Tom Griggs.

"If Tom Griggs looked for any lightning of the cloud when out of the atmosphere of his home and in that of the office, he was not gratified. It is more than likely he had no such expectation. It is a remarkable fact in connection with the conduct of a country printing office, that, on the day when an extraordinary financial effort is to be put forth, some mechanical or other trouble arises. A form 'pies,' or an important roller melts, or some one of the meager force is unexpectedly taken ill or drunk. A short bank account, and one, if not all, of these contingencies invariably conjunct on the day preceding publication. People of a superstitous turn are confident there is something supernatural about this. In the case of Tom Griggs it was the last named misfortune. Hazelton being of a frail and sickly cast, and not expected to live any great length of time, had gone off on a broad and uncomprehensive drunk. This fact was communicated to Tom, the moment he entered the room, by Mr. Phillips, in that helpless tone, peculiar to the foreman of an office when he is confronted by an emergency. 'A mighty poor look for the paper,' he cheerfully added.

Mr. Phillips' spirit communicated itself to Joe Goodwin and 'Lippy,' and occasioned the former to audibly observe for the benefit of his employer, 'We'll be late a day, or I'll be damned!'

Whereupon Master Vanderlip was led to remark for the behoof, also, of the dejected editor, that if the paper got out at all that week it would be mighty lucky.

The editor sat down to his desk and groaned inwardly, while he involuntarily clasped his head in his hands. Then he went at his books to make out bills for collection. There was an array of uncanceled figures in the columns that were most grateful to the casual glance, but apples of ashes in the teeth of him who gave them a closer inspection. This party was out of town; or that one was to pay next month; or there was a counter account from so-and-so; or what's-his-name wouldn't pay any; and so on down one column after another, until Tom Griggs began to doubt if he could get bills enough for the required amount, saving nothing at all of what he might collect on them.

And while he was at his labor his muddled brain was tossed and convulsed by the cry of 'copy' and the demands of visitors, and the queries of Mr. Phillips, who never before—so it seemed to his half distracted chief—was so densely helpless and ignorant as today. That nothing went right became apparent before the day had far gone. Correspondents disappointed, 'sorts' run out, one galley wasied, and marvelous stupidity seemed to settle on the compositors. It seemed to the unhappy man as if visitors were never half so numerous. There was a man who had a farm to sell and wanted 50 auction bills. He didn't have copy for the bill, not being used to such things, but he knew the printer could write it out in a jiffy. Tom complied. Next were three women—a committee appointed by a church society to get posters for a strawberry festival and also to get a notice in the paper.

They had a copy for the poster—but enough for a small pamphlet—and seemed to show a determination to get it all on the bill in the biggest type in the office. After a prolonged struggle with them he succeeded in getting their consent to reduce the amount of the matter. A full half-hour was used up with this party. They were succeeded by a lank individual of a dim religious aspect, and the escorter of a portmanteau. He dealt in the line of lithographs. Tom hastily but firmly assured him that he did not want to buy, at the same time eying him with an intense dislike. The man said he did not want him to buy anything, he only wanted to show him some gems of art. Tom told him he didn't have time to look at them. The proprietor of the gems assured him it would not take a minute to see them, at the same time opening the portmanteau and taking out a cluster of wares.

The victim felt like braining him, but hesitated an instant on the verge of the act, and in that instant he was lost. The gems were spread out upon the desk, over the copy, the bills and the books, and the author of the horror was expatiating on their merits, while his prey stared hopelessly at the sight.

"I shall have to use this desk, and must ask you to move your property," said Tom in desperation. "I do not want to buy the pictures and have no time to-day to look at them." Fortunately at this juncture, some one came in to see about an advertisement, whereupon the agent, with great forbearance, observed:

"My time is not very pressing. I'll wait until you get through with the gentleman."

"Perhaps some of your employes would like to avail themselves of the opportunity to secure a few rare copies," he pleasantly suggested.

Tom shuddered. The time of every man in the office was precious.

"Copy," said Mr. Phillips.

The editor of the Gallowhill Gazette felt that his reason was leaving him.

"There is no time to attend to you," he savagely protested, glaring at the agent. "There is not a moment to spare here all day to-day."

The owner of the gems caught up his property, and departed very much at a loss to understand why a free and enlightened press should be cursed by a boorish management.

The half stunned editor immediately after severally entertained the following parties:

A man with a Western paper containing a story of a suicide which occurred several months before, and had been seen by Mr. Griggs some forty odd times. He wanted the paper saved after the article had been used, and was some time getting away, owing to numerous injunctions to this end.

A woman with a poem, whom Tom thought to escape by telling her he would read it another time, but ignobly failed, as the poem was an obituary to be published that week. In despair he promised to print it, without more than a glance over its twelve verses. She said she would want five copies of the paper, and that, she supposed, would be compensation enough.

A man with a four column newspaper article on the phenomenon of atmospherical influence on the Aarizon cactus. He pronounced it the clearest and most logical exposition of the subject he had seen, and was very anxious to have it appear next day. Almost bereft of breath by his suggestion, Tom told him that the paper was already nearly full. The man said he was confident there was nothing in it one-half as important as this, and room ought to be made for it.

A man with a written account of a trip he had made to Boston, being mostly a complimentary description of the hotel at which he had stopped, with the proprietor's name and the hotel's terms, which the article spoke of as exceedingly reasonable. When published he wanted a copy sent to the landlord, who would probably subscribe.

A man with $60 worth of advertising to be inserted for $28; also a $5 editorial to be published in consideration of getting the contract.

A man who had taken the right of the town to sell a patent window fixture, and came in to tell it, as he knew items of a local nature were always acceptable. Having a fixture with him, he kindly gave fifteen minutes of his time to explain its workings, and he was particular to see that the half numbed editor got his name spelled right.

A man who was an extensive grower of strawberries for the market and who brought in ten cents worth of the fruit for the exclusive behoof and enjoyment of the editor, and who thoughtfully suggested, that, in case mention was made of it in the paper, it might be added that he had plenty more of the article on sale.

A man who supposed the editor was glad to get anything to fill up the paper with, and so notified him that he had a few choice cabbage plants to sell—a fact many of the readers would be glad to know.

How Paris Streets Are Lighted.

The lighting of the public thoroughfares in Paris costs a round sum of 4,240,000 francs annually. The number of gas jets is 38,400, of which 4,000 are extinguished at midnight, leaving 34,400 burning for the rest of the night, for a length of time which varies with the season. The lamps illuminate the the streets for the greatest number of hours during three consecutive nights between the 23d and 26th of December, when they are lighted at 4:45 P. M., and turned down at 7:15 A. M., thus burning continuously for 14½ hours. It is between the 15th and 26th of June, on the contrary, that they are a-light nightly for the shortest time. They are then set burning at the termination of twilight, at 9:05 P. M., and put out at 2:30 A. M., merely dispelling the gloom of the Summer nights for about five and a half hours. The municipal budget for 1880 includes a demand for an additional sum of 405,100 francs, intended for improving the system of public lighting. According to the proposal put forward, the normal nightly illumination of the city would be extended one hour by leaving all the burners "on" until 1 A. M. Another sum of 200,000 francs is also asked for to establish, in the course of next year, a number of "candelabra"—each with several jets—at certain points now inefficiently lighted. As a pendant to the foregoing facts the ensuing extract from an article on "Lanterns," in the "Dictionnaire de Hartant," (published in 1779) may possess some interest. The article from which we quote says: "The streets of Paris were first illuminated in 1666 by means of lanterns containing candles, which were regularly in use during nine months of the year, the only times at which they were not lighted being eight days in every month, when the moon is at its fullest. In 1823 these lanterns numbered 5,772, and in the same year were established those which commence at the Porte de la Conference. Others were subsequently erected on the exterior parts of the faubourgs in the new roads which were being formed there. M. De Sartine, Lieutenant General of Police, always occupied with endeavors to embellish this illustrious capital, a few years since offered a reward to the inventor of the best methods of lighting Paris, the Academy of Sciences being made the judges of the value of the plan. The result of the order was that in seven years' time a new system of illumination was introduced, according to which the requisite amount of light was obtained by means of lanterns with reflectors. It is much to be desired that a way could be found, by these means, of lighting Paris uninterruptedly during the whole year—the eight days of the fullest moon occurring every month not excepted." At the present day no less a quantity than 185,262,064 cubic meters of gas is consumed in lighting the streets and private houses at an annual cost, in round numbers, of 50,600,000 francs.—Galignani's Messenger.

Suicide with a Tourniquet

In Cincinnati an old man named James Gibner determined on suicide, and accomplished his purpose with a deliberation which is wonderful, even in this age of marvels. He went to the cellar, seated himself on an upturned tub, tied a red silk handkerchief around his neck, inserted it in a piece of broomstick about 18 inches long, and proceeded to employ this improvised tourniquet to choke himself to death. As the process of suffocation proceeded he fell over backward, and his head striking against the partition behind him, the stick caught against it, and thus prevented the handkerchief from untwisting, as it would have done, if unobstructed, the moment the man grew so weak to be unable to hold it.

All history, especially Christian history, is symbolical.—Lightfoot.

That Terrible Grocery Book.

"Now, I'll just tell you what it is, no man can save a dollar when his wife keeps a grocery book."

The speaker was a well known clothing merchant, and the statement was made during a conversation on the cost of living.

"Yes, sir," he proceeded, "it is a fact. You can't always tell why, but when you hear a man of moderate means living beyond his means, just ask him the question; 'Does your wife keep a grocery book?' He will say 'Yes,' and there you've got the reason."

"But," suggested the other participant in the conversation, "may not poverty compel him to resort to the credit system in the first instance."

"It may; but that has nothing to do with the habit of keeping a running account at the corner grocery. If a man makes any reasonable debt he can pay it, and that ends it. Not so with the other. It is a habit—a ruinous habit. Any man who keeps it up in times of hardship will not assert his independence when his fortune changes. If he fails to nip it in the bud, he will fill a pauper's grave."

"You have stated a fact," said his friend, as they stood against the lamp post, "now give a reason. Why should it cost a man any more for what he buys on credit than for what he buys for cash?"

"Well, in the first place, the grocer claims, rather assumes, the right to charge more for what he sells in that way. Then again he will buy, or rather his wife will buy, a great deal on credit that she would not buy for cash. Suppose I cite an instance of the effects of the system. I deal with facts more than reasons. Some time ago a policeman was reported to headquarters for a bill of $75. He could not pay, and did not even know how the bill had been contracted. He was in great distress about the matter, the grocer having lost patience and created a great furore by reporting the thing to the board and to the captain of the district. The officer stood in peril of losing his commission. The captain, however, knew him to be a good and worthy man, and he took it upon himself to investigate the case. He called the officer before him and demanded an explanation. The latter had not read the itemized bill and he could not tell why the amount was so large. He told the captain that he was in the habit of giving wages to his wife who always contracted and paid the bills. She kept a grocer's book and paid the man at the end of every month. The book was produced and examined. It was found that every time a payment had been made the bill amounted to more than there was money to pay. Well, sir, that settled it with the captain. He'd been there himself and he knew how it was. He didn't blame the officer. He merely looked upon it as a boyish act of experience. He told the officer to pay the bill and burn up the book. With this he ordered him to his beat and sent a favorable report to headquarters about it.

"The officer found on looking at the book that his wife had been buying pies, wine, cake, candy and no telling what all. He paid the bill, stopped the leak, and now he's got money in the bank."

"Did you ever try the system, yourself?" was asked.

"Yes, my wife did; but I found out that I'd be a poor man all my days if I did not put a stop to it, and so I did. I lived meaner during that period than ever before or afterward. I was always in debt, too."

The man pulled out his wallet. It was a little blue silk wallet well filled and bedecked with beads. The wallet is well known, for many a time it has been loosened to befriend the needy. Its possessor is rich—as rich in lucre as in experience. Hence no one may doubt that he has profited by the advice he gives to others.

"Yes sir," he repeated, as he blew the foam off his glass, "Officer B's as good a man as any on the force. Yet he came within an ace of losing his position, and for what? Because his wife kept a grocer's book."—St. Louis Republican.

The Record of Violent Deaths.

The annual report of the coronor furnishes some suggestive facts. The aggregate of violent deaths for the past year was 231. This total includes accidents, murders and suicides. The waste of human life as set down here, is very great and appears to be increasing. With no great increase of population, there has been an increase of accidents amounting to 29 per cent. Homicides have also increased 16 per cent. Why should there be any increase at all? Why should there not have been a decrease in this annual waste of human life? There has been and average of two murders a month, an more, if the cases of manslaughter are enumerated. Suicides have slightly decreased. But there are ninety-two for the year, or nearly two a week. Taking the aggregate number of violent deaths, it is certainly very large for a city of three hundred or four hundred thousand inhabitants. The inquiry is very pertinent, whether this waste of human life cannot be greatly reduced? The suicidal mania is, to some extent, outside of ordinary judicial cognizance. But is the greatest measure of protection afforded to the community when two murders a month occur, and when a conviction for a capital offence has become a rare circumstance? The list of violent deaths ought to be greatly reduced. The increase of murders is a fact which certainly has an important relation to the administration of justice. The commission of high crimes increases in just about the same ratio that convictions for such crimes become more uncertain.—S. F. Bulletin.

Mr. A. Niger, Taylorville, Pa., writes: My mother, an old lady of sixty years, suffered for thirty years with Rheumatism, to such an extent that she was at times entirely lame. We procured from Messrs. Ludwig Bros., Druggists in Scranton, Pa., a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, used it according to directions, and saw our efforts crowned with perfect success.

A Remarkable Story.

Mr. Eblerhausen, one of the proprietors of a copper mine at Little Bay, tells a remarkable story. A wooden house was built on sloping ground, and "shored so that there was a vacant space beneath the floor. Before this space was boarded in a pig crept in, coiled itself into a quantity of shavings and fell asleep. The office was not immediately occupied, and the noise occasioned by the pig when it discovered its dilemma was not heard. Like a true philosopher the pig accommodated itself to its circumstances. It wrapped itself in the shavings, turned its back on the cold world and went to sleep for the Winter. This was on the 22d of November, 1878. The pig was remarkably plump, and a credit to its owner, who sincerely mourned his loss about Christmas time. The pig found a viaticum in its fat that kept up animal heat and sustained life. The office was occupied, but the tramp of feet did not disturb the sleeper.

For four months the pig slept as sound as a Pharaoh in a sarcophagus. With the genial warmth of April its vital energies returned. Its fat was exhausted. It rubbed its eyes, turned over and began to grunt. The occupants of the office were mystified. The animal grunted with a gusto, and began to knock for a release. A board or two was removed, and the pig was brought to light. Its appearance was most pathetic. The ribs on each side seemed to have met. The hams had vanished, and only the hip joints stood up, gaunt and angular. The vertebræ could be counted, and the ears drooped from the large skull. The eyes looked out of deep bony sockets with a profoundly melancholy expression, as though their owner had been in the other world, and had found there especially hard times. For a time no one recognized the pig, but at length the woman who owned it declared, with tears in her eyes, that she knew it by a peculiar turn in its tail. It had a singularly graceful curl about it in this appendage that had survived the destruction of all—the only esthetic point about it—and this had survived the destruction of all tissues. The poor woman's joy over the recovery of her lost pet was quite touching. The news spread rapidly. The miners gathered from all quarters to view the wonderful pig who lived one hundred and forty-two days without food or drink.

Presents flowed in. Delicacies unheard of in the dietary of pighood were liberally supplied. Warm compounds of oatmeal and biscuit, flavored with delicious scraps and titbits from kindly housewives soon began to tell on the pig's condition and swell out its lean flanks. Its story went the round of the mines, and everywhere awoke sympathy and enthusiasm. It is now as plump as ever, and the curl in its tail is even more strongly pronounced than before.

Prescription of Stimulants.

In a recent letter to the New York Evangelist, Rev. Dr. Cuyler writes as follows in regard to the temperance movement in Great Britain: "In the medical profession the total abstinence cause is making quite as rapid progress as among the clergy and churches. Sir Henry Thompson, whose practice is worth $100,000 a year, has taken strong ground against alcoholic beverages. He would even use wine and brandy sparingly as a medicine. When such men of science as Thompson, Sir Wm. Gull and Dr. Richardson take such a position it is deplorable that so many physicians in Britain and in our country too, are constantly endangering the lives and the souls of their patients by the reckless prescription of port wine, ales and Bourbon. Some of the worst cases of intemperance I have ever encountered have grown from a medical prescription. An exemplary member of my own church was led into shocking drunkenness by using an alcoholic tonic prescribed by his family physician. The poor brother was saved "as by fire," and became a total abstainer, but he could not blot out the record of three years of oathsome drunkenness."

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 mix and you certainly would have no other.

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

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Beer, Ale and Porter

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THE GREAT

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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 unceasing doctoring, found 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. Pitcher, Wasecа, 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.

Rev. Dr. B. Pick, Rochester, N. Y.—Suffered so intensely from Rheumatic pains that he was unable to preach. Several applications of the St. Jacobs Oil "relieved him wonderfully."

Hon. Preyer, Esq., National Candidate for Lieut. Governor of Ohio, 1879.—It cured me of Rheumatism and I can recommend it.

Hon. Thomas B. Price, U. S. Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C., recommends the St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, pain-relieving and healing remedy in the world. His testimonial is endorsed by some of the head officials of the Treasury Department who have been cured of Rheumatism and other painful complaints.

Mr. R. Schafer, No. 31 Brown St., Allegheny City, Pa., had the Rheumatism for eight years, and had used every known medicine without relief. A single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Gustav A. Hollmann, Editor of the "Pittsburg Daily Republican,"—suffered with rheumatism for three years, and lay many a night unable to sleep on account of horrible pains. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

Mr. F. Wilkie, Lafayette, Ind., reports a case where a man suffered so badly with Rheumatism that he could not move. His legs were swollen and he had the most terrible pains. Twelve hours after the first application of the St. Jacobs Oil the pains were gone and the swelling had disappeared.

Mr. Henry Shaefer, Millersburg, Ohio, was cured of Rheumatism in the hips.

Mr. Henry Lea, Patriot, Ohio, had such a pain in the left shoulder that he could not move. St. Jacobs Oil cured him after a few applications.

The St. Jacobs Oil is for sale by all Druggists, Dealers in Medicines, and General Storekeepers at Fifty Cents per bottle.

Where parties are unable to obtain the article through the usual sources and cannot induce their druggists to promptly order for them, they will, by remitting Five Dollars to us, (per money order or registered letter), receive Ten Bottles by Express, expenses prepaid.

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Is the Cheapest to Buy

BECAUSE IT IS

The Easiest to Learn,
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NO SHUTTLE to THREAD

Uses a Straight Self Setting Needle and Does the Greatest Variety and Widest Range of Work.

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It is the Best Machine for all Family Use, not Liable to get out of Order.

We place it on trial with all other Machines in the world.

It was Winner over Eighty Competitors in Paris in 1878.

Try it and you will be sure to like and buy it

Agents Wanted.

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VALENTINES!

An Immense Stock Just Received.

They are put up in retail assortments at

$5, $10, $20, $30, $50

Special discount of 50% on sample lots to dealers.

Address, J. K. GILL & CO.,

j13 tf Booksellers, Portland, Ogn.

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LEWISTON, IDAHO,

Mme. M. LeFrancois, - - - - Proprietress

This well known establishment, entirely rebuilt, is open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegant. The House will be kept open all night, and a free coach to and from the steamboats. j13-tf

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THE DALLES, OREGON.

Is open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegantly furnished. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. The house will be kept open all night, and a free coach to and from the trains. THOMAS SMITH,

oct 19-3m Formerly of the Umatilla Hotel.

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Porous Plaster

A Wonderful Remedy.

There is no comparison between it and the common slow acting porous plaster. It is in every way superior to all other external remedies, including plasters and the so-called electrical appliances. It contains new medicinal elements which in combination with rubber, possesses the most extraordinary pain-relieving, strengthening and curative properties. Any physician in your own locality will confirm the above statement. For Lame Back, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, Stitches and Neglected Colds and Coughs, Diseased Kidneys, Whooping Cough, affections of the heart, and all ills for which porous plasters are used it is simply the best known remedy. Ask for Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster and take no other. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. Sent on receipt of price, by Seabury & Johnson, 1 Platt Street, New York. mch 29-1m

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The Most Wonderful Medical Discovery!

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CHALLENGES THE WORLD AS A REMEDY FOR

Pains in the Back and Kidneys,
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Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys.
Diabetes,
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Leucorrhea,
Nervousness,
Painful or Suppressed Menstruation,

And all the complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs of either sex. It is PURELY VEGETABLE and ENTIRELY HARMLESS, and especially adapted to the needs of Women and Children. It presents

The Leaf of the Plant in its Natural State

For those who wish to make their own Tea, and for those whose mode of life renders it difficult to do this have prepared a

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.

Which contains the virtues of the Plant in a form convenient for travelers and others

Full Directions Accompany Each Package.

Read the Following Testimonials:

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879.

My Kidneys were in a very bad condition. The Urine was like brick dust and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relief. H. HAMILTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879.

Having a severe backache last Winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was. JOHN P. FARMER.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.

The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances. J. H. P. DOWNING (at P. Selling's.)

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.

While I was at Tillamook last Winter, I was affected in my Back and Kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, as my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was. E. COHEN.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, December 13, 1879.

Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the Kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently entirely cured both of us, as after taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. M. L. WHITE.

ASTORIA, Oregon, December 28, 1879.

I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from Kidney troubles, and during the time have tried nearly every kind of Kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package had completely cured. SAMUEL GRAY.

EUREKA CITY, Oregon, October 20, 1879.

I hereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of backache so severe that I went about doubled up and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help. JOHN W. LENGER.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.

I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with its effects, and do not hesitate to recommend it as a mild and safe remedy. Z. T. SCOTT.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.

The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for. A. M. COX.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.

Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe pain in the back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and by the time I had used one half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back, as a pleasant, safe and good remedy. E. J. GRIGSBY.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & GENERAL DEALERS.

PRICE, - - - - - - - - ONE DOLLAR

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