I wis' you'd help us find 'em. Gran'ma al'us does.

My horse's name is Beisey She jumped and broke her head, I put her in the stable

And fed her milk and bread. The stable's in the parlor; I wis' you'd let it stay there,

Gran'ma al'us doca. I's going to the cornfield To ride on Charlie's plow;

I 'spect he'd like to have mewants to go right now Oh, won't I gee up awful, And woa like Charley woas; I wis' you wouldn't bozzer,

Grap ma pever does.

I want's some bread and butter, I's hungry worstest kind; But Taddie masn't have none, Cause she wouldn't mind.

Tell you what, I knows It's right to put on sugar, Gran'ma al'us does.

PEN.

"What an odd little name for a young lady-Pen!" said Roy Delbert, to Miss Dane, who had been speaking of her

"A diminutive," replied Dahlia Dane, suppressing a yawn behind her fan, as if tired of the subject. She was named Penelope for an aunt of ours who left her little income enough to buy ribbons and gloves with Heigho! what a very hot day it is!"

And Miss Dane looked down the road, as if she would like to behold a chariot and six horses coming to bear her from the sufferings of that sultry afternoon. But Roy continued to gaze down the garden, where a young girl was busily entting heliotrope and carnations.

She had not a pretty face, but it was a singularly interesting one, with dark eyes, gentle, tender, and framed by natural waves and curls of dark brown hair. The profusion of hair was knotted back by a cherry ribbon, the only bit of color bout Pen, while Dahlis wore a rich, silken robe of mingled purple and

Such rich tints suited the stately, handsome girl. Roy often told her so, and wished to put her in a picture as Cleopatra, but Miss Dane declined. If it had been for another kind of character! But Roy Dalbert was not that sort of man to care three straws for a Cleo-

And here he was looking his eyes out after a girl who might have sat for a day, ktoy rode over to Thrushlands, Miranda or an Ophelia, while the blue Dahlia said: Dane blood was coursing through that stately body with a tumult and rapidity which seemed impossible to one who only knew Dablia Dane as she appeared.

She seldom seemed moved by any emotion. She was stately, graceful, correct in deportment, and striking for her superb health and habit of wearing rich

Roy had known her for a year, and had the force of a strong and repressed na-

Imperious and resolute, a certain innee and voluptuousness of temperament made her seem far gentler than she was. Boy had often referred to her beauty, to his artist friends in the city so freely as to make it impossible that he should be in love with her-such are the subtleties of love!

Miss Dane rose, picked a book and crimson scarf from a piazza chair. "Come into the dining-room, and I will order an ice for you," she said.

"Excuse me for one moment," Roy replied, and ran down the piazza steps. In an instant he had come quickly behind the little white-robed figure. "Miss Fay, you are losing your sweet-

Over Pen's simple dress of snowy cambric was tied an apron of white linen, one corner of which having slipped from her hand as she reached among the vines, cutting here and there a blossom, her fragrant tressures were falling last

She turned hurriedly, and stood a picture of momentary dismay, while Roy bent at her feet and promptly repaired "Thank you!" she said, when the last

spray of pale heliotrope was restored to the white apron. "How very stapid I must have looked to you and Dahlia, losing my flowers as fast as I gathered He did not speak; but the sparkling

dance resting on her face did not seem imply the fault of stupidity. But Miss Dane was waiting, and he went back to When he had taken orange sherbert in

the dining room, he asked Dahlia to show him the swans. But the young lady declined, having for the time a deeided aversion to the garden.

"It is far too hot to walk on the terraces this afternoon. This evening when the air is cool, or any other day, with

Roy, disappointed, shortly put on his at and went to his hotel. He had meant to stop at the arbor, where he saw Pen making bonquets, and ask her to oin them on the terraces where the

swans came to be fed. But it was always so; his innocent ots of this kind always fell through; could not tell why, but it made him decidedly out of humor. He vowed he would not go to Thrushlands again for a and was there the next day.

This time he was more fortunate. Pen was practicing.

"If you will take a seat in the parlor, you!" I will call Dahlia," she said.

He did not see her again in that time. It was not strange, for Pen was proud, too, in her way. "I did not know you were so fond of

gentlemen's society as to intercept my visitors," Dahlia had said, sneeringly, that day, after Roy had gone. Pen, stung to the quick by all the in-sult implied, after one silent, indignant glance, afterward absented herself from

the very house whenever Roy entered it. It was only a little way from her retreat in the woods, back of Thrushlands bright grounds, that Roy walked with Dahlia and gave her his confidence, but it was so far among the oaks and chestnuts that she heard never a word, though she could plainly see his figure and the crimson and black of Dahlia's dressherself undiscovered.

"Miss Dane-Dahlia," he said-"I want to tell you something which I have long kept secret, because it is very precious to me. Will you hear it?" He did not observe the quick blood mantle her smooth cheek; he only saw that she consented, readily to sit on the mossy rock to which he handed her, and

This earnestness and tender courtesywhat did it mean but that he was hers,

"I want you to be kind to me," he said, slowly. "I am going to confess to you that I love your cousin Pen, and ask her to give you this letter." He held the letter before her, but she could not see it for the red cloud of pas-

sion that swept before her eyes. "I have tried to say-awkwardly enough probably—what is in my heart. But if she is what I believe her to be, she will be tender of such shortcomings. Say, Dahlia, you have known her longis she not as gentle, sweet and truthful

as a little girl can be?" Though you do not love Dahlia Dane, reader, you might have pitied her then, the enthusiasm of these handsome, upraised eyes sent such a stab to her

"She has a very nice disposition, and will appreciate this, no doubt," taking

"It will be safe in your hands, and you will give it to her soon?" were Roy's words as he assisted her to rise; and they

When Dablia Dane was alone that night, she locked her door, tore open the letter and read its every word. It was a noble and manly letter-one

she would have given her great fortune to have had addressed to herself by Roy Dalbert. I do not know what prevented ber destroying it, for she meant that it should never reach her cousin's hand. But this she did not do. She slipped the sheet again into the envelope, and placed the letter in a Japanese writing-desk, where it lay undisturbed a whole year.

The next morning Pen was sent up into New Hampshire to nurse an invalid

When, on the evening of the second

"Of course, I delivered your letter at once, and with pleasure; but my consin has been called from home by the illness of one of the family. She promised to write to you soon. Roy was not suspicions. If he had

been, he might have made some inquiries of others, and learned that the illness referred to was but the chronic complaints of old age, and that Miss never asked himself the question if he Charity Dane had a retinue of servants low hit before. When we picked him up period of seventy-seven days. Supcould love her. It was a pity, perhaps, at her beck and call, and did not heed for Dahlia Dane loved him with all

> ing, with the worst success possible, to forget Roy Dalbert. She had been so many years alone,

was so utterly unloved, that it was cruel -that one little taste of sweetness, so quickly withdrawn. "But Dublia shall never say with truth that I sought him," she murmured,

even with the tears dashing down her

Dahlis had calculated rightly that the Dalbert pride would not permit Roy to write again. He waited first with hope, then with anxiety, at last in the cruelest suspense for an answer to his letter. Being certain that she had received it, he could finally come to no decision but that he had been deceived in her. The sweet light of those eyes was but a willo'the-wisp, with no substance. His own delusion had made her tender and trueimpossible to be unkind to the meanest thing that loved her. He had offered her an honest man's best affection-at least she need not have scorned it, he

He would not talk of the matter even with Dahlia, but, still pursuing the downward path, she sought, in every way possible, to strengthen his resent-ment against Pen, and destroy his faith

in her. One day, when she was riding with her groom, she was thrown from her horse. She did not seem much injured at first; a slight wound only had been made upon her breast. But it did not heal. Weeks and months went by. The physician came, and came again, and snook his head.

"It could not be he said, to Dublin's parents; "Miss Dane was too young for such a development, which is almost in-variably confined to persons of mature

Dahlia was but twenty-five years old. but the time had come for Ler to die. There was no denying that the hopeless gap in that white flesh was a cancer of the most malignant and unyielding

When too weak to walk about the house; she lay in her chamber thinking about it. Boy Dalbert she had not seen for months, but when she heard one day that he was on the eve of starting for Europe, she bade them call Pen home. Pen had never loved Dehlia, but when she saw how she had changed, she sob-

"Hush, child! Don't ery for me-ery stead of asking for Miss Dane, he asked for your own wrongs. Can I not see that for the ladies, and the new servant you have already almost wept yourself showed him into the music room, where blind up there among the hills? Take blind up there among the hills? Take that letter from the desk. Sec, it is directed to you. Roy Dalbert loves

It was the last conscious hour Dahlia "I had rather stay here, if you will al- Dane ever knew, though she lived many lcw me," he replied, coolly scating him-self; and was rewarded for this bit of au-tangle in her hands, was brave. She

Killed by a Mustang.

It was a clear moonlight night when, after a hard day's "drive," and the herd of wild horses had been penned, the cowboys strapped their tired ponies of saddies and bridles, and staked them out to

fringed the grass of the San Bernardo. cooking utensils were brought forth, and ficial area of the roof? Certainly, the appetite which only violent exercise and be determined. He put a two-foot rule pure air can give, and after the boys had in his pocket and clambered up on the eaten until it became necessary to un-buckle their six shooter belts, blankets work. He measured the end of the were spread under the branches of a live gable, and then crawled along on the oak, which seemed to stand guard over ridge-pole on his hands and knees, the broad expanse of prairie, and they measuring as he went and tearing his settled down for a quiet smoke.

dasher, and you'll have to fork 'em deep

'Wasn't he some galoot from the old States?" inquired one of the boys, turning over on his blankets.

"Yes," replied Ned, "he was a long,

"How did he happen to get killed, Ned? Did the mare flirt with him a littie too strong?" "Yes, that was the way of it. You see,

he had just come from Georgy, and had never been on the back of a wild borse before in his life, but he was spunky with all of that, and wasn't scared of anything. One day while driving out in Nucces county we made 'round up' of all the horses in the range, and after 'cutting out' all that were in the 'dlamond P' brand, the boys began throwing some down and riding 'em, just to see the wild devils 'buck.'

Well, Bill Hall took a darn fool notion to ride one himself, and he picked out a little Roman-nosed mustang mare, pure Spanish and wilder than a cayote, and got some of the boys to help throw her down, because he didn't know any more about handling a lariat than he did

about running a prayer meeting.
"When the saddle had been strapped on her, and Bill forked it, she was turned oose, and the crowd stood back to see the fun. Well, sir, that plug raised her head, looked buck, bellowed a couple of times, and then she lit into the prettiest bucking I ever looked at. 'Stick to her, Bill! I velled, but the only thing he could say was, 'Whoa! stop her, boys;

darn her old hide. While he had his knees gripped to her sides like a vice, and his hair standing like a brush heap, the mustang stretened herself out like a step-ladder, put her head between her front legs, and then, bringing herself together like a rat trap, she slammed Bill Hall against the ground harder thrn I ever beard a fel- November 13th to January 29th, a one ear was jammed around to the back In truth, all unemployed, she was lace, we knew he want tong or two, wandering about the rich house, looking world. He lingered for a day or two, to rise until March 18th, for that particular point, giving a period of about fifty but one morning he motioned for us to days of uniformly varying twilight, the come to him, and as I knelt beside his Pole has about 188 days of continuous couch, and took his hand in mine, he daylight, 100 days of varying twilight, said: Boys, I'm going to pass in my and 77 of perfect inky darkness (save checks, but I ain't going to shiver about when the moon has a northern declinait, even if I do die away out on the tion in the period of a typical year. Durprairie, with no one but a few friends ing the period of a little over four days, around me. I'll have a big, broad bed the sun shines continuously on both the to rest in, and if some day you ride by my grave won't you get down and think

> "Well, sir, the boys -the ornary cusses were crying like women, and I felt terribly shaken myself, but we all promised that we would, and then he raised him-self a little and in a faint voice said: Ned. I want you to write to my mother and tell her I wasn't a very dutiful son,

but I loved her just the same." " 'Ned," he muttered, so faint I could hardly hear him, 'don't tell my folks when you write that I was slid into heaven by a mustang, and with that he fell back, his grasp on my hand relaxed, and Bill Hall was on this earth no more, and when I thought how his mother would grieve it made me feel weak in the

'We buried him, and Jack Jones, who is something of a schollar, because he had a chance to go to school down in Bay Prairie, wrote on the headboard of

"WILLIAM HALL Got a FALL, Killed Dead as a Slug, By a Texas Plug. BORN IN GEORGY.

"It always makes me feel bad when I think of that poor fellow, and how today he sleeps on the bank of the Santa Gertrudes with nothing but a big live ouk to mark his last resting place in the bosom of the prairie. Do any of you fellows want a little draw-poker to-

who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from town on a business trip, was shocked on going into her room an evening or two the room, but a second thought came. the room, but a second thought came, and with it nerve enough to put the thought into execution. The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room.

The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room.

The lady stepped noiselessly into an adjoining room. ped noiselessly into an adjoining room and armed herself with a club. She reand armed herself with a club. She resturned with it and touched the object of her fright. There was no sign of life. She touched it again, and still harder, but still the object did not move. She now thought the man was sleeping. And a third thought came. Harrying-into another room she procured a bottle of chloroform, saturated a cloth with the drowny dans. langle in her hands, was brave. She wrote to Rey Dalbert.

It was only a brief half-hour he had before Dahlia discovered the situation, and came down, but as, with that sweet face smiling typon laim, he could not do does me of his time. Pen's young heart, throbbing with a startled sweetness—which showed itself in parted lips and fine her knowed itself in parted lips and fine her cannot down with the recurse was a lost one. But for the promote of the could, or the promote of the could be controlled to the could be couldy.

"My father wants you to do some of the could be couldy for him, I believe Pen," she said coulty.

"My father wants you to do some Pen disappeared from the scene.

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the end of the line on a tour of inspection, found themselves, who started out to the end of the line on a started of suppling for him, I believe Pen," she said coulty.

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the end of the line on a started of the proved and the memory of her sweet eyes skayed with Roy Dalbert for days and weeks.

It was only a brief half-hour he had before Dalhia discovered the stituation, and came as fast as possible to Thrushlands.

"My father wants you to do some longing for him, I believe Pen," she said colly."

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the end of the line on a started father was a less than the colour of his period, of the proved to be nothing more than a started started was a lost of inspection, found themselves who should the memory of her sweet eyes skayed with Roy Dalbert for days and weeks.

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the ead of the line on a started started and the object he nearly proved to be nothing more than a started started and the same rate of the proved to be nothing more than a started started and the collect her memory of her sweet eyes skayed with Roy Dalbert for days and weeks.

The Northern Pacific Commissioners, who started out to the end of the line on a started

Dobson as a Roof Climber.

with a coating of fire-proof paint. Dob-After duty had been attended to, the kind as to go up and measure the super-ers examined, \$,099,712,000. He says: soon the coffee-pot was singing a musical | head of the house was of the opinion little song, and a leg of fresh calf-ribs that nothing would be easier than to The amounts of accounts examined durspluttering before the fire. The repast, climb up to the roof and measure it, ing the last four years were over \$9,000,though rough, was made enjoyable by an | that the amount of paint needed might | 000,000. pants on the nails. Then a gust of "I tell you what, boys," said Ned Cur-tis, who was one of the hardest riders but by falling into a space between two and best poker players west of the extensions of the house he saved his Brazos, as he lit a cigarette, "we are go- neck. His profanity and antics brought ing to handle some pretty rough mus- a crowd of boys to the spot, who began tangs to-morrow, and if any of you fel- to evince great interest in the proceedlows want to show your fancy riding you ings. When he gathered himself up he had better be fixing your flank-girts and | had forgotten how many feet the ridgerolls, because there are some branded pole measured and so he was obliged to four-year-olds in that bunch that are go | go over it again. He measured all the going to make you hum like a churn- separate conformations of the roof and figured up the square feet on a shingle, to stay in the saddle. There is one in Then he started down over the trellis than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue. the pen that is a perfect picture of the work. He got down bringing with him mustang mare that sent Bill Hall to the \$20 worth of trellis work, spoiling a suit of clothes, and dislocating his leg. "What are the figures?" asked his

wife as she brushed her lord off. "They are up on the east end of the roof," roared Dobson, "and if you have tow-headed chap, greener than an August any more curiosity than I, climb up and persimmen, with legs shaped like a pair get 'em. When I struck the last time they seemed to get jolted out of my

> An intelligent carpenter was immediately given the contract. He in five minutes got at the proposition by measuring the ground floor.

Duration of Arctic Winter.

Lieutenant Schwatka also read a short paper on the duration of the Arctic win-The generally received opinion, said he, that the Arctic winter, especially in the higher latitudes, is a long, dreary one of perfect opaque darkness, is not strictly correct. In latitude 83 degrees 20 minutes 20 seconds N., the highest point ever reached by man, there are four hours and forty-two minutes of twilight on December 22d, the shortest day in the year in the Northern Hemis- GRAIN, HAY and GROCERIES phere. In latitude 82 degrees 27 minutes N., the highest point where white men have wintered, there are six hours and two minutes in the shortest day, and latitude 84 degrees 32 minutes N., 172 geographical miles nearer the North Pole than Markham reached, and 328 geographical miles from that point, must yet be attained before the true Plutonic sone, or that one in which there is no twilight whatsoever, even upon the shortest day of the year, can be said to have been entered by man. Of course about the beginning and ending of this twilight, 4t is very feeble and easily extinguished by even the slightest mists, but nevertheless it exists, and is quite appreciable on clear, cold days-or nights, properly speaking. The North Pole itself is only shrouded in perfect blackness from period of seventy-seven days. Supposing that the sun has set (supposing Safita Claus' Headquarters North and South Poles at the same time, owing to refraction parallax, semi-diameter and dip of the horizon .- | Proceed-

ings National Academy of Sciences. An English bachelor saw a handsomely iressed young lady on a Boston street and was told that she was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. He became acquained, and the girl knowing the woman who watched the interests of an elegant house whose owners were at the seashore, was permitted by her to receive him there. She also gave him disners there, hiring waiters. She told him that her parents were in Europe. He proposed to her, was accepted, and found that the wife he had won was a shop girl.

THE LADIES ENFORIUM AND LACE A Visit to the Magnificent Scinbilshment of John B. trarries & to.

vantage of the rapid increase in wealth and popula-tion of Portland and the state at large, but meet the demand by careful and adequate supply. The trath of this assertion will not be doubted after an inspec-tion of the establishment of

No. 167 Third street, between Morrison and Yamhill streets, Portland. Oregon. This enterprising from with a view to thousanglaness and permanence, has leased the building Street feet at the above location for a term of years, and has spaced beither expenses for labor in fitting it up for the purpose of their extensive business. At the left of the entrance is the

Under the direct care of Mrs. M. A. Winnie. Her A Man in the Bed.

A lady residing on Fourth street, and who had been temporarily left at home by her husband, who was away from lown on a business trip, was shocked on going into her room an avening or two since to discover what amneaved to he a laws the discover what amneaved to he a laws to specialities to the room on the trip of the establishment, endings and insertions to match, in various widths; embroiders allks, white shall in all the new colors and time triuming actins to the control of since to discover what appeared to be a man stretched prone upon her bed, with the cover drawn close about him. Her first impulse was to flee, screaming, from the room but a second thought to this city before—a dainty article of linen and silk mulls, hamble chiefs of the fined linen, plain and impulse was to flee, screaming, from the center contains an elegant variety of the next the room but a second thought came.

R. M. Reynolds, First Auditor of the A few days ago Dobson's wife deter- Treasury, in his report, calls attention to the fact that the number of accounts exmined that as winter was coming on, it amined and adjusted and the amount of would be necessary to cover the roof money involved in their settlement are son agreed that the protection of the bureau. The number of accounts adgraze on the thick mesquit grass which family against the fire fiend was the first justed for the year was 27,081, and the

without precedent in the history of the There is over \$100,000,000 in excess of the national debt during the same time."

An Editor's Escape.

OFFICE OF THE "INDUSTRIAL ERA."

ALBIA, lowa, May 28, 1880.

To Whom it May Concern:
I take a great pleasure in making the following statement: I have been sflicted with a disease of the kidneys for the past two years and have tried numerous remedes with only partial and temporary relief. Warner's Mafe Kidney and Liver Core was recommended to me, and after taking it the poin 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.

can cheerfully recommend it to others.

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