

ETA.

BY IVAN.

Rocked in the cradle of the ocean.  
By the ceaseless tide of blue.  
See those folded close around her  
Kisses her from her loved ones' view.

Silently I watch the billows.  
Eyes too low to see the sun.  
Resting near the ocean's water.  
Who is sleeping all alone.

No green grave marks her resting place.  
No flowers, trees, or stones.  
Beneath the ocean's mighty waves  
She sleeps, and sleeps alone.

Ocean's treasures all around thee.  
Sea shells, corals, pearls are there;  
Sleep on, darling, sleep forever.  
Till the changing comes with time.

or we know thy spirit lives  
In the world beyond the skies.  
Ocean holds thy countless body  
To Heaven some day spirit lives.

So, I'll wait and watch the sunsets  
That all will see to come.  
You may be long, but I'll be true.  
You will be home, "Little One."

You have called the river over.  
I have "passed beneath the rod."  
You have heaven safely landed.  
I have "heard the voice of God."

#### A YOUNG HERO.

In June 1860 the brig Polly Deems, Captain Job Payson, sailed from Boston for a port of Turkey, laden with cotton goods. She was a new, tall little vessel, with plenty of storage room, and had accommodations for two passengers.

The crew consisted of the captain, one mate, four sailors, a black cook and a cabin boy.

Captain Payson was a conscientious, just man, who treated his crew neither too harshly nor too indulgent, and he felt that better than did five out of six of the masters sailing from New England ports those days.

"Old Job," the mate, who was from the West, used to say "he was a hard man, but one you could tie in fair weather or in foul."

His crew were picked men, and with the exception of Dan, the cabin boy, had been with him for years. This was Dan's first voyage, and he felt that captain and crew eyed him with suspicion. He was on probation, and he felt that not a grain of favor would be allowed him in any error.

Dan was a farm boy, and knew nothing of the world beyond the village in which was his mother's church.

"Keep your eyes open and your hands ready to see the work of the moment, and to do it before the moment is over," was his mother's last advice. "For the rest, Daniel, ask the Lord's help. You'll find him just as near you in Turkey as in your own home."

Dan, in the hurry and excitement of getting under way, and of his new duties, repeated this advice over and over to himself. It seemed to keep his mother near him.

Several days out while he was carrying the dinner dishes into the cabin he heard the mate say:

"That boy is clipper enough for a raw hand, captain."

"Aye," said Captain Payson, "turn out better than I expected. I took him for his mother's sake. Widow. Old friend of mine."

"Rather gentlemanly fellow, this passenger," ventured the mate, finding the Captain in an unusually talkative mood, to-day.

"He is a gentleman, sir; one of the Farnalls, of Springfield. Ill health. Doctor prescribed a long sea voyage for him. A gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Briggs."

Dan, while waiting on the table at dinner, could not help noticing the passenger.

"Some of these days," thought the true born Yankee lad, "I, too, shall be a gentleman and a scholar."

Doctor Farnall was a tall, lean man, carefully dressed, with sandy hair and mustache, but with eyebrows and lashes almost white. His eyes, too, were large and pale. They never met the eyes of any other man fairly. Once when Dan happened to look at him he turned quickly away, and he glanced suspiciously and furtively at the boy at times during the rest of the meal.

"Don't like him," thought Dan. "He looks sneaky and tricky and not like a gentleman."

But Dan, of course, kept his opinion to himself.

Fortunately the lad was not sea-sick. He learned his new duties quickly; was alert, neat, and always good-natured. In course of one week Captain Payson had twice granted approval.

Dan worked harder than ever, and between times, when the passenger was on deck, watched him.

Doctor Farnall talked fluently and brilliantly, as even Dan's uneducated view could perceive.

But there were days when the doctor was absolutely silent, ate nothing and paced the deck wrapped in profound silence.

On one of these days, going down just at twilight to get something he had left in his bunk, Dan saw a tall figure which he did not recognize, with a candle groping about among the chests of the sailors below.

"Who's there?" he shouted.

The man came quickly toward him. The candle threw a yellow glare over his set face and glaring eyes. It was the passenger.

"He caught Dan by the sleeve.

"Here, boy—what do they call you?"

"Dan."

"You are surprised to see me here, Dan?" with a guilty laugh. "Took me for a ghost?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I oughtn't to have called you. But it took me, slack, sir."

"Naturally; but you need not be surprised at seeing me in any part of the vessel. I am studying its construction as a scientific man. Captain Payson has been good enough to give me admittance to all parts of the vessel. You needn't be afraid of me. I startles a nervous man," and with a vague smile he put out the candle and went on deck, leaving Dan staring after him.

"It's not all right, or why should he, being a gentleman, make such a long explanation to me, being a cabin boy," said Dan.

That night Captain Payson was alone on the quarter-deck, when Dan presented himself before him and saluted. His voice shook a little for he was terribly scared.

"Old Sob" was a bigger man in his eyes than any king.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" growled the captain.

"The—passenger."

"What have you to do with the passenger?"

"I beg your pardon, sir; but are you sure he isn't a thief, or worse?" gasped Dan.

walked thoughtfully up and down. Suddenly he stopped before Dan.

"It is well you came to me and nobody else," he said. "It's of no account. Doctor Farnell is an eccentric man. If he wishes to examine the ship in any part he is not to be watched or spied upon. So keep your eyes open to yourself and your tongue, too."

Dan crept off to his work feeling as if he had had a sound drubbing. Tears of rage and mortification stood in the lad's eyes.

"Mother's rules do very well on land, but they won't do on shipboard," he muttered. "But there's something that needs watching in the man, and I'll watch him."

Nothing of moment happened, however, for a week. Then Dan observed that the passenger's days of depression and fasting grew more frequent. There were whole nights when he paced the deck until morning.

The crew joked together about him. One declared he was a murderer; another that he had escaped from an insane asylum; but the common opinion was that he had run away from a ternaunt wife.

"D'ye ye mind," said Irish Jim, how he eyes every ship we hail as though she might be aboard?"

Dan never joined in the gossip below decks about the incident which strengthened his suspicion.

Just before nightfall, when passing the after hatchway, in the covering of which was a slide that could be opened and closed at will, Dan met Dr. Farnell coming up, covered with dirt and dust. There was an unsteady glare in his eyes. He seized Dan by the shoulders.

"Do you know where I have been?" he said, hoarsely.

"In the lower hold, sir, among the boxes."

"What d'ye think is down there, boy—for you and all of us? Death! Death! But tell nobody—nobody—!" He dropped his head and staggered on.

"Mad as a March hare!" muttered Dan.

But half an hour later Dr. Farnell was seated at the supper-table, gay, self-possessed, keeping the captain in a roar with his good stories.

About the middle of the second watch that night, Dan turned out of his bunk. The boy was really too anxious to sleep. "Death in the hold, eh? Death in the hold!" he repeated to himself.

He did not dare go to the captain or crew with his story. Yet he was sure some peril was at hand. He sat shivering for awhile, then pulled on his clothes.

"If Death is in the hold, I'll find him," he said.

He groped his way to the after hatchway and questioned; for the mate who had charge of the deck was reclining listlessly against the rail further aft, where the hatchway was hid from view by the cabin.

The slide was open.

His heart beat quick with excitement, but noiseless as a cat. Dan crept down to the lower deck and groped for the hatchway that opened into the lower hold.

He was so certain that danger was afoot that he was not startled when he saw a faint, reddish light, and found the lower hatchway open.

The hold was not so closely stowed but what one could move about it quite freely. Dan saw the light coming from a lantern, and that it cast a glare directly upon the face of the passenger, who was kneeling and working at something upon the floor.

"So that is the way Death looks, hey?" thought Dan. "He couldn't well look worse," and he eyed the haggard, ghastly face.

"What grating noise is that?" he asked himself, and in the same instant he sprang forward with a cry of horror.

The passenger had an anguished look on his face, and a saw lay beside him.

He had bored a hole through the side of the vessel, below the water line, and the water was already coming through.

The boy clutched Farnell, and shook him like a wild beast. "You are sinking," he said. "Help! help!"

The madman turned upon him, and nodded.

"Yes, we'll all go down together. Don't make that outcry. Nobody can hear you."

He had caught the boy's wrist, and held him with the unnatural strength of the insane.

Nobody could hear him. Dan remembered that, and became suddenly silent. Horror and fear only made thought more vivid.

Death was just at hand. There was no body to drive it back but himself, and he was in this mad man's hold.

He stared into the fierce glassy eyes with an agony of hesitation.

Farnell laughed back at him.

"I thought of burning, but this is the quietest. I want to go calmly into the great hereafter. We shall go together in a few minutes," glancing at the stream of water going out of the opening.

"Oh, mother, mother!" cried the shivering boy.

"We'll all go together. Kings among the ancients went across the river Styx attended by the slain on their burial. I will be followed by the Yankee Captain and his crew."

A sudden flash lighted Dan's eyes.

"Not by the Captain," he said, and his own voice startled him, it was so calm, and in a tone so very different from any in which he had ever spoken before.

"The Captain and Mr. Briggs will escape," he cried.

"Why, what do you mean?" cried Farnell. "Escape! How can they escape?"

"Because they are not in the hold. They will take to the boats."

"I never thought of the boats."

Dan felt a chill run over him. He tried hard to speak, but his voice failed him. He had but one chance, and he must try it.

"I will go and bring the Captain and Mr. Briggs down, if you like. Then they can't get away."

"Ha, ha! Pretty good joke. Well, go bring them, and be quick!" loosening his hold, and pushing Dan away.

Dan walked slowly to the ladder, then he made one wild spring up.

"To the hold! To the hold! A leak!" he shrieked and fell to the deck.

Within another hour, the mad man was in irons, the leak had been stopped, and the water was pumped out of the hold. The danger was past, and all snug and tant.

The crew made a hero of Dan. Even Captain Payson spoke out his heavy praise.

"The lad saw what was to be done and did it. He had courage, and what is better, good sense. Who taught you to use your wits, my boy?"

"My mother, sir," said Dan.

#### ADAM HIMSELF SPEAKING.

"I made up my mind," said the reporter, "that if the ghost ever appeared in my bedroom again I would overcome my fears and speak to it, instead of burying my head under the covers, as I did the first time. Well, sir, sure enough, the next night, exactly at eleven, I heard a faint noise by the bed, and I looked around. There sat the specter in a chair. I sat right up and said, with some firmness, although my voice trembled:

"Who are you?"

"I am nobody in particular now," said the ghost, "but I was Adam."

"Adam who?"

"Had to family name. There was but one family of us, and they all knew me. I was the first man, you know. You must have heard of me."

"Yes, indeed," said the reporter.

"I'm sorry I can't shake hands," said the ghost, "but you might as well try to shake hands with a fog bank as with me. It's not scorable, I know, but I can't help it."

"Oh, never mind," said the reporter, "I'm glad to see you all the same."

"Your name is Johnson, ain't it?" asked the specter.

"No, my name is Jackson," replied the reporter.

"Pshaw!" said the ghost, "I was looking for a man named Johnson; but my eyesight is so bad that I couldn't read your dooprate distinctly. The worst of it is, too, I can't wear spectacles; nothing is substantial enough to hitch them to. I wish some of you people would invent an eyeglass that can be worn by near-sighted ghosts. You would confer a great benefit on the folks in the other world."

"What was your business with Johnson? Perhaps I can—"

"Well, in the first place, I understand that he is one of a committee appointed to get up a statute of me for the city of Elmiria. I want to ask Johnson where he got the idea that I used to wear a straw hat and side whiskers. I want to know, also, what authority he has for giving me a Roman nose."

"Hain't you one of that kind?"

"Why, man, the Romans hain't introduced that variety of nose in my time. And Johnson, I often hear, represented with a huge serpent lying at his feet. Now, what was the use of bringing up painful reminiscences of that kind? Why not let the matter drop? Hanged if I like it."

"It's an outrage," said the specter, locking his misty fingers over his knees. "I don't think much of the statue business, anyhow. Do you know what they did? Too stingy to make a fresh piece of sculpture out of a piece of marble, they bought up a second-hand statue of Benjamin Franklin at auction, and hired a man to tear it over into me. Doesn't look a particle like me! And, anyhow, Franklin was no kind of a man to tear me out of. Greenbacker or something, wasn't he?"

"We consider him quite respectable!"

"Another thing I want with Johnson is to see if I can't make arrangements with some reliable spiritualistic medium. I have been crowded out in the cold for about 4,000 years, and no chance to participate in anything. Now, I am the send-off, and it really does seem hard that I can't even express my views in a newspaper, or defend myself from this calumny, just because I happened to be dead; now, doesn't it?"

"Very hard, but we didn't think you took any interest in such things."

"Certainly. I often feel as though I'd like to express an opinion about the tariff, or the elections, or the buzzard dollar, or popular education, or something of that kind; and then, of course, Eve wants to hear everything about the fashions. I wish there was some way for a ghost to save a little money, so that I could subscribe to a financial journal, or two, just to get that by me. Do you know anything I could get at?"

"How would it do to make an engagement at the theater to appear as the ghost of Hamlet's father or the ghost of Banquo?"

"It doesn't strike me very favorably. It might be considered rather undignified in the father of the new to be hanging around among scenes, shifters and fluffers; besides, they have too much light on the stage for me; I can't get into shape unless there is absolute darkness. And then, you know, I'd be exposed to insult. When we hear a cock crow we are obliged to fit. Now, suppose, right in the middle of a performance, some one should yell out, 'There's a ghost!' I'm sure I should be a false alarm. I should be so unnerved that I couldn't go on; but most likely I'd vanish as soon as I heard it just from force of habit. No, the proposition doesn't strike me. Seems unfair, though, doesn't it, that a man who owned the entire earth can't call a dollar his own?"

"If a small loan will be of any service to you, I will gladly," said the reporter.

"You're mighty kind; but here, you see, we encounter another difficulty. Where'm I going to put a dollar when I get it? I haven't a pocket about me that'll hold a cent. Young man, a ghost has no chance at all. Keep out of the business as long as you can."

The reporter said he should.

"And now I really must be going. The sun rises so disgustingly early this time of the year. I think I shall go around to-morrow night and haunt Johnson, if I can find him. If you should happen to see him I wish you'd mention it to him, so as to prepare his mind. Please be always wary at first with us. Perfect nonsense, too! That is all I am. Put your hand out and feel me. Don't you see? You can stir all around inside of me, just as if I wasn't there."

"Wonderful!" said the reporter, "very wonderful. I never believed in ghosts before. The oddest thing is that you, who lived so long, should take an interest in modern politics."

"But I do, though," said the specter. "Perhaps you will be willing to tell me if you are in favor of Hancock or of Gar—"

Just at this juncture, the reporter said, a cock crow in the yard below, and the ghost Adam vanished. It was most unfortunate, too, for his political opinions would have been interesting.—[Max Adler.

One day recently, as one of our prominent business men was about to enter his favorite resort for dinner, he was accosted by an individual with a decidedly careworn expression who begged that he would assist him to get something to eat. As the man looked like a worthy object of charity the gentleman told him to go in, and directed the waiter to give him twenty-five cents worth of food and charge it to his check. After finishing his own dinner the gentleman was proceeding to settle his check, when, noticing a look of pain and even over-coming his superstitiousness, but once interrupted with it, it is impossible for a man to get rid of his vulgarity.

#### That Boy.

For a good many weeks I suffered from the want of the right kind of an office-boy. At last I concluded to advertise for one trustworthy boy; neat, gentlemanly, prompt, and discreet; one who lived in Brooklyn, so as to take messages to my house in that city when needed. So I advertised thus:

"Wanted, in an office in New York, a boy who lives with his parents in Brooklyn; who is prompt, neat, diligent, and does not use tobacco. Address, in handwriting of applicant, with recommendations."

Now I was certain I should be suited. Applications poured in by mail. There were in all about a hundred and fifty written answers to my advertisement. Some of them were literary curiosities. The spelling of some was frightful, and in a number of instances the penmanship was enough to make me sick; never had I seen the writers. Out of the whole lot I selected about twenty which seemed worthy of attention. I felt sorry for the disappointed boys whom I could not take, for all had written as if they were very anxious to have the place.

Concerning these twenty applicants I made a thorough inquiry as circumstances would warrant, in several cases going in person to the houses to see what kind of parents they had, how they had been brought up, and what were their surroundings. I saw some very nice boys, and homes which were a credit to the people that managed them. I wanted no profane little ruffian who would spend his evenings and his earnings at the circus or the low theatre. I had no use for the street boy, who goes howling through the neighborhood at night with a gang of disorderly fellows, pulling door-bells and smashing ash-trays. I do not want a boy for a week or a month, only to discharge him and get another for a like term; but I wanted one who was worth treating well and bringing up to business.

At last I found a boy who seemed to be exactly what was needed. I accepted the lad, and he commenced to render service. He was tidy, respectful, and tolerably prompt. He wrote a neat hand, and desired to give satisfaction.

Altogether he seemed to be by far the best boy I had employed. But perfection does not dwell in small boys at four dollars a week. This boy, like all others, had his infirmities. True, he did not smoke, spit, swear, drink whiskey, or use rude language. He did not mean to neglect his work. Perhaps, he did his best; but he was headless. If a boy is told to do a particular thing, it is with a view of his doing it. This was what the fault was for. If it is a matter of uncertainty with me whether he will do it or not, I can do no better than to do it myself, but by telling him to do it. If he would only say to me, "I will not do that," then I should know exactly what to do. I kept that boy some time. I liked him so well that I got along with his headless condition. I could not talk to him the best I knew how, and tell him the mischief which would result if he allowed himself to grow up a headless man.

One afternoon a leather satchel was to be sent to my house, and that boy was to take it. Often had he taken packages there before, sometimes the same precious satchel. You know how many men sometimes crowd valuable things into a satchel of this kind especially if he be both minister and editor. That day the satchel was full to the month with editorial, sermons, contributions from writers, music, memoranda, books, lesson work, and a little of almost everything that a minister's office could produce. My neat and tidy boy, who was prompt and punctual, who lived with his parents, and did not use tobacco, left that priceless package on board the ferryboat. He had no desire that I should suffer loss; no intention of doing wrong. He came to my house and told me of the loss. He was sorry and so was I; but neither our sorrow nor the advertisement I put into the papers ever brought the bag back.

A month or two after I discharged that boy, he had the assurance to come to me asking for a recommendation to the effect that he was a reliable young person, and altogether such a one as a man needing an office boy could desire. What could I do? I did not want to damage the lad's prospects; but could I recommend him as worthy of confidence?

I want every boy who reads this to bear in mind that whatever other good traits he may have, if a fellow is headless, and thoughtless, and forgetful, and careless, he will never get along successfully. If work is worth doing at all, it is worth concentrating the whole mind on.

The highest type of goldness, as well as manliness, may be seen in him who keeps every faculty of mind and soul wide-awake for business.—[Sunday School Classmate.

#### Which is Better—Beer or Water?

A man once said to me, "Do you believe there is more strength in a glass of water than a mug of ale?"

"Stop a bit," I answered; "that is not a fair comparison. You pay five cents for your mug of ale—I get my glass of water for nothing. Besides when I drink my glass of water, I am satisfied with it; but if you drink a glass of ale, directly you must send down another to keep it company. Suppose now you get a quart and pay twelve cents for it, and I take the same amount of money and pay six cents for steak, and two cents for bread, and two cents for potatoes, and two cents for apples, and have a glass of fresh water for nothing. Which is the better? I eat my dinner and am satisfied with it, and go back to my work and earn more money. You go back to the saloon to get more ale, to spend your money, and waste your time."

If the beer drinker will abstain long enough to get rid of the effects of his beer, he will find himself able to do much more work than when he drinks. One of the greatest champions of our day, when he is training for a contest, says there is nothing like cold water and dumb bells.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that beer and spirits strengthen a man. They only stir him up and use up his strength. I drove twenty-four miles the other day. When I got within a mile or so of home my horse tugged. I gave him a sharp cut with my whip and he went faster, but I did not say "I've strengthened my horse." If that's the way to strengthen him, why not let him live on whip-rod? Alcohol is a whip to him that drinks it, and he is a great fool that whips himself.

Some years ago two men took an early start and walked over to a neighboring town twenty miles away. Having done their business they walked back to the place, and met a fellow down man, who proposed to return with them, and invited them into a beer-shop for a strengthening drink. "No," said they, "we are totalablers, and we have had our lunch." But he could not go without a priming of ale. At last they were off, and for a while they all kept even step, till after some miles the beer man began to lag behind, and at the half-way house he must have a brace. After three miles more he wanted another, and this time it was whisky. Finally at fifteen miles, he gave out entirely and stopped for the night, where he was laid up for a day or two; while they walked on home and the next day were fresh for business.

"Oh, no, friends, all nature works on water, and we believe that God meant that man should do the same."

Take the water, friends, and all the good things that go with it. God's blessing is in it.

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Kinn's wharf yesterday, when a boy of about twelve fell off and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed.

"Is your son?" asked the bystander.

"No, boss, but he must joss as well as be. He had all de bait in his pocket."

"I now have something for a rainy day," said old Mr. McSniffin, the other evening as he entered the room and crossed the hall, a windfall, a "windfall" screamed Mrs. McSniffin, in an ecstasy of mental paralysis. "No, no," he responded quietly, as he drew his slippers from under the sofa. "It's an umbrella." Mrs. S. told him he was a real mean old thing.

Rather too hard on him.—[Overheard at the curing-outing caps at the Royal Aquarium.] Tom (who is not overburdened with brains): "I say, Liz, what do they mean by the 'missing link'?" Liz: "Half-way between the ape and myself."

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