised and uneasy about my own situation to be aware of what was going on in the room, when at last I this:

"It is a very unfortunate piece of work, sir. I beg leave to sympathize with you and your family; but bus ness is business you know. I was sent here to settle this matter in a respectable manner, if possible, and I must proceed to do it at once. Your son, I am sorry to tell you, s.r. but perhaps you know he has lived a little fast of late -rather too fond of wine and evil com-

"Yes, yes," uncle said, as if impatient to get at the worst.

I am sorry to tell you, sir," the stranger continued, "but I think it happened while he was under the influence of liquor, and likely surrounded by his evil companions. To be brief, this is the whole story: Your son has broken into the money-safe and robbed his employer of \$5,000." "Robbed! O God, my boy a rob

I shall never forget the groans with which he sank back upon the chair, from which he had risen at this start-

ling news. "I own it looks bad, sir, but I have come to see if we can't arrange it some how. His employer, you know, is your friend. He bid me say that he is not only willing but anxious to shield your fam ly name from d sgrace and your boy from the Penitent ary, if it can possibly be done. But the money must be refunded-there is no other

"Five thousand dollars! impos s:ble!" uncle exclaimed. "It would be take everything-to ruin my family."

"I suppose nothing can be done, then," the stranger said, deliberately, and arose as if to depart.

"But wait a moment; let me think," uncle sa d, leaning his head forward on the table by which he sat. By and by, getting up, he sa d: "I will see what can be done," and left the room. 1 to a saint. was trying in vain to hink what he could be about when suddenly he redream. I think, however, it did not could be about, when suddenly he require pass out of anybody's mind, for entered the room, accompanied by Mr. dwarf indeed become an angel?"

-lis. Alas, I thought of that miserly d man as our only means of help. then they all three talked together in low tone of voice. I could only uni retaid a word now and then of unele's tremulous vo ce. Putt ng t a ozether, I know he meant this: Joe must not be sent to the Penitentiary; the day; she might have been glad if that would kill Aunt Margaret. The farm-the old homes ead I know was so dear to him must go before that should be done. Would Mr. Wells advance the money? Taking uncle's arm. he drew him aside, so near by the curtain beneath which I stood concealed I thought they could almost hear my breathing; his voice was low, subdued to a whisper, but I caught the name of Nellie; something should be done if Nell e would consent. Great Heaven I thought and shuddered can it be possible he will ask for Neille's hand in return for that? Will uncle sell one child to buy another!

"I can not tell; it shall not be unless sne is willing." Uncle sa d. and left the It seemed like an age to me that I stood there trembling with indignation and horror. If she is willing? Will they let her be the sacrifice to save themselves, and then say that she is willing; but then I thought of poor Aunt Margaret, with bowed head and broken heart; something must be done for her. Yes, after all, it would be a noble thing for Nellie to do.

Just then she entered the room with he: father. I caught sight of her face -she knew it all. I had never seen her look like that before. I am sare uncleded not real ze the extent of the sacritice his daughter was about to make. I would not wrong him by supposing

"She is here to affirm that she is willing." uncle sa d. The stranger looked up in bewildered perpley ty. Mr. Wells came forward to meet Nell e. saying:

"You have been made aware of the importance of this step. I suppose there is no time for needless harangue about the matter; if Joe is saved your father must go to-morrow morning w th the money. Of course I have no need of the place and do not want it; but if you will consent to an early marriage and here the old man wince! a I ttle, perhaps because he couldn't entirely forget the stranger's presence-I am willing to make you a dowry of the amount in cash, the value of the farm: understand, however, that the wedding

shall take place imm of ately."
"I am ready." was all Nellie answered. Oh how her white, wretched face and hollow voice smote upon my heart. I thought I could scarcely wait until the stranger, who had now accomplished h s mission, was ready to depart. Then Nellie, with both hands up to her face, ran out of the room. A few minutes later uncle went out. followed by Mr. Wells, the latter saying something about returning with a min-

My blood fairly boiled. I rushed out of the room into the yard-I wanted to breathe the fresh air; I was almost stilled with indignation and anger. Searcely conscious of where I was going, I wandered among the trees some distance down toward the gate. When coming suddenly out upon the drive I found myself directly in front of Mr. Wells, who was slowly dr v ug out. Politely I fting his hat, he stopped his herse for me to pass, but I found it utterly impossible to move a step without

"Sir," I said, marshaling my courde and endeavoring to mayed, "is it indeed possible that you are so lost to every manly sentiment of regard for the esteem and respect of your fellow beings as to compel a woman to marry you, and that when you know she abhors the very ground you walk upon? You know as well as I can tell you that Nellie and John love each other dearly, and if she were married to you a thousand times she

will always love him just the same." With that I was satisfied, and without waiting for a reply I rushed back into the house. Uncle and Nellie were bending over Aunt Margaret, who had swooned away. When at last she re-turned to consciousness, it seemed as if she would break her heart with weeping, first about Joe then about Nelhe. But Nellie kept up so bravely and tried hard to appear as if she didn't think it would be much of a sacrifice after all, that gradually we all grew calm and caught the sound of the stranger's began to make ready for the wedding. voice; he was saying something like What a mockery it was, I thought, but something must be done to make things look a little cheerful. gathered some fresh flowers for the vases and arranged things about the house with as much neatness and care as my drooping spirits would permit of. Promptly at eight o'clock there came a knock at the door. We were all stand ng around in Aunt Margaret's room looking as wretched as possible. Nellie, dressed in a plain white muslin, trying to look cheerful, but making a miserable failure when to our great surprise, Mr. Wells, unan nounced, walked into the room, accompanied by his nephew, John Ather-

"Miss Nollie." he began, without waiting to be spoken to, "my feelings have undergone a great change since I saw you this afternoon, partly owing to a certain little affair. You can ask your Cousin Marg'e here about it some t me. But my feelings have been so greatly changed that I should not even be will ng to marry you now. Of course I haven't been blind to the fact that you and John have loved each other all along; and now. I you are will ng to ex hange grooms it w.li be all r ght. I coulcu't beat to think of having a wife who would be in love with a young -cape-grace like this as long as she I have made over a died of the lace equally divided between you and John. It shall be a br dal present from the old uncle. I am able to give it, you know. Now, are you will ng to make the exchange?" And the poor old man actually sm led, as if in scorn

of h mself. "Are you willing, Nellie" John asked, holding out both hands to her. How she slipped her hands into them and cried as if her heart would break but we all knew they were tears of joy. Very quietly I stole over to Aunt Margaret's side and whispered. Nelle is saved; the old miser has surely turned

"It is my dream, my dream!" Aun!

"I guess we had as well have it all over and be done with it " Mr. Wells continued, rubbing his hands as if well A Very Flourishing Professional Wander pleased with himself and everybody el-e. "I ve been with John and got the license; the deed s all made out and the preacher is already in the par-

You may be sure the sorrowful faces of a few minutes ago brightened up at th s strange turn of affairs, and joyfully enough we all repaired to the parlor where Nellie and John were united in marrage. You should have seen dear Aunt Margaret's face when she kis ed the bride. Didn't we all kiss her. though -no. not all. Mr. Wells-I mean never to call h m a miserly old wretch or say other ugly names aga n. However, I don't think he had any thing to do with this piece of mercy. regard it as a special interference of Providence. But I am getting away from the subject. Did he kiss her: No. But this is the reason why. lie went straight up, and, putting both arms around him, k seed him right heartily. 1 am sure, had he been the bridegroom, she would never have kissed h m like that.

What a perfect picture of self-satisfaction the old man was after that, but he had the good grace to rema n only a little while after the ceremony. Of course we were all dying to talk about the strange things that had happened. I could not help thinking, as we all cast kind, grateful glances after his retreating figure, how much happier he must be than if he had gotten the unwilling little bride, with the knowledge that she and everybody else was miserable about L How happy we would have been after that, except for poor, erring Joe. Uncle went to the c ty the next morning and did not return for two days if s face was dark and solem when he came into the old house aga n. but no one dared to question h m; it was late in the evening, and we had waited supper for his coming. Very quekly we gathered around the table and bowed our heads, while uncle asked a blessing. Suddenly a shadow fell across the doorway, and when we raised our heads imagine what surprise we felt-there stood the truant boy Joe. Aunt Margaret sprang to her

"Don't come to meet me yet, mother," he sa'd "until I show you that I have not forfe ted all claim to your respect and love; that everything was not so bad as you have thought. I didn't steal that money, or ever meant to steal it. I am willing to acknowledge my share of the wrong; it was getting nto bad company and dr nking too much whisky, but I have not been guilty of stealing anyth ng they have proven. After I had been draking freely and made a fool of myself, as liquor always makes me do, the boys dragged me into the plan they had already fixed upon, and until I was too drunk to know anything, they hurred me away with them; but they have been found. It is all cleared up now. and father shant lose anything by

me. "Thank the blessed Lord for that." Aunt Margaret said, and, putting both arms around him she drew him into the room. You may be sure a great burden's weight was lifted from our hearts when we heard Joe's story through, and how thankful we were that he had been saved, and that Nellie was saved. I shudder yet to think how near they were to the prec pice beness into light, our sorrow into joy .-Jane Prentice, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CHINESE PRINTING OFFICE. and gold ones, from young men as well Presswork That Is Slower Than Ben Franklin' Ever Was.

A visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that 's interesting. Movable types are in use in the San Francisco Chine e newspaper offices. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press and printing it is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically pre-pared. Upon the bed of the press which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a 1 thograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impress on of the charac ters is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impress on upon the newspaper to be. The Ch nese pressman prints three papers every tive minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing office has never been struck by I ghtning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from eare and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compos tor has not vet arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen is mitative. He does not depend upon his brain for ed torials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous Amer can newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from with bunks on a loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it s, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles and dishes tak ing up about as much room as the In one instance on Washington street a barber shop is run in the same apartment with the editorial room. and, in all cases, no disposition is hown to elevate the post on of the 'printer" abo e h's surround nes. I an ed tor finds that journal sm does not pay, he ge's a job washing di-hes or chooping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either. - San Francisco Call.

s estimated at 2,000 feet above sea level, and the average rainfall twenty-nine inches.

THE HERBALIST.

in Great Britain.

The conservatism of our country folk, in the matter of medicine, comprises, it may be said, almost all the r conservatism. They are beginning to regard ghosts and bogles as stuff and nonsense; they have learned to be moderate in the r estimation of the Londoner regarding him as neither a very marvelous nor a very terrible being; they have forgotten their old customs to a very great extent, and the r old songs entirely; but to a wonderful extent they believe in theefficacy of the remed es handed down almost unchanged from the days when 'le monks were the sole depositaries of medical and surgical knowledge. Our simplegatherer is, therefore, a sort of doctor n h s way. He believes firmly that apoplexy, paralysis, gout, and rheu-matism are to be alleviated by use of wall-flowers; that the canterbury bell or throat wort is good for swell ngs or inflammations of the throat; that gold in rod stops blood-flow; that Jesuit's bark cures ague; that the "golden wa*sr, made from lilles of the valley, is good to strengthen the limbs of children; that red valerian, peony and columbine are invaluable-peony in especial hastening the growth of children's teeth, its dried roots being tied round their necks. He can tell us all about the carm native hot and cold seeds, the opening roots, the emollient herbs, the capillary herbs, the sudoritic woods, the cordial flowers, the vast list of flowers and roots which cure diseases of corresponding form-such as nettletea for nettle-rash, worm root for lunacy, liver-wort for liver compla nts. saffron flowers for scarlet fever. He works hard, early and late; for his occupation necessitates a good deal of trespassing. Long before the woodman has shouldered his ax and started for the copses, the gatherer of simples may be seen creeping along the banks of sedgy streams, or knee deep in the grass and flowers of pleasant fields, or drooping along hedgeways, or pushing his way through thick undergrowth, always in a shamefaced sort of way. for his chief enemy, the keeper, can not be persuaded that a man carrying a stout stick and a basset is not after rabbits or any other marketable creature that comes handy. -All the Year Round.

SNUFFING.

Southern Girls Who Make Believe that They Use The Tettilating Narcotic.

A High School g'rl in a West End ar, yesterday afternoon, took a flat oxidized silver-box from her hand-bag, carefully removed the cover, pinched a few grains of snuff-colored powder on the pink tips of her dainty fingers, and pushed it up her nostrils with a dexterous grace that a confirmed snuff-taker would have envied. Half a dozen passengers stared at her in amazement. She smiled placidly, brushed off her upper lip with a lace handkerchief, and remarked to her companion:

"Oh. I've such a cold."

"So've I," was the meek response. Off came the cover again, the silverbox was passed over as a man hands neath which yawned the dark, dreadful out a paper of tobacco and another sea of Aunt Margaret's dream. But pinch of the brown powder vanished the angel's w ng has turned the dark- up another charming I ttle nose. Both girls sneezed once, very mildly, and got off the car.

A fash onable leweler said: "We have frequent calls for snuff-boxes, silver as young women. It is simply what you might call a 'notion.' I can't say whether anything is put in the boxes, but I do know that young people buy them and earry them.

A druggist said: "Oh, no: it wasn' snuff. The girls have an idea that it is fashionable to carry those boxes, and naturally enough they want someth ng to put in them. Genuine fermented to bacco snuff would make them sick We mix them up a harmless compound perfumed like sachet powder, put in a little pearlash to keep it damp, and just enough Scotch yellow to tickle them a little and make them sneeze. When a girl puts one of those boxes on the counter and says that she wants something to clear a cold in the head. we know what she means."-N. Y. Tribune.

BOSTON CULTURE.

The Penalties of Hub Culture Often Very

A lady in New York recently sought a friend who was an acknowledged literary authority and asked, in a tone of deepest anxiety: "Will you tell me whether you would say, I shall do a certain thing Saturday,' or, 'I shall do it on Saturday?" "I should never give a thought to the difference of expression." replied the lady addressed. But the Bostonians are so part cular, you know." continued the inquirer. Now, I have a very dear friend there who used to write to me frequently. but for some time I have hardly had a letter from her at all, and when I asked the reason she told me it was so painful to her to read my letters when I used of instead of in,' or when I inadvertently substituted the present for the perfect participle, the American establi hment. The ed-tor al room is connected by a ladder quish the correspondence." "My dear," returned the literary lady consulted, "I should not consider her letters or her fr endship of any value. would rather have a friend who would d sintegrate the whole language, and use a plural noun with a singular verb. or vice versa, than one who would express herself in that fashion." "But my fr end is so cultivated." pers sted the ind .. "Now, she wrote me that she had never been so nearly satisfied with any English as with that of Mr. Howells, and that after having made a critial examinat on of his wrt ngs she found only one error-a sentence where he and used in instead of on. It is a great deal in life to have a friend like that," and she sighed regretfully. "It is, indeed," lacon cally replied the lady ad-The mean elevation of this country dressed. A deeper significance ran through the terse little sentence than the admirer of Boston culture suspected. - Boston Traveler.

SIMPLY WONDERFUL!

The cures that are being made in nearly all chronic diseases, by Compound Oxygen, which is taken by inhalation and which acts directly on the weakened nerve centres and vital organs, restoring them to the normal activities which had been lost, are simply wonderful. If you are in need of such a treatment, write to Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, for such documents and reports of cures as will enable you to judge for yourself whether it will be of any use in your particular case.

in your particular case. Orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment will be filled by H. E. Mathews, 621 Powell street, between Bush and Pine streets, San Francisco.

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A sunfish weighing 1800 pounds was caught off Wood Island, Mass.

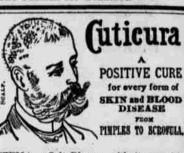
The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases, has given them a favorable notoriety.

It is reported that Osman Digna was killed in the last fight at Kassal.

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irrita-bility on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. I'ierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debiiitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great

Riel has been sentenced to be hanged on the 16th of September, at Regina.

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