

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. H. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

APPEARANCES.

'Tis bees' to drop into de way o' lookin' into things; Don't take a pious quarter tell you notis how it rines;

A PIRATICAL TALE.

A "Put-up Job," and How It Did Not Succeed.

A reporter for the Sun, who was walking along the water front on Harlem River, above the Astoria Ferry, the other day, got acquainted with one of the men employed on a big barge that was tied up at a pier.

"I got it in Sisel, in the Gulf of Mexico, when a boy," said the old man. "It was made in France, as the inscription on it shows. That was my first voyage."

The old man placed the gun across his knees and began rubbing the brass mounting with a piece of oily flannel, although they were as bright as if already polished on that day.

"I was on the brig Merto, a slow tub of about one hundred and twenty-five tons. She sailed out of this port bound for ports in the Gulf of Mexico with an assorted cargo. That was in the fall of 1818.

"Was ever such a pirate story as that told before?" said the reporter. "Yes," said the old man, "but not often. There were lots of just such pirates as Waldo and his brother, but few such bright fellows as the young sailor. This pirate business was a put up job to beat the insurance companies."

"While we were making across the Gulf a smart young sailor that never said much came to me when I was on the lookout one night and said he was pretty sure we wouldn't meet any pirates going down, but he advised me to buy some sort of a weapon that would kill every shot, and get it on board without the Captain seeing it, the first time I got on shore."

"After a tedious passage across the Gulf we reached Sisel, in Yucatan. There was no port there worth speaking of, but a big pier ran out through the surf, and we discharged some cargo there. We were there five days. One evening I was on shore wandering around the forty or fifty rude houses that composed the village when I was invited into one of the houses. On the wall of the single room hung this old blunderbuss. When I saw it I remembered what the young man had said, but the owner wanted a doubleton for it, and I didn't have any doubletons. I told the sailor about it the next day. I was greatly astonished

when he an once gave me the coin, and in a voice that was very much like an order told me to get the weapon before morning.

"From Sisel we sailed to Campeachy. We had to anchor outside the bar there, because there was only six feet of water over it. We discharged some of the cargo into the queer lighters made of the trunks of trees hollowed out into canoes. Then we went to Laguna and to Tampico, and there we sold the last of our cargo. I heard the Supercargo say that we had had a very profitable voyage so far. There was over fourteen thousand dollars in specie on board, besides a lot of indigo, cochineal and logwood. We reached across the Gulf into the longitude of the Bahamas without ever seeing a sail; but one night, just after we'd sighted Moro light, a big sloop, ranged up on our weather quarter and hailed us. I was below at the time, but the young man was on deck. He jumped down into the fore-castle and shouted 'Pirates!' Then he hauled me out of my bunk.

"Out with your gun," says he. "It ain't loaded," says I. "Yes it is," he said, and sure enough I found it was when I pulled it from under my mattress. Then I went on deck. The Captain and the Supercargo were storming about ordering the men first one way and then the other, and making a great mess of attempting to point the nine-pounder we had amidships at the sloop. While the men worked the young sailor called one of them to one side and asked him if he was ready for the fight, and was told that he was. Then the young man came to me and whispered that it wouldn't be much of a fight, but that I should stay near the fore rigging, and whenever the sloop sent a boat over to us to fire into it. Just then a big jet of flame burst from the side of the sloop, and a cannon ball whirled through the maintop and carried away the foremast yard to leeward. Then the Captain and the Supercargo shouted together, offering to surrender and begging for quarter. In reply, they were gruffly told to hold their tongues. A few minutes later a longboat, with six men in it, started for the brig, and was soon almost alongside. Then the young sailor turned to his companion and said: "Now, they both fired big pistols at the boat, and one man in it fell over into the water."

"Quick, fire at her," yelled the young man to me. At the same moment Captain Norton, with an oath, rushed at us and asked what we meant by shooting after we had surrendered. In reply he was knocked half way across the deck by the young sailor, who said something about 'hanging the skunk.' Then he snatched my old blunderbuss and dropped another man in the boat. The rest of our crew were thunderstruck, and the boat's crew were trying to head around when the young man yelled: "Avast there; come aboard the brig, or I'll blow you out of the water." They at once began to obey. Meantime Captain Norton showed signs of returning consciousness, and was unceremoniously dumped into the fore-castle on the order of the young sailor. The Supercargo had fled to the cabin when he saw the deadly effect of the sailor's fire. He was ordered out on deck after the Captain had been thrown into the fore-castle, but he didn't obey. I had gone off with the young sailor, and we could hear groaning in the cabin. A look through the skylight showed Waldo on the floor with a knife in his breast. He had committed suicide.

The sailors in the small boat came alongside soon after, and climbed over the rail. They were unarmed, but a few old muskets were on the boat thwarts. They helped to get the body of the dead man out of the boat when ordered to do so. He looked very much like the man lying dead in the cabin, and, in fact, proved to be his brother.

"Was ever such a pirate story as that told before?" said the reporter. "Yes," said the old man, "but not often. There were lots of just such pirates as Waldo and his brother, but few such bright fellows as the young sailor. This pirate business was a put up job to beat the insurance companies. The vessel and her cargo had been insured for much more than they were worth. Waldo went out and made a reasonably profitable voyage, and his brother, in a Matanzas sloop, waited near Moro light to capture the whole outfit. Of course there had to be some show of resistance so that the crew could testify about it. But one of the New York insurance people was suspicious and sent the young sailor along to watch matters. He was intended merely as a witness for them, but he had the courage to attack the conspirators single-handed. The Waldo who was killed in the boat had an inch hole through him from his gun. I never learned anything about the other man who was shot in the small boat, but he was probably an innocent sailor. Captain Norton, who was in league with the pirates, made his escape in New York harbor. We made a great sensation when we got there. If I had only known how to take care of the shiners they gave me on shore to reward what they called my bravery I would not now have to live in an old barge like this.—N. Y. Sun.

"Five of the German States still permit lotteries to exist, partly for the reason that people are prone to gamble anyway, and partly for the money they bring to the State treasuries. The five lotteries will have to pay in taxes this year: That of Prussia, 1,347,000; of Saxony, 1,800,000; of Mecklenburg, 88,000; of Brunswick, 1,095,000, and of Hamburg, 1,035,000 marks—which makes altogether the snug sum of \$1,299,600.

"The penny is not in circulation at Atlanta, Ga. A prominent business man of that city says that the merchants are opposed to its introduction there, because they would then have to sell for two cents what now brings a nickel.

—Fine Valley, near Woodford, Va., which has been a busy place for fourteen years past, is now deserted, the last family moving away a few days ago.

HOW A TOWN WAS BUILT.

A Pretty Pennsylvania Maiden Furnishes a Town Site.

Ann Crawford chanced to be a pretty girl and so Connellsville, Pa., was built. Zachariah Connell, a hardy young Virginian, without much silver to jingle in the pockets of his homespun trousers, but with a great deal of hard sense under his coonskin cap, journeying through the trackless woods of the farthest frontier that the white man had thrust into the Indian country, came one evening in 1771 to the cabin of Captain William Crawford. This gallant pioneer had built his log home on the pleasant flat just opposite this place, in the shadow of an oak-grown hill behind, and facing to the shallow crossing of the Youghiogheny. The geographical points of this early settlement still survive in the recollection of a few old citizens, but all the other traces of it have passed away. The little one-roomed cabin of Crawford has rotted away; the wide-mouthed chimney which once flung out its blue banner of civilization above the tree-tops has crumbled to the earth; the building of bridges has taken away the natural usefulness of the crossing. Pretty much everything is changed in appearance but the water, which patters and ripples over the stones of the shallow pretty much as it bubbled and gurgled about the tall boots of Braddock's grenadiers when they waded across here in 1755 on their way to the slaughter; and the crossing-place is called Braddock's Ford to this day.

Captain Crawford, whose after history and terrible death are one of the bloodiest chapters in the history of the frontier, was a noted man. He had carried the chain for young George Washington in Virginia when they were both stout lads of eighteen. The two young men, who were both strong, vigorous and excelling in athletic sports, grew much attached to each other, and remained fast friends to the day of Crawford's death. Colonel Washington, even then a noted man, had visited Crawford's home here in 1770, the year before Connell came, and he and Crawford had gone down the Yough, Monongahela and Ohio rivers as far as to the mouth of the Kanawha, on the lookout for land which Washington wanted to buy.

But I am keeping the young lady waiting. Connell was hospitably entertained, of course. He had a traveler's appetite, but when young Ann Crawford bent before the fireplace to turn the venison steak, which was cooking for supper, he noticed that the cheek the light flamed on was redder than the maple-leaf which the frost had kissed; that her waist was round and slender and lithe like the hickory sapling in the wind; that her hair was blacker than the bearskin of his saddle, and her eyes as deep and tender as a fawn's. Anyhow, he was in no hurry to be gone next morning. He was looking for a good place to locate, he said, and might as well look about that neighborhood for a day, especially as Captain Crawford was a Justice of the Peace and surveyor as well, and could give him much valuable information. So the young Virginian staid and staid, looking at neighboring tracts of land a good deal, but at pretty Ann Crawford a good deal more. At last, with plenty of mossy log, and moonlight on the Yough, and zephyr in the trees, no doubt, young Connell asked the lovely Ann the old, old-fashioned question, and with the usual hesitation and the venerable blush that is worn to this day on all such delightful occasions, and yet never gets threadbare, Ann said she would. And so they were married, and, after living near the old folks for several years, moved across the river some time between 1773 and 1778, and built a cabin near the spot on which the Transallegheny House now stands, on a tract of land which was surveyed in Connell's warrant of 1767, as Mud Island, which includes the site of the present borough of Connellsville. William McCormick, who had also married a daughter of Captain Crawford and located here in 1770, was the first settler in Connellsville, and his grandson, Hon. Provance McCormick, still living, is the oldest citizen of the place.

Connell was a shrewd man, and saw that he had all the requirements of a thriving town here except inhabitants. It was the head of the boat navigation on the Yough. Here the emigrants and travelers to the west, coming over the hills by way of Bedford, camped down, built themselves flat-boats and made ready to continue their journey by water. They needed accommodations and supplies, and there was profit to be made out of them. So Zachariah Connell took out a charter and laid out the town of Connellsville in 1793. He made special provisions for the accommodation of these travelers, giving a plot of ground beside the river, in the heart of the town, to be forever free for the use of the inhabitants, "and for travelers who may erect thereon temporary boat-yards, or may from time to time occupy the same, or any part thereof, for making any vessels or other conveyances for the purpose of conveying their property either to or from said town."

This plot of ground still lies open and common, though it is many years since the last flatboat, with its load of household goods and farming implements, and milk cows and children grating over the shallows of the Yough. The railroad has succeeded to the river as an avenue of travel, and it has even been suggested by some that it is entitled to administer on the assets of its predecessor also, and take possession of the old boatyard for a depot.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Origin of the Term "Idiot."

The Greek word *Idiota* signified a private person as distinguished from those holding office or sharing in the management of public business, and the English word idiot originally had the same meaning. Bishop Taylor says: "Humility is a duty in great ones as well as in *idiot*s." Its next meaning was that of a rude, ignorant boor or rustic. It now signifies one born without understanding or mind, a natural fool. Idiocy should not be confounded with lunacy or insanity, both of which terms are applied to the conditions of persons whose minds are diseased.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LEVI ISENSTEIN.

A Sad Encounter, Showing That Even the Wisest of Us May Get Left.

Levi Isenstein is a genial gentleman who keeps a clothing store on South Clark Street. He is a man of diversified talents, and in addition to his extensive clothing trade he is always pleased to see any needy persons who have any jewelry they would like to leave with him for safe keeping, in consideration of a small amount of cash. Mr. Isenstein is also a wit and a philosopher. The first record we have of any of his sayings is the remark he made after witnessing a performance of "Richeheu." Being a man of business he is not in the habit of squandering his money on theater tickets, but on this occasion, he had been presented with a couple of complimentary tickets by one of his customers, so he took his son Jacob and went. On his way home he thus delivered himself: "Shaky, my boy, dese show-actors don'd know noding. Don'd you pelief dem, Shaky. Ven der shentieman in der play say der vas no such vord as fail, den he make himself foolish, and don'd you forgot it. Shust hear your fader spoke, Shaky. Der piggest vord in der language vas fail, and der smaller der per-shent to der dreditors der pigger de vord. Shust don'd forget dot, Shaky, and ven your old fader vas der ground under, and you found you can fail ten cents on der tollar, don'd wait till ter-morrer ter do it."

The next time Mr. Isenstein displayed his wisdom he was riding on the cars, with his two sons Jacob and Isaac. The conductor attempted to collect full fare for Jacob, and this brought out a remonstrance. "Dose trins on der udder side pajs shust halaf, aint it?" "Yes," responded the conductor. "Und dey vas den years old each. Ish dot so?" "I guess so." "Vell, den you took von whole fare for twenty years. Isaac, he vas t'reet and Shaky he vas sebenteen. Dot's twenty, aint it? Vell, den I pajs you one whole fare. Py shiminy! you feller you don't sheat me—nod if I don'd forget myselfell."

It was not very often that Mr. Isenstein forgot himself, but once in awhile he did. One morning he found a counterfeit dollar in his pocket. He was completely broken up—a dollar, a counterfeit dollar. He could not understand it. "Py shiminy," he muttered, "I vonder if I aint got some sense at all." Then to his son: "Shaky, run quick to Mr. Mosenbaum's over, un puy twenty five-cent segars."

In five minutes Jacob returned with the cigars, and Mr. Isenstein went gayly about his work. The dollar was passed. That afternoon Mr. Isenstein was rummaging in the cash drawer, and he ran across the same dollar again! "Shaky, Shaky, come here quick!" he cried. "Don'd you got some sense! Vere'd dot tollar come from?" "Mr. Mosenbaum come der street offer, und bought a pair of suspender-braces."

"Vell, took it back und puy me twenty more segars. So hellup me Moses, pury soon I got so many segars, I haf to give von away or I make myself sick."

Jacob returned shortly, and said: "Mr. Mosenbaum vont took der tollar."

Mr. Isenstein grasped the money, and rushed across the street. "Py shiminy! Vy don'd you took dot tollar?" he exclaimed.

"Do you think I make myself a foolish. Dot tollar vas counterfeit."

"Vell, you dot tollar back took. My poy Shaky took dot tollar from you."

"Ish dot so? Do you tink I make myself a fool because Shaky do. Vell, I don'd guess I do dot."

"Py shiminy, so hellup Isaac, you took dot tollar back, or I make it so warm for you as never vas. You shust hear me spoke."

"Vell, Levi Isenstein, shust you let me toot a vili. You took dot tollar und put it in you ear, und go mit it to de dooce, und if you don'd go pury quick I kiek you owet of my shitors."

Then for about five minutes the air was filled with dust and bad English, while Isenstein and Mosenbaum rolled over on the floor and pulled each other's hair. Then Mrs. Mosenbaum came down stairs and took a hand in, and Jacob came across the street to help his father. When the smoke of battle cleared away Isenstein lay in the gutter moaning the loss of his dollar, and Mosenbaum lay under his counter bewailing the damage to his store.

Isenstein has gone into a decline, brought about by his inability to get rid of the dollar. It is thought he will recover.—The Rambler.

A Royal Autograph.

The Governor is in receipt of the autograph signature of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan. The signature bears a striking resemblance to the hieroglyphics of a Chinese tea box, only it is written upon the finest silk, gorgeously illuminated with gold upon a cardinal red background of one silk. Three truly Japan cranes are pictured, each making a flight through space to cast a glance upon the imperial signature written upon the stars and shrouded in fleecy golden clouds. The card is of very durable material, and is wrapped in creamy rice paper almost as limy as a gossamer's web. The whole is encased in a box of spotted white wood, upon the cover of which is the engraved "signature of his Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Japan, made at Tokio, July 13, 1885." The autograph was secured by our Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary at the Japanese court, John A. Bingham, and is a contribution to the Aldrich collection now in the State Library, where it will be on exhibition.—Des Moines Leader.

—A Maine boy has committed suicide because he was suspected of having broken a window. A Louisville boy would commit suicide if it were thought that he had not broken a window. Pride varies greatly in youngsters according as they are spanked or encouraged.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WHY JEWS LIVE SO LONG.

The New England Medical Monthly comments very favorably on the proverbial long and healthful lives of the Jews. Dr. Picard holds that this superiority is due to their stringent health laws. The Mosaic, like the older Egyptian code, is very stringent regarding the eating of flesh and other articles of food. Of the animals examined, a large proportion are always condemned as unfit for food. People who eat meat indiscriminately are very prone to disorders of the blood and of the kidneys; for meat is composed of nitrogen, which the kidneys have to remove from the blood, and of course they cannot do this successfully except by the aid of Warner's Safe Cure, the best kidney strengthener, unless it is temporarily taken of and only the very best meat is used. Jews also use alcoholic liquors very sparingly and thus keep up good digestion; and then again they are a holiday-loving and Sabbath-observing class.—House-keeper.

A fair calculation—One oyster makes stew.

"NO PHYSIC, SIR, IN MINE!"

A good story comes from a boys' boarding-school in "Jersey." The diet was monotonous and constipating, and the learned Principal decided to introduce some old-style physic in the apple-sauce, and await the happy results. One bright lad, the smartest in school, discovered the secret mine in his sauce, and pushing back his plate, shouted to the pedagogue: "No physic, sir, in mine. My dad told me to use nuttin' but Dr. Pierce's 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' and they are doing their duty like a charm!" They are antibilious, and purely vegetable.

It's a noticeable fact that gas companies never complain of light business.

NOT SYMPTOMS, BUT THE DISEASE.

It would seem to be a truth appreciable by all, and especially by professors of the healing art, that to remove the disease, not to alleviate its symptoms, should be the chief aim of medication. Yet in how many instances do we see this truth admitted in theory, ignored in practice. The reason that Hoistetter's Stomach Bitters is successful in so many cases with which remedies previously tried were inadequate to cope, is attributable to the fact that it is a medicine which reaches and removes the cause of the various maladies to which it is adapted. Indigestion, fever and ague, liver complaint, gonorrhea, rheumatism, diabetes, the bowels, urinary affections and other maladies are not palliated merely, but rooted out by it. It goes to the fountain head. It is really, not nominally, a radical remedy, and it endows the system with an amount of vigor which is the best protection against disease.

It isn't much of a dog that cannot make a man go mad by biting him.

HELLO!

"Hello!" we heard one man say to another, the other day. "I didn't know you at first, why! you look ten years younger than you did when I saw you last." "I feel ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up expecting to be any better. The doctor said I had consumption. I was terribly weak, had night-sweats, cough, no appetite, and lost flesh. I saw Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' advertised, and thought it would do no harm if it did no good. It has cured me. I am a new man because I am a well one."

A REMEDY FOR LUNG DISEASES.

Dr. Robert Newton, late President of the Eclectic College, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used DR. W. M. HALL'S BALISAM very extensively in his practice, as many of his patients, now living and restored to health by the use of this valuable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures Consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

DR. HENLEY'S

Celery, Beef and Iron gives food to the brain, enriches the blood, aids digestion, and gives refreshing sleep where other remedies fail. Try it.

Attention is called to Fairbanks & Wilsey's ad. of Norman and Percheron horses.

Cuticura

A POSITIVE CURE for every form of SKIN and BLOOD DISEASE. FROM PIMPLES TO SCORFIDA.

PICZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing Itch and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure. Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritis, Scald Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the skin and scalp, with Loss of Hair, when used by the best physicians and all known remedies fail. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

Contagious!

I am a native of England, and while I was in that country I contracted a terrible blood poison, and for two years was under treatment as an out-door patient at Nottingham Hospital, England, but was not cured. I suffered the most agonizing pains in my nose, and was covered with sores all over my body and limbs. Finally I completely lost all hope in that country, and sailed for America, and was treated at Eosensett in this city, as well as by a prominent physician in New York, having no connection with the hospitals. I saw the advertisement of Swift's Specific, and I determined to give it a trial. I took six bottles and I can say with great joy that they have cured me entirely. I am as sound and well as I ever was in my life. New York City, June 12th, 1885. L. FRED HILFORD.

In March of last year (1884), I contracted blood poison, and being in Savannah, Ga., at the time, I went into the hospital there for treatment. I suffered very much from rheumatism at the same time. I did very well under the treatment there, nor was I cured by any of the usual means. I have now taken seven bottles of Swift's Specific and am sound and well. It drove the poison out through boils on the skin. DAN LEAHY.

Jersey City, N. J., Aug. 7, 1885. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y., 137 W. 23d St.

SEEDS.

E. J. BOWEN'S large Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of Vegetable, Flower, Clover, Grass and Alfalfa Seeds. And containing Valuable Information for the Gardener, the Farmer or the Family, mailed free to all applicants. Address: E. J. BOWEN, Seed Merchant, 215 and 217 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

Red Star Cough Cure. Trade Mark. Absolutely Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison. SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

St. Jacobs Oil. Trade Mark. THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc. PRICE, FIFTY CENTS. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Norman and Percheron Horses. Imported. Fairbanks and Wilsey's best importation of 1884. Norman and Percheron Horses. They are from the best stock and most ready to the most blocky draft and are largely offered for sale. All of the action and beautiful form. We have of hand 24 stallions to select from. Three carried off premiums at the National Marine Agricultural Fair, one for sweethearts over all draft. Six were awarded premiums at the State Fair at Sacramento. We will sell cheaper than the same class of Horses can be bought for, anywhere else in the U. S. Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call at our large Sales Yard in Fisherman and examine our stock. Send for Catalogue. Address: H. T. Fairbanks, or H. Wilsey, Petaluma, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Petaluma Incubator. Hatches all kinds of EGGS. THE SIMPLETEST, Cheapest, and MOST PERFECT INCUBATOR made. 3 Gold Medals, 1 Silver, and 15 First Premiums. All alike. Send for price illustration and Circular FREE.

FARMER'S (WIVES, DAUGHTERS, SONS). You can have free—four books—"Short Stories by California Authors," "Election and Grocery," "A Crescent and a Cross," and a copy of Golden Era Magazine, by sending 50 cents for a year's subscription to the Ranch, Field and Fireside, the cheapest agricultural paper in California. Golden Era Co., 712 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

"STANDARD" Machine-Loaded SHOT-GUN Cartridge. LOADED BY Chamberlin Machine. In use by ALL KNOWING SPORTSMEN. For Sale by the Trade generally.

Matrimonial Paper! RICHLY ILLUSTRATED. Each number contains over 100 advertisements of ladies and gents wanting correspondents. Send copy to other. Address: HEART AND HAND, Chicago, Ill. Name this paper.

WANTED---JOB PRINTERS. Who can tell a nice, useful series of Type when they see it, and who know what and where to buy. To those who know something we would respectfully say that they can always find the

LATEST JOB FACES. Of all foundries at our house. Also, the best

Printers' Machinery. COMPRISING: OLD-STYLE GORDON, PEERLESS, NEW-STYLE GORDON, CLIPPER, BALTIMORE and JEWEL

JOB PRESSES. NOTE: Our old reliable Gordon (two sizes, 8x12 and 10x15), with throw-off, is the cheapest and best Job Press for sale in the States.

JEWEL 23-INCH CUTTER. Fifteen in use in the Northwest. ALSO: PEERLESS AND GEM CUTTERS.

If you want the best, send your orders to PALMER & REY, 112-114 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

A Clear Skin. is only a part of beauty; but it is a part. Every lady may have it; at least, what looks like it. Magnolia Balm both freshens and beautifies.

N. P. N. U. No. 116-S. F. N. U. No. 193.