THROUGH A WINDOW.

lie here at rest in my chamber,
And look through the window again
With eyes that are changed since the old time,
And the sting of an exquisite pain.

'Tis not much that I see for a picture.
Through bows that are green with Spring—
A barn with its roof gray and mossy,
And above it a bird on the wing.

Or, lifting my head a thought higher,
Some hills and a village I know,
And over it all the blue Heaven,
With a white cloud floating below.

Ah! once the roof was a prison,
My mind and the sky were free,
My thoughts with the birds went flying,
And my hopes were a Heaven to me.

Now I come from the limitless distance,
Where I followed my youth's wild will,
Where they press the wine of delusion
That you drink and are thirsty still;

And I know why the bird with the Spring-time,
To the gnarled old tree comes back—
He has tried the South and the Summer,
He has felt what the sweet things lack.

So I come with a sad contentment,
With eyes that are changed I see;
The roof means peace, not a prison,
And Heaven smiles down on me.

Pleasant Surprises

Happening to say something before my friend Smith one day about pleasant surprises, he replied with a groan and shake of the head. "Ah, don't tell me about pleasant surprises. They are a snare and a delusion! Surprise may be the essence of wit, as some authors tell us, but it certainly is not the essence of pleasure."

"You speak feelingly on the subject," said I.

"You would not wonder at that," said he, "if you knew what causes I had to do so. I would a tale unfold on this point if you would care to hear it."

On my assuring him that I would, he proceeded to give me the following recital:

"When I was a youth my mother had a maiden sister, with whom I was an acknowledged favorite, and as Aunt Abigail possessed a handsome fortune in fee simple, there were other grounds besides those of sentiment for rendering her favor a desirable thing. She lived at a handsome country place, which she took great pride and pleasure in keeping in the pink of order. Indeed, it would have vexed and mortified her for her own brother or sister to have found, the least thing out of place or repair on her premises, so ambitious was she of sustaining her reputation of having the best-ordered establishment in the community. Nor did she take less pain with her dress and personal appearance, which like her home were handsome and imposing. Being somewhat ceremonious herself, she did not encourage informality in others, so they seldom approached her except by express invitation, and no one had an opportunity to see either herself or her house behind the scenes. Hence she kept up all the greater prestige amongst her friends and acquaintances, whose almost solitary impression of her was of a queenly dignified woman, clad in elegant black silk or satin, with soft thread lace ruffles at her throat and wrists, a faint rose-tinge (like the pale reflection of the last rose of Summer) still lingering on her cheek, soft chestnut locks bordering her brow, and a row of sound, white teeth gleaming in her mouth when she would smile graciously,

'Though in a stately kind.'

"When I was in my eighteenth year, Aunt Abigail attended the intermediate celebration at my school on February 14th, and seemed much pleased with our professor, whose ornate and excessively-polished manners (after the Grandisonian school) were exactly to her taste. He entertained her with many labored gallantries and much "genteel conversation,' judiciously seasoned with delicate flattery and profound deference for her own views. In looking back to all this, I now see what I was too unsophisticated to see at the time, viz, that the professor executed all these stiff freaks with some view to matrimony; at least he had a vague idea that if the worst came to the worst, Cedarwood (my aunt's home) would not be an undesirable retreat for an elderly widower. My aunt had no idea of contracting any matrimonial alliance, but still she had not reached the age (what woman ever does?) when the homage and admiration of the other sex were distasteful to her, so she permitted the professor to offer her his antiquated gallantries and was not ill-pleased by them. In fact, he so far ingratiated himself with her that she invited him to come with me and spend Easter at her house, together with a large party of friends she expected then from town.

"Owing to severe sickness on the part of the assistant teacher, our Easter vacation was granted three or four days earlier than usual, and it flashed over my impulsive mind, 'It will be a good idea to give Aunt Abigail a pleasant surprise. I will run right down to her house to-morrow.'

"On the spur of the moment I hurried off to the professor and insisted on his accompanying me. At first he demurred on the score of its being three days earlier than the time appointed by Aunt Abigail, but on my assuring him that this would make no difference, he seemed to think I ought to know my aunt and her ways better than he did and finally agreed to my proposition; so we started off the next morning. It was a balmy April day when we set out, but with the fickleness characteristic of that month, the weather had changed by the time we reached our destination, and we got off at the station in a cold, drizzly rain, which both literally and figuratively threw a damper over us. Aunt Abigail was in the habit of sending her comfortable carriage for visitors expected on the train, but, naturally, she did not have it awaiting for us on this occasion. I had to reconnoitre for a vehicle to carry us to Cedarwood, but met with only indifferent success, finding nothing but an open farm wagon, in which we jolted along slowly and roughly for five miles, the rain steadily increasing all the time, so that by the time we reached Cedarwood we were fairly enduring cataracts, 'not all in our eye,' either.

"After standing a long time at the door it was at length opened, slowly, cautiously and reluctantly by Aunt Abigail's housekeeper. 'Is that you, Mr. Alfred?' she asked, with disheartening tone and countenance. 'We didn't know you were coming to-day.'

"'I didn't know it myself till last night,' replied I. "But where is my aunt?'

"Your aunt returned from spending the Winter in town only yesterday, and is very much engaged. She is in the dining room, but you cannot see her yet.'

"But I was still resolved, in my willfulness and headstrong folly, to give Aunt Abigail a pleasant surprise, so I pushed past the housekeeper, and carrying the professor with me through dismantled and disheveled rooms and halls, hastened into the dining room. What a spectacle met my eyes! Amid rubbish and confusion, boxes of china and silver, rolls of carpet and household wares of various kinds, stood a figure at which I stared open-eyed, unmouthed, astonished and aghast. Ye gods! was this my queenly, handsome Aunt Abigail, with the pale rose-tinted cheeks, the sunny chesnut locks, the smiling white teeth, the rustling robes of silk and satin with the soft lace ruffles, this gray shadow, this old woman who might have personated one of the three fates or the three furies, this faded old woman, clad in a dingy wrapper, with gray hair, collapsed, ashy cheeks and bare gums? But my dismay was no greater than hers, for here she stood, a prophetess unveiled, a queen dethroned, and all this mischief done by the thoughtless, headstrong folly of a boy who, to add to his offense, must needs bring a witness to the ruthless unveiling and dethroning. It was several minutes before either of us spoke. Indeed, it was the professor who first broke the silence with a confused stream of explanation and apologies. The housekeeper coming in now, my aunt mentioned her to show us to the parlor, where we spent several irksome and wretched hours whilst our rooms were being prepared, after long disuse in my absence. We did not see her again until dinner, when she had been metamorphosed by the arts of the toilet, but both sides had a distinct and embarrassing consciousness of the occurrences of the morning, and felt that it was impossible for things ever to return to their former footing. From that day forward a change came over the spirit of her dream. She could never get over the chagrin, mortification, anger and inconvenience entailed on her by my 'pleasant surprise.' In my observations of human nature I have found, indeed, that one can forgive sooner than being placed in a mortifying and ridiculous position. This far outweighs a grave wrong or injustice

"Aunt Abigail treated me, as well as my friend, with formal politeness, but our visit was not a pleasant one, and we were heartily glad when Easter was over. After that I went to Cedarwood but seldom, and then was careful to observe the exact time fixed by my aunt. When she died a few years later, and her will was read, the body of it filled me with satisfaction, for it bequeathed Cedarwood and other valuable property in the shape of stock, etc., to her dear nephew, Alfred Smith. But oh, the codicil! How it did unman me and make me curse my own folly! It was dated a week later than the ill fated Easter of my 'pleasant surprise,' and read thus: 'I hereby revoke the bequest of my estate Cedarwood, etc., etc., to my nephew, Alfred Smith, and transfer the said Cedarwood and other properties to the children of my brother Joseph, in Missouri.'"

"Do you wonder now," said Smith, in conclusion, "that I shudder at the bare mention of a 'pleasant surprise!'"

"Indeed I do not," I replied, "and though they are not often attended with such disastrous results as you have just described, yet they are almost always objectionable, and lead to some inconvenience and contretemps. If you decide to give a friend a pleasant surprise in the shape of an unexpected visit, ten to one you arrive at his house on the very day his wife has selected to take up or put down carpets, or perhaps you will find the house crammed full of other guests, with some of whom, perhaps, you are not on speaking terms. In some cases you will find illness in the family; in others you will find only the house at home. Altogether, I think a moderate degree of ceremony essential to the smoothness and comfort of social life, and I am much of the opinion of a lady in Richmond, who, on having a hint given her by a young man that he was getting up a surprise party to invade her peaceful domains, she replied, 'When I want you all, I will invite you.'"

"I have known of artless and confiding women on a Summer trip," resumed Smith, "whose enjoyment was quite dashed by the thoughts of the lonely and ascetic life led by their husbands whom they imagined to be pursuing a round of ceaseless toil in order to afford them recreation. Sometimes the impulse to give their husband a pleasant surprise by returning home a few days earlier than appointed, has led to the revelation that these anchorites were very much like the rigid hermit described in Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' who kept a store of rich venison and generous wine for refection in his austere hermitage. By coming home a few days sooner than expected, a woman may sometimes walk in upon a dinner or wine party given by her lonely husband to his bachelor friends and find them all as merry as that jolly old soul, the famous King Cole. Pleasant surprises are generally fatal to innocent and agreeable delusions. Indeed, they are dangerous things in all respects, as I am ruefully aware. In regard to visiting one's friends, I think we might, with a slight alteration, quote the French proverb and conclude that propriety and forethought should teach us to avoid them."—Mary W. Early, in Detroit Free Press.

Homes of the Poor.

Passing into First avenue, we find that nearly every building is a tenement house, and a large majority of them are six stories high. Every building has its row of stores facing on the street, and then its three, four, five layers of families—families because they consist of parents and children, but not families in the sense we are used to, where both parents and all the children strive to make home happy. Each door is divided into many suites of rooms, each suite occupied by from four to six or more persons. The door of one of these tenement houses stands invitingly open—if anything in this cheerless neighborhood can be said to be inviting. No one will have any objections to our going up, for nothing is very private hereabout. The people we are going to see are as likely to be honest as we are, and they work and earn their own living. They are independent and beg of no man. As for vice, they have little chance for it; they are too busy struggling for life. The head of nearly every one of these families in this great building is a laboring man. They have broad shoulders and brawny arms and strong muscles, and they work all day and every day, except in a few cases where gin and the head of the house occasionally go off on a picnic together. By their hard labor, taking few holidays, they can barely scrape enough together to keep themselves and their families alive. The city price for these men is $1 60 per day, and this may be taken as an average. This gives them $9 60 a week, out of which they generally have to pay 60 cents car fare. The family then have $9 a week to pay their rent, keep their table, and buy their clothes. In some cases the head of the family is a mechanic, and makes make money; in others he is a drunkard and makes less. The more money, of course, the better the "style" in which the family lives. These people cannot afford the three things we are foolish enough to believe Heaven has furnished alike to the rich and the poor—air, light and water. Even water is costly in New York, but air and light must be reckoned among the expensive luxuries. —N. Y. Times.

The Irish Relief Ship.

The ship Constellation, which was put into commission, Thursday, for her charitable voyage to Ireland, is one of those splendid old vessels constructed of live oak, which our ship-building ancestors knew how to build, and which navy officers fondly guarantee will "last forever." She was built in 1797, and presented to the government by the ladies of Baltimore. She is about 2,000 tons burden, and, although originally constructed solely with a view to efficiency as a man-of-war, almost every inch of her space can be made available for freight purposes. She has been rebuilt several times, but she is practically the same solid old body, and reputation in the navy for sailing qualities is very high. The following are the officers assigned to her: Commander E. E. Potter (commanding officer), Lieut. Commander J. M. Forsyth, Lieuts. Cogswell and Law, Ensigns Wilner and Dorn, Midshipman Halpin, Paymaster Billings, Boatswain Bousell, Sailmaker White. The nine inch guns were hoisted out Thursday, and provisions for her crew of 80 men were put on board. She will be ready to receive her cargo about the middle of this week. Three-fourths of her space has already been engaged by three charitable individuals, and the remaining quarter will be promptly filled by miscellaneous contributions.—Bristol Herald, March 25.

What an Old Woman Heard.

A droll mistake was made by an imaginative old dame, who, having permitted a telegraph pole to be placed on the top of her house, waited upon the chief of the telegraphic company concerned to complain that she could get no sleep at night, being kept awake by the noise made by the messages passing over her head. "I don't think, sir," said she, "you can be aware of all that is said along them wires. There's a great deal that hadn't ought to be. I can assure you sir, that very much that's said there, that I have to lie and listen to, is such as no decent woman ought to hear; and I hope you will put a stop to it." The amused gentleman was hardly able to meet the accusation with due gravity; but he did contrive to keep his countenance while he informed the old lady that the young men who had hitherto worked the wires were under notice of dismissal, and that in future only young women of great respectability would be employed, so there would be no danger of har propriety being shocked any longer.—Chamber's Journal.

An invalid insisted to his doctor that he was certainly growing weaker every day, and that the end was not far off. "Why, doctor, he said one day in querulous tones, "a month ago I could walk round the park yonder, and to-day I was so weak that I could only walk half way round and then back again."

A well known German minister, Rev. A Opitz, of Schleisingerville, Wisconsin, writes:

I was a sufferer with rheumatism for years. Friends recommended the use of St. Jacob's Oil. I tried it, and must confess that the result was astonishing. Having hardly used up the first bottle, I found relief, and the second one cured me. I therefore feel under obligations, and shall recommend this effective remedy whenever I have a chance.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to chalk, crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium, over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the gold medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the alm and you certainly would have no other.

Entirely Recovered.

NEW YORK CITY, June 16, 1879.

H. H. WARNER & Co.—Gentlemen:—I herby certify that my wife has been using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for Bright's Disease, and she is now entirely recovered. When all physicians remedies failed, she was induced to try your remedy, and received beneficial results from the first bottle. After taking four bottles, she was entirely cured. Yours truly,

ROBERT V. FITZGERALD.

He said he wanted her to be his helpmate, and she said that she never could be more than assister to him.

"Nothing should be done hastily," cries a fellow who wants to be considered a philosopher, and a man has only to get hold of a hot poker to realize that the philosopher is wrong.

HOTEL DE FRANCE,
LEWISTON, IDAHO.

Mme. M. LeFrancois, - - - - Proprietress

This well known establishment, entirely rebuilt, open for the reception of guests, with everything new and elegant. Experienced French Cooks in the culinary department. The House will be kept open all night, and a free coach to and from the steamboats.

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LEATHER AND SHOE FINDINGS,
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YOUNG, BUT THRIVING.

"OMNES PROSINT"--HEALTH FOR ALL.

The Original Oregon Botanical Remedies.

Prepared Only by Wm. Pfunder, Operative Chemist.

Why we, the people of the Pacific Coast should any longer be pestered with worthless nostrums, made fifty years ago east of the Rocky Mountains, and that too, by persons who never even knew chemistry by its name proper, much less its wonderful workings. This question suggested itself years ago to Wm. Pfunder, the only operative chemist in Oregon. The result was that this gentleman applied himself to a great and tedious research of the different vegetations, growing in immense quantities, especially in Oregon, but shedding—until his discoveries—all their VIRTUES from year to year to mother earth. His tedious researches, scientific applications, and proper combinations, culminated in the production known to-day as the **OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER,** *Progressu, labore et scientia, extractum concentratum, nominis Pfunderii Oregoniense fumetur.*

Experience makes the master. Having had experience with very difficult medicines, chemicals, etc., for over 25 years, and having mastered them all through hard study, both here, and in the East and in Europe, we can confidently recommend our Botanical Remedies, because we have extracted, nay "wrenched" from the very heart-strings of hidden nature, all that is good and beneficial to suffering humanity, and leaving the **Empty Shells and Worthless Leaves** to imitators, green and inexperienced.

WM. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER will positively be found a valuable remedy for **chronic constipation, affected kidneys, dyspepsia, liver complaint,** rheumatism, scrofula, and all other diseases having their origin in impure blood.

Office of Mayor, Roseburg, Oregon, January 23, 1879. A few bottles of your indeed valuable medicine, called **PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER** have entirely cured my Rheumatism of 10 years standing, and other acquaintances speak very highly about it, performing a cure in every instance. Such a blessing should be made known to all sufferers, hence I make the above statement. H. SCHWARTZ.

Lyman Page, Esq., Contractor, 25 years a resident of Portland, says: For 12 years I suffered from liver complaint—tried everything. Cured with 6 bottles of **PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.**

I read about it, tried it, and am still using it when occasion requires What? The **OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER!** Such are the words of one of our lady lecturers. All ladies will understand what is meant.

For shame young man! Get a bottle of **PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.** Use it; those pimples will leave your otherwise finely shaped forehead. And you, too, young lady; you also try a bottle of this really invigorating remedy, and regain that natural bloom on your sweet face, which no paint or powder can impart.

The cause of general debility removed in a short time, rapid gaining of flesh, improved complexion and good health. I sold my last bottle of **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier** to Doctor Angee of this place, whose wife has been suffering from general debility for over one year, although the Doctor tried his best to cure her. After using your remedy the patient felt better, so much so that the doctor wants one dozen of this truly good medicine, which please send in my care at once. This is an extract received from Mr. Boos, Forest Grove, Oregon.

I, Frederick Ruegg, of Multnomah county, State of Oregon, certify herewith that Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier has entirely cured me of a skin disease, produced by poison oak. Although I had applied to several physicians for relief, none of these gents could do me any good, and I herewith recommend the **Oregon Blood Purifier** to all suffering with such skin diseases. Signed: F. RUEGG.

Sea Sickness—I used to dread it—a sea voyage; but now, since I take **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier** I do not feel the least inconvenience. Use a dose or two before going on board and same after leaving vessel.

Look at him—that sallow sole leather face—that dull red rimmed eye—that slouching walk—yes, look at him well. He is a dyspeptic. Now look at this one: Elastic step, bright eye, healthy complexion—how is this? Well, he uses **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier** and nothing else.

Mountain fever of years standing cured without the use of Quinine in a short time. Read and admire: I have been suffering from mountain fever for years. My physicians told me the only chance of my getting better would be a change of climate. Accidentally I came across a bottle of **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier,** used it, and following directions by using a bottle of the S. S. S. Fever and Ague Mixture in addition, I am perfectly healthy now, and thus capsired the theory of my physicians. GEORGE GREEN, Mail Carrier, U. S.

Ladies in that delicate state—ever to be revered—but ever creating nausea, will find speedy relief by using **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.**

Pfunder's S. S. S. (safe, sure, speedy) Fever and Ague Mixture Certificate. I suffered some time with, what I was told, malarial fever, accompanied with pains in my head, back, in fact, felt pains all over. Not getting any better after using all kinds of medicines, I tried **PFUNDER'S FEVER AND AGUE MIXTURE,** and since gained rapidly in health. MARIE WEISER, Seventh and C streets, Portland.

The different Constitutions. The Constitution of the United States, that master piece of human brain. How is your constitution? If billious, use **Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier,** the triumph of modern science.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE—TONIC—Bitters, sugared sarsaparilla, watered bad whiskies and pills made B. C.—hard as rock, are the cause, the reason, that to-day our people suffer more from liver complaint, poor digestion, etc., than any other nation. The idea of giving our working population such trash, and magnifying that trash by calling it ferrated (or iron containing) medicine; here, where nature's products are abundant, and very nutritious. Eat our Columbia River salmon; that splendid beef derived from cattle feeding on bunch grass; those vegetables at once healthy and within the reach of everybody, and then laugh at those puerile efforts of ignorant, inconsequent parties trying to force iron into your system. All you want—you, who constitute the mass of the people is, to get your liver into working order, and there is no other or better remedy than **PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.,** Price, per bottle, one dollar. Five dollars for half a dozen.

Your Druggist has it or will get it for you. "The Original." Insist upon having it!

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10 CENT AND 25 CENT DEPARTMENTS.
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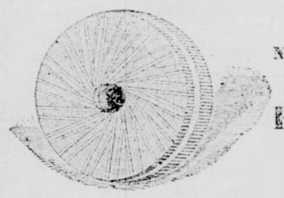

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It is the best Blood Purifier, and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.
In eliminating the impurities of the blood, the natural and necessary result is the cure of Scrofulous and other Skin Eruptions and Diseases, including Cancers, Ulcers and other Sores.
Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the Safe Bitters. It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.
It is a medicine which should be in every family, and which, wherever used, will save the payment of many doctors' bills.
Bottles of two sizes; prices 50 cents and $1.00.
Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors, Rochester, N. Y.
Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.
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The Oregon Kidney Tea!
The Most Wonderful Medical Discovery
OF MODERN TIMES.
Challenges the World as Remedy for
Pains in the Back and Kidneys, Non-Retention of Urine, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Diabetes, Brick Dust Deposit in Urine, Leucorrhœa, Nervousness, Painful or Suppressed Menstruation.
And all the complaints arising from a diseased or debilitated state of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs of either sex It is PURELY VEGETABLE and ENTIRELY HARMLESS, and especially adapted to the needs of Women and Children. It presents the
Leaf of the Plant in its Natural State
For those who wish to make their own Tea; and for those whose mode of life renders it difficult to do this, we have prepared a
CONCENTRATED EXTRACT.
Which contains the virtues of the Plant in a form convenient for travelers and others.
Full Directions Accompany Each Package.
Read the Following Testimonials:
PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879.
My Kidneys were in a very bad condition. The Urine was like brick dust, and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relief. H. HAMILTON.
PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879.
Having a severe backache last Winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was. JOHN P. FARMER.
PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and Kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances. J. H. P. DOWNING (at P. Selling's).
PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
While I was in Tillamook last Winter, I was affected in my back and kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who are afflicted as I was E. COHN.
INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, December 13, 1879.
Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the Kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining a permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently entirely cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it. M. L. WHITE.
ASTORIA, Oregon, December 28, 1879.
I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from Kidney troubles, and during the time have tried nearly every kind of Kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured. SAMUEL GRAY.
EUGENE CITY, Oregon, October 20, 1879.
I hereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of backache so severe that I went almost doubled up and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help. JOHN W. LENGER.
HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.
I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with its effects, and do hesitate to recommend it as a mild and safe remedy. Z. T. SCOTT.
HARRISBURG, Oregon, December 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for. A. M. COX.
HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe Pain in my Back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and by the time I had used one half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back, as a pleasant, safe and good remedy. B. J. GRIGSBY
PORTLAND, Oregon, February 3, 1880.
Having suffered for years with pains in my back, I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and found immediate relief and a permanent cure. I heartily recommend it to all afflicted in like manner. MRS. L. COHN.
UMATILLA, Oregon, January 20, 1880.
Having received great benefit by the use of OREGON KIDNEY TEA, I take great pleasure in recommending it to those suffering from kidney trouble or backache as a speedy and sure cure. A. PEHKINS.
PENDLETON, Oregon, January 12, 1880.
Having used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for one of my sons, whose urinary organs were injured by taking turpentine, I cheerfully certify to its beneficial effects, and recommend the same to the public.
LOT LIVERMORE, Agent for Wells, Fargo & Co.
PORTLAND, Oregon, January 22, 1880.
I hereby certify that I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and been greatly benefited by it. I heartily recommend it to the public. CRAIGIE SHARPE, J.R.,
Traveling Agent for the Wheeler & Wilson Mf. Co.,
20 Geary street, San Francisco.
PORTLAND, Oregon, January 12, 1880.
Having a severe backache last Summer, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I used one can of the Tea, which has effected a radical cure. I would recommend it to all who are effected as an unfailing remedy. JULIUS ACH.
PENDLETON, Oregon, January 12, 1880.
Having suffered with my kidneys, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which relieved me in a short time. I take pleasure in recommending it to the public as a safe remedy for kidney difficulties. G. W. BAILEY, County Judge of Umatilla county.
SALEM, Oregon, January 20, 1880.
Some time ago I bought a package of OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and after using it, felt better than I had for years and bought two boxes more, being unwilling to be without so valuable a medicine. My wife pronounces it the best kidney preparation in use. ALFRED STANTON.
SALEM, Oregon, January 18, 1880.
I bought a can of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA and have used only a part of it, but my backache is entirely cured. It has a splendid effect upon the urinary organs. J. F. HODSON.
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