



COWARD OR HERO?

EVERY MAN PROBABLY HAS THE IN-NATE CAPACITY TO BE EITHER,

And He is Quite Likely to Be the Other on Occasion, if Circumstances Favor. Heroes Are of Different Breeds and Natures.

An Indian lad at school recently produced an essay on the subject of courage, which had, as the young ladies say, "quite a success" in the way of circulation. If that budding hero had lived from half a century to a century ago he would not have written, though he might have acted, the sort of courage of which he speaks. Some people say that I have been in forty-two fights of one sort or another. At any rate, I have been in fire at least on twenty different occasions, and my experience leads me to the belief that though any man has the innate capacity to be a hero, every man is more or less of a coward, and most men are rather than less at that. Every old soldier, despite his shell fire, yet if any old soldier were to tell you that he did not feel awfully like either fainting or being sick at the first shell which burst actually near him, I would tell that man, if he were smaller than myself, and there was good reason to believe he had no revolver in his hip pocket, that he trifled with facts. Nevertheless, he said, I have seen a man daring to look calmly at a shell bursting close on his side, and yet not flinch, and he said, I have seen a man, though he knew enough to tell an oyster from a clam he must have been aware that when any one hears the "r-f-f-f" of a bullet that bullet is far past him, and incapable of finding its billet in him unless it ricochets like a boomerang.

The man who tells today may to-morrow earn the Victoria cross in the English service or the cross of St. George in that of the czar. There are plenty of instances of men who are demoted for cowardice who have faced the platoon that shot them without a quiver of the lip or the flutter of a pulse. Some people's courage is better on the start; indignation, impulse, revenge all play their part in this sort of courage. But the truer courage is calmly to face a danger that is realized. Carved, and inscribed on the Imperial in Zululand in a moment of panic, might have resolutely scorned a breach in a happier hour. Many a man who proudly wears the bronze cross "for valor" in the British army probably wonders how the inspiration came upon him to earn it.

Hearing some firing one day in central Asia, I and three others who had been out for an afternoon ride jumped at a little river into the camp and retraced down its main street in the direction of the shots. As we passed headquarters a general officer begged us to stay with him and get the men turned out in the camp of the nearest line regiment, as he had feared a surprise from the town all along. One of the party stopped because he was on that general's particular staff, but the rest, unbaiting their bolsters, galloped on. The poor fanatics, carrying rusty blades under their sheepskin coats, had, as a chaplain observed, "prayed themselves silly" in a mosque and then had lost their few remaining wits through hashish, so they sought immortality and at least ended mortality. This was all there was of it, and the old general was vastly relieved that night.

Yet that same old general had been in the Crimea, and in the mutiny fighting in India, and he showed he was no coward nine months later. Was he a coward that day the Ghazis from the bazaar attacked the camp? Why, certainly. But he was a coward on impulse and a hero on calculation. "Forty men to lead the sortie!" he said on one occasion; "ten will be killed." Four hundred volunteered and thirty were killed. But the general who was inspired months before, by the idea of ignominy purged magnificence that sort of the same and did not gain the death he sought. One of the bravest officers I ever knew had been mortally wounded in the leg and was hoisted on to a camel. Presently he cried, "Take me down, they are shooting at me!" So, loss of blood and physical pain in this case turned a hero into a coward.

The lean satrap is the popular ideal of a hero, but he is the finest hero after all Skoleff the younger shone in both phases of the character, but in his heart he cherished more the thought of his tenacity on the Green hills at Plevna than his dash into Khiva, or his swim under fire across the Danube, or his planned movement to take the central redoubt on the Tebatadzi line at Constantinople. On the other hand, Mehmet Bey, "the captain," as the Turks called him, prided himself more on his successful dash up the slopes of Kizil Tepe in Armenia than on his heroic defense of Yahi against an apparently overwhelming force of Russians, or even upon his defense of one of the forts at Arbilan, for which the generous Manovic mentioned him with approval in his dispatches, none the less readily, perhaps, because he was a Pole in the Ottoman service. Yes; heroes are of different breeds and natures, but none the less, heroes, whatever their manifestation of the heroic quality.

It is a curious illustration of the absurdity, not of the special decorations for heroism, but of the popular appreciation of them, that British annual books of reference takes the slightest notice either of the Humane society medals for life saving or of the Albert medal for heroism in civil life, while a whole page is devoted to the Victoria Cross. Yet it was said by the great teacher "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." How much less can it be to lay down or desperately risk one's life for a stranger?—"Cullerathen" in New York Times.

Proud Savages of Patagonia.
The Patagonian Indians are a high grade of savages, more intelligent than the natives of the tropical latitudes, are more honorable and less cruel. It is said that the Patagonian will never keep an agreement with a Spaniard, for the Spaniard has never kept faith with him. But he can be relied upon by every other nationality. A German trader who has had much to do with them during several years' experience at Puenta Arenas, told me that when a Tehuelche chief agreed to bring him skins and feathers, he brought them if they were to be found in the course of the day. The chief agreed to bring the same things to a Chili trader across the way he was certain not to do it. If the Chili trader called him to account he would answer, "Manana" (to-morrow), the word the Spaniard always uses to excuse himself from carrying out a bargain. This practice is so universal that the Spaniards have been driven out of the trading business. The Indians would not sell to them till all the other traders were supplied, even when they offered higher prices.—Philadelphia Times.

Greasing a Patient.
Here is a case that happened out west a few years since. The graduating class in one of our medical colleges was advised at the last by the old professor never to acknowledge ignorance, but always, when called, to give some treatment. One of the class settled in a western town, and after some years the old professor, in traveling, got a piece of bone in his thigh in this same town, and the young doctor being called, failed by every means in his power to dislodge the obstruction, and then having recognized the old professor, stripped him and rubbed him with lard. This so amused the old professor that he could not restrain a hearty laugh, which disclosed the bone, and he asked the doctor, "Why in thunder did you grease me?"
The reply was, "You told me when I was about to graduate always to do something, so I greased you, not knowing what else to do."—Williamsport Sun and Banner.

A COUNTRY SQUIRE'S HOUSE.

An Intensely English Ceremonial—Gravely Solemnity of "Prayers."

There is yet another ceremonial which at most country houses the visitor is expected to attend. That is family prayers. As a student of men and manners it will be worth his while, for no institution is so intensely English. At 9 in the morning and about 10 at night the butler announces prayers. The family and visitors then proceed to kneel, while the servants are arranged in a long row. The butler places a Bible and prayer book in front of the squire, and then retire to his seat with the air of a man who has done a difficult duty rather neatly. Then the squire reads a portion of Scripture and a prayer in a loud, sonorous voice, destitute of all expression whatever. Now look for a moment round the assembly. Old Gen. Selous, who has drunk perhaps half a bottle too much sleep, presents an intensely pious, but withal sleepy, appearance, and tries to cover a hicough with a grunt. Capt. Fitzfalko, of the Dragon Guards, who has just been convulsing the gentlemen at the dinner table with "broad" stories, looks appallingly proper. The rest are obviously "thinking of now," which the rustic explained was the great delight of church, but everybody is bright and wears a stony grimace of aspect.

Were a twinkle of amusement, or even of sensibility, to be seen in any one's countenance, the vigilant eye of the lady of the house would instantly detect it. The essence of the ceremony, in short, is a kind of gravitic solemnity. I remember once a ludicrous accident occurring at one of the rites, which set the weaker folks off in an irrepressible titter. The lady of the house was so angry that the truth came out in a burst. "It is not," said the worthy dame in her passion, "the insult to the Almighty that I care so much about, as it's being done before a charwoman from the village." A volume by the deepest philosopher could not have conveyed a more profound meaning.

In all other respects you have the most perfect and enjoyable freedom at an English country house. You may hunt, fish or shoot, or you may shut yourself up in your dressing room, where there will be a fire, with a book from the library. But it may be supposed that the visitor to such a house will be a sportsman of some kind.—George Sumner in Outlook.

A Beginner in Literature.

"You were speaking about what a beginner should do. Where can he get a training in literary work. There are no schools of literature. What must he do?" asked a reporter of Richard Watson Gilder, of The Century.
"He must saturate his mind with the best literature and he must practice, practice, practice!"
"Where will he get an opportunity to practice? Write an article and submit it to a magazine, and if it is rejected write another."
"My idea is that he should begin anywhere. Give away his contributions; get used to them in type; get his own criticisms of them in type and his neighbor's criticisms of them. It may spoil a weekling, but it knocks the conceit out of a sensible man to see his writings in cold type. I advise young men and women who are determined to be writers to write, write, write—and, if necessary, to give away their writings until they finally become valuable. They should not try to become a name so innocently do, to give them away to the first class paying periodicals. It is no inducement to a magazine editor to be told that he can have a contribution for nothing. I know a young man who couldn't even give away his writings to New York periodicals, so I advised him to try others out of town. He then went to work writing editorials without pay for an out of town daily. He soon got rid of his mannerisms, and has become a most valuable salaried writer upon one of the large newspapers, and also one of the best contributors for the best magazines."

"Then there is a chance for a man to graduate out of every day journalism into the higher field of literature—magazine writing?"
"It depends entirely upon himself. Nothing grieves an editor so much as having overlooked talent in its beginnings. The bluest moments an editor has are spent in the recollection of some mistake in understanding talent at its start."—New York Mail and Express.

Little Newspaper Humbugs.

The claim of omniscience and the assumption of omnipotence are the amusing parts of a newspaper. It is artless and transparent. The omniscience is that of the encyclopedia and the omnipotence is the frown of Jove. It is a stage effect, which is pretty, but which deceives nobody. The rear is well done. But the performer is not mistaken for a lion. He is plainly seen to be the excellent Mr. Bung, who is professionally engaged in the support of his family. The elaborate proclamations of the newspaper's private business as a matter of public interest is another aspect of the same comedy. The newspaper solemnly announces that after prolonged deliberation it has decided to widen its columns, and that for many months the most prodigious machinery has been in course of construction to enable it to satisfy the demands of its swiftly increasing host of advertisers, who will have nothing less than all the conveniences provided by the most modern science. The newspaper is gratified to be able to state that it is now prepared to smile at all rivalry, to outstrip its esteemed contemporaries at every point, and to enable mankind to dispense with all other journals but itself. This is as simple and childlike as if a great mercantile house should announce that it had just bought a new set of massive account books in Russia leather, and laid new floors of southern pine, and added another story to the warehouse. The buyer, meanwhile, is interested in the goods, and inspects them, and then only, to decide whether to buy or to look elsewhere. These are the little humbugs of the trade of the newspaper.—Harper's.

Her Hands Full.

Excited Boy—Come on, quick! The old man is batin the old woman again.
Police Justice—Why don't she come herself if she wants to make a complaint, or have him arrested?
Excited Boy—She's too busy; she's got him down and is bumptin' his head on the fire.—Texas Sittings.

Strange.

Newly Accepted Sutor—Well, Bobby, you will have a new uncle soon; I am your Aunt Mary's choice for a husband.
Bobby—Thank you, I'm that's strange. I heard her tell mamma, only yesterday, that you were Hobson's choice.—Life.

Apt Illustration.

Village Landlord—As the proprietor of this house I insist that you shall make less noise.
Stranger—Call this a house! Nice house this! In the cat sits on the roof he fall drag on the ground.—Texas Sittings.

Moths Would Know Better.

Visitor—Say, Jack! What makes this mince pie smell so funny?
Boarder—Hush! Don't let Mrs. Huxley hear you. She puts them in campfire in summer to keep the moths off.—Le-well Mail.

At the Picture Gallery.

Cloak Room Attendant to countryman—You will have to leave your umbrella here.
"Because it doesn't rain in the picture gallery."—Wiener Witzblatt.

Repairs.

"You can't live on tick in this house," said the landlord.
"I've noticed your mattresses are covered with mud," retorted Sleepy. And then he moved.—Harper's Bazar.

CASH BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE CHANCES WHICH THEY HAVE IN THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Thousands of These Children in the Dry Goods Houses—Hard Rules to be Observed—A Vocation Which Has Escaped the Notice of Reformers.

Rat a tat! The origin of this sound was the blunt end of a lead pencil in the hands of a young lady in an up town dry goods store. She was a saleswoman, or, begging the young person's pardon, a saleslady, if she will consent to use the word saleswoman when speaking of her main vis a vis who draws attendance on customers on the opposite side of the room. The taps on the counter were the modern substitute for the exclamation "cash" formerly uttered to call the attention of the salesman's devil. They were hardly given in this case before several urchins materialized from among the wilderness of skirts that filled the passageway, and shouting certain mercantile names, they stood before the cashier's window. What followed it will be necessary to tell to no feminine reader who has seen her money disappear over a dry goods counter.

There must be several thousands of these interesting children, male and female, known under the generic name of Cash, in the city of New York at this time. Respecting on the number of dry goods houses on Broadway, Twenty-third street, Sixth avenue, Fourth street and Grand street, and the number employed by all the leading firms, it is even possible to estimate the total at 4,000 or 5,000. They represent a great industry, of which the object is chiefly consumption. They stand, also, on the lowest round of the mercantile ladder, and some are destined to mount until they become clerks, superintendents and proprietors. Others, again, will be fated to fall by the way, or, belonging to the gentler sex, they will float off and perform matter of fact roles in domestic dramas. They are now leading lives of considerable hardship. They look bright and cheerful in the morning, heavy at noonday, and sometimes jaded in the evening, to persons familiar with the habits of children and who reflect on their ability to play fifteen hours on the stretch without any apparent sense of fatigue, the de-laration may sound like a waste of sympathy. But somewhere there is a world of difference between work and even the kind of recreation which takes the muscles more severely than work.

They are not, however, usually the children of parents who are not able to live without turning all their resources into the market. These children do not seek the situation of their own free will, and they often hold it very much against their will. Ask them how they like their employment, and they will not always give a cheerful answer. They speak of the hard rules which they are obliged to observe, and of the humiliations which it is necessary to impose to maintain discipline. In the largest stores the pay of a cash girl is only \$1.50 per week, a sum that may be increased to \$2.50 per week by closer attention and greater activity. But even this small amount is liable to a considerable reduction through the infliction of penalties which the cash girls receive, perhaps, in the innocence of souls, innocently truthful, they sometimes tell lies. They are occasionally sent home, they say, at the end of a week with no more than fifty cents in their pockets. The poor dears think, too, that they are often imposed upon, and even made the scapegoats for their elders, who have reached the age of feminine perfection, and can do no wrong. It is convenient to have a cash girl at hand to charge with the loss of articles which have disappeared from the counter without having been sold.

But these are only the girls. The cash boy is a more demonstrative and aggressive creature than the cash girl, and it is to be presumed that he fares better. The place to which he is best at a street where he is paid according to the service rendered. Here he is like a high officer—a deputy sheriff, for example—who draws his salary in fees, and whose profits depend on his activity. The cash boys in one store of this sort number up to a maximum company of infantry, 100 strong, and a champion club of football players could not be more active. We are not at all sure that the boys earn as much as \$7 a week, and that none earns less than \$5, a fact which speaks well for the liberality of the firm. They make a boast, too, at this store of the number of faithful boys who have been promoted to the various departments of the house. Some of the employees who began in this humble sphere have been as many as fifteen years in service. The qualifications demanded for the service are not necessarily of a very high order. As for personal recommendations, it is to be presumed that only sufficiently good looking boys and girls need apply. Looking at some of the dry goods warehouses fronting on several streets, with exits everywhere, and packed with customers, one would suppose that it might be necessary to give bonds before being permitted to enter the service. It looks entirely feasible for any discontented Cash to indemnify himself for unjust fines by slipping away with money enough in his hands to buy an outfit for an Indian hunting campaign at the west. But since no attempt of the kind was ever reported, we have to conclude that the boys and girls all come from the stock which is proverbially honest because it is poor.

This is one of the few vocations which have not yet attracted the attention of the social agitators. Neither has it come under the surveillance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Yet it cannot be denied that it is capable of furnishing topics for all sorts of reformers. Cash is exactly that age when he ought to be at school nine months of the year. But in lieu of walking in the paths of instruction he must run only in the ways that lead from the counter to the cashier's desk, and there is not much of knowledge to be gathered by the way. Hours before the time when other rosy cheeked children are to be met frolicking on grasses, wending their way to the school room, he may be discovered standing in line before the closed doors of the warehouse, waiting for the opening; and, though he may look cheerful and contented enough in childish thoughtlessness, we know that he is preparing the way for future regret and humiliation. True, there is the night school; but at the end of a long day of intense activity, at someone which is not play but very hard work, we are not to presume that he will take kindly to study, or drink very deeply of the light draught, chiefly composed of reading, 'riting, and rithmetic, which will be offered for his mental nurture. We all remember the old proverb about all work and no play, and the consequences. But Cash, like the street messenger boy, competent with no one, and he is, therefore, left unmolested. He fills a niche, which would be empty but for his childish figure, and so he is allowed to stand, while his fellows of a corresponding age are expelled from the factories where they are thought to be in the way of persons of mature years.—New York Sun.

Horse Sense.

"I suppose that Fielden deserved hanging," said a Chicago man, "and yet it was a pity. He had lots of good horse sense." "Just so," replied his friend, "did not know enough to keep his head out of a halter."—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Worse Than the Climate.

Edith—What a dreadfully trying climate you are here in Boston! Is it the east wind that chaps your lips?
Maud—Oh, no; I've been taking some lessons in Volapuk.—Life.

Much Out of Little.

The hen, foot though she is considered, possesses in a marked degree the faculty of making much out of little. Feed her corn by the pint and she eats it by the peck.—Binghamton Republican.

A MYSTERY.

How the human system ever recovers from the bad effects of the nervous medicines often liberally poured into it for the supposed relief of rheumatic, liver complaints, indigestion, constipation and other ailments is a mystery. The mischief done by bad medicines is scarcely less than that which may be done by the use of the weak, bilious, dyspeptic, constipated or rheumatic would be relieved by the experience of sailors who have been brought to the land at the same time a thoroughly safe remedy, derived from vegetable sources and possessing in consequence of its being pure spirits, properties as a medicinal stimulant not to be found in the fiery local irritants and stimulants often resorted to by the debilitated, dyspeptic and languid.

Woman's life is a soldier's, betray her, but her eyes tell the secret of her life.

HEDGED ABOUT BY A PROSCRIBITIVE TABLET.

I am not slating to convince medical men, as indeed that would be fruitless without the necessary cultured intellect that makes logic applicable. Force, brilliancy and originality even are no weapons to attack a slave with, for many centuries the medical art was hedged about by a proscription which it, as yet, has not survived. The brand for smothering truth in the nineteenth century is stamped upon the mental rather of the average individual—in relation to medicine and medicine men. The sun of the nineteenth century has not yet dawned upon his intellectual horizon. He, together with his ideal medicine man, still liberates in the good old days of the dark ages, when it was laid form to be inquisitive. He still "believes" in bleeding, leeching, cupping, purging and sweating. He lives capricious doses of horse medicine. He delights in arsenic and colicine and carbolic acid. They are considered infallible; no well-regulated family, with plenty of intellect and abdominal development, considers itself safe without these family leeches. These I do not wish to convert; they are the Flip Van Winkles that will continue to slumber through this and probably through the next century. They play no role in the world's history. They live; they die. No monument marks their forgotten sepulcher. Humanity was not enriched by their entrance. It has lost nothing by their exit. They are drifting on the shores of time, and float with the white sails of oblivion, though now and then an epileptic paroxysm, who love knowledge for its own sake, who are willing to investigate the truth and take the chances, they are subjected to their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the penitents and the penitents who are willing to investigate the truth and take the chances, they are subjected to their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the penitents and the penitents who are willing to investigate the truth and take the chances, they are subjected to their anthropomorphic ancestry.

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CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Jagou says he has found more grass widows in clover than in weeds.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

The philosophy of Francis Bacon is the philosophy of life. "Despise no new accident in the body," said he, "but ask opinion of it; in sickness principally respect health, and in health action." There are many so-called slight affections which men think it brave not to notice. It is not bravery; it is folly. As Bacon says, "despise no new accident in the body." Bacon's Pills will remove effectually and at once a thousand and one of the little ills of life that often, if neglected, take years to cure. Be sure to have with you always a box of BACON'S PILLS.

They can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

"Who was Ireland's greatest benefactor?" "Christopher Columbus. He discovered America!"

For coughs, asthma and throat disorders use "Brown's Bronchial Troches," 25 cents a box.

Money which is "coming to you" does not always wait.

Use Khamelnikoffe Polish; no dust, no smell. TRY GERBER for breakfast.

DR. RIGGS' Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

"German Syrup"

A Cough For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boscche's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

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Two servants in two neighboring houses dwelt, But differently their daily labor felt; Jaded and weary of her life was one, Always at work, and yet 'twas never done. The other walked out nightly with her beads, But then she cleaned house with SAPOLIO.

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PARRY CARTS AND ROAD WAGONS, Best and Cheapest in the World.

Carts, \$15 Up. Wagons, \$50 Up.

Chemical Fire Engines and Extinguishers, Fire Hoses and Hose Connections, Steam Laundry Machinery, Pumps of all kinds, Brass Goods, Pipe and Fittings, Department Supplies, Marine Work, Belting and Hose, Wrenches, Lubricating Oils, Church, School and Farm Bells, Engines and Boilers, Blacksmith Drills and Forges, Buggies, Buries, Springs and Express Wagons, the largest assortment of Carts in Portland, Washburn, writing for prices. For further information call on or address

Z. T. WRIGHT, Foot of Morrison Street, PORTLAND, OR.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for every and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Attorney at Law.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

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The crusty old bachelor has few crumbs of comfort.

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Dr. Williams' Indian Pine Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other treatments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, always the itching at once, acts as a positive, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pine Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and 75c per box.

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