Touching and Impressive Scene.

We make the following extract from a brief synopsis of a sermon delivered by Rev. Thomas Guard, in conducting the obsequies of Melinda Woodward, the unfortunate young suicide whose death occurred almost simultaneously with that of her lover, a young man belonging to one of the first families of Oakland. She had been by him betrayed to her ruin, and the suicide of both was the result:

Rising to his full height, the speaker hurled his shafts of eloquent denunciation against the seducer. He did not envy the feelings of him who had won her trusting heart and led her astray, in the first place. What are fallen empires, fallen churches, fallen States, beside a fallen soul? To what a depth of depravity must the heart of man be fallen, when he can thus crush the lovely flower of womanhood and cast it aside, to be trampled in the mud and mire of the street. And yet the betrayer stalks arrogantly through the salons of society, petted and encouraged by thoughtless, worldly mothers to pluck another victim and treat her as he did the first. He is welcomed with smiles and bows to the homes of innocent girlhood, when he should be treated as a blighted leper. The woman who has trusted and been betrayed, is sneered at and spit upon, but who thinks to cast the same contumely upon the ten-fold guiltier man who has accomplished the fearful wrong! How many mothers are there now present who are neglecting their duty to their children? A mother may have done all that lay in her power to guide her sons and daughters aright, and still have no guarantee that they will not go astray, but in the majority of instances the mother can, if earnest in her work, instil such teachings as shall save her from the tempter. Then how much more just to

LIFT THE BURDEN OF GUILT

From the shoulders of the lost one and place it where it belongs—on the shoulders of the mother, the prayerless, worldly mother. We cannot realize this until we see it practiced. Then he that is without sin let him cast the first stone. Fold her hands gently, meekly over her breast. And, furthermore, it is truly wonderful to what extent the mind of the young is corrupted by the mass of potrid literature afloat on every street corner—immorality staring us in the face from licentious cuts and cartons at every turn. It is time that every honest man, every honest newspaper, and every divine in the land, rise up against this blighting curse of literature that is gnawing the vitals from the morality of our youth. Let the press strike as they never struck before. Let leader after leader be penned by able hands denouncing in unmistakable terms this terrible evil, until it is wholly suppressed. For by these and other causes crime is rampant in our midst. He closed with an appeal to those present to make an attempt to stem the tide of infamy that was leading so many astray, recalling with pathetic power the terrible end of this poor deluded girl.

The choir sang "Oh, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud," the plaintive melody mingling with the sobs of the sister and moving every heart to pity. The cover of the casket was then lifted, revealing the pure, white face and

THE SWEET SMILE

That curled the lips of the dead. Those who wished to do so were allowed to pass around the coffin and view the remains for the last time, and while the crowd was urging forward, the terrible grief of the sister knew no bounds, and her screams rent the air so pitifully that hundreds sobbed audibly. Finally the heart-broken girl staggered to her dead sister, crying, "Oh, my Melinda, I shall never see you again!" She bent over and kissed the cold lips and then with a moan, that went to the hearts of all that heard it, she sank fainting on the floor. By this time women were weeping and sobbing in every portion of the church, rendering the scene one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Restoratives were applied and the fainting sister brought back to her overwhelming sorrow, following the casket to the hearse with sobs and moans. The body was taken to Mountain View cemetery and placed in the vault, where it will remain until a further disposal is ordered by her relatives.

Josh Billings on Marriage.

Sum people marry bekuz they think wimmin will be cesier nerv yeer, and live to wonder how the stock holds out.

Sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two can play at and neither win.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but is the strength of game.

Sum marry in haste, and then sit down and think it carefully over.

Sum think it carefully over fust, and then set down and marry.

No man can tell just exactly what calico has made up her mind to do. Calico don't know herself. Dry goods of all kinds is the child of circumstance.

The Retort Courteous.

It occurred to one of two editors in the West, who had quarrelled, that a reference to his adversary's life would prove telling, and he launched it off accordingly. "As for our contemporary," he wrote, "what can be expected from a man who five years ago was peddling around with a mule, and an ill-conditioned beast as that?" His rival did not deny it. "Our contemporary," he wrote in his next number, "says that five years ago we were peddling around with a mule, and an ill-conditioned beast at that. He is quite right. We were so occupied. But we are surprised to find that the mule had such a good memory."—[Exchange.

George Eliot says: "Women do not love men for their goodness." This is lucky, if true.

The Esthetics of Clothes.

A correspondent sends a note inquiring what is meant by "full dress." That term is not quite so strictly construed on this side of the country as on the other, and especially in Europe. For instance, at an artist's reception in this city, a year ago or more, the same requisition was made. It created a great deal of fluttering at the time, partly for the reason that only one artist was positively known to have a dresscoat, although two had been seen in that costume. It was inferred that the second costume had been hired for a special occasion. Bohemia was especially stirred because there was a great dearth of dress coats among the fraternity, but no lack of latent genius and other accomplishments. The question was at that time referred to several experts, not so much to get an exact definition of the term as to make it broad enough to let in well dressed people who were not in full dress. At some former receptions there had been a license not altogether agreeable to many. The "warmus," the bobtailed jacket and the linen duster, while they are perfectly consistent with neglected genius, were held to be a little off according to the most liberal standard of clothes esthetics. Strictly interpreted, "full dress" means a dress coat, that is, a "swallow-tail," gloves, a low cut vest and shoes. This definition, however, is modified so that the dress coat is made to meet all these requirements. At the leading Opera House in Paris no person is admitted who does not present himself in a dress coat. In this city, however, there has been a good degree of social freedom in the matter of dress.

At evening parties, where no hint is given about dress requirements, persons appear in "swallow tails" and in frock coats, and no one appears to note the difference. Latterly, however, there is strong disposition to imitate the more strict conventional usages which prevail in the Atlantic cities. Something of what may be called the freedom of dress will disappear, the social democracy giving way to more aristocratic requirements. Probably, if one was to attend a ball or party, dressed so as to attract special attention, all the reasonable requirements of the occasion would have been fairly met. People are sometimes embarrassed who are well enough dressed, but who meet others so elaborately dressed, or as to the phrase is, "got up," that they cannot possibly feel comfortable by such striking contrasts. There are a great many people who, not having worn a dress-coat for twenty or thirty years, have a sense of the ridiculous in putting on a garmet similar to one worn by colored waiters at fashionable hotels. If they were required to appear in that costume they would decline to accept social invitations, and, as a matter of fact, hundreds do, while others, not having a garment of this kind decline to buy one. But here, as in New York, there are "depots of supplies." Merchant tailors, in many instances, keep the garments on hand to loan to customers for special use. Polite society does not inquire whether one appears in his own dress-coat, or has borrowed it for the occasion, any more than it inquires whether the diamonds have been hired or are really genuine. Overdressing is the tendency, just now, although it is not easy to say what that really is at a fashionable party, where the display is expected to be merely one of clothes. Good taste will avoid vulgarity as much in excessive dressing as in any other direction.

The increasing social exactions in the matter of dress are seen now in a half ludicrous way in many of the more wealthy churches. The "dress circle" is much more obtrusive than it ought to be, and often much more so than comports with good taste. The church is a sober place, wholly consecrated, as is supposed, to religious uses. The rich and poor meet together, and social distinctions are, for the time, waived. To a great extent the poor have been driven away from the more wealthy churches by the costly dressing of more prosperous people. The gaiety of the opera in the matter of attire, is painfully distinctive in the church. So many people feel called upon to wear their best to places of worship, that the waving plume, the gay head gear, the fluttering of costly lace which would be well enough at a theatre or opera, are quite in excess at fashionable places of worship. In some of the more cultivated congregations of the Atlantic cities there is a scrupulous avoidance of over-dressing for church. It is not only considered in bad taste to appear in gay attire, but it is considered bad as an example and out of all harmony with the spirit of devout worship. People who are so attired that they attract no particular attention in that respect, generally meet all the esthetic acquirements of the ball, party or church. And this is really the most wholesome rule which can be suggested for these various occasions.—S. F. Bulletin.

Gentwy and Twamps

A recent trip of the steamer City of Chester, of the Inman line, from New York to Liverpool, was enlivened by the wit of a Washington girl, who was the favorite passenger. In the same steamer was a young English snob, who wore a suit of clothes of very large plaid, with a fatigue cap to match, a single eyeglass, thicksoled boots, spotted shirt and long necktie. He had that exasperating drawl peculiar to English snobs. "Aw, yaas," said he, in conversation with the Washington girl, "I have seen considerable of your country. I have been to New Yawk, Chicago, Omahaw and other places, and it is a gwate country, but you don't seem to have any gentwy in Amewica." "What do you call gentry?" asked the lady. "Aw, why people, you know, who doant have to do anything, you know; people who live without work." "Oh, yes," we have such people," answered the young lady, "but we don't call them gentry." "Aw, then, what do you call them, pway?" "We call them twamps." "Aw!"—Washington Republic.

Detectives are the spies of life.

A Brave Boy.

It was a stormy evening in January. It had been very cold all day, but toward night it grew warmer, clouds came up rapidly from the northeast, and now it was snowing. Freddie Johnson, a bright, chubby little fellow of six years, was sitting by the fire looking at the pictures in the last Nursery, when his papa said, "Come Freddie, I am going to write a letter which I wish you take to the post office for me. Run and put on your coat and hat. The letter will be ready as soon as you are."

"All right," said Freddie, who was accustomed to obey without asking questions—a rare trait in a little boy.

Now, the post office was half a mile distant, and Freddie had never been there alone, though he had often gone with his papa, but he was a courageous little fellow, and very proud of doing errands for his papa, so he did as he was bidden, and with his mamma's help was soon muffled up to his chin in overcoat and scarf, and when he came back for the letter looked as if he could defy any storm.

"Here, little Dutchman," said papa, "you see I have wrapped this letter up in paper, so that it will not get wet. Now when you get to the office take the paper off and drop the letter into the box. Don't stop anywhere, but come directly back."

"Yes, sir," said Freddie, and then he whispered to his papa, "do you believe I shall see any dogs?"

"No, dear," Mr. Johnson replied, "the dogs have all gone to bed, I guess. Now good-bye."

Freddie started off bravely. It was a very dark night, and he could only see a little way ahead, but on he trudged, waddling through the deep snow, trying to whistle as his Uncle Charley did.

"Hallo, sir, where are you going?" said a man whom he met on the way down.

"Post office," said Freddie.

"Aren't you afraid you will get lost?" asked the man in surprise.

"No, sir," said Freddie stoutly, as he passed on, "papa sent me."

He found the post office without difficulty, dropped the letter into the box, and started for home. But we must go back a little in our story.

As soon as Freddie had left the house his papa had hastily put on his overcoat and hat and hurried after him. Walking on the opposite side of the street, and a little behind, he followed Freddie, keep his eyes on him all the way, to see that no harm came to his dear little boy. When they had nearly reached home, Mr. Johnson hurried ahead, and was calmly reading his paper when Freddie came in, looking more like the snow man he had built in the yard than like Freddie Johnson. Then what a greeting the little hero received! How his mamma and his aunties crowded around him to help him off with his wraps, shake off the snow, and kiss his bright, rosy cheeks! How his eyes sparkled with delight when his papa called him "his brave little boy," and told him that he must hurry and grow up, for he needed in his store just such a clerk as Freddie would make! But it was now bedtime, and with a "good night" all around, Freddie went up stairs and was soon sleeping soundly.

Now children, this is a true story, and to me it has been a beautiful lesson. Just as Freddie's father followed him all the way, ready to help him if any danger should threaten him, so our Father in Heaven watches us wherever we go, and whatever we do, and although we cannot see Him, we may be sure that He will not let any real harm come to us.—M. E. S., in Kilvance.

A Persian Bath.

Having undressed, you enter a room perfumed with rose-essence. It is handsomely decorated, the floors and wainscoting of white marble, inlaid with black arabesques. Inserted into the walls, on both sides of the room, are large marble tanks filled with water, of perhaps one hundred and ten degrees. Three stout Mohammedans now take you in charge, pouring water from large chatties over your head and body, placing you in a comfortable chair, and bringing you a glass of water to drink. After a few minutes' rest, your feet and hands are rubbed with a piece of burned brick, very much rougher than sandpaper. Then, being laid backward on the floor in full length, the shampooing begins. This is performed by one man who pulls and kneads and twists and and stretches and pounds you into various devises of his own conception, and finally puts you together into a shape which you feel to be but a vague approximate to that you originally possessed. Then comes soaping and scrubbing, differing from those given in the Turkish and Russian baths, the operator wearing mittens, of course, twine stitched cloth, while attendants drench you with hot water from small spouted metal pitchers, producing a singular but not disagreeable titillation. A barber then entering, you are shaved in true Hindostan fashion, sitting cross legged. Your hair is then dressed with a rich, gloss-producing compound named "basin," which surpasses most Western pomades, and consists mainly of pulverized orange peel and flour made from peas. The bath finishes with rinsing and airing, the smoking of a pipe, and the sipping of a small cup of coffee. Everything is so deliberate that the time occupied is two hours, but on the whole the Persian does not equal the Turkish or even the Russian bath, nor is the shampooing so exhilarating or soothing, and in no baths are the rubbing and percussion processes at all comparable to the Hawaiian lomilomi.—Albany Express.

A facetious traveler described the difference of society in the metropolis, when compared to the provincial town, in the following language: "In the country if you have a leg of mutton for dinner, everybody wishes to know if you have caper sauce with it; whereas, in London, you may have an elephant for lunch, and no one cares a pin about it."

Exhibits at the Portland Fair.

From the Portland Daily Bee.]

JOHN BARRETT,

The Plumber and gas fitter, of No. 43 First street, has probably gone to more special expense to help the mechanical exhibition at the Fair than any other exhibitor. His grand showing of the famous Hooker's Patent Direct Acting Steam Pump, is the wonder and delight of all visitors. These pumps are all working, sending forth great quantities of water with astonishing force. They have no equal in simplicity of all working parts, ease of access for repairs, durability, and strength. The proper proportions and design of all parts, valves and passages, both in the steam and water cylinders, are points that contribute towards the construction of an efficient and durable pump. From the severe tests that these pumps have been subjected to, and the universal satisfaction given to all purchasers, we feel justified in pronouncing them par excellence. They are manufactured by W. T. Garrett of San Francisco. Mr. Barrett is the sole agent for this State for all the famous manufactures of this establishment. These pumps are of various sizes and for various purposes. The regular boiler feeder tank pump, brewers pump, and mining pumps of various sizes. The enormous No. 10 mining pump on exhibition is 18 inch steam cylinder, 12 inch water cylinder and 24 inch stroke. At the present time one of these pumps is in operation in a Nevada mine, forcing 40,000 gallons of water 500 feet high every hour.

Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 7 of the same style of pump are on exhibition and working every night. These pumps are in use all over the Pacific Coast, and are extensively used by the O. S. N. Co. and other river steamboat owners. They will run faster or slower than any other pump, will throw all kinds of liquids, hot or cold, clear or gritty, and contain twenty to fifty percent more of metal than any eastern pump of like capacity. They received the first premium at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. They are made single, duplex or compound.

Mr. Barrett also has the combined pump and boiler of all sizes and prices to suit purchasers and places. Many who have been using windmills are substituting therefor these pumps.

Here is also on exhibition two fire hydrants, Mr. W. T. Garrett's patent, which are anti-freezing, having full water way and so constructed that the breaking of the hydrant above ground close the valves and no leakage is produced.

Here is also a Worthington duplex steam pump, with a capacity of 1,500 gallons per hour—the style used by the Portland Water Company for their works here.

Also the Blake, one of the oldest and best-known pumps manufactured in the United States, extensively used in the East. Mr. Barrett is also sole agent for the

FRIEDMAN PATENT INJECTOR,

Lifting and non lifting. There is no invention of modern times of so great importance to persons using steam boilers as this ingenious device for keeping water at the exact and proper level in the boiler at all times. It never forgets to fill the boiler, and is so simple that it cannot get out of order.

Mr. Barrett carries the largest stock of plumbing and gas fitting goods of any house on this Coast. He has just opened and stocked a new store at No. 28 Ash street, with a full line of gas fixtures and marbleized iron mantels, the latte as handsome and costing only one-fifth as much as marble. The imitation porphyry mantel in the O. F. Co's exhibit costs only $65, and is as handsome as one costing $5,000 in one of the Nob Hill palaces.

Mr. B. employs the best workmen, and executes nothing but first class work. Taken all together the exhibit is one of the most worthy as well as the most expensive in the Pavilion.

A Boy's Vacation Letter

A small boy was sent to the country to board a short time ago. He promised his mother that he would write a good long letter, describing his trip and boarding place, etc. A week went by and his poor mother was nearly distracted, when she got the following interesting letter: "I am here, and I swapped my watch for a pup, and he is the best pup, and I went in swimmin' fourteen times yesterday, and a feller stole my pocketbook, and I want some money, and I shall bring the pup home."

There are now over 160 scholars registered at the Vancouver public school, the largest number ever had.

Exhibits at the Portland Fair.

[From the Portland Daily Bee.]

M'LERAN'S MILL.

The McLeran Brothers have an exhibit of their celebrated manufactured flour, oat meal, etc. It is a little surprising with all the vast quantities of grain that finds a market in our city that this is the only flouring mill in Portland. But the lack of quantity is made up in quality, for there is no mill on this coast that manufactures better goods. They secured the medal at the world's exhibit at Philadelphia for the best oat meal in the world. They obtained a medal and five first premiums at our State Fair in 1877, the last time they exhibited. Their productions go everywhere on this coast, from Sitka to San Diego. There is not another mill in the State that works up all kinds of grain. They make flour, graham flour, buckwheat flour, rye flour, oat meal, corn meal, cracked wheat, split peas, pearl barley and farina. And what is better than all, their goods maintain a uniform good quality in all that bear their genuine brand. So that wherever used the McLeran goods can always be depended upon as being first class.

A new portable family fruit drier best style, may be bought for $85, by applying at the Bee office, Portland, Oregon. au 22-tf

Exhibits at the Portland Fair.

[From the Portland Daily Bee.]

PROF. W. LYNN WHITE.

One of the most attractive features of the Fair is the display of pen art by W. Lynn White, of the National Business College of this city. The real artistic merit and exquisite delicacy of this work in all the departments of pen art must be seen to be appreciated. His blackboard writing exhibited in the slate department of Mr. Parshall attracts much attention. This blackboard writing was executed entirely with the free or whole arm movement without second trial in any line or dot, and is a marvel of skill. Mr. White's reputation as a skillful artist-penman and as an instructor in the various branches of the art, has become a national one. He has received orders from all parts of the Union for pen work, and hundreds of letters from the most prominent artists, penmen, teachers and authors, testifying that they have never seen his work excelled. This collection of testimonials in the hand writing of the most eminent penmen of the world, is an interesting study and well worth seeing. Mr. White extends a cordial invitation to all who are interested in the art to visit his office and examine these letters and other works of art. He has lately published a work on penmanship, entitled the Pen King, which is spoken of east and west by the most competent judges as being in method and artistic merit the best work on the art ever published.

Exhibits at the Portland Fair.

[From the Portland Daily Bee.]

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MATERIAL.

E. J. Northrup & Co. make a fine display of carriage and wagon material. They have a Sarven wheel mounted on a new style of axle, and persons passing give the wheel a turn with their fingers, in that way displaying the advantages of this style of axle. The rest of their space is actually crammed with parts of carriages and wagons, both forged and malleable irons, an immense variety also of Woodward's buggy bodies, gearings, hubs, spokes, singletrees, yokes, etc, etc., also carriage leather and trimmings for tops. They are the only establishment in the Northwest exclusively engaged in this line and are therefore better prepared probably to supply these goods than others could be.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to chalk, crack, peel or blister, to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the alu and you certainly would have no other.

A minister relates his experience thus: I take pleasure in adding to your many testimonials, that last Thursday, (Thanksgiving Day), not being able to preach on account of Rheumatic pains in the shoulder, I bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which, after using several times, relieved me wonderfully. Dr. R. Pick, Rochester, New York.

10,000 extra fine Peach trees of choice varieties. Send to J. H. Settlemier, Woodburn, Oregon, for a catalogue and special rates.

☞ In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

PILES.

Pfunder's Oregon Pile Salve is a Simple but Certain Cure for all forms of this annoying disease. Try it. All druggists sell it. Price, $1.

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Architect and Superintendent.
Office and residence—3 n. 21 Madison street,
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REFERENCES—Wadhams & Elliott, Portland, Ogn.; Thos. Smith, Prop'r Cosmopolitan Hotel, The Dalles.
nov 1-1m

D. SIDDALL,
(Of British Columbia.)
DENTIST—DENTIST—DENTIST.
ROOMS—Over the Bank; French & Co's Building.
The Dalles, Oregon.
nov 1-1m

Assorted Canned Table Fruits
Consisting of selected Peaches, Pears, Plums, and Grapes of the three choice, Raisin Varieties.
The Tables of the O. S. N. Co's boats are supplied by this establishment. **M. M. CUSHING,**
Proprietor of Vineyard and Orchard,
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MACHINISTS.
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Tools for Planing, Molding and Turning.
Cattle Brands, Iron House Work, and all kinds of Brewery Work done to order.
Also Farm Machinery repaired on short notice. Particular attention paid to Roller Work. Mill Picks made and repaired.
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sep 2-tf

A. C. GIBBS. E. W. BINGHAM.
GIBBS & BINGHAM,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law.
Portland, Oregon.
National Bank Building.
sept 19-tf

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between N. M. Fletcher, James McCoy and James R. Kelly, under the name of the Imperishable Paint Company, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. James R. Kelly alone is authorized to collect the outstandings and accounts of the company, and will pay all claims against the said company.

A. M. FLETCHER,
(Signed) JAMES McCOY,
JAMES R. KELLY.

San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1879.

Having sold out our interest in the Imperishable Paint Co. to Mr. James R. Kelly, we most cordially recommend him to our friends and patrons.

A. M. FLETCHER,
(signed) JAMES McCOY.

San Francisco, Oct. 25, 1879. nov 2-1w

Oregon Kidney Tea!
No More BACKACHE. | No More Kidney Complaint.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS!
Hodge, Davis & Co., Proprietors.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN OREGON
TO BUY
Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries!
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Corner First and Yamhill Streets, PORTLAND.
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IRON WORKS!
MANUFACTURE AND KEEP ON HAND
ALL SIZES & LATEST IMPROVED STYLES ENGINES AND BOILERS,
Furnish Saw and Grist Mill Machinery, complete; Quartz Mills, Steam and Hydraulic, Hoisting and all other kinds of Machinery made to order. Plans and estimates for Mills and other work, and competent men furnished when desired to set up machinery. Also manufacture Gold's Patent Hygeian Furnace for heating houses, public buildings, etc. Have best facilities for turning out first-class work at short notice. Repairs promptly attended to. apr 17 **SMITH BROS. & WATSON, Portland, Ogn.**

COLLIE DOGS and GORDON SETTERS
At Auction.
We are instructed by Wallis Nash, Esq., to sell at our Auction Salesroom, No. 42 First street, Portland, Oregon,
On Thursday, December 11, 1879,
At 10 o'clock A. M., the following distinguished FASHIONABLE DOGS, viz:
SCOTCH COLLIES, Sheep Dogs—Both Pure Breed and Prize Dogs. **GORDON SETTERS, Bird Dogs.**
Five Collie Puppies, 8 months old: partly handled and broken to stock.
Three Collie Puppies, 4 months old; Four Collie Puppies, 7 weeks old.
The parents chosen last autumn, by one of the best judges in Scotland, from among the Prize Winners at the Jedburgh Sheep Fair.
FOUR GORDON SETTER PUPPIES, Five Months Old.
The father bred from the Champion hitch at both Birmingham and Crystal Palace Dog Shows in England. The mother bred at Gordon Castle, Scotland, in the kennel of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and thence obtained direct. Parties desiring further information may address the Auctioneers.
GILMAN & CO.,
nov 13 td **No. 42 First street, Portland, Oregon.**

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PORTLAND, OREGON.
Offer for Sale at the Lowest Prices Possible,
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL
—AND—
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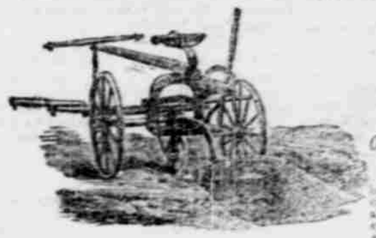
SOLE AGENT FOR JOHN DEERE'S CELEBRATED



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The peculiar arrangement of this surface implement needs only to be seen to be appreciated. Ask your neighbor what he thinks about it. No complication of levers. A child can manage it, and do better work than a man with a walking plow, and twice the quantity per day.
Deere's 40, 60 and 72 Tooth Harrows. Farm, Feed and Grist Mills,
RANDALL'S PULVERIZING HARROWS,
Buckeye Broadcast Seeders & Grain Drills,
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Too well known to need comment. Send for Circulars and Price Lists.
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY.
As a prompt relief and cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and as a general pain relieving and healing liniment, no preparation on earth equals the German remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. Its remarkable action has mystified medical men, delighted sufferers, who after years of torturing pain and wearing doctoring, found in it their only hope and cure; and it has dispelled the doubts and prejudices of the most incredulous.
Many persons occupying prominent stations in life, and who are well and favorably known throughout the land, have from their own experience and observation, accorded the most enthusiastic endorsements to St. Jacobs Oil.
Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland Ohio.—The St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly. I consider it excellent for Rheumatism, and kindred diseases.
Rev. F. W. Pucholz, Wasco, Minn.—Used the St. Jacobs Oil in the case of a lady of his congregation who had been bed ridden with rheumatism for 17 years. She used the St. Jacobs Oil for three days, and was able to leave her bed.
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