

Life Among the Arabs.

Fed by the eternal snows of the Atlas, the Oued Draa river gives to one of the most charming oases of the Sahara, with a circumference of 40 miles and a population of 250,000. We are now near the borders of the Great Desert, as it is called. This is not such a desert as is pictured by the imagination of the civilized American—sands, and nothing but sand to the end of the chapter. The desert is, in reality, composed of immense plains analogous to the steppes of Russia, the pampas of South America, or the Great American Desert of our Western plains. There is no wood; the water is confined to a few favored spots, which necessarily become the halting places of travelers, such as the great oasis of Trolat. Even in the Sahara it is only where running water is present that luxuriant vegetation and productive fruit trees spring forth.

Some of the smaller oases are pocket editions of Paradise. After traveling all day over a dry and almost barren country with only palm trees and stunted vegetation, the sight of one of these, with its bright green foliage and brilliant flowers, is refreshing indeed. The Arabs have a legend that Adam was once permitted to revisit the earth and landed, in England, but he did not know the place. Passing over into France, Italy and Spain, the country began to look better; but when he came to the Sahara he recognized his former home, and exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "Ah, here is Eden, where I was created, and first saw my beautiful Eve; here I could live forever."

In our journeys we traveled through a mountain pass different from anything that I had ever seen before. It was five paces in width, with perpendicular natural marble walls on either side, veined and polished, and glistened with various colors in the sun. Through it runs a little stream with lovely green banks and outside entrance, which effervesces in one's mouth like champagne. Antimony is also found in the pass, and gives rise to an oasis called Tesna. A carbonic acid spring bubbles up close to its southern vicinity, and a peculiar variety of sleep without wool. Quail are very plentiful, the sparrow family are found in every house south of the Atlas. They are of the capsa variety, and have a sweet note, superior to the nightingale, but cannot bear exile to the north. Butterflies of unusual size and most beautiful colors are found, often measuring from four to six inches across the wings. Mosquitoes and beetles are plenty enough, the cochineal insect, which feeds on the cactus cochinchiferus, is gathered in great quantities and sold to the caravan merchants, to be used in making the famous carmine color of commerce.

Dates are very plentiful, and are used for food and for fattening horses and camels. A camel load of them, 400 or 500 pounds, can be bought for a mikel, 40 cents. Olive oil and a similar oil called argan, not so good for eating, but much used in lamps, are produced in great quantities. Monkeys are numerous and sometimes used as food. I have eaten opium among the darkies in Kentucky, and muskrat with the Indians on the Calumet, in Illinois, and even tasted of ratsteak, but I confess roasted monkey was too much for my delicate stomach; it was too horribly like eating a young baby. I found lion meat, however, to be more palatable and nutritious. All through Sahara, but especially in the oases of Sghorant, south-west of Biscara and Tougourt, in the Oued Oasis, wheat, barley and beans are largely cultivated. Grain is cut just below the ear, and trodden out with oxen or threshed with a flail. It is stored in pits of conical shape, dug in the ground, and will keep in good condition for years. Hawking by the use of falcons and ostrich hunting are the aristocratic amusements of the Sahara. Ostriches are killed by a light blow with a stick on their featherless head, and when closely pressed the run the head into the sand to avoid this death blow, and not to hide themselves from their enemy. Receiving the blow upon their muscular bodies, they draw their head from the sand, and are off with the speed of the wind. This vanishes another of the cherished myths of our childhood, imbibed from the geography and Sunday school books.

Negroes are plenty in the Draa, and are on an equal with the other races. Here we begin to see the institution of slavery. Slave women can be bought from \$20 to \$40, but a good looking young girl is more expensive, reaching sometimes as high as \$100. Wives are not purchased, as has been represented, but the expectant husband pays to the parents of his intended the amount of the bridal outfit or trousseau, which is always returned if the parties are divorced. No dowry is ever expected with the wife, so that marriages of convenience are unknown. The women often marry at from 10 to 14. The young people never meet till the wedding day, the negotiations being made through other parties, there being a regular market, like Saratoga or a London season. I recently attended a Moorish wedding, finding the young bridegroom seated upon a platform alone at one end of the room, and looking very foolish, while his friends and those of the bride frolicked and regaled themselves below. After about 24 hours the bride was brought in, and the whole company escorted them with lamps and music to the husband's home. No priest was present, and no ceremony seemed necessary except that the man, in the language of Scripture, should "take" the woman, and when not satisfied he "puts her away." The position of woman is the key to a nation's social state. Hard is the life and sad the slavery of Arab women, like all females in the pastoral phase of society. No spiritual ties and no tender regard for woman. Polygamy, the great bugbear of our times, is here, like our former negro slavery, a domestic institution. No Arab, however, permits his daughter to enter the service of another. The only way to obtain female servants is to take another wife. As to the famous eastern

harem, that is an exclusive and fashionable institution, kept up only by the Grand Sultan, the sheikhs or other rich and other influential personages, as a matter of show and pride. The inmates are generally very young girls, from 7 to 12 years of age, and are carefully protected and educated, and given for wives to the favorite officers of the Sultan or other high dignity.

Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog.

The story of a dog's sagacity is interesting to all admirers of animals. The following one is strictly true: About twenty-five years ago an extraordinary war was waged against the canine inhabitants of Portsmouth, and a great number died by poisoned food thrown into the streets. A gentleman who owned a highly prized pointer, fearing that his dog might also become a victim, determined to send him out of reach of the danger. He therefore gave him to Captain Heman Eldredge, of the New York Packet Company, who took the dog to New York on his vessel. There he was sold to a gentleman who admired his remarkable beauty and intelligence. The purchaser carried the dog to his residence on Staten Island, and tied him in his yard, enclosed by a seven-foot fence, where he was fed and petted to make him happy. The gentleman was surprised next morning when he found that Bruno had gnawed off his rope, cleared the fence and escaped. Not being willing to part with his newly acquired property so suddenly, he went immediately to New York, and hastened to Coontes Slip to Captain Eldredge, but the vessel had sailed for Portsmouth. He then went into the office of Stark Lewis, agent of the packet company, and asked if anybody had seen the dog. He was informed that Bruno had been there and about the wharf early in the morning, but had not been seen there for an hour or two. The gentleman reluctantly gave up the search, and thinking he had lost his dog, returned to his home. His astonishment was great, however, when, upon entering his stable yard, he saw Bruno contentedly gnawing a bone at the kennel door. The dog greeted him with that respectful and submissive air which all well-bred dogs assume when welcoming their masters home. Bruno did not tell what difficulties he encountered in his attempt to return to his old home and master. It was, however, no easy task for a strange dog to traverse the streets of New York, and obtain passage to Staten Island on the ferry boats, unaccompanied by any human protector, and without a single penny in his pocket to pay his fares. Bruno's purpose in running away from Staten Island was to take passage back to his Portsmouth home in the vessel which carried him away. Finding the vessel had sailed, he returned, like a ragged dog that he was, well knowing that if he did not claim the protection of his lost master he would be in the pitiable condition of a lost dog. And yet there are those who deny that animals have reasoning powers.

A Tramp Trap.

It is a well known fact that freight cars are a great resort for tramps. These cars afford them traveling conveyance, sleeping apartments, and everything which conduces to make the life of a tramp pleasant and comfortable. To hunt them out or to capture them while in these cars has been one of the great studies of railroad men. One of the most prominent citizens of Colorado Springs has invented what he calls a "tramp trap." It consists of an ordinary freight car, in which is a movable bed resting on spiral springs, something like a spring mattress. To this bed is attached a clutch, which acts on an elliptical spring connected with the doors. The movable bed is adjusted so as not to move until a required weight is upon it—say 1,500 pounds, the average weight of 10 tramps. In this car are placed several boxes of crackers, baskets of wine, boxes of cheese, bundles of cigars, and the doors are left wide open. These articles are soon discovered by the tramps, and they begin to swarm around the car and to enter one by one. When the required weight is in the car the bottom suddenly flies up, throws out the clutch, and the doors close quick as a flash and fasten with a spring lock. The tramps are thus secured until the proper officers come and kill the tramps. We understand the inventor has made application for a patent, and the right to use the same will be placed at a very low figure, so he wants to benefit mankind, and not to make money.

New Varieties of Tea.

An English Consul reports the discovery of two curious varieties of tea on the western frontier of China. In the monasteries of Mount Om (or Ngomi) he was given an infusion of tea which is naturally sweet, tasting like coarse congee with a plentiful addition of brown sugar. It is only grown by the monks on the slopes of the mountain, and two days travel further west its existence is unknown. The other variety, odd as it may appear, has the natural flavor of milk, or perhaps, more exactly of butter. What is most interesting is the fact that it is wild tea, growing in its native elevated habitat, without cultivation.

This wild tea is found in the uninhabited wilderness west of Kiating and south of Yachow, at heights of 6,000 feet and upward, and is a leafy shrub fifteen feet high, with a stem four inches thick. Every part of the plant except the root, is used for making the infusion. The wood is chopped up and put into a kettle of water with the dried leaves and twigs, and being boiled yields a strongly colored but weak tea, possessing a buttery flavor, which gives it some resemblance to the Tibetan preparation.

Many a proffered succor from heaven goes past us, because we are not standing on our watch-tower to catch the far-off indications of its approach, and to fling open the gates of our heart for its entrance.

Paul Boynton's Reminiscences.

Yesterday the aquatic captain very pleasantly entertained the party at the dining table with stories of happenings during his career as a navigator, which illustrate the perils and humors of his peculiar dress and mode of traveling in a strange country. For instance:

He landed one night about midnight on the coast of Ireland, and astonished the native coast guard by his strange appearance. The latter inquired, somewhat nervously:

"Where did you come from?"

"America," was the reply.

"Where's your ship?"

"Out there in the channel."

"Then," said the guard, with all gravity, "how many's drowned besides yourself?"

During his famous long trip down the Mississippi, the captain found himself just at daylight one morning being anxiously watched by an old negro on a high bank. On these expeditions he was always in more or less danger of being shot for a sea monster or some strange animal, and always made it a point to hail any one as soon as he could. On this occasion he blew a note or two on his bugle. The negro kept his quiet, eager watch. The captain again sounded his bugle. Then the negro, evidently with visions of Gabriel before him, lifted his hands, threw himself into a worshipful attitude, and reverently, though joyously, shouted:

"And he blew his trumpet upon the water—bress God, bress God!"

He landed at Tangiers one night, in need of assistance, and so frightened the Moor on duty at the gate of the city that the latter rushed inside the walls, shut the gate and commenced a terrible shouting. Then arose a great din inside that city. Captain Boynton could not understand a word of their language, but he could understand that there was a terrible commotion going on inside, and knew enough of human sounds to realize that possibly he might come to harm if the excited inhabitants got at him. He concealed himself under a boat and rather anxiously awaited developments. Soon the inhabitants poured out of the city with torches, searching for him. Their talk was for a while "all Dutch to him." At last he heard a voice say in French: "It makes the track of a man." The sound of that voice was like water to a thirsty soul. He felt that he could make himself understood. He shouted in French and was answered. It was discovered that the owner of the French vessel was an artist who knew something about him, though he had never seen him. The result was he was released from his unpleasant position and received the assistance he desired. He inquired of this new-found friend what the people were saying when they were shouting so loudly, and was told that their cry was, "Awake—awake—it is better to pray than to sleep, for the devil has come to Tangiers."

Amusing Provisions in Old Wills.

A foreign review of a new book entitled "Curiosities of the Search Room; a Collection of Serious and Whimsical Wills," writes as follows:

"The chapters on Eccentric Wills, on Vindictive Wills and on Directions for Burial contain some curious illustrations of human frailty and folly. A certain Dr. Ellerby bequeaths his heart to one friend, his lungs to another and his brains to a third, declaring that if they do not execute his wishes with regard to them he will come and torment them 'if it should be by any means possible.' Another testator, an American, requires that his skin may be converted into two drum-heads, upon which are to be inscribed Pope's Universal Prayer and the Declaration of Independence; another American, a New Yorker, leaves seventy-one pairs of trousers, to be sold to the highest bidder without examination, no purchaser being allowed to buy more than one pair. In each pair was found a bundle of bank notes representing a thousand dollars. A Frenchman institutes an annual race with pigs, to be ridden by boys or men, with a prize of £80 to the winner. A Baptist minister who died last year declares in his will that he trusts to see the Church of England brought down, and desires all posterity to know that he believes infant sprinkling to be from his Satanic Majesty." Another dissenter, recently deceased, bequeaths £20,000 upon trust for two nieces upon condition that neither of them marry a minister of the Established Church, or a person holding any office or commission in her Majesty's army."

"Protrusion instructions with regard to the testator's body are frequent in wills. One man bequeathed his body to the Imperial Gas Company to be consumed to ashes in one of their retorts; and a New York spinster desired to employ all her money in building a church, but stipulated that her remains should be mixed up in the mortar used for fixing the first stone." Some of the bequests in what the compiler calls "Vindictive Wills" have in them a touch of humor. Thus the Fifth Earl of Pembroke writes: "I bequeath to Thomas May, whose nose I did break at a masquerade, five shillings. My intention had been to give him more, but all who have seen his 'History of the Parliament' will consider that even this sum is too large," and a certain Dr. Dunlop bequeaths to his brother-in-law Christopher his best pipe, out of gratitude that he married "my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken, to his eldest sister, Joan, his five-acre field, to console her for being married to a man she is obliged to henpeck."

Culture—She—"Of course you went to Monsieur Renan's lecture on Marcus Aurelius?" He—"No I didn't. Who's Marcus Aurelius?" She—"Why, a Roman Emperor, to be sure, and a stoic." He—"How, what's a stoic?" She—"A stoic? Well, at all events, Marcus Aurelius was one—at least he didn't go so far as most stoics." He—"Didn't he? How far do they go?" She—"What a ridiculous question." (Collapse of conversation.)—Punch.

One Hundred Years Under Water.

Mr. J. W. Dutton, the constructing engineer of the celebrated Dufferin Palace in Quebec, recently presented a journalist with a cane and a pencil holder made of the wood of the vessel L'Original, which was sunk below Quebec in the year 1756. In a letter accompanying his gifts Mr. Dutton says: "L'Original was built just below the Citadel, scarcely a quarter of a mile from where Montgomery fell 19 years later. For those days she was a large vessel, but in this age a 1,000-ton vessel is not much to tell of. She was built of oak timber, which must have been brought from France, as none of the Western oak forests had been cut into, it being impossible then to bring the timber down. The vessel was built of the best timber and iron, but she was fated never to do much execution for her country, as shortly after being launched she was sunk just opposite where she was built. There she lay until last Summer, when she was raised and towed to shore. She sank in September, 1756, so that she had lain under the waters of the St. Lawrence about 123 years. In spite of her long immersion, when they first attempted to raise her it was found impossible to tear her to pieces, as the oak was as solid as on the day she went down. The only thing that was gone was the iron, in those places where it had been exposed, and this had completely rusted away. After several attempts to stir her, a diver was sent down, who fired a heavy charge of dynamite under her. This broke her up somewhat, but it was only after many explosions and two years' hard work, that she was finally got rid of.

The wood was eagerly sought for, and now it is almost an impossibility to get a piece of it large enough to make any thing of any value. The frigate was the last relic of the old French Government, having been built under the superintendence of the Intendant Rigot. She lay in 90 feet of water, and while she has been there many are the changes that Quebec has seen—as well in manners and customs as in men. When she was removed there were found to be over 100 anchors of all sizes and many hundred fathoms of chain entangled with her. These were, of course, raised, and in some instances claimed, but most of them were sold by the government to satisfy expenses.

How the Captain's Patent Worked.

Having piped all hands to splice the main brace, the captain had the first mate of the farm tow out the horse and wagon, and ascending the quarter-deck of the craft, he took possession of the tiller ropes (as he styled the reins) and said:

"Now, boys, my invention is very simple—I might make a million dollars out of it, nebbe, but I ain't going to patent it; you can use it if you want to. I've simply fastened a twenty-fathom line on to the mizzen axle of the craft, and put on a stout grapple. I shall bring this here loss along the road under double-reefed top sails, and then one of you cusses scare him—open an umbrella at him, or something; then, when he comes tearing along about twenty-five knots an hour, and won't answer to his helm, I'll just drop the anchor and ride out the gale. Git up!"

The horse came jogging gently down the road, when, according to the programme, the first mate pushed out and hit him a belt over the nose with a blanket. The terrified stood on his hind legs for a moment and then struck a course northwest by north with great celerity. The interested spectators beheld the fearless captain sitting unmoved, though the buggy bent and careened before the breeze. Then with a triumphant smile they saw him heave out the anchor with a merry "Yo, heave ho!" The grapple dragged for a moment in the treacherous sands of the road, then caught in a rock. Captain Cornwell rose into the air like a bird on the wing and sailed majestically forward, alighting on his ear. The horse stood on his head for a second, and then resumed his onward course at the rate of at least seventy miles an hour, and amid a frightful crashing, ripping, tearing and smashing, all the wagon vanished into thin air, except a piece of the mizzen axle, to which the anchor had been fastened.

Capt. Cornwell can't precisely understand why, when the tackle held, he wasn't able to ride out the gale, but is not discouraged and will repeat the experiment as soon as he has had a new buggy made upon lines of his own design. Life insurance canvassers are bearing down upon him from all quarters, and the liveliest interest is manifested in the neighborhood. We wish the gallant captain all success.

To Keep out Flies.—A lady writes to the Minnesota Farmer: "For three years I have lived in town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast table while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until a few days ago. I have had occasion to move my goods to another house while I remained for a few days longer. Among other things moved were two geraniums and calceolarias which stood in my windows, being always open to their full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, was a new discovery, and perhaps may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure—namely, window gardening. Mignonette, planted in long, shallow boxes, placed on the window sill, will be found excellent for this purpose."

A stranger calling at the house of a gentleman the other day, met a German friend at the gate and inquired of the latter, "Is Mr. — in?" "Yes," was the reply. When about to pull the bell the Teuton called him back and said: "He is in, but he is det."

The Mother-Love of Birds.

So strongly is the mother's love depicted in the stork and the lark that it amounts to a heroic passion. The stork which spends the winter in Egypt and the summer in northern and western Europe, likes to build its nest on the top of some steep gable-roof. Such a nest is a real nuisance. It is from three to five yards in diameter; it swarms with snakes, lizards, frogs, toads and other disagreeable creatures; it becomes in the course of time, so heavy that it will break the roof if not artificially propped up from below. Nevertheless, for various superstitious reasons, the stork is not only welcome, but even courted by the European peasants, and it cannot be denied that the reverence with which the bird is looked upon is, to some extent, deserved. If the house takes fire, and the young storks happen to be at an age in which they cannot be saved by being brought away from the nest, the stork mother does not leave them. Standing erect in the nest, flapping her wings to wade away the smoke and flames, and crying out now and then some strange Egyptian dirge, she remains with her young ones, and perishes with them. The lark, which builds her nest in the meadows, runs away from it when frightened by somebody's approach, four or five yards, under the clover, and rises then perpendicularly in the air, pouring forth all her song in the wildest strains in order to divert the attention. But the peasant boys know that as long as she remains hanging at the same point in the air, he is still four or five yards from her nest, and he uses the direction of her movements and the ring of her song to find out the exact spot. If then it happens that the young larks are about to break through the shell of the egg at which the mother instinct of the bird is in the height of excitement, while her bodily strength is much exhausted from the laying, she will drop down dead from the sky the very moment the nest is touched.

A Plucky Iowa Boy.

An exciting encounter occurred on Monday night, at the farmhouse of Daniel Solomon, ten miles south of Hastings, Iowa. Mr. Solomon was away at the time, and his son had, on Monday afternoon, sown 2,500 bushels of corn, for which he had been paid in cash. It is supposed that this fact became known outside of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Solomon usually occupied a front room on the first floor, but during the absence of her husband, Mrs. Solomon had gone into an adjoining room to sleep with her two young children. They had been in bed but a short time, and had not yet gone to sleep, when Mrs. S. and her son Logan, who slept up stairs, heard the front door open. Logan is a youth of but eighteen, but is a giant in strength, and has unlimited pluck. He arose and quietly slipped down the stairway, when he heard the following conversation between the two men:

"Does anybody sleep in the other room?" asked the first.

"No," replied the second, "I think not."

Upon this Logan jumped from the stairway into the room in which the voices were heard. One of the robbers fired in the direction of the sound, the report of his pistol being followed instantly by two shots from his accomplice. None of the shots took effect, however. In another moment the heroic boy was engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with both villains. With a superhuman effort he threw one of them across the room, and getting the head of the other under his arm, he took his pistol from him and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. He dropped the lifeless body of his assailant on the floor, and throwing the pistol down started for a neighbor's house and informed him what he had done. They both returned to the scene, and lighting a lamp, were horrified to find that the victim was a well known lad of the neighborhood. The other man on being so roughly handled by Logan had picked himself up and fled. The dead man had always hitherto borne a good reputation.

A Queer Story.

The village of Speer's Cove, St. John's county, New Brunswick, is excited. A little girl there died recently of accidental poisoning, and when they took her body from the bed to lay it out, they found words and sentences written on the sheets and pillow cases not with anything like ink, but apparently as the result of pressure as though made by a nail or some similar instrument, on the linen or cotton, and after a time the most of them gradually disappeared. One man who visited the house says he was told by the parents that on a bandage round the child's jaw were the words: "Mother, be kind to Julia, for she is next." On the sides of the two pillow slips were sentences: "Mother and Hannah, come to me and kiss me;" "Kate, tell them we want them;" "Mother, ask Kate to fix my grave and love her more than ever." Spread under the pillow on which the dead child lay was a sheet with the impress of her form, and over it a dove and the impression of a woman, the Virgin. This impression was visible, the man says, through four folds of the sheet. There were other words, figures, expressions, some of them of a devotional kind.

A Dutchman, in one of the counties of Pennsylvania, wanted a minister to preach at his child's funeral, and wasn't unreasonably particular as to who came. "Chon," said he, "go and call the circus preacher to come, and if he can't, den get the locust preacher, and if de locust preacher can't come, why den get de extortioner." (exhorter).

At dinner she had a doctor at either hand, one of whom remarked that they were well served, since they had a duck between them. "Yes," she broke in—her wit is of the sort that comes in flashes—"and I am between two quacks." Then silence fell.

His Honor was Sympathic.

The Great Grizzly Extremator of California was brought before Justice Moses to answer to a charge of having been drunk on the street. He had been privately informed at the jail that hunting was the peculiar weakness of his Honor, and advised to appeal to the fellow feeling of the court. Judge Moses looked sternly at Medicine Bill and said: "William, you are charged with being drunk; what have you to say?" "Well, yer Honor, I may have been a little off, but yer see I've just come in from a bear hunt, and felt like having a good time."

"Dear hunt, did you say?" asked the court with evident interest.

"Yes, sir, I'm the boss grizzly-killer of the Yosemite. Slow me a grizzly an' I'll show yer some dirty work. I'm a bad man to clean up after, I am."

"Well, now, this court isn't any slouch of a grizzly-slayer itself. The tribunal of justice used to hunt bears and sleep in a blanket over in California. You've heard of Grizzly Adams and Mountain Charlie, of course?"

Medicine Bill admitted that he had, and in fact was intimately acquainted with both these mighty hunters.

"Well, this court had the honor of teaching both these gentlemen the knack of catching a grizzly by the tail and pulling his spine out."

Medicine Bill had often seen them do it, and heard them tell how they learned the trick from his Honor.

The court looked solemnly at Medicine Bill, and asked him how long it would take him to get out of town and point himself toward the Sierra, where the grizzly roams in his native wilds.

Medicine Bill allowed that if he didn't break a leg he wouldn't be more than ten minutes inside the city limits, and the court told him to go.

ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.—According to foreign medical journals, M. Leven has been investigating the question of the quantity of alcohol which should be taken to facilitate digestion, and consequently, the assimilation of food. He demonstrates, by conclusive experiments, that an excess of alcohol, as 75 grams of brandy to 200 grams of meat, completely arrests digestion; while 25 grams of brandy with the same weight of meat will, on the contrary, have a very powerful effect on the digestion. The quality of the alcohol used is of no less importance. Dr. Rabuteau has studied the comparative action of the different alcohols of commerce with the greatest care. Ethylic or vinous alcohol has always yielded the best results. His numerous experiments show that even an excess of this kind of alcohol does not produce the injurious effects that are brought on by even moderate use of the majority of the alcohols of commerce, and especially of that variety which contains amylacetic alcohol. According to him, it is this kind which produces the lamentable results of alcoholism.

Beware of Malaria. The prevalence of malarial diseases in country and town indicates a danger to which we are all exposed. These diseases are easy to contract and hard to eradicate. But Warner's Safe Pills neutralize the poison and cure them. They are equally effective against all bilious troubles. From a relative of Wm. Prescott, the Historian. CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 13, 1880. I shall not cease to recommend your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure to the patronage of all my friends, who are afflicted as I was, with that terrible and dangerous disease, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. It cured me completely. With great respect, thy friend, JAS. S. PRESCOTT.

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