Only a few more years and we'll be at rest, In the beautiful home of the Pure and Blest; Our feet will have consed Earth's sods to press Our hands will no longer our dear ones careas. Only a few more years to bear each cross, To weep, in bitterness, over each loss; To think, in sudness, of days that are past— Of joys that were bilasful—too bilasful to b

Only a few more years to sine God's praise, To walk in His pure, but difficult ways; To faithfulls walt till all pain is o'er, Then pass, alone, to the Golden shore.

Only a few more years to bear our part, To issue and jest with bleeding heart; To make sinners think us happy and gay, While, in secret, we bow our heads and pray-

"O, my isther, it possible it be, Let this cup of bitterness pass from me!" Then, stone, at the Fount of Sorrow we sink, Struggie—rebei-then stoop and drink.

Only a few more years and we'll stand alone At the entrance, fair, to the great, white At the entrance, fair, to the great, white Throne; Trembling, yet trusting, we'll stand and walt Till the pitying angel- open the trate.

HIS MISTAKE.

Arnold Winton, strolling up and down the upper deck of the steamship Bothnia, with a fragrant Havana held between his teeth, was (a most unwonted exercise for him) thinking deeply; nor, judging by the smile playing about his mouth and lighting up the dark handsome face, was the subject of thought at all disa-

It was, in fact, no less a subject than represented some five feet five inches of blonds humanity, in the shape of Mrs. Ray's governess. Mrs. Ray herself had not, during the five days they had been out at sea, been seen above decks, but Miss Thornton braved both wind and weather, and with or without her little eight-year old charge, had sought every

opportunity to escape from the stifling cabin into a pure atmosphere.

Life on shipboard had promised to be monotonous to Mr. Winton, until a kindly fate and a chance introduction threw im across Cecil Thornton's path.

He had amused himself with women all his life, and, of course, a governess was fair sport. She should be very grateful to him, that he, one of the lions of New York society, vonchsafed his kindly attentions. Of course, it was merely pour passer le temps. She must understand that—though certainly nothing of this or his foregoing musings were apparent in his manner, as, just as ched this stage, a slight figure. encased in water-proof, appeared at the other end of the deck; but out from the water-proof peeped a bewilderingly lovely face, and over it broke a ravishing smile, as he came eagerly forward to meet

"I am so glad you have come," he said; "and alone, too. Need I throw away my cigar? May I smoke?"

'Certainly. I like, you know, the odor of tobacco. Oh, how good this air feels! Poor Mrs. Ray! She has been so very sick to-day!"

And you have been so much with her, leaving me dependent upon my own resources. There are such stupid people, too, on board. But for the happy accident of meeting you, I feel I should ere this have grown desperate and buried my sorrows beneath the waves. Now I only dread the day when our vessel shall

She raised to him then, her great bewildered eyes. "You mean," she said, with uncon-

scious pain in her voice, "that then will be the end-that I shall see you no

"No, no!" he answered, quickly, striving hard to dissipate the impression. "I only meant that I should not have the daily, almost hourly opportunities of meeting you that we have here. Does ught give you no pain?"

He bent his head a tittle lower as he spoke, and somehow his hand hid from view the little white fingers which nestled upon his arm.

"Cecil will you remember these days-She started at sound of her name.

Mr. Winton, you must not!" she mur-mured. "How did you know it?" "I think I should have known it by instinct," he replied. "In reality, I heard the child one day say 'Miss Cecil,' when she addressed you. It is so sweet a name; I was glad to find it yours."

The moonlight failed to hide the blush his quick glance noted, and the little band on his arm trembled. What mattered it? Another week on shipboard remained to him. A week was an eternity without some love divertisement; and once on shore, with his feet on solid ground, if she had made a mistake, she would not be long in discovering it.

Yet as the days wore on he began to realize that it would cost him, too, nething of a wrench. If he were a fabulously rich man-if he could afford to follow the bent of his own free willhe would be almost tempted to link this beauty thrilled him. There was about her a charm no other woman had ever exercised over him. It was upon him in all its force, on the last night they were to spend together on board the vessel. They had been talking long and earnestly, and the night was growing

"I dread to-merrow," said the girl,

"And why," he questioned. "Because She uplifted to his sight the pale, beautiful face, with its answer written

The temptation was stronger than his strength. He stooped and pressed a fervent kiss upon the ripe, red lips. The girl lay passive in his embrace.

At that instant Mrs. Ray, unhappily

recovered from her recent illness, stopped in front of them. "Miss Thornton!" she said, in tones of

incredulous amaze.

Then she waited for an explanation of the scene. Receiving none, she turned silently away, in evident dis-

Cecil drew herself from Arnold Win "You said nothing?" she half asserted, half questioned. "Why did you not

"There was nothing to say," he replied shrugging his shoulders.
"Nothing to say!" she repeated.
"Could you not have told her what I

was to you?"
"What is that?" he asked.
"You ask me?" she answered. "What

we your words, your kisses meant? Did you not love me. Did you not mean "I loved you—yes; but really I had not given consideration to the queetion of matrimony. Do not be foolish, Cecil, I am ready to do anything in reason, my

About one in every thirty adult males, and one in every fifteen femal's, says Mr. F. Galton, whenever they think of numerals, see them in a vivid mental the island of Newfoundland has at length

upon the deck, ber eyes flashing in his face. "Don't make me despise you more! Don't insult me further by a single word! An hour ago I loved you. Think of it! An hour ago I would have lived forever within the narrow limits of this ship alone with you, and considered myself blessed among women. Now, I wonder if the whole world is wide enough to hold us two and give my con-

tempt breathing space!" The scathing words left him no reply. They still burned in his soul long after her retreating footsteps had died away. For the first time in his life he felt contempt for himself, and the sensation was

by no means agreeable. Neither could be shake it off as the

days merged into weeks. He wondered, too, if Miss Thornton had been discharged. No! he learned that she was still in Mrs. Ray's service. Doubtless she had made satisfactory explanations, and Mrs. Ray had pardoned

This should have satisfied him, but it failed to do so. He grew more and more ill at ease-rostless, almost unbappy. At last, like a lightning flash, it burst

upon him. He had been playing with fire, and it had burnt him; he had been playing with love, and Cupid had revenged himself. He was in lovemadly, desperately in love-with but one hope, one thought, one wish, to gain Cecil Thornton for his own—his wife. He came forward with outstretched

Thrice she had tried to check him, but

Of course he would have to ask her forgiveness. For a time she might heaitate in granting it, but in the end he must win. After all, his means were ample to provide his wife with every comfort, and how her beauty would adorn his home! Why had he been so blind? Poor child! How terribly she must have suffered !

The more he thought of it the nearer came the reality home to him, and the more impatient he grew for the fulfiliment of his desire.

Confident and rejoicing, he pulled Mrs. Ray's bell in the dusk of a winter's

"Yes, sir; Miss Thornton is in the library," said the man who admitted him. She sprang up with a glad cry at the sound of his footstep, then drew back, her face growing pale as she recognized

"Miss Thornton-Cecil!" he began. 'I have come to acknowledge my wrong, darling, these months have taught me my own heart, and how your image fills it! I cannot tear it out. I was mad that night-mad. Now I am sane, and I come to fall at your feet, if needs be, if but you would smile your forgiveness into my eyes, and say to me you will become my loved and honored wife.

'Hush," she said, now very gently, "I am sorry for this, yet glad that I can give you back a portion of my forfeited respect. More, Mr. Winton, you can never claim. My love for you was killed at one fell blow. I thought then that it could never live again for any man, but tilence broke out among them, spreading I have learned differently. I am en- anguish and death on every side, the gaged to be married to Mr. Clive, Mrs. North forgot its animosity, and remem-Ray's brother. I thought it was he when bered only that its ancient foes were sufyou came. We are to be married next fering. It gave quickly and largely; it month. It is but just that you should

know. Just? Aye, with the awful justice which made of Harold Winton's future life so barren and cheerless a thingjust with the justice which made men's praise of John Clive's beautiful wife a two-edged sword in his soul-just with the justice of his own outraged love, which, too late, showed him his life's

What married life needs to give it new tone and sweetness is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the old courting days. The beautiful attentions which before marriage were so pleasant are too often forgotien afterward. The gifts, cease or come only with the asking: the music dies out of the voice; everything is taken as a matter of course. Then comes dull, heavy, hard days to the unhappy souls that have solemnly promised to "love honor and obey," etc., and the consequence is they begin by wishing themselves apart, and are not always content with the mere wishing.

Very much of the pleasure of courtship

is derived from the constant attention of

parties to each other. Their affection for each other's voices evinces itself in every possible way. Every sentence is gilt-edged with compliments spoken in tender tones; every look is a confession of love; every act is a new word in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Gifts and personal sacrifices are the more emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can articulate, no evidence declare. It is a fact that devotion declares itself continually in words and acts. At the touch of cupid's wand the language grows more rapid, the figures gentler in their touch, and the voice more musical. Love is very like the silver jet of a fountain that leaps heavenward; if denied its natural outlet it ceases to flow altogether. The love of courtship can be kept bright and beautiful through married life by giving it utterance or expression in words; and the more it is allowed to low out in delicate attentions and noble, helpful service, the stronger it will become and the more satisfying. The beautiful attentions of the husband refresh, brighten and make the wife stronghearted and keen sighted in everything pertaining to her home and her husband's happiness. And the parting words of love from the wife give the husband new courage as be goes forth to meet the toils and difficulties of business. The home is home only when pervaded with this blessed influence of we, and the marriage vow should not e made once for all at the altar, but should should be kept by husband and

wife "until death do them part." Husbands," talk to your wives lovingly as in the early days of courtship, when you wished to win their affection. Wives, meet every show of tenderness from your busbands as you did in the beautiful days that linger so pure and sweet in your memory, and your home will be a type of that heavenly home that only is promised to those who

Mr. Tremlett, the British Consul at Saigon, mentions as a remarkable peculiarity of the natives of the country that they have the great toe of each foot separated from the others like the thumb of the hand, and it can be used in much the same manner, though not to the same extent. This distinctive mark of an Annamite is not, however, usually seen in the vicinity of Saigon, but is now confined to the inhabitants of the more northern section of the empire, where the race has remained more distinct. In the Eastern States. The West afford the finest fie the race has remained more distinct. This peculiarity is the meaning of the

AMERICAN KINDNESS.

We Americans have been lectured so much by Europeans, notably by the English, and we have taken ourselves so freely to task about many real and imaginary defects, that we are in a fair way, if we believe all we hear, to arrive at the conclusion that we, as a people, are well nigh destitute of virtues. Lecturing, we opine, whether from abroad or at home, does very little good as a corrective, partially because there is such an excess of it, and partially because we have small confidence in the source whence it emanates. As our national faults have of late been so liberally insisted on, it might be an agreeable change, to our vanity, at least, to direct attention to our good qualities, if we can allow ourselves to think that we have

more, and that virtue is kindness, not confined to any class or State or section, but shared by the whole people. Intelligent travelers from the Old World-Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians and Englishmen-have particularly observed this trait, and have made record of it in correspondence and published accounts of men and things in the big republic. Even those foreigners who have seen a great deal to blame and hardly anything to praise in the United States have generally admitted that the Americans are kind. Whether they should admit it or deny it would not alter the fact, for it is a fact that may be readily recognized anywhere under a limitless variety of circumstances. Kindness is unquestionably a national characteristic. It is seen in New Eugland, in the middle States, in the West and South, in different degrees, under different forms of manifestation, no doubt, but it is still kindness, positive

and unmistakable. Whatever divergences of opinion and politics of manners and customs there may be in the North and South, in the East and West, the inhabitants of all those sections are individually and collectively kind, not only willing but glad to help any one who needs help, regardless even of previous prejudice or rancorous feeling. We are not kind on principle or from policy. Kindness is an instinct with us, and an instinct which we incessantly obey. We may hate certain men or communities of men, or think we do-personal contact is very apt to disabuse us of the notion-but if they get into trouble or suffer from any and beg your forgiveness. Oh, my evil we are prompt to aid them by every means in our power-a little more prompt and liberal, perhaps, from the consciousness of a once hostile venti-ment. The mere fact that they are unfortunate is enough to commend then to consideration and benevolence. We may still reserve our right or privilege to hate them, but we decline to exercise

until they shall be out of adversity.

This was shown during the yellow

fever scourge in the Southwest. Extra-

ordinary bitterness of feeling had existed in the North toward the people living in the infected district. Yet when the pescould not have been more compassionate and generous if the ravaged places had been filled with their nearest kin and dearest friends. The South has a perpetual grievance toward the North. has been oppressed, robbed, dragooned, it declares, and many of the newspapers speak of Northern men as if they were a body of despots and ruffians. Nevertheless, if some great calamity should occur to the North, the South would, doubtless, labor zealously to alleviate our distresses as we have alleviated its afflictions in other days, Many Southerners appear to us wrong-headed, invincibly prejudiced, tryannical even bar-barous; but we are prepared to be ieve that, if the North were in affliction, they would vindicate their nationality by active, unvarying kindness. They might detest us all the same, but they could not help acting like American citizens During the civil war, which was naturally and unavoidably one of the bitterest of such contests, the soldiers who fought against each other in the field were often generous, even self-sacrificing one another, and displayed a true chivalry that would have shamed all assumptions. There were atrocities in orison and in action sometimes; but most Americans who met as open enemies, musket in hand, were mutually kind when kindness is needed, and an opportunity for exhibiting it was granted.

n are always better than the wars they wage. Professional slayers are, when the slaughter is over, humanized again. Nobody who has traveled in the Republic and used his eyes can fail to have noticed the almost universal kindness of the people, whether in city or country, in the thinly settled West or the crowded East, on the frontier or in the bustling capital. Kindness is not confined to any class, either. Even in the metropolis, where persons are naturally more absorbed in their own affairs than they are in minor towns, nearly everybody is willing to lend a helping hand, or open his purse when help or money is wanted.

A horse falls in Broadway; a dozen men
volunteer at once to get him up. A stranger asks the way; he is instantly directed. A case of charity is presented; dollars are promptly evoked. A woman is an noyed or insulted; there is always a willing arm and a stout heart to protect her. It is not so, to any such extent, at least, in the Old World. There are persons there whose business it is to lend assistance; establishments which are created to give succor. Therefore, the people, especially the prosperous and privileged, regard miscellaneous kindness as no affair of theirs. There are such officers and institutions here also; but we do not wait for functionary or routine when we see perplexity or trouble or suffering before us. We are a sym-pathetic race. A democracy makes sympathy, sympathy makes kindness, and kindness should cover a multitude

BRET SUGAR PRODUCT.-The continent of Europe now produces from beets more than one-fourth of all the sugar of all kinds made in all parts of the world. France makes 451,000 tons; Germany, 290,000; Austria, 205,000; Russia, 150, 000; Belgium, 80,000; Holland and Sweden, 35,000-in all, 1,211,000 tons. France has about 500 sugar factories, and about as many distilleries for beet spirits and for beet sugar molasses. In this country capitalists are awakening to the importance of this branch of manufacture, and already immense establishments have been organized in some of the Eastern States. The prairies of the West afford the finest field for the cheap

get into on my account—"

"Hush!" she cried, stamping her foot of the Chinese Empire.

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"It is a stamping

One Phase of the Civil War.

I went one day, just after Longstreet Surgeon, to secure his certificate to the 1 till 5:30 in the morning, and that is papers of a brother officer who had tenwas about the dinner hour. I pushed made is not recorded. A pound a week, my way past servants and flunkeys to his we should say, would be the outside andsome mansion. There, in a richlyfurnished room stood a table loaded with more than the delicacies of any one season. A savory roast of beef smoked in the center. There were dishes and dishes of vegetables; great cut-glass stands were heaped with fruits, while dishes to match were filled with canned peaches and other tempting viands. It was a dinner fit for a king. The liquids had not been overlooked. There stood on a sideboard a bottle of the splendid whiskey furnished to the Medical Department, and a couple of bottles of wine. The docter was not there, having halted in the lower room to indicated here he entered. I was seated in an easy chair, and I retained my seat. He glared at me a moment. Then he growled at me in a voice meant to be very

"What do you want there?" "I came to see you, sir, about signing the certificate of disability of Captain -. It has been signed by his Regimental, Brigadier and Division Surgeons, and you seem to delay it out of a spirit of pure cussedness. The Captain is poor. You have now detained him here two weeks for no other reason conceiv-

able to me than to show how near and devilishly cruel you can be. If you dont sign the papers, I shall prepare a history of the case, and carry it to Gen.

Burnside in person. year. -Chamber's Journal. The old ruffian stared at me in silent and blank amazement as I arose and walked out of the room. He signed the certificate, and it was promptly sent to John R. Rankin, a well-known In-the Captain through the regular dianapolis printer, has for years been channels, and a worthy and brave offi- working on a simplified system of shortper got out of the battered, ruined, hand, which he has finally so far comhalf-starved town and to his family barely in time to save his life. It was a common habit of this Chief Surgeon to abuse both officers and men, who would endure his abuse in the most sheet of paper about the size of a tele scandalous language. I stood in his graph blank, upon which are printed office one day for an hour waiting for a fone hundred and ninety-two sets of the timid Lieutenant to got his turn to talk twenty four phonographic consonants, with the medical magnate. He had a in a different tint from that of the ink railing around the portion of the room | need in writing. By connecting two or he occupied, and the most contemptible | three of these consonants with straight flunkey I ever beheld in charge of the or curved lines the outline of a word is entrance gate. Not a soul of all the poor formed, and by means of about fifty fellows who came but was roundly arbitrary signs the skeleton of ordinary cursed and abused, though some of them words is greatly reduced. The vowels were on crutches, the result of recent are provided for much in the same manwounds. They had been starving in ner as in ordinary phonography, so that hospital while this old brute, and the when a page of characters are incished it other heedless and cruel brutes about very much resembles phonographic manheadquarters, had been devouring the uscript. The principal claims made for delicacies sent for their relief by the ton, the new system by the inventor, are that from friends at home, and by the grand it is at least from one-fourth to one-

meet the great emergency. dured these outrages with comparative the necessary skill in writing can be acindifference. Were it to do again I quired rapidly, and that with a very doubt if the gourmands, ruffians and brief study it may be used as ordinary thieves would fare as well or come off as manuscript, so that it may be used withlittle harmed as they did. The true out transcribing. This latter is the most story of the Quartermaster, Commissary important, and if it is substantiated by and Medica! Department has some deep and damning shades of rascality and find, as he trusts, that "he has supplied cincity in its lines. - Cincinnuti Enquirer. | a long telt want. - Indianapolis Neces.

She gathered the pleasures of a long drank the delicious cup to the lees; then, even while planning new conquests, there was a sharp pang, a low cry, and the petted woman was so suddenly translated that-

Was colon-on on her tips, and on her cheeks And death's pair flag had not advanced there She was not a great artist, not a pure woman; but she had a quick brain and was given the fatal gift of beauty to such degree that it is not, perhaps, strange if, with her training and surroundings, under the flattery that came to pay court to her exquisite loveliness, she could see nothing of heaven more delicious than this enchanting world, and could form no thought of hell worse than the contemplation of a time when her beauty would disappear and the voices of flat-tery around her would grow still. But all that was spared her. She went from a feast into the silence, and the change was so sudden that even the divine face had not time to throw off its smile of triumph before it became transfixed. There will be many a moral drawn from her life and death. We have none to draw. She seemed from the first to be ne of nature's whims; as though amid the disease, deformity and suffering of the world the intention had been to show one winsome picture which should last like a ray of sunlight, without any shade of dimness until the shutter was let down and it was all at once darkened. She lived a butterfly's life; the homage of two continents was bestowed upon her golden wings; the graces denced around ier cradle; the god of pleasure stole for her the cestus of love's goddess, and it did not have to be changed to fit exactly her waist; Cupid loaned her his quiver of arrows; Erato was her god-mother and Siva her life long companion. There will be aged women who will envy her, her death; there will bjealous women who will be glad to think she is no more, and there will be men who, without having a right to, will in secret grieve that the light has gone out forever from the divine eyes of the en-chantress. The world at large will remember her as men remember some unde picture of some old master, in which there was such exquisite art interwoven, that in gazing, the looker-on forgets that there is anything to take exceptions to. She had not

The reason firm, the temperate will Endurance, foresight, strength and skill; A perfect woman, nobly plann of, To warm, to comfort and command, But rather she was A creature not too bright or good For burnan na'ure's daily food;
For tra' slent sorrows, simple wiles.
Praise, brame, love, kis-se, bears and amilies.
—Salt Lake Tribune. In the 1 st aeromutical ascent which

was made at Rome on Monday, June 13, by M. Jovis, M. Desmaret, one of the aeronauts, tried with success to take photographs of the land below. About fifteen different views were taken by him. The car had a hole in the center. and the photographic apparatus was sup-plied with a patent obturator working in one hundreth of a second. The photographs were taken by instantaneous pro-

Some Strange Avocations.

Said a witness under cross-examina abandoned the siege, to see the Chief tion: "I am an early-caller. I calls papers of a brother officer who had ten-dered his resignation, on account of total 12 and 1; I goes to bed at 6 and sleeps disability, arising from wounds and in- till the afternoon. I calls bakers bejuries received in the line of duty. I tween 1 and 2-the bakers are the earlifailed to find the doctor in his office. It est of all." What sort of a living he private quarters in the second story of a figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time.

There are men in Paris, birds of a

feather with the chiffonier, who go from

hospital to hospital collecting the linseed

the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper maker. Others make a couple of france a day by collecting old corks, there, having halted in the lower room to wash and touch up his toilet. About the time I had completed the survey

A lady resident of the Fanbourg St. Germania is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggets out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in the boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third marchand d'asticots boasts of selling between thirty and forty miliions of worms every season for piscatorial urposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from 4 to 10 pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just

Simplified Short-Hand.

double those rates, and clearing thereby

relief associations which sprung up to third shorter than ordinary phonography, and hence greater speed can be obtained I often wondered that the officers of that it is much fuller and more legible; experience, then, indeed, will the author

White's Business College, We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another life into a few years, enjoyed them all; column of White's Business College (formerly the National) of Portland. Oregon. This institution, established in 1866, and conducted by DeFrance & White, is now owned and managed by Mr. White, so well known throughout the Northwest as an energetic and painstaking educator and an artistic-penman of national reputation. Mr. White has placed this institution upon an entire new footing, having employed a new corps of the most efficient teachers to be found anywhere, and introduced the latest and most thorough methods of drill in business training and the English branches. This school, as now conducted, is without doubt the foremost one of the Northwest, and merits the patronage of all persons of either ex desiring a practical, useful, every-ay to-be-used education.

It is a great thing to have what is called never and nothing contributes more to the power of physical control thus named than Warner's Safe Nervine It also relieves cil kinds of pain cures headache and neuralgia.

RENARKABLE CARES.

Among the very many remarkable cures ef-cted by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure may be need then of Charles S. Prentice, if Toledo, Ohio, who was by its use restored to ealth in a few weeks, after he had tried the health in a few weeks, after he had tried the treatment of some of the most eminent phy-seleians of France, England and America with-out b neft. His trouble was Bright's Disease, Another is the cure of Feder Showerman, at the age of seventy years, after greatly suffering for facty years from Kidney and Liver inflicuities, Testimomials of these and others can be seen.

ing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the

SOTICE TO PEDESTRIASS.

The first 72 hour go as you please contest on the Pacific coast will commence in Turne Halle, Portland, Oregon, Sept. 18th, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M.; 12 hours a day for 6 days, for the Cham ionahip of Oregon and Cash Prines as follows inst man, 8125, second \$50, third \$25 The winner of the first prize will be entitled to minimion to the match for the Andrew Belt, by depositing \$100 with the stakeholder on or before May let, 1881 There will also be a special prize of \$200 open to all on payment of an entrance fee of \$25; first man, \$125, second \$75. Entries can be made with D. R. McNeill, Turne Halle, Portland land, Gregon.
The first contest for the Andrews Belt will take

place in San Francisco in October, 1881. Entries for this event will be received by the stakeholder. Adam Aulbach editor of the Pucific Life San Francisco, from and after September 1, 1880. In order that none but first-class men will enter order that none but first-class men will enter this com: etition the entrance fee has been fixed at \$250, \$100 of which must accompany the application for entry; the balance, \$150, to be paid on signing articles, or twenty days before the commencement of the race. The Cash Prizes will be as follows: First man \$2,000, second man \$1,000; third man \$600; fourth man \$500; fifth man \$300; total \$4,300. All those who complete 100 miles and do not win either of the complete 500 miles and do not win either of the five prizes will receive \$250. Further informs tion concerning belt and conditions of more will be furnished from time to time through the columns of the Pacific Life.
aug:3w3 D. R. McNEILL, Manager

J. B. KNAPP. Commission Merchant AND PURCHASING AGENT.

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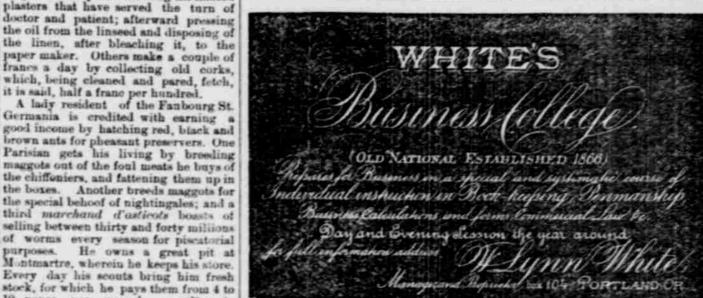
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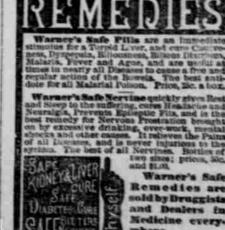
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