### EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

#### SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

I passed a pretty cottage place,
A rose looked from the door
And smiled so sweetly in my face
I paused the house before.
The honeysuchle from the wall
Threw down a welcome tear.

The breeze came rushing through the hall, And whispered: "Tarry here,

"For all within is peace and love," And through the curtains' lace I glanced, the reckless words to prove, And saw a lover's face

Bent close above two eyes of blue.
Why should I dim their day?
Across the pane the blind I drew, And softly crept away.

I went again, one summer eve;
The rose biushed at the door.
But smiled as sweetly to receive
Mc as it did before;
The breeze came out as joyonsly,
And lingered at my side,
And marmured: "Tarry now, and see
Our happy groom and bride." "Oh, no!" I said; "some other day

Oh, no;" I said; "some other day I'll call the pair to see."
But as I turned to go away They both looked out at me.
Oh! what a light of hope and love Their features then o'erspread,
And a shekinah from above Seemed on the cottage shed.

Years crept away. When next I came
Before that open door,
A little child pronounced my name
That notice tresses wore
Will you come in?" she gladly cried,
And opened wide the gare,
My little one," I slow replied,
"The day is low and late.

\*To-morrow, when the sun is bright,
I'll come and play with you:
Too chilly now, the failing night,
Too damp the evening dew."
And so I did I often trod
Along the side yard there:
And found that fresher grew the sod,
The sky more bright and fair.

I once had said that every rose Held just a briar or two, And every river as it flows A dark wave with the blue: But 'twas not thus I found it here, The world that night I'd tell That I had found a sky so clear That rain drops never fell.

Thus musing on that sweet child's face That night I could not sleep.

A shadow seemed the light to chase
As storms the ocean sweep;
And when the stars forsook the sky
And birds their matins sang,
I strolled again the cottage by
And lond the door-bell rang.

The rose had dropped its leaves and died,

The rose had dropped its leaves and did it heard within a sob.

What did it mean? The winds replied:

"Crape hangs upon the knob."

Softiy I raised the window's lace—
The little child was dead—
I threw a flower across her face,
And from the cottage fled.

I never will go back again
Or push the blinds apart—
I sought a aunshine for my pen,
Found shadows for my heart.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## A NOBLE OLD LOVER.

The Good-Hearted Judge and His Fortunate Young Rival.

When all your passions are extinguished, said the advocate, when you have recovered from the illusions of glory and of fortune, then is born in pulling tout; the pole bent in a semiyour heart a passion strange and mysterious, a passion of infinite fruitionthe love of angling. My dear friends, you do not know the happiness of following the cork along the river, of directing it along the edge of the whirlpool or under the the great willows, be- he was not acquainted with. He sat up tween the mossy rocks, where the trout to see, and conceive his surprise. The and salmon lie in ambush. You can not imagine the emotion of the angler when he sees the cork spinning under the water; when he feels the fish struggling on the hook, and when, with a vigorous jerk, he lands it on the bank, fluttering, and reflecting the sun like a No, you must be I ke my old friend, the judge, to be able to picture to yourself such a pleasure.

The most adroit angler I have ever known was Monsieur Zacharias Seiler, an old judge of the Tribunal of Stantz and member of the Grand Council of Lucerne. After having slept for twentyfive or thirty years through the clamors of the advocates on his circuit, he had obtained the favor of withdrawing to his snug villa, situated on the Kusnacht street, near the German gate, and there he was enjoying himself under the supervision of his old housekeeper, Therese, a very devoted person, with a crooked nose and a chin garnished with a thin, gray beard. These two, ful of indulgence for one another, respected their reciprocal manias. Therese looked after the household admirably, ironed the linen and took care to renew monsieur's stock of tobacco, shut up in a large stone jar, after which she was at liberty to attend to her birds, read her prayer-book and go to mass.

Monsieur Zacharias was approaching his sixtieth year, wore a wig and had no other distraction than to cultivate a few flowers and read the morning paper. This was well enough for a time, but there came a morning when the world seemed a blank. He said to himself that he needed something more exciting than to watch flower pots in a window and befog himself in the mazes of stupid politics. He was very thoughtful for some days, but one evening, after supper, a bright idea came into his head.
"I have it: I will go fishing," he cried, clapping his hands so lond that Therese called out from the next room: "What is the matter, monsieur? One might think you nad a fit."

The idea thus suddenly born proved to be a stubborn one, and the morning on which Monsieur Seiler first set out, provided with a pole, a big straw hat, a fishing bag and other accessories, was a veritable affair of state. Therese was greatly displeased at this new turn in affairs. She muttered to herself and had moments of impatience, and was obliged to go to confession twice oftener during a month than had been her custom. But, for all that, she was forced to conform to the new order of things.

For example, whenever monsieur was seized with a desire to go fishing, the excellent man, who deplored to himself his feebleness, would look up at the sky. and say with a melancholy shake of the head: "It is very fine this morning, Therese. What weather! Not a drop

of rain for three weeks!" Therese would allow him to languish for a few moments, then, laying aside her knitting and her prayer-book, she would go to find the fishing bag, the

wa'stcoat and the big hat of her ma ter. Then the old judge would become an mated; he would rise up briskly and

say:
"This is an excellent idea of yours, Therese. Yes, I will go fish ng." "Very well, monsieur, but be sure to return at seven o'clock. The evenings are cool now.

coughed any. Have you put a crust of bread in my bag, and my little bottle, Foerster?"

And mo "Do not disturb yourself, monsieur.

"Pshaw! It is two months since I have

Do I ever forget any thing? In spite of her strong disapproval, she would help him on with his waistsoat and big hat, he all the time mur-

muring: "That will do, that will do; thanks, I am ready,"

And taking his pole he would descend the stairs. Theresa at the window would watch him disappear outside the German gate, then she would reseat herself, and take up her work again, while he would trudge gayly along, thinking to himself:

"Therese would like better to see me at my desk, reading my journal, but the idea of staying at home in such weather as this! Ah! Zacharias, you do not feel your legs any more! Oh, what verdure,

And he would lengthen his footsteps in the footpath that traversed the high grass on the hill slope. It would seem to h m that he already saw the river. and the great trees sifting down light and shade about him, and he would eem to breathe the tart perfume of tha mosses and ivy, and the odorous res n of the fir trees. He would hear the distant murmur of waters, and the hissing of the living springs gushing from the rocks. In an hour after his dream would be a reality, and, a very rarething. a reality more complete than the dream itself.

One day in the month of July, 1845, toward three o'clock in the afternoon. Zacharias found his fishing bag so full of salmon trout that he did not wish to take any more, because, as he sad to himself, it was necessary to leave some for the next day. After having washed his tish in a ne ghboring spr ng, and wrapped them carefully in sorrel to keep them fresh, he felt so sleepy that he thought he would take a nap in the heather, and wait until the shadows were longer to mount the side of Bigelberg. Then, having broken his crust of bread and moistened his lips from his little bottle, he clambered fiftee i or twenty steps be'ow the footpath, and lay down in the shade of the fir trees upon the moss, his eyelids growing heavy.

Never had the old judge been so sleepy. The oppressive heat of the sun, darting his long arrows of gold into the sh dow of the wood, the murmur of insects upon the side of the hill, in the meadows and on the wa er, the distant cooing of ringdoves squatted under the som er shade of the beech trees, formed such a grand harmony that the soul of Zacharias melted away in the universal concert. He yawned, opened his eyes, and saw a troop of jaybirds traversing the foliage; then, turning, he thought he saw the cork on his line whirl and deseend; a salmon was caught; he was The good man was sleeping profoundly. He dreamed, and the vast orches ra pursued about him its eternal music as the time passed on.

A thousand animated beings had lived their life of an hour when monsieur the udge awoke at the whistle of some bird strange b.rd was a young g.rl seven-teen or e.ghteen years old, with rosy cheeks and red lips, her brown hair floating in long tresses, a little turned up nose, a short pett coat of the color of corn poppies-a young peasant girl who was descending from above by the sandy footpath of Bigelberg, a basket po sed on her head, and her arms, sunburned, but round and plump, resting on her lips. At sight of her Zacharias was deeply moved. He blushed, and rising "Good-day, my beautiful child:

The young girl stopped, opened her eyes w de, and recognized him, for who n all the country did not know the worthy judge?
"H:!" sa d she, with a smile; "this is

Monsieur Zacharias Seiler!"

The old man ascended into the path. He wanted to speak, but he only stammered some un ntelligible words, like a very young man, so that the young girl appeared much embarrassed. Finally he made out to say:

"Where are you going through the wood at the hour, my child?" She pointed out to h m, in the distance, at the bottom of the valley, the house of a forester.

"I am returning to my father, Yeri Foerster, whom you know without doubt, Monsieur Judge,

"So you are the daughter of the worthy Yer? You are the little Charlotte of whom he often speaks when he brings me his reports?"

"Yes, Monsieur Judge."
"Very well, I will accompany you home. I should like to see the worthy Foorster again. He must be getting a little old?"

"He is about your age, Monsieur Judge," said Charlotte, simply; "about sixty years old."

This artless response brought the good man to his senses, and as he went along he became very pensive. What were his thoughts? No one knows, but how many times it has happened that a good and worthy man, who imag nes himself to have discharged all duties, has finished by discovering that he had neglected the greatest, the holiest, the most beaut ful of all, that of marry ng in his youth a good and noble woman, and remaining true and loving to her ever after. And what it cost him to think t was now too late!

Soon Zacharias and Charlotte reached the turn in the valley where the path passed over a little bridge, and led direct to the forester's house. That worthy man was seated on the stone bench by his sloor, w th a sprig of broom corn in his hat, and two hunt ng dogs stretched at his feet, and recognizing with his piercing eyes the judge and his daughter in the distance, he came to meet them, raising his felt hat in salutation.

"Good-day, Monsieur Judge," saidhe. with the frank and cordial air of the mountaineer, "what happy circumstance procures me the honor of such a Visit?

"Master Yeri," replied the good man.

'I have tarried in the mountains until it is too late to go home. Have you a little corner vacant at your table, and a bed at the disposition of a friend?"

"Hey!" cried the forester, "if there was but one bed in the house, should it not be for the best, the most honored of our ancient magistrates of Stantz? Ah, Monsieur Seiler, what an honor you do to the humble dwelling of Yeri

And mounting the six steps before the door he cried out: "Christina, Christina, run to the cellar, Judge Zacharias Seiler has come to repose under our roof."

At this a very little old woman, with a figure as stiff as a ramrod, but still fresh and smiling, appeared upon the threshold and disappeared immediately, murmuring:

"Oh, dear! Is it possible! Monsieur the judge."

"Ah, my good people," said Zacharias, "in truth you receive me too kindly." "Monsieur." replied the forester, "if

you forget the good you have done others do not." Well, if the truth must be told,

Judge Zacharias passed the evening with Yeri Foerster and his family, forgetful of the inquietudes of Therese. promise to be at home by seven o'clock and his old habits of order and submission. Imag ne to yourself that humble sitting-room, with its ceil ngs streaked with brown girders, the round table in the midst with its dish of trout and plates of fruit, and of honey, yellow as gold, and worthy Papa Zacharias presenting each in turn to Charlotte, who dropped her eyes, astonished at the compliments and tender words of the old man.

"Ah, Monsieur Judge, you are too good," said Christina. "You do not know how much vexation this little one gives us. You will spoil her with so many fine words."

"Dame Christina," replied Zacharias, "you possess a treasure. Mademoiselle Charlotte merits all I have said of her. Then Yeri, raising his glass, cried:

"To the health of our good and venerable Judge Zacharias," and all drank to the toast. "Ah!" thought the judge, "what happiness it would be to live here with Charlotte for a companion, at four steps from the river, where one could throw in a line from time to time, and follow

the chase with Father-in-law Yeri Foerster, raising the echoes round about. Ah! what an existence!" When the clock struck eleven he rose. How young and fresh he felt! With what ardor he would have placed a kison Charlotte's little hand, only he must

not yet. He must wait. "It is time for sleep, Master Yeri," said he. "Good-night, and many thanks

for your hospitality." And to see h m mount the high steps of the stair one would have said he wa but twenty years old. But those twenty years lasted only a quarter of an hour. and, once in bed, with the coversdrawn up to his chin, and a handkerchief knotted around his head, he said to himself:

"Sleep, Zacharias: you are very tired. You have great need of sleep.

At nine o'clock the next morning he awoke, considerably chagrined at having slept so late after having boasted the evening before of his early rising, and coming down the steep stair he found only Dame Christina awaiting him, the forester having gone about his business in the wood and Charlotte to haymaking. So, after a hasty breakfact, and thanking Christina again for her kindness, he took the way back to the city, a good deal disturbed as to how Therese would receive him, but still cherishing the thousand illusions which had hatched in his soul like a late brood

of linnets. I will not try to paint the reception which the worthy housekeeper gave him; her reproaches, her rage even. She had not shut her eyes the whole night; she had imagined him drowned in the river; she had sent ten people to look for him, etc. Monsieur Seiler heard these complaints with the same calmness with which he had formerly listened to the metaphors of an advocate pleading a lost cause - he heard, but said nothing. By the beginn ng of autumn he had

fallen into such a hab tof being at the forester's house that one would have found him there oftener than at home, and Yeri found himself much embarrassed to refuse the presents which the worthy magistrate begged him to accept in re-turn for his daily hospitality. He would shake his head sometimes and say to h s

"I never knew a better judge, a more learned and respectable man than Monsieur Seiler, but I believe he is out of his mind. Only the other day he wanted to help me build the hat for the titmouse, and he must also help Charlotte turn the hay, while all the pea-auts laugh at him. This is not proper, Chr stina; but I do not dare to speak to h m, he is so much above us.

"Let him alone," answered Christina. "W th a little m lk and honey this good Zacharias is content. He likes to be with us, it is so simple here, and then he likes to talk to our little daughter. Who knows but that he may adopt her, and when he dies she would be remem-bered in his will."

The forester shrugged his shoulders, His natural sense made him divine some mystery, but he did not go to the length of suspecting the folly of the old judge. One fine morning he saw descending the mountain a wagon laden with three barrels of Rikevir wine. This was of all the presents he had received, the most acceptable to Yeri Foerster, for, of all things, he liked a glass of good wine, And when he had tasted the wine he could not help erving out:

"Th s good Zacharias is the best man in the world. Go, Charlotte, and make for him a bouquet of the finest roses and jasmins in the garden, and when he comes give it to him yourself. G-What w ne! What fire!"

Zacharias followed close upon the heels of his present, and felt himself more than repaid by the flowers which Charlotte hastened to give him, while the forester said cordially:

"You must take supper with us and taste your wine, Monsieur Seiler. My sarly history of the country, when we is right to call you our bene- women were few and government and

Zacharias seated at the table in the open air, his fishing pole against the wall, Charlotte opposite him, and the lave not reached their majority to be

pretty forture, well managed, and he wanted to buy two hundred acres of woodland on the edge of the valley, and build a forester's house on the hill-"We shall always be together." said he to Yeri, "you with me as much as I with you.

Mother Christiana came in in her turu and devised this thing and that. Charlotte appeared content, and Zacharias imagined himself understood by these worthy people. And he went to his chamber that night full of the most blissful illusions, putting off till the next day his great declaration, doubting nothing as to the result. He held Charlotte's bouquet in his hand, and when he was alone he feil to kissing it with effusion, weeping like a child, and mur-

"Zacharias, Zacharias, you are going to be the happiest of men, and, may it please God, you will renew your youth in a little Zacharias, or a little Charlotte who shall dance upon your knees and caress you with her rosy little hands." At this time the good man seated himself, drunk with hope, his elbow on the window-sill, his eyes wide open, and hearing as in a dream the frogs croaking under the moon in the silent valley. He had sat thus for an hour, when something like a volley of pebbies, or of dry peas, rattled against the window-glass and aroused him with a start.

"What is that?" demanded he in a low tone, raising the window a little. "Charlotte, Charlotte, it is I," replied a tender voice.

Zacharias trembled, and as he listened with staring eyes, the foliage stirred, and a young man stepped out into the moonlight. The old man raised himself indignantly, and threw the window wide open "Have no fear, Charlotte," said the

new comer, "I come to tell you good news. My father will be here to-morrow to arrange with Yeri Foerster about our wedding.' Receiving no response he asked after a minute: "Where are you, Charlotte?"

"I am here," said the old man, turning very pale and looking fixedly at his rival. And as the judge began to speak with a raised voice, the youth said in a loud whisper: "In the name of Heaven do not cry out. I am not a thief. I am Charlotte's bethrothed.'

"Yeri Foerster never told me anything about this, the wretch!" gasped Zacharias.

"No, he does not know yet that we are betrothed. He said when I asked his consent that his daughter was too young; that I must wait. But we have engaged ourselves, anyhow. I have told my father, and he is coming to-morrow to see Yeri, and, as I knew it would please Charlotte to hear this, I thought I would stop under her window and tell her the news.

The poor old man fell upon a chair as into an abyss of grief, and covered his face with his hands. How he d'd suffer! What agonies traversed his soul! What an awakening from such sweet hopes! At the end of a few moments Zacharias raised his head and asked:

"How do you call yourself?" "Karl Imant, monsieur."

"What are your circumstances?" "My father hopes to obtain for me his place as forest guard of Grinderwald." "Charlotte loves you very much, does

she not?" "Oh, yes, monsieur; we love each other very much." "Young man," said the judge in a

broken voice, "you do not know what evil you have done. But go now, go. You shall have news from me. The young mountaineer did not wait a second invitation; with one bound he

disappeared behind the great trees. "Poor, poor Zacharias," murmured the old judge. "Behold thy illusions flown!" And he went to bed sobbing.

and covered his head with the bed covers so as not to be heard. Toward seven o'clock the next morning, having regained a little calm, he descended to the sitting-room, and found

Yeri, his wife and daughter waiting breakfast for him. "My friend," said he to the forester, "I have a favor to ask you. You know the son of the forester of Grinderwald,

do you not?" 'Karl Imant? Yes, monsieur." "He is a fine youth, and, I believe, of good conduct?

"I believe it also, Monsieur Seiler." "is he properly qualified to succeed

"Yes; he is twenty years old, he understands the management of snars and nets, and he can read and write. But

he must also have p atronage. "Very well. I have influence in the admin stration of waters and forests, and in fifteen days karl Imant shall be forester at Grind rwald. Furthermore, I demand of you the hand of Charlotte for this handsome and worthy young man."

At this conclusion Charlotte, who at first had become very red, and who trembled like a leaf, fell with a cry into her mother's arms. The old forester turned and looked at her with a severe

eye. ...What is this, Charlotte? Do you re-

"Oh, no, no, father!"

"So much the better; for I have nothing to refuse to Monsieur Judge Zacharias. Come here and thank your benefactor. Charlotte ran to the old man, who kissed her with his eyes full of tears.

Then, alleg ng the petition for Karl

Imant which he was in a hurry to make, he set out for the city, taking only a crust of bread in his bag for breakfast. Five days afterward Karl Imant reseived the brevet of forester at Grinderwald, and eight days later married Charlotte. Monsieur Seiler could not be at the welding; he was indisposed that day, greatly to the regret of the worthy fore ter and his family. Since then the judge rarely goes tishing, and when he does it is at Brunnen, on the

other side of the mountain .- Mrs. L. A.

McGaefey's translation from the French,

in Chicago Herald.

-Early marriages is the rule amo ng French Canadians. Originating in the shurch alike encouraged girls in their teens to become wives, the practice has become permanent, and for lads who forester on his right, began to talk of lathers and girls of sixteen to become his prospects for the future. He had a mothers is too common to cause remark.

ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

From the record of cures of Asthma sufferers may rest assured in Compound (xyken they will find at least relief, and, in reasonable probability, perfect cure. Not all have been cured who have tried Compound Oxygen, but all have found re

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Up to this time :41, 00,000 silver dollars have been coined. Of these 60,000,000 are in circulation. The remainder are in the enstody of the treasury, with silver cer-tificates outstanding against a large part of them.

#### THE PARENT OF INSOMNIA.

The parent of insomnia or wakefulness is in nine cases out of ten a dyspeptic stomach. Good digestion gives sound sleep, indigestion interferes with it. The brain and stomach sympathize. One of the prominent symptoms of a weak state of the gastric organs is a dis-turbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. turbance of the great nerve entrepot, the brain. Invigorate the stomach, and you restore equilibrium to the great centre. A most relaable medicine for the purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is far preferable to mineral sedatives and powerful narcotics, which though they may for a time exert a soporific influence upon the brain, soon cease to act, and invariably injure the tone of the stomach. The Bitters, on the contrary, restore activity to the operations of that all important organ, and their beneficent influence is reflect d in sound sleep and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A and a tranquil state of the nervous system. A wholesome impetus is likewise given to the action of the liver and bowels by its use.

At Fort Smith, Ark, six murderers have sentenced to be banged on January

#### BROWN'S LITTLE JOKE.

"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones one day to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes: but it will be long enough before I get another." Sommen spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help th m, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs, soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discov

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A wonderfu medicine; Irish May Flower.

### PITH AND POINT.

-The bee can draw twenty times its own weight. So can the porous plas-

-When a man's mind recovers from

a state of confusion, he doesn't nece sarily die, but he ends his daze. - Te a Siftings. -It is said that the Prince of Wales

never carr es a purse. Our re emblance to his royal highness has often been remarked. St. Paul Herald. -A woman pointed an old pistol at a tramp and blazed away until she shot

a calf worth \$35. The tramp is tekled to think she didn't am at the caf.-Exchange. -An Irishman, hearing of a friend who had a stone coffia made for h mself, exclaimed: "Faith that's good

Sure an' a stone cossin 'ud last a man a lifet me!"—N. Y. Independen'. -A female teacher in a public school was amazed the other day b seeing a perfect forest of juven le hands by up in the ar and shake and gest culat wildly, "Wha do you want?" quer ed the puzzled instructor. Chorus: "Yer hair's fallin' o.f." - Chicago Tribune.

-Two Troy men have invented a machine that will make 1,500,000 matches an hour. The th ng should be in great demand at the fishionable water ng-places this summer. It is just what mothers and marriageable daughters have been looking for .- Irou Times.

-"My son." said a fond father to his I ttle son whom he had been punshing, by the use of a rod for the first time; "my son I ho e the has taught you a good lesson" "Yes, pa." the little fellow so bingly repled "it's taught me that it's bester to give than to receive."-Life.

-Facet ous Party (the local law er who likes to have a joke with his elent)-"I say, Pat. suppose the Dev I were suddenly to appear now, which of us would be take first, d'ye th nk?" Pat-"Me, of course; for sure he knows he can have your honor at any t me, bad luck to him."-Boston Post.

-Her head was pllowed on he breast, and looking up in a shy w y she said: "Do you know, dear George that..." "You mean dear James." th nk," he interrupted, smiling fondl at her mistake. 'Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am! I was th nking this is Wednesday evening. - N. Y.



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