Clippings

|  |  |  | Bull Fighting in Havana. <br> Then the ring was cleared, and in a |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | Jennie flashed an indignant look at the gold spectacled eges "O auntio! Why, he gave me fifty dollars for poor Mrí Brown and her children." |  |  |  |
| delioste snd tender lines? <br> Ie does well who does bis best; Is he weary? let him rest. Brother. 1 I have done my best, |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | eyes flashed, then a smilo suffesed ber fice |  |  |
|  Baffed, yet to throgsle thin; Ather toiling long, to gain, Lut me rest. Bat lay me low. Where the hedgoside rases bioWhere the little duisies grow, Where the rinds a-masing goj, Where the brecze-bowed poplars nod; Where the old woods aorship God,Where His pencil paints the sod, Where the wedded throstle sings, Where the yonng bird tires hiswings: Where the wainigg plover swings, Near the rubiet's ranhing springs?Where, at times, the tempest's roar, Shaking distant sea and abore, To be heard by me no more! There, bebeath the breezy west, Life a child that sleepeta beet On its mother's geutle bresst. | "And be'd better have kept the money himself, to my thinking Dut where ont Jeunie 7 |  |  |  |
|  | next, Jeunie ? <br> While in Dr. James North's aristo- |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | plush furniture and rich paintings, that gentleman was sitting complacently in his officinl chair, his hands in his pock- |  |  |  |
|  | ets, his handsomely booted feet stretched and returaing Charles' sarcastic look. "Well, yoa look as though you didn't |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | pprove it, Charlie P <br> "I don't," he reqlied, shortly. "The |  |  |  |
|  | idea of your giving away fity dollars e Miss Osharne, the heiress 1 You can |  |  |  |
|  | no more afford it than I ean, North. Your practice is no larger nor better. |  |  |  |
|  | Your practice is no larger hor catne in you said you wers in delt for all this coatly furniture and these adora- |  |  |  |
| On its mother's gestle bresst. <br> Jennie's Choice. <br> br Howard w. xasox. <br> A sinking sun. "Bang !" roared the |  |  |  |  |
|  | North smiled a sickiy smile. <br> "That's a fact, Charlie, I am running |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| A kinking sun. *"Bang !" roared the old brass cannon on the long pier at Rockamay beach. | of a thousind or sa. All the same, I never made a better investment than |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| "Cast off the bow-line f" shouted the captain ; and with the parting salute the besutiful steamer sped swiftly and mer rily over the waters, carrying its load of plensureseekers toward their destination |  |  |  |  |
|  | "You don't understand me," Dr. North said, lightly. "It's just this in a nutshell: Im going to marry Miss Os. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Two fine looking gentlewen were seated on the forwand part of the deck, watching the droll antics of a quartet ot negro minstrels. whoamuse the paspingers"Marks, $\qquad$ | borne of I can <br> For just a motunt a frown swept |  |  |  |
|  | For just a moknot a frown swept across Charies' thoughtful face. <br> "Or ber money-which $\Gamma$ he avked, |  |  |  |
|  | with a little bitterness in his roice. <br> North interrupted him with s laugh. <br> "How in the world had you the cour |  |  |  |
| "Marks," spoke the youngest of the two, to-morrow I have a difficulc case to attend to in the surgieal line, and I need your astistance. Now, promise,old felliow, that to-morrow morning, at |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  | Nublthe |  |  |  |
|  | -How oould yon give ter money that |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | the only hero of the fight fell dead Then the bulf gred oid equiser zere |  |
| "All right, North, I will render you <br> all the assistance I can." <br> The boat had arrived at the pier, and our two friends were only too glad to eave the overcrowded hoat <br> "Don't forget half past ten to-morrow. | North, lighting aciars, | Sive At lat bre nerer was ort onot |  |  |
|  | Marks went on his rounds of daty, Day in and day out he faithfolly performed them, building by his skill a suro foundation that would cne day be a glorious stracture to his name and credit. |  |  |  |
| Sorry you are not going my way, elso you might ride with me <br> "Never mind; here is my car. Goodby ${ }^{[ }$ |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Dr. North rolled away in his carriage, while his brother in Jrofession rode along in the cor toward his bome in Third street. |  | came Mra. Marks, and Aunt Lena was perfelly happy. Hee choice had in the |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| Miss Osborne's elegant coupe was | girl, a fuit'foul, intelligent creatare in whom and whose affiirs the young mis | The Claims of Two Women. | cosk |  |
| door on which s silver plate bore the name of "James North, M. D.;" and | whom and whose affisirs the young twis tress bad alvays taken the warmest in teveat. |  |  |  |
| name of "James North, Mi. D.;" and Miss Osborno's Tiveried coserman sal solemn and stiff on the boz, baving all he could do to manage the restless pair |  |  |  | SEWING MAGHINE <br> Is the Cheapest to Buy <br> arcatas \% 18 |
|  | has 10 h, |  |  |  |
| of bays- altogether making an arristo eratic imposing picture, to which $\mathrm{D}_{\mathrm{c}}$, North's handoome brown eyes wann seat by the window be was talkng to Miss |  |  |  |  |
|  | beat care of ber you can. Dan't about yoar wages; they will go rig |  |  |  |
|  | and nfter the docter thinke it is safe, you must eune back. What doctor do you | 2mor Tis ome mish of |  |  |
| Not that the young lady was not worth all his aittention-sll the atten tion any man could pay her-aside from her position in sociectr and her almos: | must ovtme back <br> have, Sasie ? <br> "Indale, and that's the sore throable, |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| unlimited walth; for a sweeter face was never lifted in girlish enthusiasm |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| than hers as her largo bline eyps glowing brightly, her woiee thriling and earnest, she was relating to Dr. Norch and his |  | rangenyent having been made that she shoeld act as a apy while in the hand of the enemet. Sbe was gubentout four |  |  |
| friend a case of soffering and sorrow sbe had come acrpes on one of her charity visits, and in ber sweet, girliah way, asking for their subscriptigis on ber list for the benefit of those suffering ones | demies brintor |  | ployen is money at tho bask, be was cousting the mobey when a byitander said, "Yoa've |  |
|  | - ${ }^{\text {cosio dotar }}$ | of the enchy. Sbe was grononbout four months and upap her rtturn the War |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| her lovely face, replied"Certainly, 1 shall be delighted to do | ward the piacid Mrs. Goodfellow, se ing at an opposite windor. "What | 3100 per month. She tben clained that insufficient food and exposure | When tirugb hep piked dp de billed | Wo place it on trial with sill other Wischines in the world. |
| my litule share, Mis Ostorne. Pat me down for fifty dollirs on your lase Charies, bere, will supplement it, of |  |  |  |  |
|  |  | that iasufficient food and exposure while she had been a prisoner bal at focted ber egesight. Upon this ground |  |  |
| Jeenie smiled sweelly, showing a dis eting dimple in one peachy check. O , Dr . Worth 1 what a generous do Why, 1 had no idea you would | mile on |  |  |  |
|  |  | mant, wich wh oor reaire, Mitoogh |  | WheEler \& vilsox Maif' coi <br> 131 Third St., Portland, Ogn |
|  |  | ${ }^{\text {b }}$ |  |  |
|  | The giri shook ber head stranger be is to me. <br> "He will go is a misota," Jennie |  | cwndy ktown as Warner's Safe Kidney | Paramd Jut outi |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| "It's a great pleasure that you have afforded me, Miss Osborne. I have alwaye, since I graduated, made it a point to belp the poor and sick who came un- | - |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | 18 <br> Enernis aderier 82, <br> shbur $\quad$ i. in Moclormioic. |
|  | after your mother's case" <br> Mra. Goodfellow swiled coldly. "And then there's soing Dr Marks | soldiers, and collecting snd forwarding hospital sapplies and money for thrir re |  |  |
| of pleasing you: <br> He gave her an ardent look that brought a swift blush to Jennie's check, | "And then there's young Dr. Marks |  | melt | Benson's Capcine |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| throbs <br> "You are very good and kind," she answered, lifting her sweet eyes just a acond long enough to create fresh |  | tion for work dons during the war has veen rejectel by several committees | same remedy to all similarly afflictal. <br> Yours truly, R Caulisiss, M. D. <br> The above you are at liberty to pub- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| second-long enough to create fresh havoc and new elation in Dr. North's beart. | quicker tut his beed into the fire ! Bat Dr. North will go, I am sure Susie, IIl put ou my wraps and go to his foe mith yom |  |  |  |
|  |  | made another adverse report. The comwittee finds that the servics of the petitioner were patrictic and laudable, bat |  |  |
| Jennie tarned to Dr. Marks, grave and refined, leaning against the mantsl, watching the littlif play go on, a sterd, eurious look in his fine eyes He did not give her a chasce to ask him her |  |  |  | \%-7 |
|  |  |  |  | - minctix |
|  |  | for, and as the gwerpmeat has not rec. ognaized as jastifying a demand on the treasury.-N. Y. Times. |  |  |
| your list. If I could conveniently do so, believe me, I would not refase; but it is impossible. | osity, blurted out ber message-the mesesge that came so straigte from her true, noble beart. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| is impossible <br> Jugt the finerest suggestion of dis pleasure and coldness crept over ber face as she listened, then inclined her |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |
| face as she listened, the <br> "I am sure you know best, Dr. <br> Marke. Prav pardon me if I have an- |  |  |  |  |
| noyed' you. I shall never forget what a grand, kind heart you possest, Dr. North. And do be sure and call," <br> She bowed her adiec, juut tinged with - little feminine pique, to Dr. Marks, into whose eyes a half amuied smite crept as Le gravely returned it. Then she turned to Dr . North with a charming grace and bewitching smile. <br> He sasinted ber into her satin cusbioned carringe, and ventured to slightly press her hand at parting; while Jennie, the quiet looking, elderly lady in black silk on the front seat. <br> "Isn't be just too splendid fer anything, Aunt Lepat Mrse Goodfollow amiled oddly. |  |  |  |  |
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