

EUGENE CITY GUARD,

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

DEXTER, Rarus and Maud S. cost Robert Bonner \$110,000.

SILK culture is slowly advancing in America. California is at present in the lead.

A VENETIAN GONDOLIER marries and rears a family on a salary of eighty cents a day.

THE Thames water below London is so foul that it drives people away from the river banks.

THE Japanese language is being boiled down to bring it within the Roman alphabet.

IN ENGLAND it used to be the common custom to applaud preachers during a sermon.

THE TENNESSEE, the only first-class ship in our navy, cost two millions and is unfit for sea.

LAST YEAR there were 65,000 elephants killed in Africa which yielded 2,000,000 pounds of ivory.

EVER since President Garfield's body was placed in the tomb at Cleveland, it has been visited daily by persons who distribute flowers.

THE American bison or buffalo is about extinct, and the great trade in robes, which it used to require fleets of steamboats to carry, is now reduced to a few bales annually.

AN ORDER has been issued from the Treasury Department requiring one-dollar and two-dollar bills to be sent to Washington from the sub-treasuries, so that they may not be used for general circulation.

MOST of the private structures in Russia are built of wood, and it is estimated that the bulk of them burn down every seven or eight years. There is said to be always twenty fires, at least, in different parts of the empire.

THE Duluth grain elevators will soon have capacity for storing 13,000,000 bushels. The shipping facilities of the place are also being greatly increased. This is done with a view to handling a large portion of the grain raised in Oregon, Washington and Montana.

THE Combination shaft at Virginia City, Nev., has reached a perpendicular depth of 3,100 feet. There is only one deeper vertical shaft in the world—the Odelbert shaft, of the silver-lead mines of Przibram, Bohemia, which, at last accounts, had reached a depth of 3,280 feet.

HERR EMMERIG, a German scientist, says that on the approach of thunderstorms, bees, otherwise gentle and harmless, become excited and exceedingly irritable, and will at once attack any one who approaches their hives. He claims that if the bees are quiet, one need not fear a storm, no matter what the indications are.

TROUBLE of a serious nature is apprehended between the Cherokees and about eight thousand freedmen who claim citizenship in the nation. The latter demand their pro rata of \$300,000 recently paid the Cherokees by the United States Government for land, and Congress will be asked to settle the matter at its next session.

A WRITER in the Scientific American says the name "Death Valley" is fearfully suggestive, and that few places in the world deserve their appellations so well as does the Death Valley of California, located in the southeastern part of Inyo county—a region where a man can die of thirst while he has water within his reach; more than he can drink. The valley itself is forty miles by eight, running nearly north and south, and every portion of this is desert and barren in the extreme, as is in fact the entire surrounding country; but a narrow central space along the eastern side, about fifteen miles in length, embodies the typical features in their highest intensity. Few persons who have entered this place have ever returned. One of the additional wonders of Death Valley is that its central region lies away below the level of the sea. There is perhaps no other spot on the globe which at so great a distance from the ocean reaches such a depression—159 feet. The climatic violence of this deep trough of Death Valley must be left to conjecture. It is certain that no man could survive there long enough to secure continuous observations of any extent.

MUSCLES.

Their Development a Prime Factor in the Value of Horses.

It requires more care and knowledge than most men give of the one or possess of the other, to draw the line between muscular development, distributed in such a way as to give plumpness to the outward form, and fat, which latter is usually relied upon in too great a degree to give comeliness. Stallions are usually fed up during winter, preparatory, as it is ignorantly claimed, to the drain expected to be put upon them during the coupling season. Much better would it be to exercise them somewhat severely during several months prior to the beginning of service, that the muscular system, the most important part of the horse, when the uses, complicated and multiple as they are, to which he is put are considered. With a view to developing the muscular system in the stallion, the feed, of course, should be liberally given to maintain the powers during the free exercise which alone will bring the vigor necessary to insure a vigorous progeny and develop those parts of the system that are concerned in locomotion. No matter what may be fancied in the matter of certain peculiarities of formation and style, the horse is, after all, nothing without muscular power, if for draft; and, again, nothing for speed, or for ordinary road work, unless adequately muscled.

The remarkably deep, let-down and wide-spread muscles of the hind quarters in the make-up of Little Brown Jug and of Jayvee, demonstrates the necessity of having a special formation where special and great performances are expected. What would Lexington have been with only the muscular development common to the average well-bred horse of his height and length of body? The little horse that gave us the Morgans, first got renown, not through showing wonderful burst of speed, but through wonderful muscular power at draft. The formation that gave that power in draft, became a leading factor in the speed which was jointly inherited with the muscular development. A horse may have superb qualities under the saddle, made up in part of an up and down motion, growing out of the presence of short and moderately developed muscles, sufficient for the saddle gait and for parade, but totally inadequate to move a heavy load or to reach out with strength upon the road or track, making long strides, and making these rapidly, by reason of having propping muscles of large caliber and long fiber. The long and heavily developed muscles of the horse may be compared to the large, heavy driving wheel of the locomotive; this, when properly sustained from the steam boiler, being a prominent factor in matters of speed and power.

It has long since been demonstrated that size of body in the horse, under the ordinary rules of measurement, sustains but little relation to his speed, either as a running or a trotting horse, while, as stated, size and length in those muscles concerned in a leading degree with propulsion—locomotion—tell upon every stride the horse makes, no matter what his gait. Thus, with a horse of nine hundred and fifty pounds, having muscles of propulsion equally as large and long as those of another horse of eleven hundred pounds, it is not difficult to understand, all other things being equal, why the lighter horse would be likely to outstrip the heavier. A body heavily muscled is less liable to strains than one not so fortified—(1), because there is innate power to meet heavy exertions, even though these are put upon the animal suddenly; (2), because a horse of superior muscular development makes his moves with ease to himself, through having large reserve force. So fortified, he avoids slipping, by gathering his forces together suddenly, planting his feet with great celerity upon new and better footing. As an illustration, we do not expect a bird of passage, able to remain a long time in the air, showing extraordinary powers of flight, to do this through any hidden quality; but, on the other hand, we look for large development of wing muscles accompanied, of course, as in the high-bred horse, with fine texture and vigorous powers of endurance, the natural outgrowth of peculiarities of race and formation necessary to great attainments.—Live Stock Journal.

How a Chinaman Passes an Examination.

It seems, by a decree in the Imperial Gazette, of Peking, that the wily Chinaman is not insensible to the facilities offered by competitive examinations for cheating. The Gazette states that "it frequently happens that the candidate never appears himself at the examination, but hires a substitute in his own district, who presents himself for examination under the assumed name of the candidate." The decree goes on to say that it is extremely difficult to detect this fraud, and the only remedy suggested is that the candidates from each province shall be examined simultaneously. Exactly the same fraud has more than once been detected at examinations in England, and it is probable that it has occurred in a vast number of instances in which it has never been detected. The remedy proposed by the Chinese Government is altogether inadequate, for a Chinese district is so extensive that the probability of one candidate being personally known to any of the others is small indeed. In England the remedy would be simple and easy of application, as impersonation would be rendered impossible were each candidate on sending up his name obliged to enclose a photograph, verified by his schoolmaster or a magistrate of a town to which he belongs. Photography is not yet universal in China, but some security at least would be given were a specimen of the candidate's handwriting, similarly attested, to be forwarded.—London Standard.

—Honey cake: One cup of white sugar, one cup rich sour cream, half a teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour, flavor to taste. Bake half an hour and eat while warm.—The Household.

THE ART OF CLOG-DANCING.

How It May be Taught to Men or Women—American vs. English Dancers.

The clog dance, which seems to have lost its popularity in New York, is still a favorite accomplishment in some parts of the country, while in England it is a standard attraction, the most popular of all the acts of the variety theatre programmes. The professors of the art in this country still make a good living through giving instructions in this branch of the salutory art.

The roller skaters in perfecting themselves in their exercise are adding terpsichorean accomplishments to their salutory skill on wheels. A roller expert who can not dance a jig on skates doesn't rank first-class now. To learn the steps he has to take lessons, and here is where the professor of the clogs comes in with his big charge. These pupils are male and female.

"There is no doubt," said a "professor," "that roller-skating is attracting general attention to the education of the lower extremities. More ladies, high in social circles, and children are learning to dance than ever before. Many of them learn fancy steps, such as jigs, clogs, hornpipes, etc. In teaching a lady to dance a clog-dance," the professor continued, "the very first thing is to teach her to roll her feet, as it is technically called. This is the key of the whole business, and when a dancer can do this successfully the remainder of the lesson is comparatively easy. Rolling one's foot is merely raising the hip, turning the foot in and striking the toe on the floor. The whole motion must be gone through with gracefully and without effort. As the right side of the body is generally more flexible than the left—simply because it has been used more freely—I generally begin rolling the left foot first, in order to counteract the usual tendency in favor of the right.

"The distinguishing characteristic of the clog-dance is the clear, bell-like tap of the toe or heel on the floor. The slightest shuffling ruins the effect, while in jig-dancing shuffling is the prime merit. In the jig the sand is relied on for what may be called the music, while in the clog the shoes make the melody. Jingles are inserted in a great many clogs, and what do you think they are made of?"

"Give it up." "In many cases of the old-fashioned copper cent. A hole is cut in the heel of the clog, and a cent set in so that its broad side is flush with the surface of the heel. Then it is fastened through the middle with a screw, and is left to play loosely in the socket. Other devices are of course used to reach the same effect, but jingles and rattles have seen their day. There was a time when it was necessary to go to England to see the clog-dancing in its glory. The people over there take much more interest in such things than we do, and the judging between the comparative merits of two dancers is considered a very serious piece of business.

"The judges generally retire into the cellar, we may call it under the stage, there to remain until both dancers have separately gone through with a series of steps. They have no knowledge, of course, as to which dancer makes the first exhibition, and as the ringing of the clogs is even more distinct under than above the floor, the merits of the dance can be thus readily judged without a possibility of the judge seeing the dancers and allowing his decision to be biased by personal prejudice."

Here the Professor grew emphatic and tapped the writer on the chest with his forefinger.

"But let the American dancer go on the English stage, among the English people in a concert hall, and it is dollars to cents that he will break down before he has danced ten minutes."

"Why?" "Because they are much more thorough over there than we are. The artist who makes his appearance on a London variety stage must understand his business thoroughly. Supposing he is dancing a hornpipe, the chances are ten to one some voice in the audience will shout: 'Give us a reel!' or 'Give us a dead march!' and the orchestra will immediately desert the hornpipe and drop into a reel or a dead march without giving the dancer a moment's warning. Few of our men can stand that ordeal. They have a repertoire of some half a dozen dances and continue grinding out those dances, with variations, to the end of the chapter."—N. Y. Star.

"On Approval."

In Germany, says the Academy, it is the custom for booksellers to send to their customers parcels of new books "on approval," it being understood that the books not returned are accepted, and will be paid for. Relying upon this custom, a bookseller at Worms continued year after year to send books to a person living in the town. None of the books were returned and none were paid for. At last the bookseller sent in his bill, which the other party declined to pay, but offered to return the books. This did not suit the bookseller, for the publishers would no longer take the books back from him. Accordingly he brought his action for the price; but he has been defeated in the Court of First Instance, and also on appeal, on the ground, apparently, that there was no contract.

A New Iron-Clad.

It is proposed to construct a new iron-clad (the fourth) at Nicolaieff, Russia, destined for the defence of the Black Sea coasts. It is to be of steel and iron, the under portion being cased in wood. The center portion will be armored; for the defense of the engines and machinery a portion of the deck will be covered with armor-plates two inches thick. With engines of 8,000 horse-power indicated, the speed of this new iron-clad will reach, it is hoped, sixteen knots. The armament is to be 12-inch guns, firing en barbette from a couple of turrets on the upper deck. The estimated cost is 4,000,000 rubles, or in round numbers £400,000. The machinery, etc., will be furnished by the Baltic factory.—N. Y. Post.

"HOW'S THINGS?"

A Senseless Question Which Excited the Ire of a Californian.

"You've never shaved in de old country?" said the barber, as he lathered away at a customer's chin. "No? Well dey hev a way of shaving dere dot few in dis country know anything about. They hev a paste which is spread over de face. It rest dere ten minutes, and then a wooden spoon fill tick off de beard."

There were some in the shop who remembered this process, which, though it sounds like a yarn, is a fact. The paste if left too long on the face will blister it, but if scraped off at the expiration of ten or twelve minutes the hair comes with it. At this stage of the scientific discussion on beards and paste, Citizen Bob Tiffany entered. Something had occurred to ruffle the usual equanimity of Citizen Tiffany's disposition, and he plumped into a chair with an ominous and truculent thud.

"Halloo, Mr. Tiffany," said a pert young dude, who was getting his hair clipped; "how's things?" Citizen Tiffany glared at the too-fresh interlocutor.

"How's what?" he growled.

"How's things?" chirped the youth, blithely. "You know what I mean; how are you? how's things?"

"O, mighty yet forbearing heavens, hearken unto this idiot!" cried Mr. Tiffany, dramatically. "How's things? What things? Things! A gentleman can not walk into a barber-shop and sit quietly down to wait for a shave without being asked by some lunatic 'How's things?' What do you mean by this, anyhow?" and Citizen Tiffany marched threateningly on the horror-stricken and now thoroughly-alarmed dude.

"Why, I only—you know," stammered the quivering victim of the citizen's wrath. "I only—well I—how's things?"

"Now, by the ghost of him whose revered name I bear," declared Mr. Tiffany, "I'll make a haggis of you! Yet, hold! How's things? It's too late, too late," and holding his cane before him, rapier fashion, Mr. Tiffany made an exit which Lawrence Barret in his best days might have equalled, but never excelled.—Alta California.

A SAD MISTAKE.

Trouble and Tribulations in the Mose Schauberg Family.

Young Levi Schwindelmeyer has for some time been paying attentions to Miss Rebecca Schauberg, who is considered one of the belles of Austin. On the Jewish New Year's Day Schwindelmeyer called at the Schauberg mansion. While he and Rebecca were in the parlor, Mose Schauberg thought he would stroll into his garden and give the young folks a chance, for Levi is a very excellent young man, with a great deal of money and "pishness cabacity." While strolling about the premises, what should Mose see but a boy up in a tree among his fall peaches. Thinking to terrify the boy, Mose roared out:

"O, you young scoundrel, now I see you mit mine own eyes. Vere vash mine shot-gun?"

A wild female shriek was heard from the parlor. The shutters were torn open, and, with a bound, young Schwindelmeyer emerged from the window, and was over a six-foot board fence and out of sight like a flash. He has not been seen since, although Mose has been hunting him high and low, to tell him that his remark about the shot-gun was intended for the boy in the peach tree.—Texas Siftings.

A Happy-Go-Lucky Yankee Farmer.

We ran across an old New Hampshire farmer last week in one of our rambles who has lived sixty-five years on the farm he was born. He "guessed" he had about five hundred acres of land, a large share of which is mountain pasture. A small brick cottage and two barns were on the place, and he wintered last year twenty-six head of cattle. He sells milk to the Whiting's, at present furnishing five cans a day. But he could not say exactly how many cows he has, how many he is milking, or just how much he is getting for milk. Nor could he say, more than approximately, how much land he has, how much hay he cuts, or how much it costs him to make his milk. He did not believe he was getting what it cost him the year through, but just at this time, when pasture is at its height, and he feeds no grain, he thought he was making something. He said he thought the whole place was worth \$6,000. He had raised a family of ten boys and girls, all of whom are still living, and he had twice served in the general court, and always voted the Democratic ticket. It was a fair illustration of the happy-go-lucky Yankee farmer, who seldom has any system or indulges in any plans, and possesses only such an indefinite idea of his business as would ruin a manufacturer or a merchant.—Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

A New Telegraphic Device.

An ingenious Philadelphian has invented a device for telegraphing passengers and goods through the air. The field it purposes to occupy is a comparatively modest one, as it does not seek to rival the locomotive, but is satisfied with the prospect of operating in districts incapable of furnishing traffic adequate to the support of a railway. Sturdy posts support its two cables, one of which is about eight feet higher than the other, additional cables being supplied to insure absolute safety. The cars are suspended from the upper and supported by the lower cables. Steam engines and dynamos at each end of the line supply the driving power, and by means of the car-wheel axles and intervening wires the current is passed through an electrical motor working under or by the side of the car. The carrying capacity of the cables varies, inclusive of cars, from several hundred-weight up to a ton, and repeated tests have demonstrated that smooth and swift motion can be obtained.—N. Y. Post.

—The whole number of visitors to the New Orleans Exposition was 1,158,840. The Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia was attended by 7,910,966 people.—N. O. Picayune.

ALMOST INCREDIBLE.

And yet the following relation is true in every particular and can be verified by any one who desires to do so:

Mr. Wm. H. Whitley is widely known to the wholesale dry goods trade in this country for his long and active connection with the silk and worsted mills of Darby, Pa., near Philadelphia. He is a gentleman in middle life, in robust health, actively attending to business and enjoying the comforts of his elegant rural home. No one would suppose, from his appearance, that for long years he was a martyr to that most distressing disease, sciatic neuralgia. By what means he was rescued from an almost helpless condition to sound health, is the story we have to present and we will let Mr. Whitley tell it himself.

"I enjoyed good health" said he to a press reporter who had heard of his case and called upon him to make out about it, until about fourteen years ago, when one dark winter's night I fell into an excavation made for a culvert. With my feet in cold water and my legs across a log I was in a helpless condition for seven hours. When I was taken out I was insensible. For a month I was confined to bed. On recovering sufficient to sit up I found that my digestion was impaired and that I had an obstinate sciatic trouble in both legs. With this came acute facial neuralgia. My whole nervous system was shattered. Sometime after I was able to walk a little feeling like paralysis would take hold of me and I would fall to the ground. At night, instead of sleeping soundly, I would roll about hopelessly for weeks and torture. I tried various medical treatments, without regard to expense; but got no relief. I gave up business for awhile and went to Colorado; but it did not help me.

"As I had tried almost everything else I thought I would try Compound Oxygen, which I had seen advertised as a vitalizer. During my protracted illness, which had now lasted for over a dozen years, I had made a close study of the nerves and had concluded that vitalizing was what I needed. If this Compound Oxygen could give renewed vitality it was exactly what I wanted. I knew that it would be a severe test for the Treatment, for here I was with my nervous system shattered, my digestion in bad order, my eyesight troubling me, my legs failing me and my powers of sleep practically gone.

"Well, I took the Treatment at Drs. Starkey & Palen's office. Improvement was soon visible, but it was not rapid. I had to be patient, but had the best of encouragement in doing so. For about six months I continued the Treatment with persistent regularity and with the most satisfying results. I became able to attend to business. I could eat without distress and I could obtain refreshing sleep. My tormenting nerve-pains were gone. Compound Oxygen had triumphed over one of the worst cases of sciatica and nerve prostration that the doctors had ever known. I now enjoy excellent health; I really enjoy it, for you can imagine what a joy it is to be well again after my long years of suffering."

Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1539 Arch St., Philadelphia, will send free, to any one who will write for it, their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, from which all desired information in regard to this wonderful Treatment can be obtained.

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

There is no perceptible abatement of the ravages of smallpox at Montreal.

WHEN IN THE WRONG CHANNEL.

The bile breaks grievous injury. Headaches, constipation, pain in the liver and stomach, jaundice, nausea ensue. A few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will reform these evils and prevent further injury. It is a pleasant aperient, its action upon the bowels being unaccompanied by griping. The liver is both regulated and stimulated by it, and as it is very impure to disregard disorders of that organ, which through neglect may culminate in dangerous congestion and hepatic abscess, the Bitters should be resorted to at an early stage. Failure to do this renders a contest with the malady more protracted. Fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles are remedied by this fine medicine, and the increasing infirmities of age mitigated by it. It may be also used in convalescence with advantage, as it hastens the restoration of vigor.

Two fast cruisers for the Russian navy are building at Copenhagen.

CATARH—A New Treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. west, Toronto, Canada.

A swarm of wasps stung a Mr. Thompson to death at Allegheny, Pa.

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ECZEMA!

For the benefit of suffering humanity, I deem it my duty to give this uncolored testimony in favor of Swift's Specific. My wife has been afflicted with Eczema from infancy. We tried every known remedy, but to no avail. She was also afflicted with a periodical nervous headache, sometimes followed by an intermitting fever, so that her life became a burden to her. Finally I determined to try Swift's Specific. She commenced seven weeks ago. After taking the first large bottle the disease seemed to increase, the burning, itching and inflammation became unbearable. She, however, persevered in the use of the medicine. After taking the second bottle the inflammation disappeared. After the third bottle the inflammation disappeared, and sore spots dried up and turned white and scaly, and finally she brushed them off in an impalpable white powder resembling pure salt. She is now taking the sixth bottle; every appearance of the disease is by hand. A wonderful invention. It sells at eight. Price \$1.00, postpaid. Agents Wanted. Send stamp for circulars, terms, and territory. J. S. G. HOIT & CO., 215 State St., Chicago.

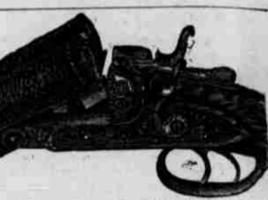
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40-60 or 40-90-cal., central fire, 28 ins., 12 shots; Round barrel... \$14.85; Octagon barrel... \$16.00

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