WHISKY BOB'S CLAIM.

Whiskey Bob was dead broke, very tired, and wanted to sit down and study out his situation and what was best to be done. He put down his rocker and pack carefully on the grass; his blankets were strapped in it, with pick, shovel, tin wash-pan and frying-pan, with a bag containing a little pork, ham, flour and tin pot for his coffee, and peeping from the roll of blankets was the neck of a whiskey bottle. He had stopped at the bottom of a high mountain ridge, not far from the Yuba river, that made along for miles. It was well wooded and shaded by old trees, had little underbrush, and just below him there ran a creek amid the bushes clear and cool, over the pebbles, which was very pleasant to see and hear in the hot weather of summer.

"Here I be again, the same derned fools as ever, ruined by whisky, after making piles of money; I just deserve it. What a dog-goned jackass a human can make hisself with whisky."

Taking up his pack, Bob toiled slowly up the ridge under the trees until he came to the top, whare it flattened out in little level places and slight depressions. Birds were singing and flowers blooming around him; and, as he sat down to rest, he heard, to his astonishment, not very far off, the clear, sweet voice of a female, singing.

Peeping cautiously under the young pine trees, there, in a little open flat, sitting on a rock, was the singer. It was a pleasant picture to look at for a lonely man—a tall, shapely, buxom young girl, with light golden hair, blue eyes, and very regular, pretty features. She was dressed in a short calico dress, with moccasins on her feet and a sunbonnet thrown back from her head. Her hand rested on a long Kentucky rifle. She was a representative of the better class of Western girls, who were continually in those early days arriving in the mountains of California from the long trip overland, emigrating in families from Kentucky and other States.

Whisky Bob listened to the song with delight, and gazed at the singer in admiration; and then, with his pack on his shoulder, coolly walked out into her presence, and, putting the pack down not far from her, sat down himself. The young girl looked at him a little surprised, but sat composed and still, only putting her hand carelessly on the stock of her rifle. Then she spoke to him.

"Well, mister, who might you be, that walks into a young lady's drawing-room, without knocking, even on the bark of a tree?"

"Please, Miss, I'm called Whisky Bob—out prospecting," said he.

"No 'miss' about it, Mr. Bob, please. My name, for short, is Nell Green to all friends, and to others—well, I've a shooting iron," said the girl, and continued: "Your name of Whisky is a bad one, young man, and, I reckon, shows you are being ruined by corn juice. Is that so?"

"Well, Nell, that's a fact—but rather rough," said Bob, who saw the girl had a half smile on her face.

She was not in the least bold or forward, or wanting in modesty; but the company of rough men, danger, and scenes in the wilderness, had taught her to be self-composed and self reliant.

"Now, Mr. Bob—without the Whiskey—it seems to me," said Nell, "ye're throwing yerself away; and there might be something better for yer, if ye'd seek seek it," and she looked at him with an expression of some interest.

"I know it, Nell, if I could only do it."

"Got no folks, no family, to keer for you?" said Nell.

"Nary one," replied Bob; never had. I toted myself and pack up this ridge to jest seek my luck once more, and quit the corn juice and reform. I said to myself, 'Bob, if ye could only meet a woman anywhere in these diggings, and stake out a claim where she stood, it would bring ye fresh luck, and ye might turn over a new leaf, and be somebody once more.' And here, sure enough, I've met you."

"Ye mean right, I'm sure," said Nell, softly. "But down the trail away yonder I see my folks are coming along, with their fixings and plunder, pan, man, and the rest ov 'em. I must put out, stranger; but, Mr. Bob, let me say a kind word to ye on parting from a short acquaintance. Yer say a woman brings ye luck every time. Now I jest hope I'll bring good fortune to yer, and you may take yer pile out of this 'ere spot, though I can't see where it is. And, Mr. Bob," said the girl, hesitating, "ef ye do find it, and act up to yer good intentions about the corn juice—well, then, Mr. Bob, my folks are raising log houses and shed fixings down on the opening at the foot ov the creek, away there where ye can see a break in the trees. We mean to locate." And walking up to Bob, she put her hand on his shoulder, "and, Mr. Bob, ef ye raise yer pile ye can bring jest a little piece of gold down for Nell to remember she brought a better life for ye."

Bob was confused, and seemed to feel a tear in his eye, but he caught the little hand and kissed it, while Nell, blushing, hurried away with a step like an antelope's.

Whisky Bob was a believer in luck, destiny, or whatever we may choose to call it, and more particularly, he had a strong belief in his own good luck, especially in its relations to the fair sex.

He took his rocker and put it in running order down the ridge by a little pool of water, fed by a small stream, where he could bring his dirt and wash out for half an hour, and then pack down more while the pool was filling with water again.

Next he went and rolled away the rock where Nell had been sitting and singing by the dry pebbles of the rivulet, and, taking his pick, commenced digging out a ditch in the grass, about two feet wide, down stream, and took the dirt down to his rocker. He worked until sunset, only finding about six bits of coarse gold, but in his last bucket, when washed out, he found a good solid piece of gold weighing three ounces. This encouraged him, and brightened his hopes for the future. There was gold there now found to be a fact.

In the morning he rose by daylight, and after his breakfast of fried pork and coffee, ending with the usual smoke of his pipe, he went to work again, determined to work the place out for Nell's sake, if he did not make a fortune.

He worked hard and steady through the day, only stopping at noon for some coffee and a smoke beneath the pine-tree camp. The sun was very hot, but he didn't mind it. At night, when he washed out the result of the day's hard toil, he only had a dollar's worth of coarse gold, but he found a little piece of ribbon Nell had lost from her hair. This consoled him amply, as he kissed it and said to himself, "Bob, better luck to-morrow." His claim was what miners called "very spotted," for the gold was scattered in spots here and there. The next day and the next his labors brought him the same results—about enough to pay expenses, or, as the miners call it, "grub money."

The fourth day, just before he washed out, in his last rocker of dirt, at sunset, he found two pieces of gold—one worth $150, the other full $200. Bob was happy that night, and tied the blue ribbon, with a leather string round his neck, so that it could rest on his heart. The next two days brought no big pieces, but the seventh he took pieces of gold from the clay-like cement weighing about $700. It was dark-colored gold, pretty solid, and twisted in strange shapes, with holes in it, but not appearing much worn, or in mining parlance, "washed."

When the miners passed him daily on their way over the divide they stopped to ask what his luck was, and when they saw a very little coarse gold in his pan they laughed at him. But Bob kept his lumps of gold in his pocket, or buried them beside the rock in his camp. In this way he worked on, taking sometimes large pieces of gold out, half as large as Nell's little fist, and then for days very little.

The days and weeks passed by, but Bob toiled on, determined to work out his claim thoroughly. He dug down stream, until over the edge of the flat it became so steep no show of gold could be found, and then dug holes and cross-ditches to see if the little depressions of the mountain had any more chunks of gold buried under the grass roots. But he had worked it out; and what was better, he had kept his word to Nell, his resolution to himself to reform, and had taken out his pile at the same time.

He now examined and weighed his gold, and found that he had about six thousand dollars, mostly in heavy pieces. This was a pretty good fortune for seven weeks' digging, and Bob felt an unconquerable longing to go and tell Nell all about it. The next morning by daylight he cleared up, packed his things and started down the ridge to the nearest trading tent. But in his blankets, carefully strapped out of sight, was a heavy bag of gold in place of a whisky bottle.

Bob had a heavy load to pack, but it was all down hill, and therefore easier for him. He arrived at the mining store, or trading tent, so common in the mountains in olden times, where almost anything could be purchased—from a paper of pins to a calico shirt and broadcloth pantaloons. Here he rested and renovated himself generally, found an old sailor who could cut and trim his long hair and beard to reasonable proportions, and purchased some calico shirts and other clothes, until, when dressed up nicely, he could have walked the streets of any city, and any of the fair sex would have said he was a very fine looking fellow.

It was early in the day yet, and Bob set out to find the ranch of Nelly's people, leaving his pack except the blankets containing his gold, which were slung over his shoulders on his pick handle.

In a little over a mile's walking he found a pretty valley at the mouth of the creek, where some new log houses, fences and clearings indicated Nell's home.

In a back room, with her white, strong, beautiful arms bare to the shoulder, stood pretty Nell at the washtub, very busy in a stream of soap-suds and Kentucky jeans, singing free as a bird.

Bob put down his pack and walked in, but Nell's quick ear heard, and as she turned and saw him her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"What? Bob, is that you come at last?—in store clothes, too!" said she glancing with bright eyes at the young man, and with poorly disguised pleasure."

"Certain sure, Nell; you said I might come."

"Yes, Bob; but how about the whisky?"

"Nell, I havn't touched a drop since you saw me; if I have they may shoot me. And what's more, don't mean to—if you say so," replied he.

"An' Bob, did I bring luck to yer? Was there gold up thar?"

"Nell, thar's six thousand dollars and more, rolled in them blankets thar, I owe to your pretty self, or I'm a nigger. And, Nell, just look here," and Bob took from the breast of his shirt a package carefully wrapped in paper, which had rested on the bow of Nell's blue ribbon he had found, and which she plainly saw. Unwrapping it, there was a piece of gold, in the shape of a spread eagle almost exact in every part, weighing over six ounces.

"Nell, you said I might bring yer a specimen from my pile, and here 'tis."

"Yes, Bob, but what gal's bit of ribbon is that yer so keerful about?" said Nell, with a loving look, but turning her face from him mischievously, and stirring the soap-suds.

"That ere," replied he, "broke loose from the har of an angel that met me on the mountains, yonder, and said some kind words to a dead-broke man, that gave him new life, and what's more brought good luck and a pile of gold to him, and he kept the thing as a charm to lighten his thoughts when he felt down-hearted," and Bob went closer to Nell, whose cheeks turned red.

"Yes, Bob," said she, "but ain't that talk kind of airy? Angels don't flit round these diggins, as I ever heerd ov."

"Yes, Nell, that's so; but any woman's an angel to a man that's going wrong, who, in the loving kindness of her heart encourages him to do right, and that's what ye've done for me. Ye see, Nell, I've never had any folks of my own blood to keer for me; I went into a ship's cabin as 'prentice boy from an orphan asylum. That ere gold came to me by luck from you, and if ye'd only take it with something else—"

"With what, Bob?" but Nell still kept her face turned away, while he was edging still closer to her.

"Well, Nell, if I must make the riffle, jest take Bob with the dust and make him a happy man for the rest of his life. He loves yer, and would die for yer any time," and Bob stole his arm around her slender waist.

Nell at last turned her blushing face, and looking roguishly at Bob said: "Don't you think, Bob, it would be better sense to say ye'd live for Nell than die for her?"

Bob didn't speak, but drew Nell to him, and kissed her. Nell, somehow had her hands so entangled in the soap-suds and clothes that she couldn't resist, but she pouted her lips, and Bob took his kisses back from them.

Three years after the above events happened, in that same valley, was a very pretty cottage with a garden and flowers around it, that indicated taste and refinement, and the whole clearing had become extensive, with its buildings and improvements. Here resided Mr. Robert Stinton and his pretty wife Nell, the handsomest and happiest couple in the northern counties.

Mr. Stinton was a prosperous cattle dealer, well to-do, and few remembered there ever was such a man as Whiskey Bob.

"Swans sing before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

Gushing.

It seems perfectly natural for some people to gush.

They are boiling springs, so full that they must run over.

They gush on every occasion, and wonder how you can be so cool about everything! They do not think you have any feelings at all. You never show any!

How delighted they are with everything! All the days are splendid! All the people are so delightful! All the sights they see are charming. All the singers are such heavenly warblers! All the women are angels! and all the men have such elegant mustaches!

Every object can be gushed over.

Last summer one of the gushers—a young lady—was riding with us, and we came upon a drove of pigs. Our friend went into ecstacies at once. "So charming! so cunning! so wonderful! so strange that they could be made into ham and eggs! and sausage! and spare-ribs! and such an elegant curl in their tails!" and she told the pig driver that they were "little darlings!" and got the indignant reply:

"No, they ain't. They're Berkshires, and as big of their age as any pigs you ever see. Bet you a dollar on it!"

Somehow the sympathy of the public generally is with the gushers.

They are so ingenious, and so simple-hearted! So free from guile! Like Truthful James, so "childlike and bland!"

It is always a good thing to gush over a popular preacher. Everybody admires devotion, if they do not confess it, and it always makes people think well of you if you praise their minister's sermon. Nothing like appreciating your friend's minister. It is the next best thing to admiring your friend's baby.

And there is nothing better to gush over than a baby. Call it the dearest, sweetest, knowingest, most bewitching baby in the universe, and all its near relatives will believe you, and nobody will think you are exaggerating except the woman next door, who had a baby about the same time the other one was born, and who knows that her baby is the brightest and handsomest baby on the footstool!

It is a good thing to gush at funerals. If you see anybody cry join in yourselves and cry, if possible, harder than the best of them! It will please the mourners to see how much you thought of the dead man; it will almost reconcile them to the necessity of having a funeral, because you show so much sympathy! It tells everybody that you have a heart to feel for the woes of others; and when charitable people go around with a "paper" to get money to help the widow and eight children, you will not have to give anything! Is not sympathy better than gold, especially to a lonely widow with eight children to support? Nobody will expect you to give anything.

They will all remember how you gushed at the funeral, and when you tell the "paper" carrier that you have just paid some bills and parted with every cent of your available cash, and express your grief that it has "happened so," if he is a man with a soul he will believe you, and he will feel as if he ought to put his hand into his pocket and give you a quarter.

Not long ago a young man of our own acquaintance married a spinster twice his age, and cross-eyed in the bargain. When asked why he did so, he made this reply:

"Why, she cried so when my mother was buried, and seemed so much cut up that I knew she must have a heart worth winning."

So, you see, that gushing can do a great deal for the gusher.

Does Vaccination Prevent Smallpox?

Since the recent outbreak of smallpox in San Francisco, a wide-spread discussion has been going on among the physicians of that city in regard to the hitherto supposed benefits of vaccination. Dr. Hiller, a leading man among the medical fraternity, takes strong ground against vaccination, claiming that the fact that the mortality from smallpox during this century is less than during the preceding, proves nothing but that it is proved in all countries where vaccination has been extensively practiced, that the mortality from all forms of diseases has more than tenfold increased, and that the average term of life has greatly decreased. Epidemics are governed by positive natural laws; they have a beginning, a rise and decline, and gradually die out. He says: "When the advocates of vaccination are able to show scientifically, and adduce figures to prove that it has decreased the general mortality, then, and only then, may some importance be attached to their arguments." The argument is supported by a large number of reports from physicians, on the subject, the conclusion of the writer being that "Vaccination is no protection against smallpox; the eradication of this fearful disease is as far distant as when Jenner, according to my humble judgment, frivolously introduced this dangerous practice." On the other hand physicians quite as eminent, among them Dr. Cox of San Jose, formerly of this State, contend earnestly for the efficiency of the method of prevention and that whatever of disease results from vaccination is caused by improper application and the use of contaminated matter; that since the more general use of bovine virus, and the abandonment of that taken from human beings, the occurrence of resultant diseases has greatly diminished, and that there is no necessity in the theory of vaccination or its application, when properly made, to cause any harmful effects. Statistics of vaccination taken in the British army are quoted, showing that of deaths occurring before the introduction of compulsory vaccination, 66 per cent. were from smallpox, while since the per cent. has only been between nine and ten per cent. Reports from various other sources are quoted which demonstrate conclusively that, vaccinnation does prevent smallpox, the yet open question being whether it can be administered so as to be certainly harmless. The argument shows that there are two sides to the subject.

The *Inter-Ocean* thinks that General Butler will, after all, get the money that the proprietors of the Woman's Bank at Boston swindled the poor out of. He has been retained to defend Mrs. Howe et al, in the courts.

A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT.

Heaviest Wholesale House on the Coast.

Combined Capital to Build up the Largest Wholesale Business House on the Pacific Coast, With Portland for Its Centre.

The success attendant upon the enterprise of some of our leading merchants, men who in the past have made a name for themselves and spread to the world their untiring energy as representative men in building up our city and State, and giving to the other cities a knowledge of the vastness of the Northwestern metropolis; men whose aims are not confined to the mere narrow ambition of gaining wealth for their own selfish use, but to gain it for the prosperity of the State and coast, and build for themselves names as

LASTING AND DURABLE

As the hills around, have caused them to open the way for a larger trade and more commercial industry than the people of this coast ever dreamed of before. The dissolution of a co-partnership, announced by this paper to-day in another column, means more than a simple retirement from business of one member of a large, growing and reliable wholesale house, it means but the initial step towards planting in our midst a firm which, in extensive dealings and unlimited facilities, will stand

UNRIVALLED ON THIS CONTINENT,

West of the Rocky Mountains. At the beginning of the new year will the advent of this firm begin and the house now known as L. Goldsmith & Co., be remembered thereafter only as a landmark in the members of rising generations, and, though it will then cease to exist as the firm it now is, will have grown to be the mightiest in our State, and have taken the place of all competitors. A grand combination has been effected between L. & M. Sachs, of San Francisco, the firm of L. Goldsmith & Co., of this city, and L. & I. White, the

WEALTHY AND POPULAR GENTLEMEN

Who did so large and extensive a business here a few years ago. Their combined capital will aggregate over $6,000,000, and with their influence here and abroad will control the commercial interests of this coast to a degree that no other firm, however great, may aspire to. L. & M. Sachs, of San Francisco, have a reputation that is second to none other on the coast, while no encomiums of ours could place before the public the names of Goldsmith and White in a more favorable light than they now stand.

THE NEW FIRM

Will enlarge their business, and carry large stocks in all the lines of goods in which they deal. They will have a house in New York, one in San Francisco, and one in Portland. The house at Portland will be the central point of their trade, as on the Northwest coast is their largest field of operations.—*Exchange.*

Old People.

A gentleman who was showing me a literary paper which he had written in a very clear, bold hand, remarked: "I always write very distinctly that I may have no difficulty in reading my manuscripts when old age comes upon me."

He was then bordering on 70. Another very vigorous old gentleman, aged 77, who was at the head of a large publishing establishment, was explaining to a friend the enormous amount of work he went though from day to day. His friend remarked that it must tell upon him seriously at his age.

"O no," he replied, "I don't feel it now, but I expect I shall do in after life!"

I cannot vouch for the truth of the following anecdotes, but they may serve to "point a moral and adorn a tale:" In the old coaching days, when a coach stopped on one occasion to change horses, one of the passengers strolled along a green lane, and was surprised to see an old man sitting under the hedge crying. In answer to a question as to the cause of his grief, he replied that his father had been beating him. The passenger, who thought the father of an old man like that must be a curiosity worth seeing, asked him to take him to his father. The old man led him to a cottage where a very old man was standing at the gate, looking very angry.

"Is this your son?" he asked.

"Yes," replied the old man gruffly.

"He tells me you have been beating him," said the passenger.

"Yes; and he deserves beating, the young rascal, for he has been throwing stones at his grandfather."

I have heard of another old man and his wife, both of whom had reached the venerable age of 100. They had three daughters, the youngest of whom died unmarried at the age of 72. The old woman was quite inconsolable on accont of their irreparable loss. The youngest daughter had evidently been her pet, for after their return from the funeral she said to her husband, amid her sobs and tears:

"I always telt thee, John, that we should never rear that child."—[Chamber's Journal.

A NEW BALANCE FOR TESTING WEIGHTS.—Herr von Krasper recently exhibited before the Buda-Pesth Academy a new balance designed for use by Hungarian officials in the inspection of weights. The prism-shaped steel bed, on which the middle knife-edge rests, is easily drawn out with the finger from the swallow tail-shaped rollers between which it is passed in the body of the balance. The beam can thus be easily removed, and replaced. Each weighing scale hangs on a conical point, and the stopping and raising arrangement is continued in a horizontal frame. Great accuracy in the readings is obtained by substituting for the pointer an optical arrangement on the beam, consisting of two achromatic glass prisms, which render parallel the rays from opposite directions and send them to a telescope placed before the balance. At the two sides of the balance two scales are set (but on the walls of the room); the images of these scales move in the field of the telescope beside each other in opposite directions, and so the corresponding divisions can be read off. These readings are independent of vibrations of the telescope, and are much more exact than those with telescope and cross threads, not to speak of the common pointer. The arrangement also permits of the centre of gravity of the balance being placed lower, the stability increased, etc. The weight of the balance is about forty-four pounds, though both scales can carry forty-four pounds weight.

A simple but delicate way of preparing potatoes is a favorite breakfast dish in the West Indies: Two pounds of peeled potatoes are washed and grated; four ounces each are added of sugar and butter melted, one teaspoonful each of salt and pepper mixed well together, placed in a baking dish, and put into a brisk oven until done and shows a delicate brown color. Another mode of preparing potatoes by the French, after the potatoes are boiled in their jackets, is to peel and mash them with a fork; put them into a stewpan with some butter and salt, moistened through with cream, and let them grow dry while stirring them over the fire; add more cream, and continue adding for nearly an hour; turn them into a dish, and brown them on the top with a salamander.

A chap, being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for a lazy man to attain so much education, answered, "I didn't—attain it; I—just—heard—it—here—and—there, and was too lazy to forget."

MUSIC, MUSIC.

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 everything direct from Eastern houses, and can afford to sell cheaper than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue.

An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA." ALBIA, IOWA, May 27, 1880.

To Whom it May Concern:

I take a great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been afflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years and have tried numerous remedies with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to me, and after taking it the pain and distress left me, and I am to-day feeling strong and well. I am perfectly satisfied that Warner's Safe Kidney Cure is the medicine needed, and can cheerfully recommend it to others.

G. W. STAMM.

Take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure

Santa Claus' Headquarters!

Corner Front and Alder Streets, Portland, Ore., on

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Wholesale and retail dealers in

Toys, Fancy Goods and Novelties. Mechanical and Magnetic Toys, Dolls, Drums, Skates, Sleighs, MasKs, Velocipedes and Games.

Send for sample case of toys put up assorted in lots $10, $20, $30.

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Club, Iron, Nickel Plated, Ladies' Wood Seldom, Union Lover, Barney & Berry, and other skates.

PRICES: $1 00 to $5 00.

Sent everywhere by mail on receipt of price and 15 cent postage.

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EVERDING & FARRELL

Commission Merchants

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GRAIN, HAY and GROCERIES

Of all kinds. Also in

Wool, Hides, Etc.

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Ladies' and Gents' Jewelry!

Such as Ladies Sets, Long Pins, Brooches, Neck Chains, Watch Chains, Finger Rings, Bracelets, Cuff Pins, Cuff Buttons; Childrens' Ear Drops, Sets, Bib Pins, Bracelets; Gentlemens' Watches, Rings, Watch Chains, Watch Charms, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Buttons, Shirt Studs, Scarf Pins, Diamond and Imitation Diamond Studs and Rings, Lockets, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, etc., as well as Clocks, Novelties and CHRISTMAS GOODS.

Any of the above goods sent to any part of the country C. O. D., with the privilege to the purchaser of examining goods before paying for them.

ARRH, the most prevalent but least understood of all diseases, is the cause of much needless suffering and thousands of premature deaths annually. DR. KECK has made this disease a life study, having been a great sufferer himself and cured by His Own Remedy, which he has for thirteen years in his practice—the three last in Portland, Or.—put to the severest tests with the most satisfactory results. He has also treated several physicians. With this accumulative evidence we are warranted in saying that no other preparation for the cure of this disease in any of its forms will give such universal satisfaction as DR. KECK'S SURE CURE FOR CATARRH, which you can get of your Druggist at home, or of DR. KECK of Portland, Or., at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.

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DOLLS, VASES, CUPS and SAUCERS, CABINET SETS, Etc., Etc.

Dolls for 5c	LOOK AT	Wax Dolls for	50c
Dolls for 10c	Our Prices!	Wax Dolls for	75c
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(Worth Double the Money) Noah's Arks, Tin Horns.

CHILDREN'S DINNER SETS, EXTENSION TABLES,

And other Goods in endless variety at LOW PRICES. $5, $10, and $25 Lots of Toys put up, assorted, sent by Mail or Express. Our Stock is the Finest ever brought to Portland and we are prepared to Wholesale and Retail Cheaper than any place in this City.

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Price List on application. Orders from the country filled with Promptness.

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Pat. Self-Adjusting American Club Skate.

BLUED STEEL or FULL NICKEL PLATED. Prices furnished on application. Can be forwarded by Mail at a cost of 40c. For sale by

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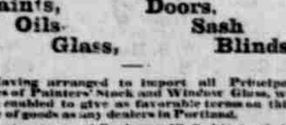

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