KNITTING THE SCARF.

A sly little maiden sits by me to-night,
Softly humming an old tune low;
The bright threads flash through her fingers white,
As she guideth the needle to an fro.
Sweet is the song that the maiden singeth,
Sad to my heart are the thoughts it bringeth—
Dreams that were buried so long ago,
Under the snow—under the snow.

Little the maiden knoweth of this,
Weaving the bright threads in, the while
Her thoughts are weaving a dream of bliss,
And the red lips part in a sweet half-smile,
As her happiness in with each stitch she twineth,
And the light in the luminous eyes that shineth,
Under the lid grows tender and dim,
Thinking of him—thinking of him.

Thus the needle beareth a double thread,
As daintily in and out it plies,
And the conscious flood in her cheeks grows red,
'Neath the smile of my steady eyes.
Shake down the cloud of thy brown hair's glory,
Lest thy blushes should tell the story
That was old when the Eden skies were blue,
Yet ever is new—ever is new.

So blushing and shyly the maiden sings,
Knitting the scarf for her absent lover;
And methinks two angels with golden wings
Softly around the maiden hover.
Heaven grant all the hopes thou art weaving
Leave no rent in thy heart for grieving;
"Angels keep watch," I softly pray,
Turning away—turning away.

A LUCKY DIE.

What the dence ails me? Where am I, anyhow? Wherever I am, springs and mattresses must be scarce, for I know I am laid out on some mighty hard substance. Wonder if I'm dead? I feel mighty like it. Maybe I am stretched out ready for the doctors to carve me.

These were my first thoughts, very cheering, indeed, as I became conscious. I could neither speak, nor move; but I soon learned that I could hear.

A door opened, footsteps approached. I felt a cloth removed from my face, and a voice, which I recognized as that of my intended father-in-law, said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I recognized as Snowby's, the undertaker, said lightly:

"There's is just where you are mistaken, Mr. Muffins; he looks a cussed sight better dead than alive, but how does Priscilla feel about it? Take on much, eh?"

"Oh! no just enough to appear well," said the father of my affianced, with a chuckle. "She never cared much for Smith; 'twas his stamps that she fancied. My Priscilla is a practical girl and went in for his dimes, his carriage and greys, although at the same time I must own she was spooney on bald-pated Howard, the artist, but he's poor as Job's turkey, as the saying is."

"Well, she can have him now for all this poor cuss, can't she?" said Sowerby beating a tattoo with his digits on my chest.

"I presume so, but she will wait till the year is up, for fear of gossip, you know."

"But who gets his money, seeing the poor cuss has no relations?" queried the undertaker.

"Oh! that's all right. You see, my Priscilla is a sensible girl. Before she promised to marry him she had him make his will in her favor. Poor Smith was rather sappy, you know; had nothing against him, however, although he was decedly homely, and such a barn-door of a mouth, always open."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of the undertaker, "his mouth is shut tight enough now, I reckon; he'll never open it in this world again. I reckon his immortal part is now with the angels."

And my mortal part is also with the angels, thought I—a fine pair of angels! I felt indignant at their clumsy ridicule. I tried to shut my fist, but the devil a shut was to it. I could do nothing but listen. He then began to measure me for my coffin. I had heard that undertakers whistled joyfully when they got a measure. I believed it to be only a joke on the craft; but Sowerby actually struck up the air "Pull Down the Blinds," in a subdued trilling whistle while he measured me.

"A nobby casket and 100 hacks, eh, Mr. Muffins? Must make a big thing of it. The cuss left lots of money, and remember he was to be your Priscilla's husband. Must have a splurge, Mr. Muffins," said the worthy undertakey, with an eye to his own pocket.

"Well, I don't mind if the coffin is a little nobby looking; but 100 hacks! The deuce! Just send one or two for the mourners, and the rest who come to attend the funeral can furnish their own rigs or hoof it, whichever suits them."

They covered my face again and left me to my own reflections. I had often heard it remarked that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed and the door was again opened, and two persons came, whispering along, to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell on my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Mr. Howard; he was so homely when living, he must be frightful when dead."

I ground my teeth in rage as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth, and would solemnly declare that if I were taken from her she would enter a convent, take the black veil and never more behold the sun.

One of them raised the cloth, I knew they were looking at me. Howard was the chap she was spooney on, whom her sister had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, Miss Muffins," exclaimed Howard, deliberately.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived I suppose I should have married him, because he was rich; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I know I should always be ashamed of him."

"But you loved him," remarked Howard.

"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago on one who never returned my love." And my fast-fading idol sighed heavily. They had now covered my face again, and were standing within a few feet of where I lay.

"About how long ago, Miss Muffins?" asked Howard.

"Oh, about a year or so," with another sigh.

"About the time I went away?" interrupted the cautious Howard, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, about that length of time," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Miss Mu-Muf-Muffins—you—oh! you don't meant to insinuate that I I-I, oh! oh! oh! too much bliss—am the lucky—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Mr. Howard;" and the angelic sweetness of her voice became somewhat metallic.

"Now, see here—Pris-Pris-cilla—oh! let me call you by that melodious name. See here! I always loved you, not for your beauty, God knows, but for your artlessness; 'pon my soul I did, and would have proposed to you only I heard you were engaged to the chap that is stretched there."

"Oh! Mr. Howard!" said Mrs. Smith that was to be, giving a little squeal.

"Don't Mr. Howard me. If you return my affection you must call me by some pet names. Call me Harry—call me Lovey—but for Heaven's sake don't Mr. Howard me, my own Priscilla!" said Howard, in a quivering voice. Then I heard a movement of feet, accompanied by a loud lip explosion. Moses! how mad I got! I tried to kick or grate my teeth, but the devil a kick or grate could I raise. I was obliged to grin and bear it. Bear it I had to; but grin I couldn't.

Soon my company left, and I was again entertained by my own pleasant thoughts, until I again felt the cloth gently removed from my face. A soft, warm palm was laid on my forehead, and the low, sweet voice of Minnie Rivers whispered—well, no matter what.

Night came—so did the neighbors to my wake; and from two old crones who sat near me I learned to my horror that I was to be buried next day.

"Of course you are coming to the funeral to-morrow, Mrs. Frizzlebaum?" said one of them.

"Oh! dear, yes, surely. I hope it may turn out a fine day, for I want to enjoy the ride to the cemetery."

I then lost consciousness, and the next I heard were the grating voices of Priscilla, my fiancee, and her mother. Apparently they were brushing, dusting and giving the room a general slicking up before the funeral.

"Is Howard to be one of the pall-bearers?" asked the voice of my mother-in-law that might have been.

"He would be, gladly, but he hasn't a suit of black clothes," said my sweetest.

"Why, Priscilla! my child, don't you remember Smith's black broadcloth; the suit is brand new. I know it will fit Howard. Call him in—he's sitting in the kitchen—and let him try them on."

Now, this black suit was a particular favorite of mine, a perfect fit, that set my person off to great advantage, and it made my blood boil to hear them talk so coolly of transferring it to my rival, to be worn at my funeral. I was getting very mad now. I felt the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they meddled with my black suit. Priscilla took it down from the peg—I knew it, for I heard the buckles jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist, and yell at her, but all in vain, and there I lay, outwardly calm as a lamb, my inwards boiling with wrath. It was too much! The deepest trance could not have held out against that suit; with a powerful effort I sprung up and howled. Priscilla dropped my clothes, her mother the duster, and both bounded out of the room squealing like shot rabbits. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes on, and had just got inside my pants when Mrs. Muffins and her daughter, headed by the undertaker, peered in at the door; a motley company of women and smutty-faced children stood in their rear. Such scared-looking owls; enough to amuse a dead man. So I laughed. It was not very becoming; but I laughed peal after peal till my sides began to ache. Then the undertaker ventured near me, saying, rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead yet, Mr. Smith?"

"Well, no, not exactly; sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he assented absently: "bad, rather—that is—ahem!"

Fooled out of the dimes, carriage and greys, my gal, thought I, as I looked at Priscilla.

"Go speak with him," said her father, in an undertone; "act your part well."

They now began to gather around me and to congratulate me on my narrow escape. I noticed they cried a great deal more than when I was dead. Priscilla came and hung on my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not over-gentle push from me, and told her to wait next time till I was safely buried before she meddled with my clothes.

"Oh! I am so glad!" she said, sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about my clothes, "that you are not dead, dear. My heart seemed withered and broken to see you lying so cold and white. I wept bitterly over your poor, angelic face, my darling."

"Oh, yes, you did. I heard you and Howard take on at a furious rate. It was a very lucky die for me, my ducky."

"Could you hear?" she gasped

"I rather think I could," I replied. "So good-by, my noble girl; you can have the pleasure of calling Howard all the pet names you can lay you tongue to." She made a bee-line for the open door, and her pull-back was the last I ever saw of her. Howard never married her, and I hear she still lives a life of single blessedness. As I am writing this piece a quiet little figure steals to my side, and a soft, white hand, which sends a thrill of pleasure to my heart, is laid lovingly on my shoulder; yes, the hand of Minnie Rivers, now Minnie Smith, my wife.

AFGHAN.—Many curious stories are told of the influence exercised by the Afghan chiefs over their followers, among the most striking of which is the following: A young English subaltern attached to the Kabul expedition of 1841-2, rescued an Afghan pilgrim from some British soldiers who were handling him roughly. The pilgrim warmly thanked his deliverer, saying with emphasis that "an Afghan never forgets a good turn or a bad one." Some months later, during the fatal battle of the Kurd-Kabul Pass, our hero saw one of the enemy point to him repeatedly, and concluded himself singled out for destruction. But, to his amazement, he remained unhurt amid the hottest fire, while his men were dropping around him like leaves, those who had molested the pilgrim being the first to fall. At length several of the enemy disarmed and dragged him down by main force, checking those who wished to kill him by declaring him to be under the protection of their chief. The chief in question proved to be identical with the rescued pilgrim—a disguise assumed to aid his designs against the English—and the officer, having been hospitably entertained, was dismissed without ransom.

A BOSTON electric engineer proposes erecting in Holyoke, Massachusetts, a tower seventy-five feet high overlooking the town. This is to be surmounted by an electric light which, if successful, will be followed by the erection of seven or eight more. It is expected that these will charge the upper strata of air with so much light that it will produce the same effect which the sun exerts upon the atmosphere during the day, thus superseding the use of all other kinds of light. In this manner it is believed that electric light can be made to penetrate spaces inaccessible to direct rays, just as the sun after it has set still illuminates the atmosphere. In other words, he intends producing artificial daylight.

Some conjugal fidelities can be explained on the hypothesis that many a woman is satisfied to be nothing in her husband's heart so that she is everything in his life.

Queer Weddings.

Very recent volumes of court reports bring new and curious illustrations of the want of some uniform rule throughout the States as to what shall be a valid marriage ceremony. In Worcester, Mass., a couple assumed to marry themselves after the fashion of "Friends." The ceremony occurred at the close of a public religious meeting. The preacher came down from the pulpit, and took his stand in front of the pews. The lady came forward from her seat and stood by his side. They joined hands and declared that they took each other for wife, and for husband, respectively. The bridegroom then offered prayer. Both intended a lawful wedding. Much less than this has been, in New York, declared a perfect marriage. But, when this couple were prosecuted for dwelling together without having been married, the Supreme Court decided that, though they might be excused for the past, in view of their ignorance and good intention, yet they were mistaken in supposing that their ceremony had any validity. There is a special exception in case of persons conscientiously belonging to the Society of Friends; But all other persons must, in Massachusetts, be married by a minister or magistrate.

A story from West Virginia shows justice burlesqued; yet the decision was probably unavoidable under the confused laws of the time. A scamp was placed upon trial for having married Clara in West Virginia, while Fannie, whom he had not long before married in Wisconsin, was still living, and undivorced. The two marriages were proved easily enough, but defendant's counsel then offered to show that about a year and a half before the man's marriage to Fannie he had, in Ohio, married Sarah, who was still living when he afterward married Fannie, but who, as soon as she heard of this marriage, procured a divorce. The lawyer argued that his client was never lawfully married to Fannie, on account of the previous marriage with Sarah, and that Sarah's divorce set him at liberty to marry Clara, as far as Sarah was concerned. And the court decided that the defense was good. True, the marriage with Fannie was a bigamy; but the court of West Virginia could not take any notice of that, because it had occurred in Wisconsin. Besides, it was not the offense charged in the indictment, and the statute of limitations had run, and the like. Upon technicalities like these Lothario was set free.

Tennessee supplies a new instance of the difficulty respecting "mixed marriages." Every one knows that several of the States have explicitly forbidden these; in a few others they are distinctly permitted. There is no great difficulty in applying either law when only one State is involved. But in the Tennessee case—and the same thing has occurred in one or two previous instances—a white person and a negro were wedded in a State where such intermarriage was allowed, but afterward removed to Tennessee, where the law sternly forbids it. The courts have a maxim that a marriage valid in the State where it is made must be sustained everywhere. But the Tennessee court refused to follow this rule. It is said it applies only when the question is upon the regularity of the ceremony. It does not oblige one State to tolerate marriages between persons whom its laws forbid to espouse each other in any manner. The Supreme Court of Washington is understood to have a cause on its docket involving much the same question. And a very vexatious and perplexing question it is.

HOW THEY LIVE.—Thirteen of the widows of Brigham Young still live in the Lion House at Salt Lake. Their shares of the estate were $21,000 each, according to the will, but by threatening litigation they obtained about $10,000 more. They receive, however, only the income from their property; but that is sufficient to give them excellent fare in the old home, with servants, horses, and $75 a month in money. Louise, one of the daughters of the Prophet by Emeline Free, the most intellectual and intelligent of the wives, says that all of her full brothers and sisters have renounced polygamy; but a majority of Young's 47 children are Mormons. Speaking of the household as it used to be, she says: "We lived very happily. My father's ruling hand had a good deal to do with it. He taught us to love one another. Every morning wives and children met in the parlor, where we had prayers and singing. People have often asked me how in the world father knew all his children and wives, but I can tell you if a single one was missing at prayers he knew it, and found out where he or she was. Our house was like a great hotel, and we the guests. Our father was a great manager, and very practical in superintending his household affairs. Our rooms opened on to a long hall, like the one in the hotel here, but larger, and when we wanted anything from sisters, brothers, or wives, we went into this room or that at will."

The Penn Yan (Yates County) *Chronicle* says: We are informed by Mr. William Swarthout, of Torrey, that Mr. Thomas Paulding, a nephew of John Paulding, one of the captors of Major Andre resides in the town of Tyrone, and that he is the owner of the identical musket that John Paulding carried in that memorable capture. Thomas Paulding is now about 75 years of age, and still hale and vigorous. He ought to be invited to attend the great Centenial at Tarrytown, soon to take place. He and his old musket would be among the most interesting objects of that occasion. Upon the death of John Paulding, the musket became the property of a brother and the son of that brother, Mr. Thomas Paulding, keeps it as a family relic.

AN ENTERPRISING FIRM.

The Display of Shindler & Chadbourne at the Pavilion---Their Factory at Willsburg

The gentlemen who are associated in the furniture business under the familiar firm name of Shindler & Chadbourne are men not less of social than of business and financial standing in this community. The resident partner, Mr. Shindler, has been known to the business world of Oregon for nearly a quarter of a century, and is justly regarded as one of the most reliable business men of the city. Mr. Chadbourne resides in San Francisco and is one of the largest furniture dealers in that city.

Of their elegant display in the pavilion we note first a bedroom set of American walnut trimmed with French walnut. The bedstead has side panels carved in relief, and the carving throughout is elegant in design and detail. The bed drapery of darned net over blue is the work of Mrs. W. S. Buckman, and gives the mouth a regal appearance. The bureau has a top of Lisbon marble, and is set with a large mirror, flint glass with beveled edge—one of the most difficult of modern arts. The window drapery is of thread lace, antique, and suspended on a brass rod. In addition to the articles belonging to this superb bedroom set, there is displayed in this room a settee after the pattern used in England during the reign of the Tudors. This is upholstered in poncean silk plush, trimmed in fawn-colored satin, walnut frame embellished in ebony and gold. A patent rocker, walnut frame, upholstered in raw and spun silk, and trimmed in mohair plush; a handsome pillow-chair, upholstered in maroon satin, trimmed with chenille fringe; lady's pillow backed chair upholstered in raw silk, trimmed in silk plush, finished with chenille fringe; parlor writing desk of unique pattern, made of white holly and tulip wood, inlaid with marquetert work, embellished in gold. Three genuine Turkish rugs, in Oriental color and design, and a carpet of body Brussels in colors nicely blended complete the adornments of this department. Passing a step beyond, we view

THE PARLOR FURNITURE.

This consists of draperies, lambrequins, curtains, marble mantle, Turkish sofa and two Turkish arm chairs. These last are upholstered in raw and spun silk, brocaded, trimmed with maroon satin, finished with chenetlle fringe. A patent rocker, ebony and gold frame, is upholstered in satin damask, trimmed with silk plush, finished with chenetlle fringe; a combined foot rest and slipper case is upholstered in raw and spun silk, trimmed with garnet and silk plush, and old gold satin; a walnut and gilt patent rocker, upholstered in old gold cashmere, trimmed with garnet mohair plush. A reception chair shown, is a real gem, and would grace a royal drawing room. The frame is of ebony and gilt; the upholstery is of crimson silk plush, put on in the pattern of a shell, trimmed with old gold satin and finished with chenetlle cord and fringe. The centre piece in the back is a radiine in silk plush. Another fine and unique piece is a parlor cabinet, Queen Anne style, ebony and gilt, panels of flint glass beveled edges in the center, the wings left open for the display of brica brac. Another in seed of ebony and gold makes a fine showing. In each corner of the room is an elegant stand surmounted by ormolu figures of knights in armor. A winged book case is shown, the case being of walnut, ornamented by a white holly and ebony marquiteri panel. The marble mantel is adorned with gilt and surmounted by an elegant plate glass of French plate, the heavy gold frame handsomely carved and gilded in rich style. The draperies though hastily arranged

FAR SURPASS ANYTHING IN THAT LINE

Ever displayed in this city, and hang on either side of the pier glass. One of full length, in silk cashmere, with heavy garnet plush; center drapery of gold, silk plush and blue side pieces of satin, the whole finished with chenetlle fringe and tassels, and draped over fine lace curtains of sunflower pattern. A portier or door curtain is the most elegant exhibit in the pavilion, and is not surpassed on the coast. The body is of maroon mohair plush, having a border of broad French moquette stripe, the figure a vase, supporting festoons of flowers; one curtain gracefully draped, the other hanging straight to show the effect when drawn over the door. The valance is of the same material, the stripe running transverse, trimmed with heavy chenetlle fringe and tassels. The ceiling of these two rooms are decorated similar to the interior of a handsome parlor and the walls are adorned by paper of richly blending colors. Whether taken as a whole or in detail, the display is the finest in the line ever made north of San Francisco, and a visit to the fair is well repaid by viewing it even if were the only attraction.

The presence of a wide awake resident partner in San Francisco, with extensive eastern connections, enables the firm to furnish, without delay, anything in their line demanded by this market at prices that distance competition. Take for instance the trade in carpets in which the house does a large business. In order to keep up with the demand for latest and best patterns, the arrivals in San Francisco of new goods are watched with care, and the best possible selections made. The same is true of upholstery and drapery. Any thing new and desirable is certain to find its way to the spacious warehouse and storerooms of this firm. In every feature that goes to make up business success, a complete stock, the ability to fully supply all wants, selections to suit all tastes, prices uniformly the lowest that prudence can dictate, and honorable dealing, Messrs Shindler & Chadbourne occupy an envied position.

THEIR FACTORY.

The furniture factory of this energetic firm, is located at Willsburg, one mile south of the carshops on the O. & C. railroad. Steam power, labor, and interest on invested money in factories in cities is no light burden to manufacturers. As the mariner avoids shoals and quicksands, so in the location of their factory, Shindler & Chadbourne avoided all needless outlay and heavy running expenses, where others, less wise, have fallen into those errors. They bought about two years ago ten acres of land with one of the best water privileges in the state, erected suitable buildings, put in machinery of the latest and best kinds, and there, within four miles of Portland, they produce every grade of furniture required in their large and growing business. We were through the factory some months ago, and have not seen an establishment which seems to be conducted with more system, or better management. We see from our sanctum daily great loads of their furniture crossing at the ferry from the factory to the warerooms.

The most successful flouring mills in this state—in fact the only profitable ones—have been those run by water power, while steam power mills have been far from profitable. In New England the great chair and furniture factories are in the interior adjoining streams furnishing motive power. The greatest furniture factories of Grand Rapids, Michigan, are run by water power. Shindler & Chadbourne have certainly acted wisely in locating their factory in the country, and using the motive power furnished without price by nature. Great piles of ash, maple, spruce, cedar, walnut and fir are stacked about the factory. A year's supply is always stored to insure proper seasoning, and one of the most annoying features—shrinking and swelling of furniture—thus avoided. Only the most skilled artisans are employed. Chamber suits, office, library, parlor and dining room furniture are produced in large quantities, and from the lowest priced chair to the finest bedstead, nothing is allowed to leave the factory without strict examination and the assurance of perfect workmanship in every detail.

The stores and warerooms of the firm are located on First and Front streets between Morrison and Yamhill and occupy three floors fifty by two hundred feet.

What we have described of their exhibit in the pavilion can at any time be seen largely multiplied by a look their establishment where all visitors whether purchasers or not will receive every attention.

Queen Victoria as Author Again.

Queen Victoria, it is stated, is again to become an author. She proposes to furnish a descriptive catalogue of all the presents given her during her reign, to be illustrated by photography. The catalogue, it is said, will be exhaustive, including the most costly gifts of her brother sovereigns down to the patched bed quilt and wooden kitchen utensils sent from her poor subjects and neighbors at Balmoral. The idea is a pretty, fanciful one, worthy of a good woman who has intelligence enough to know how to be grateful. Another monarch, the Emperor of Brazil, whom all Americans like to remember as the grizzly bearded, honest eyed "Dom Pedro," and who tramped about the Centennial building, for his greater comfort, in a shabby coat and unblacked shoes has shown his devotion to literature in a different fashion. He does not write books, but he never misses a chance of collecting and placing them so as best to serve his people. He has just held a Camoens tercentenary in Brazil, laid the foundation for a Portuguese library, and opened a Camoens exhibition at which he showed ninety different editions of the "Lusiad." A volume has just been published, comprising the best works of fifty Brazilian poets, to which the Emperor furnished a few lines. What Dom Pedro's merits as a poet may be we know not, but in sound, practical sense, in intelligence as to his subjects, and fidelity in discharging them, he is the ideal ruler of his time.

TO KEEP LAMP CHIMNEYS FROM CRACKING.—The following recipe for keeping lamp chimneys from cracking is taken from the *Diamond*, a Leipzig journal devoted to the glass interest: Place your tumblers, chimneys or vessels which you desire to keep from cracking in a pot filled with cold water; add a little cooking salt, allow the mixture to boil well over a fire, and then cool slowly. Glass treated in this way is said not to crack even if exposed to very sudden changes of temperature. Chimneys are said to become very durable by this process, which may also be extended to crockery, stoneware, porcelain, etc.

A printer's girl fell exhausted into his arms at a ball. It was a feint to work in an em brace.

WOMEN'S HEADACHE.—The New York *Herald*, which devotes most of its space to news has published a brief editorial on woman's headaches, which is certainly more suggestive than many of the articles in that paper. One principal reason why women suffer more than men with headache, is the fact that their life is largely indoors, and they are not able to take so much physical exercise. There is very little complaint of headache at summer resorts, where the windows are always open and games and excursions constantly tempt people into the open air. Girls who ride, row, sail and shoot, seldom have headaches, and the same is true of those who work in the fields, as women in many countries do. Headaches might be almost banished from civilized society by a wise and careful system of physical training, and a rational system of diet. We ought to be ashamed of having a headache as of being unable to read or write, or speak our language correctly.

Oregon Machinery Depot.

H. P. Gregory & Co., importers and commission merchants of San Francisco, have lately opened a branch of their house at No. 43 Front street, Portland. For many years they have been known as one of the heaviest California firms dealing in machinery, engines, etc., and their large and growing trade in Oregon has compelled them to open a house here. Mr. Stewart McClure is the resident partner here, and is a very pleasant gentleman to deal with. They carry wood working machinery of all kinds, saw mills and saws, machinists tools, steam engines and boilers, lubricating oils, blowers and exhaust fans, and make rubber goods a specialty. A complete line of engineer supplies can always be found at their Portland house, where the best of terms is always given to the trade. Catalogues sent on application.

Every music teacher or musician in Oregon, Washington Territory or Idaho, who will send their name and address to Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison St., Portland, will receive free for three months, a copy of his *Musical Review*, containing three new pieces of music each month, besides current musical news.

REMEMBER

That Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices. A large stock of sheet music, books, pianos, musical merchandise, band and orchestra music always on hand. Mr Warren buys every thing direct from Eastern houses, and can afford to sell cheaper than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue.

The Friend of Delicate Ladies.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure is the remedy that will cure the many diseases peculiar to women, Headaches, neuralgia, disordered nerves, weakness, mental shocks, and kindred ailments are effectually removed by its use.—The Mother's Magazine.

I have suffered from a kidney difficulty for the past ten years, accompanied with nervous spasms. Physicians gave me but temporary relief, but after using three and one half bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, my nervous spasms were entirely relieved. My age is 77 years. I recommend this great remedy to all suffering from nervous troubles. MRS. MARY BEESE. Easton, Pa.

Be 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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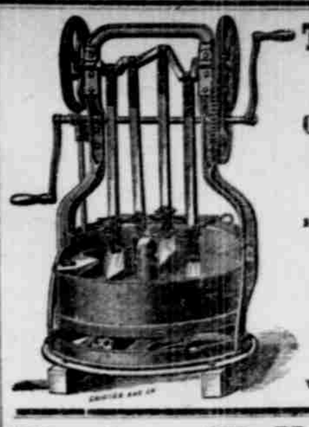

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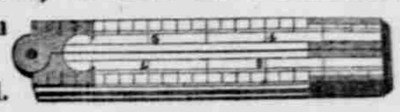

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