hig that, and that old villain staggerin' as usual. What's he to you?"

"Just plain dad," she answers with a little sigh; "he's allus thater way, and they've put muver in the ground over to Leadville, and I've got ter live with him. but I'm goin' to be spectable allus, I promised my muver that."

"Bless yer heart," I cries, "if Mike Breen kin help you to the same he will. Them leetle old ways of yourn kinder chokes me up.

As they did every time I see her keepin house fur that old reprobate, he pretendin' to be prospectin', but settin' around saloons loafin'. When she got to be knowed, there was allus some one to lug him home 'fore he got too fur gone to be hateful, as he done when deep in licker. Their vittles somehow got paid for, though "Hard Luck" never airnt nawthin'. Missy would thank a feller so cute, with such a mite of a curtsy, it was wuth a dollar's buyin' of pork or meal just to see her. She wouldn't answer to anythin' but Miss Stevens, though her name was Bell, fearin' it wa'n't high toned.

My road lay by her cabin a half mile from town, an' I got in the habit of breathin' my horses there, fur it's a steep pull up the grade, an' out she'd come to say "How de do," and arter a time to ride a piece with me. I could swing her up over the wheel like a bird, fur she weighed nawthin', an' there she'd set sside me, her leetle sun bunnit hangin' by the strings, her yaller hair blowing. her pale cheeks tinted a bit, and them big, black, sorrerful eyes full of a child's delight. Land, how purty she was then! One day she says:

'Mister Mike, you an' me is acquainted a long time.

"Five year, missy," I answers, flickin' the off horse with the whip; he allus shirked.

"I've bin thinking we're such real frens you needn't call me Missy enny more. That's just fur the camp, you know. "Better not change-I'm used to

"But I kin be 'spectable just the same

an' I want to make you think I care a heap about you. Now, Bell is so short it ain't fine ernuff, an' I shall be a way up lady some day, so I got me a name to the drug store that hitches onto mine." Gimme suthin easy; I can't get over no jaw breaker, Missy."
"You wun't laff," lookin' at me with

them big, serious eyes. "Not a grin, even."

"Well," breathless like, "it's-it's Belladonner. Ain't it butiful?" One day when she rid up with me she in cash. They come high, them real told me, as she was going to be a great

"I can't go to school in the canon, fur father would set hisself a fire or suthin'. an' I hey to git our meals; but I kin read some, muyer teached me a little, an' I've picked up more, an' I want you to git

me some books." An' if she didn't put a silver quarter in my hand, warm from her tiny fist. I took it, fur she was that proud she'd bin mad, an' I've got it yit, an' I worrited all the way to Silver City what I'd git. I let her think her money paid fur all. She airn't some mendin' fur miners, fur she'd set a patch wonderful with them leetle claw fingers, an' as she growed big wouldn't take no more gifts of vittles. A pal an' me explored Silver City fur them books, an' I brought her a book called "Monter Christer," a Bible, a wolume of plays by Shakerspear that I thought wouldn't do her no harm, a fust reader an' a 'rithmetic. She was tickled, I tell you, when I dropped them inter her

aprin, an' arter that I allus see Belladonner (as I keerfully called her, though I hed to laff inwardly-but law! I'd called her a hull drug store to please her) with a wolume under her thin arm, an' the words she used ev'ry day was reg'lar double deckers.

She jest soaked up larnin' like a sponge, till I used to wonder that leetle head could hold so much.

So time goes on, an' the leetle gowns fits better, is long ernuff, an' is neat. made by her own hands, an' she gets more flesh on her, an'our leetle maid is a young leddy, an' a young civil engineer surveying for a railroad comes often to the cottage—a good chap, Jack—an' I liked him. She growed so purty, too. with her golden hair, and shinin' eyes, an' the pink in her cheeks, an' the sorter light on her face as young love gives.

Wal, one day as I drove down grade, she come runnin' outer the cabin, her eyes sparklin', her lips parted, her face as rosy-an she generally quiet and palean' that yaller hair flyin' about her shoulders. Jack was with me, an' I see kim color up an' look at her sorter hun-Dy, as a man does when hard hit, but she barely spoke to him.

"They say pa's struck it rich," she cries. "Take me down to the Canon, Mister Mike; I'm wild to know."

The young feller helped her up beside us, an I see his face had growed white lady in the room in the most brutal an' sad, but she talked like a wild

"I told you I would be a great lady."

"Hard Luck is one of them onery creeturs," says I, "as falls inter a fortin

an' I'll take odds it's true." It was That play prospectin of his had tumbled him inter a mine, that hard

workin' men might have worked a lifetime fur, an' don't get, which is fate, if Jou're one of them fate cranks. Days hait, an' flocked to the town, an' Belladonner was a match fur 'em. She never think, would be: There is room at the top. let the old man outer her sight, ruling him with a rod of iron, an' as keen as a awyer bout terms, so that 'rithmetic didn't go fur nawthin'. But she changed low; the pretty light faded from her face, there was a cold look in her sym, an eagerness in her manner that combied the youth out. But she never raft looks like. Boston Transcript. jurned a cold shoulder to me, an' I drove

her an' her father out of town when they went away never to come again. Hard Luck was inside, an she out with me, them two the only parsengers.

At a turn in the road Mister Jack was a waitin' on his bronco to say good-by. so I pulled up. 'Good-by and God bless you," he says, kinder chokin'; "I think if the mine had

not proved a bonanza an' made you rich.

you might have cared for me. I love you, an' shall all my life." There were tears in his blue eyes, an a man's tears means a sore heart wound. "Good-by," she answers, holdin' out her hand that he took and put to his lips: an' there they parted, them two that loved each other, never in this world to

meet again. "Belladonner," I says, as I drives on. "you have given him his death blow." 'Hearts do not break," she says, sorter cornful; "he will soon forget me."

"The leetle gal I've loved fur fifteen year is dead," I says, sorrerful. "She ain't you, with that graspin' way, an' that hard, cold look; she's the leetle mite that wanted to be 'spectable an' that could keer fur one naterel an' frenly.' "Spare me," she cries, with a pitiful

leetle sob. "Hearts do break, for mine is breakin' now." She leaned her pretty head against my sleeve, as she used to years gone by, an' I couldn't speak no more. When I bid

her good-by I asked her to send some leetle hopeful message to Jack. "No, no," she cried, looking proud and firm, but white, too, as if it hurt her, "not a word. I mean to be a great lady, an' live in the life the books tell about. - them wolumes," said I. "Ef I'd knowed what they was puttin' in your

hed never one of 'em should you have She turned an' flung her arms 'round my neck, an' kissed by bronzed old cheek, my gray beard mingling with her golden hair, and that one spot where her lips rested I would like to think the decay of nature will spare when I am in

"Farewell, you, my dear, dear friend, an' the old life," she cried, an' I saw her

Life passes somehow even in our mountains where so leetle happens, an' I keep company! knowed I was growin' old by the brake drove the old team for the last time, an' left 'em with a sort of dimness in my eyes, for I'd been considerate of 'em allus as a good driver ought, an' went down to Denver to loaf like a gentleman.

Five years after she went from Miles in Denver. He was in company with a wizened up creetur lookin' like a monkey an' signin' his name to the register as the Markee something in French, that ! couldn't spell if I was a mind to write it out. They had stacks of trunks the porter was a-strugglin' with, an' he told me, with some swearin' at 'em, they was travelin' clean from Paris, an' he wondered they got along with all that truck an' some un didn't pulverize 'em-which, the travelers or trunks, I never knowed. to the Frenchman, an' we took champagne, the Frenchman growlin' at it. Stevens, who looked shaky an' old, agreein' with him, an' me laffin', knowin' Hard Luck's taste for ennythin' of ter drinks; an' then Stevens says: "The markeese is up stairs an' would like to see you. This is her husband." He took me aside to whisper: "Away up nobility, Mike, an' cost us two hundred thousand the sale of the sale of

I confess I fixed up a bit afore I went up to the fine parlor where my lady waited to see me, the old stage driver she hadn't furgot. But in the hansum woman in the trailin' gown of black lace, the shinin' dimunts, the proud air, I couldn't see the leetle child I knowed. The beautiful eyes was as hard an' cold as the glitterin' dimunts, that seemed to mock all feelin' with their grandness. Only the golden hair was like hers, an' I looked at that an' sorter smiled, thinkin' of the sunlight stored up forever, as I used to say. She was frenly an' kind, an' we set an' talked of old times.

"Jack died of mountin fever a year arter you left," I says. "His last words man," was the smiling reply, "that was, 'I love her, I pray she will be there are four temperaments: the ner was, 'I love her, I pray she will be happy.' He died more because he didn't want to live." I finished kinder cruel.

You are crying my lady, on that fine lace handkerchief, an' the dimunts rise an' fall on your bosom, an' glitter cruelly, but your tears are more beautiful to we wouldn't one of us be hired to live Ay, hearts do not break; they are with her." wounded unto death. But you killed a good man, my lady-that stands ever against you. Tears cannot blot out my memory of the poor lad who loved

"Good-by," I says, "can I say Bella-

"Do not think too hard of me," she "Remember me as that queer little friendless child who loved you.

"I will, an' I have seen the Markee. I'm glad you've got to the summit of your ambition, but to me it's as gloomy an' forlorn as some storm torn mountain peak where no green thing will grow. I'll think only of the child that wanted to be 'spectable, that waited to ride down grade with me, of the pale tiny thing with the wistful eyes an' the leetle hands claspin' my sleeve."

Is it any wonder that I could not see her then?-that the mists of my tears blotted out my last glimpse on earth of the Markeese Belladonner? - Patience Stapleton in Once a Week

A Warning to Bismarck. An amusing story is told of the wife of Count Schouvaloff, the Russian embassador at the court of Berlin. Once while under her roof, the story goes, Bismarck was in a very bad humor and snubbed the countess and every other manner. As he withdrew from the apartment one of the large Russian mastiffs in the hallway had the temerity to growl at the chancellor, whereupon the Countess Schouvaloff ran to the door and called out saucily, "Prince Bismarck, don't you dare bite my dog!" Mr. Mufty. -Exchange.

An Appropriate Motto, Dude-Yeth, Mith Fanny, I've gots family ewest, but what would you suggeth for a

Miss Fanny-The best motto for you, I -Tetas Siftings

A Graphic Simile. The Joggins raft is described as looking like "a big cigar drawn through the water by two steam tugs." Any ony who has ever seen a big cigar drawn through the water by two steam tugs will know at once what the

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

I could not tell-I do not know What classic lines, what curves of gra Must meet and blend and intergrow, To make a beauteous human face.

I do not know-1 could not tell,

With all the lines and curves complete What look within that face must dwell To make the faultiess beauty sweet. Unknown the laws that make it sweet,

And, flower like, moid it as it grows; Enough, that when that face I meet, I know it as I know the rose. —Cassell's Magazine

Happened on the Wabash

"Heard of the Wabash river, reckon?" he queried as he combed his long yellow whiskers with his fingers and pulled down his vest.

"Probably never heard of Jerry Dewlap? Jerry lives on the banks of the Wabash, and he's pizen biled down. About a month ago he come to town one day and said a boat had up sot in the bend above his house and drowned two men. He wanted us to go up and help drag fur the bodies. We was willing, of course, and Jerry proposed we try a plan he said had worked in thousands of cases. It's an ole belief with some folks, you know. that if a loaf of bread is flung on the water it'll float to whar a dead body is lying and then stop. We reckoned to try it, and every man chipped in and

we took up about a hundred loaves." "Jerry bossed the job," continued the man with the yellow whiskers, "and we got out two boats loaded with bread and keerfully dropped the loaves overboard. Some of 'em went hump ing along at the rate of six miles an hour, while others sort 'o circled around and went off slowly. We used up the hundred loaves, and Jerry was taking up a collection to send to town after more, when a feller come up stream in a cance and called out:

'What ar' you uns a-doing over 'A-rising the dead,' I answered. "'Oh, ye are!' he continued. 'Well, when I come around the bend ole Jer ry's wife was out in a boat a-picking up them loaves, and I reckon she'd go up to ninety-five! You uns had better

send down some pork and 'taters to Well, sir, that ar' was a put up job bein' hard to set an' the horses pullin' on us by ole Jerry to git a heap o' stiff, an' so havin' money saved an' some bread without working fur it, and good investments in mines, one day I when we took him ashore to adminis' ter a great moral lesson what did he do but turn to and outrun the best of us and git clear off !"-New York Sun.

Lady Dufferin's Connemara Cloak.

The papers have been talking about Canon I see old Hard Luck in the hotel who brought the first Connemara cloak into fashion and it is like the tailless evening coat, credited to every social personage of any importance The tailless coat, by the bye, is credited to the dude, while the cloak is credited to the bud. The truth about it is that it had its birth in the smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her ladyship had been to Ireland and was there presented with a very fine piece of Irish frieze. She took it to London with her and asked her tailor if he couldn't make her a long wrap out of Stevens knowed me an' introduced me it-something out of the common and which would be stamped as decidedly individual. With quick wit he sug-gested just such a cloak as the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its birth. Lady Dufferin had a number made old, even vinegar, of there wan't no bet- and soon all London was wearing them because they were so useful and could be so easily assumed. However, I do not think her ladyship expected woman look like a balloon and the stout woman like the whole earth, not with a fence, but a cloak about it. Philadelphia Times.

> The Fourth Temperament. A Boston woman remarked the other day, in a convensation which turned upon the peculiarities of an acquaintance:

> "Well, you see the trouble with Eunice is that she's got the fourth tem perament.

> "I have heard," one of the hearers remarked, "of the fourth dimension. but never of the fourth temperament What is it?"

> "I was instructed by a wise wo yous, the physical, the pious and the worrying. Now Eunice undoubtedly has the worrying, and that explains why it is so hard to live with her She is a most excellent woman, but

> "We respect her, of course," another observed, "but when it comes to living with her-well, all I can say is that I'd rather take my chances with the cannibals than with her. She worries me to death; she fusses about anything and about nothing with equal rendi ness. You are right; she has the fourth temperament."—Boston Cour

A Rare and Curious Medal. John Bedford, of East Freemont, Sanilac county, showed us a very great curiosity, being one of the ten medals struck in 1846 by order of parliament and presented to the only known survivors of the troops who took posses sion of Detroit at the time of Hull's surrender. The medal which is dependent from a bar marked "Fort Detroit," fastened to a heavy red ribbon edged with blue, has on the obverse a medallion portrait of Queen Victoria with the inscription, "Victoria Regina, 1846." On the reverse is a vignette of the queen crowning a kneeling man with a wreath of laurel, and bearing the inscription, "To the British Army. 1793-1814." On the edge of the medal is engraved the name of Mr. Bedford's father, to whom it was awarded, "J Bedford, Canadian Militia."-Detroit Free Press.

A Vast Field. "When I was in congress," said Hon. Mr. Mufty, of Raccoon Ridge, "a certain professor used to come miles to hear me speak. "Ah! What was his name?" inquired Professor Surtout, to whom the eminent statesman had spoken.

"Professor Tootles, of Baltimore," said "I thought so," said Professor Surtout. "He has since become celebrated as the au-thor of 'Ten Thousand Mistakes in English Grammar. "-Chicago News.

Not So Pleasant After All. "Did you have a good time on your vaca-

"Pretty fair. I visited some friends at their charming country home. They have a great smooth lawn, dotted with trees, with plenty of se and hammocks." "That mu cave been glorioua."

"Well, it asn't." "My friend owns a lawn mower."-Lincoln AND STILL THEY COME

SAN FRANCISCO, January 27, 1890. Sierra Chemical Co.

GENTLEMEN: I bave been a sufferer frokidney complaints for several years, and have used all kinds of medicine without any apparent results or relief until my friend advised me and told me of the wonderful cures The Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure was accomplishing. I was induced to buy one bottle but without much fa th, and to my surprise after using that bottle I noticed such a great improvement that I kept on until I have now used three bottles, and can safely say that I am entirely cured and never felt better in my life. I wish to recommend this remedy to all sufferers from kidney and liver disorders, for it will positively do the work. Very truly yours, L. H. COHN,

At antic and Pacific Publishing Company, Room 52, St. Ann's building, san Francisco, Cal.

There is only one thing more bitter in life than eing jilted in love, and that is a dose of qui

INFERNAL INGENUITY

Could scarcely devise more exerned thing tor ures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralic affack at the outset. Ho tetter's Stomach Bitters: as been found by skillful medical practitioners to nossess not only remediat, but defensive efficacy, where those diseas a exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this puisant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction is better than the poisoes offen employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in iso atvid doses. The blood is deputated thorough by from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impurged upon, saved from ultimate and direful threes 'y this benian, saving medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy for majaria, kidney complaints, d, spepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

Wanted—A job of work done on a public street without drawing a crowd to watch by the hour to see how the laborers are getting along.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

Hon. Edmund L. Pitts, the late President of the New York State Senate, writes: "STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1186.

used Allcock's Porous Plas-TERS in my family for the pa-t five years. and can truthfully say they aer a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy re-lief. They caused be too highly com-mended."

The agnostic has a mind to eat hash. He asks

Coughs .- "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are not new and untried, but, having been tested by long and constant use, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple cough remedies. 25 cts. a box.

The trouble with Justice is that she does little beside holding her scale.

Six Novels Free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the United States or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 5 Dobbins' Electric Sosp wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

Squimps-How's the new baby? Jenkins-How is ke? He's a bowling success, and don't you forget it!

A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansili's Punch," all for 25c.

Mabel—Isn't young Mr. Dolly a spruce fellow? Amy—I knew he was a stick, but I did not know exactly what i ind.

THE VIRTUE OF MEDICINE IS TESTED BY ITS EFFECTS.

Modesto, Cal., May 24 1800,

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash. DEAR SIR: I hope you will not consider me tedious if I tell a little experience, March wind, they made the slender such as may not have come under your bright red spot about the size of a pea, came on one side of the end of my nose. It was a source of great annoyance to me and great anxiety to my friends, who feared the spot might be a cancer. It

seemed strange such a thing would come on my face, for my health has always been good and I never had so much as a pimple on my skia. I did not know what to do for the trouble. There was a throbbing pain all the while, and last fall, when the cold weather set in, the spot became flaming red and hard, and n mained so. It be came very sore to the touch and hot. The pain was a throbbing severe pain. Then I became truly alarmed, for the thing was becoming worse, and some time in February I remembered that you recommended M water for the eyes when they were inflamed; so I applied this to my nose one evening and was sure that with this one application the inflammation was lessened. I kept up the treatment a week, and my nose seemed well. I continued taking the medicine for six weeks, and at the end of that time the purple spot was entirely good and I never had so much as a pimple medicine for six weeks, and at the end of that time the purple spot was entirely gone, and there is no trace of the thing left. The redness has also entirely disappeared. I could not be thankful enough that I had heard of your medicines and knew what to use. Respectfully.

MRS. J. PURVIS.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James, Seattle. Consultation and prescription absolutely FREE, Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION,-The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the fol lowing inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jor dan's Histogenetic Medicine." Everyother

TRY GERMEA for breakfast. Beware of imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Scrofula Humor

In the Eyes "Our little girl, 19 months old, was troubled with scrofula sores. Her eyes were in a terrible condition, and her nose all covered with scab. Physicians said they could not cure her. We

commenced giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now, after using two bottles in the past three months, her face and eyes are clear of the sores and her appetite has returned. We feel very thankful for finding so valuable a medicipe Hood's Sarsaparilla to save our child,"--J. A. GREY, 453 Miner avenue, Stockton, Cal. On the Face "Last December I was afflicted with acrofulou ores on the left side of my face and around my

Buttons. We have over 1,500 gross of Dress, Cost, Vest and Ladies Cost Buttons, worth all the way from \$1 a dozen down to 10 cents, which we offer in gross lots at 30, 40 and 50 cents; think of that 140 buttons for 50 cents. This year's styles—let us sort up 5 gross for family, or 25 gross for dealers. Will never make such an offer again. Ladies Linen Collars, 5c; Cuffs 5c pair, only in small and medium sizes; German Knitting Yarn at 75c to 85c Bs, worth much more; add plenty for mailing; will return if over; it saves time; and ask for right ear, and was obliged to leave work. Hood's Sarsa-arlia was recommended, and after taking les than two bottles all the sores disapeared." —JOSEPH V. A. FRATES, 226 Hoilis street, Gak-

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar

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PRESS INDORSEMENTS FOR DRS. AN ELEGANT PACKAGE OF FINE

It has been rumored that the well known specialists in medicine, the Drs. Darrin, have given up practice here. This is a mistake; but one of them has left, he having gone to make further investigation of surgery in London and Paris hospitals. The balance of the corps have invested largely in property throughout the Northwest, and will remain here permanently.

Mercury, June 28.

What the "Welcome" Has to Say. The succe-s with which the Drs. D rr'n The success with which the Drs. D fr in have met since coming to Portland three years ago has been phenomena'. Judging from the record of remarkable cures effected by them and the immense patron age they enjoy, the gentlemen will have to make up their minds to become permanent locators in the city. Welcome, June 28.

Two Prominent Citizens Give Their Opinions of Drs. Darrin.

H. E. WOODIN'S GOOD LUCK. Mr. Editor: Say for me that Dr. Darrin has cured me of granulated eyelids and a g-neral diseased condition of the eyes. The roots of the eyelashes had become diseased, and gave me great trouble in read-ing. Medical and electrical treatment by Dr. Darrin has cured me. Refer to me at Powers' furniture store, 190 First street, Portland. H. E. WOODIN.

Discharging Ear Cured by Electricity, Mr. Editor: I have been troubled with All, Editor: I have been troubles with a discharging ear since 5 years old from the effects of scarlet fever. I was cured by Dr. Darrin in one month. I reside at the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets, Portugues of the corner of Eighth and E streets.

H UMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted pimply, blotchy or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure. CUTICURA SAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and createst of humor remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Drs. Darrin's Place of Business. Drs. Darrin can be consulted daily at the Drs. Darrin can be consulted daily at the Washington building, corner Fourth and Washington streets, Portland. Hours, 10 to 5; evenings, 7 to 8; Sundays, 10 to 12 All chronic diseases, blood taints, irregularities of women, loss of vitai power and early indiscretions permanently cured, though no references are ever made in the press concerning such cases, owing to the delicacy of the patients. Examinations free to all, and circulars will be sent free to any address. Charges for Examinations free to all, and circulars will be sent free to any address. Charges for treatment according to patient's ability to pay. The poor treated free of charge from 10 to 11 daily. All private diseases confi-dentially treated, and cures guaranteed. Fatients at a distance can be cured by home treatment. Medicines and letters sent without the doctors' name appearing.

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Don't be humbugged Save Time, Health and money ;take no oth Eake Notice! Sent to any address secure by mail on re-ceipt of price, \$1.00. Address, THE APHRO MEDICINE COMPANY. Ask Him! Who P Summer BINGHAMTON, N. Y. What? Why on Scales Gomplaints, Gramps, "He Pays the Freight. New Laws: PENSIONS For Wido For Soldiers: PENSIONS For Pares Write at once to J.L. McFarland, Washington D. NEW PENSION LAW 300 000 names added to the delayed claims allowed. Technicalities wiped out. Pro-made easy. Blanks free. Have your claim settle without delay. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. Colic, Sc. Sc. The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably BR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER. This article is a concludy propage in physician's pa century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the direc-tions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physiciana to its merits. For all by all drugsists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 179.

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mestic servant will be gone. But Mrs. Sterrett's article is simply a prediction, and has no more than a passing nterest for the ladies who live in 1890. Their social and household cares are straining their delicate, nervous system, and the result is terrible. Headaches, backaches, and womanly ills are growing alarmingly common. Many of them find that memory is failing; they are unable to recall the names of friends or tell whether they have performed some of their usual house hold duties.

Their nerves are in such a condition that very slight causes, or perhaps no cause at all, may irritate them. Life grows to be a burden. There is no need for despair, but there is great need of caution. Their nerves should be built up, life fortified, and brain restored with that remarkable preparation, Paine's Celery Compound. Instead of the depressed and languid feelings, after the Compound has been used, they will feel active, vigorous, and happy. To those who are weak and failing, and desire health and happiness instead of illness and misery, we carnestly urge that they act upon this advice.

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