SCOTHING SENTIMENT.

The stars sent forth their lambent flame, Or burning suns their fiercer light; Ere plancts filled the vast inane, And starless yet the brow of night.

There stretched thro' countless fields of The nebular, unformed and dim; Till condensation, in his place, Arose and calmiy said "too thin."

And straight the primal atoms rushed Into molecular embrace; And molecules, in masses formed, To fill the worlds with waiting space

A mere hypothesis is this; The facts as yet we don't possess; The nebular hypothesis Gives all who choose the right to guesa.

From nebular to star there's room

For guessing and fancy's play; Imagination has its "boom" Just now in, scientific way.

But I'm digressing 'Tis a fault Of mine, this tendency to stray; My whim I'll have, I must not halt, At least this side the nebular.

That far off gaseous domain. Where star dust thickly strewn doth lie And where the potential once had lain, The stellar growths that gem the sky.

And when new suns are forming still, As formed the millions now in space Where planets yet to be will fill Each its appointed, destined place.

The twinkling star, the flaming sun The worn out planet, in whose mass The slow evolving work shows done, 'Tis said, were all evolved from gas.

From hydrogen may be: perchance A gas still lighter, found of late In Aldebaran (I advance The latest theory) up to date.

Theories are common now; and this, The latest, will unchallenged pass. The nebular hyphothesis Will father all that start from gas.

Philadelphia Times

HER LITTLE ROMANCE.

MARY REED CROWELL.

Evelyn held her pretty little head to one side, like a meditative sparrow, and Vere Carrol thought that if she had not been his cousin he would have easily enough fallen in love with her himself. instead of showing her Chamney's photo graph and praising up the original to the very best of his ability. "He looks handsome. Is he really as

good looking as his picture, Vere?" Evelyn looked up, with a sparkle of admiration in her own beautiful eyes.

"He's even I and somer than his photograph; and, what's more to the point, he's the very best fellow in the world." e's the very best fellow in the world,"

he said, enthusiastically. "Yes," Evelynanswered thoughtfully, and then her cheeks flushed a little and the sparkle in her eyes gave place to

gravity. "It is certainly very much more to the point, Vere, and I think Mr. Chamney is a gentleman I would like-could like very well, if only-"

She hesitated, dropped her lovely head and then laughed. "What a girl you are, Evie! What an

unmeasurable girl! You always have an 'if' between you and every promise of

pleasure." "I believe I do," she said, in her sweet, spirited way. "I have to, Vere, don't you see? In this case, if only"— and she flashed a saucy smile from her violet eyes to him-"if only Mr. Sydney Chamney had an income, or a salary, or even wages of his own, and I was not so

Carroll laughed at the lugubrious little sigh she uttered.

"You can easily get rid of your fortune, Evelyn. You might make it over to a society for Christian burial of ently at her.

Evelyn looked seriously at the im-perial card Vere had brought her-the face and shoulders of a thoroughly handsome, manly man; a face with a perfect mouth, sweet, proud, whose expression the long, drooping moustache did not conceal: with well-opened, intelligent dark eyes, which Evelyn easily imagined capable of smiling unutterable things to a woman's heart.

He stamped the snow off his thick boots before he came into the room to shake hands with host and hostess; and, as he came into the full light of the fire and bright lamplight, Ellie King looked up and saw him of whom, in her month of residence at the Orr Farm she had heard not a little, and decided with a light sparkle of admiration in her eyes, that it was all true so far as Mr. Chan ney's appearance was concerned. "This is Mr. Chamney, Ellie," Mr. Orr said, with a certain little pride in his oice. "That is Miss King, our schoolteacher. She boards here, and we're proper glad to have her here, too."

Sydney bowed, and laughed at the un-conventional introduction, and Ellie smiled and flushed a little-only Mr. Chamney did not notice either particu-

larly. "A country school-teacher," he was saying to himself, sarcastically. "Heaven preserve me. I know 'em all alike. Well, I'm only going to stay a week, But, in just exactly an hour, Mr. Syd-

ney Chamney had changed his mind, having discovered that Miss Ellie King was pretty, and lady-like, and intelli-gent; altogether as different from the species as a humming-bird from a vul-

"A little beauty-a little diamond!" he decided, enthusiastically, which was something very rare for him to do. "What possible fate has placed her here, in this out of the way corner of creation ?"

Weil, the week came to an end with wonderful rapidity, and it seemed that Ellie and Sydney had been acquainted a lifetime, instead of only seven days of escorcing her to the school-house, and seeing her safely home in the little red sleigh; of going on one or two skating trips, and some brisk, delightful walks with me? to the village Post Office, and seven evenings of pleasant conversation: intri-

cate games of chess, or old-fashioned ap-ple roasting frolics, or molasses-candy I could!' making. "I don't want to go away, at all," he said, one bright, sharp morning, as he

drove her to school. "But of course you must," she answered, gravely. "It seems that woman don't; at all

events, you don't," he said, lightly. "Isn't it a terrible bore to travel along in the same rut, day after day, week after week, as you do, Miss Ellie ?"

A wicked little sparkle was in her "Not half as great a nuisance as to do

nothing, as you do." "But I was brought up not to have

anything much to do, you see. It makes

She fixed her pretty, thoughtful eyes on his handsome face. "Oh, you are a rich man, then. I

thought, somehow, you were not. He laughed-just the merest bit vexed

eves.

a difference

at her sincere frankness.

"Rich? No, I am not, unless you call six hundred a year a fortune." 'I don't earn half that, yet I call my-

self rich," Ellie said, quietly. "But perhaps you expect to inherit a fortune, Mr. Chamney ?"

'You saucy little catechist! No, I can't say that I do. 'Then, Mr. Chamney, you mean to

say that you shall be content to go on, so long as you live, idling away your time in whatever amusement pleases you for the moment, and having no good object to accomplish, no healthy discipline of daily employment, just because you happen to possess enough to feed and clothe you ?"

There was a sweet, interested kindliness in her manner, in her words, that robbed them of all their sting, and-

me, for that matter." "Don't be absurd, vere," she said, half vexedly. "And don't be a goose," he answered, tartly. "I tell you Syd Chamney is the second coat to his back, he'd deserve the best woman that walk-off deserve the was bent out of position so that only the toes touched the floor. The family physician exhausted his skill upon it, have heard what you have to say. What

cepting me. She'll find plenty of better fellows than me. Won't you let me come and see if Ben Peters has made

you a good fire?" "Just a minute, while you thaw out. The pony musn't stand, you know." "The pony may stand," he returned. "He must stand, Ellie, until you tell me

You will marry me-some day-when I've made myself worthy of you, my darl-ling Ellie. Lattle girl, you love me? I have loved you from the very first." All the color forsook her face for a

'Oh, Mr. Chamney, you cannot mean this? "But I do, dear. I need all your love, your encouragement, your sympathy. Won't you give them to me with your-

self? Do you love me, Ellie? And with tears springing to her eyes. Ellie laid her head on his breast.

"Oh, Sydney, I cannot help it." And then, Mr. Channey kissed her, and beat a hasty retreat, as a swarm of mittened, and hooded, and scarfed schol-ars came trooping in the gate, while El-lie went about her duties with a rare,

solemn sweetness in her face, and a new, deep undertone of jubilant happiness in And that evening when Farmer Orr and his wife sat over the fire, calculating the return from the market sales that day, Sydney and Ellie stood in the window

of an adjoining room. "I want to tell you something Syd-ney," she said in a half pleading voice, as she nestled to his side, and looked up in his proud, glad face radiant with the

light of new hope-new purpose. "I want to tell you-I-my whole name is Evelyn Ellinor Carroll; and when Vere talked so much about you I wanted to come up here where I knew you were and learn for myself. You are not angry

He looked amazedly at her. "Ellie! You Miss Carroll-Vere's cousin! The heiress I was to marry if

She caressed his hand lovingly. "The heiress you are to marry, if you

will, Sidney." He folded her closely to him and kissed her sweet face over and over. "I would not let you go if you were twenty times an heiress! But-my darl-

ing, how strange, how incomprehensible it seetas! 'How delicious and lovely it is!" she aid

And with her cheek against his, her supple form inside his arm how could he

say her nay? "And they lived happy ever after." Response to Prayer.

The Camden (Me.) Herald of last week contains the following remarkable story of healing alledged to be due to prayer. Mr. Henry F. Thurston, who vouches for it, is the stepson of the lady who was cured, and is endorsed by the

Rev. C. E. Libby as a gentleman of char-acter and good standing and a member of the Free Baptish Church in Rockport: In the spring of 1880, Mrs. Sylvia Thurston, while returning home from church, stepped into a hole in the road, and was thrown to the ground with such violence that her back was severely in-jured and the bones of her ankle and foot were wrenched out of joint. The injury sustained by the foot was so great that it was almost impossible to replace the bones in any kind of position. For For two months she suffered intensely from

a fever brought on by the injuries to her back, and it was three months beshe could sit up. But when had recovered from the fever she she was unable to walk save by the aid of crutches. The broken leg

was useless, and never ceased to pain her. It was swollen from the toes to the knee, and was colored a dark purple The circulation was almost stopped, and the leg and foot became cold. The foot the leg and foot became cold.

There is No Happier Man In Rochester than Mr. Wm. M. Armstrong. With a countenance beaming with satisfaction he re-marked recently, "Blessings upon the proprieto Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

A Texas Idea of Justice.

treatment of her husband, said:

in the new (Falls) county, and not in the old, but that notwithstanding this

fact Mr. Hough voted, as he had always

done, in McLennan county. Even if it is true that his house is in the new

county, his act was a mistake such as any man is liable to make, and it is ad-

mitted that he only voted in one place. Hough himself, however, claims that

aminer denies that the arrest was caused by his being a Republican, or that the re-

fusal of any person to bail him arose

from the same cause. It further asserts that the "Democratic party has never

attempted to bulldoze" anyone. But the Examiner overturns the entire fabric of

this defense by the paragraph: "In the community where Mr. Hough lived, it is true, he is very unpopular,

and the main cause of this unpopularity is because of his mouthing disposition

and his ever dabbling into politics and

criticising the South and her statesmen.

And this, no doubt, explains it all Mr. Hough would "dabble in politics"

and would foolishly persist in believing

that as an American freeman he had a right to do it. Of course it was dreadful

old tubs, barrels, or receptacles of water ought to be permitted, and no stagnant

pools left undrained within a mile of any dwelling. Then they can be killed by the cheapest and most abundant of all

give the water an unpleasant flavor and make it too "hard" for most domestic

Postoffice Candy Store leading candy

The bes' place in Oregon to get a hat is f Woods, the Hatter, 143 First st., Odd

Fellows' Temple. Spring styles are just out. Send your orders along. The latest

styles, finest goods sold cheaper than any

uses.

that in potato-oil.

Everybody Who Wants to buy a new sewing machine or to get an old one re-paired will find it greatly to their interest to call or send to John B. Garrison's sew-ing machine store, 167 Third street Port-Some time since a Mr Hough, an emigrant from Michigan, was arrested in Texas for alleged illeal voting. His wife, in writing to frier is in this State about the arrest and subsequent ill-Sewing machine oil and needles for all kinds of sewing machines constantly on hand. Orders from the count "H never talked politics, but was very much injured by taking the Detroit Post and ry promptly filled. Agent for the Davis Howe and Wilson, and General Agent for the Royal St. John, sewing machines. Tribune." The Examiner, a Democratic paper of Waco, Texas, a town near Mr.

1852.

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PACIFIC BANK. Cor. Pine and Sansome Streets. San Francisco, California, Jan. 1, 1881. J. M. McDonald R. H. McDonald,

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his house is in the county he voted in, and the records show that he has paid his personal taxes there. The Ex-Thanking our friends for their liberal patronage during the past year, it shall be our sim, and we feel sure that entire satisfaction will result from all business ontrusted to us. We, with much pleasure, submit to your notice the subjoined statement of the affairs of this Bank, and offer our services should you at any time desire the transaction of any banking or collection business, or make any change in your present banking arrangements.

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RESOURCES.

83,041,520 74

LIABILITIES.

that he should have this "mouthing dis-position" and that he was guilty of criticising the South and her states men." And ostracism and persecution under the forms of law are the natural

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We give advice in detail of all credits, and schowledge promptly all betters, and will furnish a private telegraphic code to correspondents, when requested.
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The state on a set of the set of t consequences of such presumption-in that region.-| Detroit Post and Tribune. SUPPRESSING THE MOSQUITO,-Profess or Fontaine gives some hints for abating he mosquito pest which is sure to come with the advent of sunny days. First, he says, mosquitos require water for the

deposit of their eggs and the rearing of their larvæ or wiggle-tails. Therefore, all cisterns should be made close and We Buy and Sell Bills of Exchange on

covered with close woven brass wire net ting to prevent their laying in them. No

We Buy and Sell Bills of F.KChange on the Principal Citics in the UARED STATES, ENGLAND, FRANCE and GREMANN, Collections munde and prompt returns ren-dered at market rates of exchange. Telegraphic Transfers made with New YOR, BOSTON, CHICAGO, and the principal cities of the U. S.; also cable transfers to Europe. Letters of Credit and Commercial Cred-its issued on the principal cities of the UNITED STATES and ETEROFE.

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sufficient. But even a pound to 1000 gallons of a cistern of drinking water will kill them, although it will probably

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Certainly the very ideal of a grand, kingly fellow, from the fair, broad brow, where the dark hair crept carelessly back, to the very pose he had taken in the artist's chair.

E. Jyn looked up, suddenly, with a little flash in her eyes that Vere hadn't seen there yet. "Why doesn't he come himself, if he

is so auxious to become acquainted

Carroll smiled.

"So-ho, my spirited little lady! that's what the matter, is it? Well, he's com-ing by-and-by. He's not one of your ing by-and-by. He's not one of your sort to rush headlong into anything— even a lady's favor. He is off for an indefinite time-on a solitary hunting expedition up in Northern New Jersey, and the stars only know when he'll come back. But when he does—good-by for you, Evelyn, my girl!" And after Mr. Vere Carrol had hastily

beaten his retreat Evelyn sat thought-fully by the window, studying the face of Sydney Chamney. "I do like his looks very much, and no

mistake. I wonder how long it will be before he comes back."

A big low-ceilinged room, with an open fire-place, where a huge log lay blazing and sparkling sending great streams of light out into the old-fash-

ioned room. In front of the fire, beside a table covered with a crimson cloth, Farmer Orr sat, laboriously reading a weekly paper, and portly, motherly Mrs. Orr was darning appalling holes in stout gray socks, from a deep basket by her side. A com-fortable cat slept on a rug rearer the fire; a pitcher of cider, a plate of rosy apples, a tin basin of cracked walnuts and hickory nuts were on a small shelf in the chimney corner; and Ellie King, the pretty little school teacher, who boarded at the Orr farm house, was leaning back in a little, low, rush-bottomed chair, shielding her face from the heat, with a letter just received from home.

Outside the wind was blowing great guns, and the night was raw and cold, wild bitter night for man or beast to be abroad, Ellie was thinking, just as a rapid hurry of footsteps on the ground outside, and a knock at the kitchen door, disturbed the serene coziness of the farm-house kitchen. "Bless my heart," Mr. Orr said, cheer-

ilv, as he opened the door, "if 'tain't Mr. Chamney back again! Come right along in! It's a stormy night, and no

"It's I, sure enough, and glad to be under a roof once more. Mrs. Orr, how do you do? Mr. Orr, I'm glad to shake hands with you sgain." "About the heiress?" Ellie asked de-murely, as she unlocked the school-house door. "Oh, the heiress! She may thank her stars she didn't make the mistake of ac-

He looked earnestly in her sweet, womanly face. "I did intend to marry a fortune, Miss

Ellie." A painful flush surged over her cheeks — involuntarily she shrunk

cheeks — involuntarily she shrunk further away from him. "I knew it!" he said, impetuously. "Didn't I say you would despise me? Of course, I knew you would, when you heard what I had had in my mind, and I deserve to be despised. But don't for-get I also said I had given up the idea, for all she way one of the most charmfor all she was one of the most charmingly lovely girls imaginable, if all that her friends said of her was true, which I

do not doubt. She would be a prize for any man, even without her riches. A silence between them followed, disturbed only by the soft clangor of the bells on "Brown Bess'" shafts. Then Chamney broke it:

"Why don't you ask me what has changed my mind, Miss Ellie?"

A swift, radiant look in her eyes was nstantly hushed. "Because I think you would tell me f you want me to know," she answered, readily. "Because I think you would tell me there silently prayed: "O Lord! make her every whit whole." Immediately his worther the order of the solution of the solution of the the medicine, but went and kneeled down at a sofa in front of her bed and there silently prayed: "O Lord! make her every whit whole." instantly hushed. "Because I think you would tell me if you want me to know," she answered,

readily. "I do want you to know. It is you!

"I? I? Why, Mr. Chamney, how-when have I impressed you to-" He interrupted her eagerly. 'There has not been an hour but that I have been conscious of your influence upon me, Ellie. Your words, your daily toil, your cheerful acceptance of the

duties devolving upon you, have shown me not only what a selfish, worthless fellow I have been, but what a self-reliant, ambitious man I purpose to make of my-self. Hitherto, in my absurd stupidity, I actually have regarded myself as destined to be saved from an honest, manly, work-a-day life-a sort of glorified idiot,

to whom fortune must somehow come with no effort of my own. He paused, and Ellie looked up, al-

most wistfully. "I am so glad."

housework, yet her cottage is the focus of the best society of the locality. A gen-"So am I. I am eager to begin-to be of some use somewhere. What shall I tleman calling there recently was re-ceived at the door by a daughter of the lady, who told him her mother was too busy to be called, but that he could see do, Ellie? Cut lumber, or cart ice, or turn farm-hand, or what?"

attended church.

Who Is She?

There is a lady living in a little four

oomed cottage in the environs of Bos-

people, writes a correspondent of Lip-

ton whose name is well-known to literary

pincott's. She depends wholly upon her own exertion for the support of her-self and children, and does all her own

er in the kitchen if he pleased, and he

followed her to that room. The lady greeted him without the slightest em-

apron, and her sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders. She was cutting

a pumpkin into strips for pies, and there sat a venerable gentleman gravely paring

the strips to the accompaniment of bril-liant conversation. I was asked to guess

who this gentleman was, and after sev-

eral fruitless attempts was told that it was the poet Longfellow. While the

pumpkin paring was in process, another distinguished poet called, and he also insisted upon being pressed into the ser-

barrassment, though she had on a

Ellie smiled-gravely enough, but it was a look that stirred his very soul. "I have heard you say you had read a little at law. Take that up, throw all your resolution and energy into it, and make a mark, and—a fortune!" she added, with a little, merry laugh.

Channey reined the demure pony in at the school house gate, and assisted Ellie out, with careful consideration. "It has been such a delightful drive!"

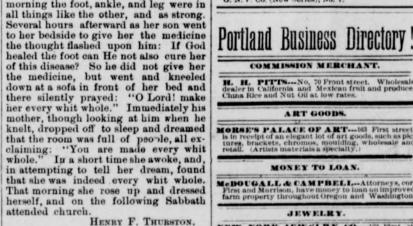
she said. "I'd no idea we were so near it," he answered, with a laugh. "It hasn't seemed more than a five minutes' ride. There was something else I wanted to

"About the heiress?" Ellie asked de-murely, as she unlocked the school-house no one cared to leave the pleasant cot-

and after several months ceased to doctor it, believing that only a higher power could heal it. Instead of medicine, he resorted to prayer. At last Mrs. Thurs-ton herself ceased to work with it, and she too commenced to pray for its resto ration. One doctor said it must be cut off, or it would mortify, or else wither away and die. If the limb was cut off

he desired to purchase it for scientific purposes. About this time she was taken sick with diphtheria, and her step-son came from Rockland to take care of Parisian diamonds set in silver. her. One day he was telling her of a lame man down East who was healed by the prayers of Fred McKenney, evangelist, from Portland. Both

The best preventive of spring disorders is Pfunder's Blood Purifier. at once determined to offer prayer for the restoration of the impotent limb, and both kept their determination. That night the foot was The Leading Photographer of Portland I Prank Abell. And in every sense of the word h deserves the title. During this pleasant weather excellent negatives can be taken, and, as a con sequence, good photographs are the result. so bad that even the drawing of a sheet over it gave her intense pain. In the morning the foot, ankle, and leg were in O. N. P. Co. (New Series), No. 7.





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