feet of earth be

Current Literature.

The Country Postman.

From the French.

You have seen him pass through the fields with a hasty step, recognizable not only by his blouse and his regulation hat, but also by the sustained activity of his movements, because for him the instants are counted, and he has not the right to slacken his pace. An indefatigable walker, he accomplishes his task from the first to the last day of the year without ever resting. No matter though a tropical sun invite all creatures to become motionless, hough the cold be Siberian, though it blow and snow, he must go to the last village on his route to carry the letters, newspapers and prospectuses which trade confides by millions to the care of the post.

The highways are not made for him; must he not cross the country, passing through woods and marshes to seek the hut lost in the depths of the solitude, far removed from any public road?

He travels from eight to ten leagues daily, making circuits, crossing brooks, scaling rocks, venturing into ravines and wounding himself among the hedges and briars. Loiter ing is forbidden for him, for the official hour stance, but found an opportunity to cast a furof return is fixed; the letters he brings back must depart by the next mail. They are waited for at the post-office, and the least variation of his programme may have grave consequences.

We cannot without ingratitude forget the services of this incorruptiole messenger, whose probity and zeal are constantly put to the proof, who brings us at a certain hour our letters and our journals, the news, the expec tation of which keeps us full of anxiety; who contributes to soften for us the bitterness of disappearance of these humble functionaries would leave in our existence !

I knew a man who for twenty years filled that position. A former soldier, thanks to irreproachable records of service strengthened by a little influence, be had obtained the great favor of having placed to his credit fifty francs per month at the post-office of the district.

Pere Martin was not very fond of this brilliant position, but he perfectly understood his responsibility and duties; he never com plained.

Everybody in the district was acquainted with this little gray-haired man with bronze features, whose limbs had the pliancy and the strength of steel. He was highly appreciated, for, while a scrupulous observer of the regulation, he never refused to perform a service, provided it did not conflict with his duties.

There was not a corner of his route which he had not passed over, accompanied by his Boyolf dog. He knew to a metre the distance separating the smallest hamlet from the chief town of the district, and was familiar with all the paths and byways.

To spare himself half an hour's walk he never would have thrown into a ditch some ailly prospectus or some printed matter bearing a doubtful address; if he returned anything to the post-office it was because its destination could not be found. He was the slave of his orders, as punctual as the clock, and so discreet as to discourage the most curious. Everybody greeted him kindly when he arrived at a village; the children came to him, and even the dogs barked joyously at his approach. There was considerable rivalry as to who should offer him a glass of cider and a bacon. But he rarely accepted anything. Time passed and he did not like to contract

Hence the notes made concerning him were excellent, and his chiefs regretted that the parsimony of the administration only permitted them to reward his loval services with contemptible gifts.

One day in the middle of October he departed on his usual round. The weather was frightful; it had been raining incessantly for more than a week; the roads had become bogs and the brooks had been transformed into torrents; what foliage remained on the trees was so impregnated with water that it could not offer a protecting shelter. The postman, wet to the skin, walked with the impassibility of an old soldier who does not discuss his

He had delivered a portion of his mail, but his round was far from being finished when he passed an inn, or, rather, a miserable drinking house, situated at the entrance of a wood. This place was mainly patronized by sabot makers, who found there alcoholic drinks and a few groceries,

"Ho! monsieur, the postman! stop here for an instant. While you are giving me the information I need the violence of the storm

This invitation was addressed to him by a man who, with a pipe in his mouth, was standing upon the threshold of the drinking

The rain was pouring down at that moment; a fierce blast swept it into Pere Martin's face prevented him from walking and bent to the ground the stalwart trees.

The postman was a little ahead of time, and the demands of the service do not go so far as to forbid the acceptance of a momentary shelter when it offers itself under such circum-

He therefore went into the house and sat down beside the fire which cracked on the hearth. The man who had invited him to enter threw upon it some dry branches, which were soon in flames. A heavy vapor arose from Martin's soaked garments.

The stranger interrogated the postman as the hours of the departure of the mails, and asked him a host of questions about himself, his service and everything concerning it.

"You know me, then?" said the postman "You know me, then?" said the postman.
"Parbleu! Everybody loves and esteems ou here. Pere Martin's value is well known. hope you will not refuse to drink with me.

"You cannot think," resumed she, "what seeds of a new degree progress in the certain men are capable of, when they have a grange against anybody." you here. Pere Martin's value is well known.

Ho! Mme. Rosier, two glasses of your best brandy."

her occupation. "What a dog's trade you follow, Pere Martin!" said the man. "Will it take you much longer to finish your round? You doutless have yet to go the Landa Grese, to Plessis. I know some one who is impatiently waiting for you there. I am obliged to pass in the vicinity. If you wish it I will relieve you of your

"Thank you, I will deliver them myself. "That's yourself out and out. After all, you are right. It is your duty to deliver them.

letters.

While talking with a loquacity that did not encourage the postman, he took up the sack he latter had placed beside him seemed to eel its weight and turned it over and over.

"Let my sack alone, please," said Martin, coldly. "You have disarranged all my letters. I shall no longer know what to do.

The other humbly excused himself for his wkwardness.

"The evil is reparable," said he. "Seat

tive glance over his shoulder.

While Martin was busy with his work he heard furious growls behind him.

"Pere Martin, help me to prevent your dog from strangling mine," said his new acquaint-

The postman arose and caught his dog by the skin of his neck. The animal's fury con trasted with its habitual gentleness.

This fact seemed strange to Martin. felt distrust of the communicative stranger grow upon him. He was about to replace his absence and distance. Imagine the void the papers in the sack when the man, as if to see what was the state of the weather, opened

At the same instant the wind swept impetuously into the room, which it filled with a thick smoke, and lifting the letters spread out upon the table, scattered them in every

The postman uttered an exclamation of

"Bah! it is nothing," said the person had caused the accident. "We two will speedily gather them up."

And without heeding the refusal of Martin, who wished to avoid his help and do the work alone, he began to search for the

When they had collected all they could ind, the postman carefully examined them; then he seemed worried, as if he had not the "Are any missing?" asked his companion.

"It appears to me that there was another etter.

"Bah! either you are deceived or you forgot it at the post-office."

"That is quite possible." He said to himself that it must be so However, he resumed his hunt and searched eneath the furniture. He found nothing, and oncluded that his memory had not served him faithfully; for he had watched his companion's movements, and it did not seem adnissible to him that he had stolen the letter. Nevertheless he hastened to depart, regretting that be had entered the drinking house, The man who had chatted with him inspired in him a veritable repulsion, and it was his ule, because of the habits of discretion which the post-office imposes upon all its agents, to keep at a distance all who did not appear to him worthy of confidence.

The storm had somewhat the rain soon ceased to fall, and bright sunshine lighted up the country when the postman reached the nearest village.

A woman was at the door of her house waiting his passage. She was still young, and, without possessing remarkable beauty. had a neat and sympathetic countenance. "Monsieur Martin," said she to the post

man, "have you a letter for me?" "No, Madame Andre, I have not."

"That's strange; my husband should have written to me to-day. You cannot imagine now much his silence troubles me.

She grew pale and seemed scarcely to have the strength to sustain herself,

The postman assisted her into the house, and handed her a chair into which she let herself fall. The chaiming children fixed on her sad and anxious looks.

"You will receive a letter to-morrow Madame Andre, ' said Pere Martin. "The delay of a day is easily explained. Your husband was disappointed; some unforeseen business suddenly demanded his attention and he missed the mail.

"No; I know him and cannot understand his silence. You are aware that he departed two months ago for the city. Some work was to be attended to which promised to bring him in a great deal of money; a small inheritance was also to be received. But all is concluded. He sent me word that he would return this evening; he had made his arrangements to that end. To-morrow the farm of La Mane is to be sold; he has decided to purchase either all or part of it. It is an opportunity which will never again present itself, but I would prefer a thousand times that he should miss it to having him return without notifying me."

"Why !" "Because some one has wicked designs gainst him, and at might a terrible blow in oon struck. You know there are two routes by which to return here; one is longer than the other, but safer. I am afraid lest he may

The postman strove to calm her fears, but

She seemed to hesita' nd then added : oly because my irough a danger-pocket, but also a wretch whose husband will have to ous spot with money because there is in the J dearest wish is to put

tween them. "This hatred dates frol. long ago. When I was a young girl he wanted to marry me, but he filled me with horror. He has never pardoned me for having repulsed his offers, and has enveloped in the same animosity the man I preferred to him. He hates George and myself for being in easy circumstances while he vegetates in want, as if honest people were responsible for the mistakes of idlers and drunkards. This is not all. A crime was recently committed; suspicions were aroused, but the proofs were wanting. I possess them and the guilty man knows it. Ah! it is a dan-

gerous secret for a woman who has only child-ren around her!

"Yesterday he accosted me to sound me; I did not hide from him my contempt. He saw clearly that he was unmasked in my eyes; he overwhelmed me with innults and threats. I took the unfortunate notion to say to him that

soon, when my husband had returned, when he had a man before him, he would be less he had a man before him, he would be less presumptuous. Oh! if you knew what glances his eyes shot at me, what an expression of hatred his features wore! I know that often

and began to arrange his letters. His ques-tioner affected to keep discreetly at a dis-

The postman was silent. He remembered having heard the woman at the drinking hous call the man he had met there by that He asked himself in consternation if the lette. had not been stolen from him, but he recalled all the circumstances and banished this sup-position. He felt certain that the epistle had not been in his sack; he reassured himself and sought to reassure the woman; yet he resolved to await her husband's arrival at the chief town of the district to advise him to be pru

He hastened away, and when he was alone his fears regained possession of him. He again began to doubt, and little by little was seized upon by a terror he could not explain. He in-creased his pace, and leaped over the hedges and ditches with unusual nimbleness. Unfor and ditenes with unusual numbleness. Chfor-fortunately, his round that day was excep-tionally long, and the bad weather, in addi-tion, had considerably delayed him.

He reached the postoffice a little later than was his custom. The woman who distributed

was as custom. The woman who distributed the mails, on being consulted by him, affirmed that he had taken away a letter for Madame Andre. One of her assistants confirmed this declaration

The postman was thunderstruck. He saw with fright the heavy responsibility thrown upon him. His terrors augmented when he remembered that time and again, at the moment of opening the mail bags, a man had presented himself, asking if there were anything for Madame Andre! He flew rather than ran to the office of the

coach which carried passengers from the near-est station on the railway to the chief town. George Andre had arrived, but had set out immediately on foot for his native village. This news gave Martin a violent shock. The

prospect of a catastrophe for which he would be responsible arose before him. He saw this man, who had returned with joy in his heart, encountering death at the threshold of his taking the widow and the orphans. The dark-est clouds troubled his imagination. He did not hesitate, and without taking

time to enter his dwelling, started off again. Those who saw him pass, absorbed in his thoughts and noticing no one around him, asked themselves what grave affair could have caused this breathless haste on the part o man who must have come back from his round broken by fatigue.

After having passed over a fourth of the

After having passed over a fourth of the distance, he inquired concerning the traveler and asked if he had been seen.

He had gone by some time before. The joy of return had given wings to his feet, as the thought of a misfortune to be averted had inthought of a misfortune to be averted had in-oreased the speed of the postman. There was no longer even the shadow of a doubt; the fated man had taken the path which led straight to the Moulin-Brule. Pere Martin calculated that by passing over another path, which, however, was rough and dangerous, he could yet arrive before him.

He hastened on and reached the fatal spot when the night was already advanced. The

place was well fitted by an ambuscade. There was a species of cut through the rocks. On both sides bushy trees formed an impenetra-ble shade; rapidly moving clouds at each in-stant veiled the moon, the wan rays of which added to the sinister character of the land-

He paused; amid the rustling of the foliage agitated by the wind he thought he heard the sound of approaching footsteps. It was doubt-less George Andre, whom he had preceded only by a few instants; he was about going to meet him when the report of a gun rang out, and a ball struck him full in the breast.

The assassin emerged from a neighboring thicket; but, on approaching his victim to fin-ish and rob him, he found himself in the presish and rob him, he found himself in the pres-ence of a new actor and vented his disappoint-by ment in a horrible oath; he had recognized George Andre. The blade of a knife flashed in his hand, but he was not allowed time to use it—a club descended vigorously upon his head and felled him to the ground.

A woman, distracted with terror, at this

moment threw herself on the postman's body.
"Oh! how wretched I am!" cried she. "I
foresaw it; he has killed him!"

Madame Andre had not been able to subdue her uncasiness, and at the hour she supposed her husband ought to arrive, she had come to wait for him; at the report of the gun, she had run forward programmer.

"Jeanne," said her husband to her, "reas-sure yourself; I am unburt!"
"It was not you? Who then has he assas-

They bent over Martin's body and recognized him in the moonlight, which at that instant illuminated his face and uniform.

The husband and wife carried him to their The husband and wife carried him to their home, where he lived only twenty-four hours. He related how he had allowed to be stolen from him the letter in which George Andre had announced his return, and how he had decided to prevent at any price the consequences of his negligence, even if he should be compelled to offer his life in exchange for that of the factor of a family whom he had involuntarily neighed to place in paril

tarily aciped to place in peril.

Coscure victim of duty, he had added another act to the list of those unknown secretices which are made daily, without being encouraged by the house of the concentrated by the concentrate encouraged by the hope of any recompense, without even having for indemnification the remembrance they should leave behind him.

—Philadelphia Times.

the other, but safer. I am afraid lest he may return by way of the Moulin Brule, the more of the Angora goat into Taxas as an established as as there is some one to see in that direction. I tremble at the mere thought of it. If I only knew—"

The restman strove to calm her fears, but

Towns in the Palouse Country-A General Description from the Pen of a Leading Newspaper Man-A Rich and Fertile Section.

As the Palouse country continues to settle up and improve, and new towns spring into existence, it is generally interesting to the readers of a newspaper to hear as much and often of the country, its settlements and improvements, as possible. As the writer had occasion, some time since, to take a somewhat extended tour over a part of the country, perhaps it would prove interesting, says the editor of the Colfax Democrat, to our readers. Leaving Colfax on the Spokan road he passed through the rich but hilly farming land adjacent to Colfax, and which extended, in fact nearly as far as he traveled. A person speaks of the country being broken or hilly, and beyond that it is very difficult to give another who has never seen it a correct idea of what it really is like. About twelve miles out from Colfax the road passes near a hill severa times higher than the rest, known as Steptoe's butte, or Steptoe, so called from the fact that yourself at this table, and you will have no trouble to arrange the letters according to the route you should take."

during the night he manns should discover that my husband is to pass through that my husband is to pass through that my husband is to pass through that route you should take."

"What is the scoundrel's name?"

"What is the scoundrel's name?"

glance, view the most of the country, and get correct idea of its appearance. As far as the eye can reach, to the southwest, west and north, you see the hills, which appear small from your elevation, and the extent of your Mens', view, and which have something of the appearance of the waves of the ocean, except that they are more irregular in their outline.
You can trace the direction of the Palouse

FISHEL & ROBERTS

Corner First and Alder Streets. river from the bluffs on either side and the few scattering trees visible. You notice the the divides between the water courses, and the ridges running down from them with numerous smaller ones scattered along their sides. No basins are formed between these hills, but water falling on any of them eventually finds its way into the Columbia. If you cast your eye back and forth over the country rapidly the appearance of the hills gives you a sensation of dizziness. Looking to the east and southeast the Cour d'Alene mountains intercept your view. They are about fifteen miles distant at the nearest point.

It has been the case in this country, as in most other new countries, that the first settlers were mistaken as to the location of the best land. Here, a few years ago, it was thought that bottom land was best, and that the hill land was too rough to be easily cultivated. But it has been found that the bottom land is more subject to frost, and that only a small portion of the hill land is too rough for cultivation, and that it is more productive It has been frequently remarked to immigrants that the hills would become smaller after they remained a while, and their experience proved that they do, apparently. They beceme accustomed to them, learn to plow them, and harvest from them until they find them not such a great obstacle in farming as they at first supposed.

A few miles to the northwest of Steptoe the road passes through Cottonwood. There are some fine farms here. Leaving the Spokan road at this point I pursued my way down the creek. The settlements are mostly on or near the flat. The soil is rich, but settlement has been somewhat retarded owing to the distance from timber. Taking the Texas Ferry road and turning my course in a northerly direction, I wended my way to Pine City. This place is situated on Pine creek, a short distance above the mouth of Thorn creek. It has been about two years since the first building was erected here. It consists at present of two merchandise stores, blacksmith shop, feed stable, grist mill and several dwelling

houses. erly direction, I took my way toward Rosalia. I noticed that part of the land through here did not appear excellent for agricultural pur poses, and that quite a number of the settlers were stock men. Other portions of the land, owever, appeared good, and I saw some nice grain fields. Continuing my way until I came This place is located on the Spokan road, not far from the crossing of Pine creek. A store and blacksmith shop constitute the busines

of the place.

From Rosalia east to the mountains I con From Rosalia east to the mountains I considered the finest portion of the country I had seen, et pecially that part known as the Hangman Creck country. The name of the Hangman postoffice has been changed to Alpha. Perhaps the former name was a little too suggestive. The hills in this part are not as high as elsewhere, and the soil has the appearance of theirs very productive. as eisewhere, and the soil has the appearance of being very productive. There is one store in Alpha and another in course of erection. Turning my course to a northwesterly direction, a ride of about fifteen miles brought me to Spangle. This place is pleasantly located and appears prosperous. Twelve miles further on, and I arrived at Cheney. A great deal has been said and written about this place, and some things false, both for and against it. Be some things false, both for and against it. Be that as it may, when the traveler remembers that it is only a year old, he is astonished at its growth. The last eight miles from Spangle here was through a very poor country, but I

that it is only a year old, he is astonished at its growth. The last eight miles from Spangle here was through a very poor country, but I was told that beyond the land was good again. Returning and passing through Spangle, and taking an easterly direction, I passed on to Rockford. This place is situated in the edge of the timber near the mountains, and not far from the Idaho line. It consists of two stores, blacksmith shop, cating house, saw mill and grist mill, and perhaps a dozen dwelling houses. C. N. Pendleton, one of the merchants here, has purchased a quarter section of land near, and containing the nicest part of the town site. From here turn south, passing again through Alpha, and on to Farmington, which is just about east of Steptoe, This is all good country, with apparently no waste land. Farmington seems to be at a stand still with regard to improvements, and perhaps is waiting to see where the railroad is stand still with regard to improvements, and perhaps is waiting to see where the railroad is going. From here the writer paid a visit to the Cour d'Alene mission and the Indian school in charge of the Sisters of Charity. The school seems to be prospering, and is no doubt doing a great good in the way of civilizing the Indians. It is surprising to see what a degree of civilization the Indians have already attained. Returning to Farmington ready attained. Returning to Farmington, you go nearly south until you reach Palouse City. This place has been so frequently de-scribed that I will not notice it further than to say that it presents an air of thrift and prosperity. From here, traveling toward Step-toe, it is about seven miles to Garfield, a town located in a beautiful spot, surrounded by a rich agricultural country, and which will, if

the railroad goes up the North Palouse and Silver creek to Farmington, make quite a place. From here to Colfax you pass near Steptoe, thus completing a tour which has been but imperfectly described. The writer returned with a more exalted opinion of the country, and believes that some time when Territory has changed to the State of Washington, this will be one of the richest portions of the Union.

EXCHANGE FARMER'S

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and

Shoes, Hats and Cape. Everything a Farmer wants for sale. Everything a Far mer raises wanted

S. HERMAN,

Corner Madison and First Streets, Portland Opposite Segman, Sabin & Co's Agricultural Ware

FISHEL & ROBERTS' Stock of Fall Clothing 18 RECEIVED.

And Excels any Prior Stock Ever

Imported to Oregon. IT CONSISTS OF ALL THE NEW NOVELTIES

Manufactured for Youths' and Boys' Wear ALL AT POPULAR PRICES.

Incorporated 1864. Home Mutual Insurance Co

OF CALIFORNIA.

FIRE ONLY.

Losses Paid since \$1,334,633.44 Losses Paid Ogn in six \$162,363.29

Oregon Branch Office. GEO. L. STORY, Manager

> Southeast corner of First and Stark Streets, Opposite Ladd & Tilton's Bank. PORTLAND, OREGON

BOOK BINDING

A. G. WALLING WNS AND CONDUCTS IN A LEGITIMATE manner both the above named branches of busi-Having accumulated a large assortment of

STOCK AND FRUIT CUTS He can do work for Stock-growers and Fruit Cultur sts in a better style and at cheaper rates than another in the State. Having a

STEAM BOOK-BINDERY Can bind Magazines, Muric, etc., in first class styl and at lowest living wrices. ** BLANK BOOKS for very kind of usiness made to order. au27

JOHN A. MACDONALD. Salem Marble and Granite Works.

Commercial St., South of Post Office. (Post-Office Box 39, Salem, Oregon.)

MANUFACTURER OF Scotch and California Granite and Marble monuments, Head Stones

CEMETERY LOTS Enclosed with California Granite and Stone Walls built of every description

COUNTRY ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. JOHN MINTO,

MERINO SHEEP

TAKES PLEASURE IN OFFERING TO THE WOOL growers of Oregon and adjoining Territories the TAKES PLEASURE IN OFFERING TO THE WOOLgrowers of Oregon and adjoining Territories the
chance to purchase Thoroughbred Merinos, and assuring
parties interested that they can, and will endeavor te
sell Sheep of the same quality and value at much cheaper
rates than such can possibly be imported. Examination
and comparison with other sheep in the market are cordially invited. Address.

JOHN MINTO, Salem, Oregon.

The Rams and Ram Lambs of the flock can be seen on
the Island Farm, adjoining Salem. The Ewes at the
same place, or at the Hill Farm four and a half miles
south of the city.

D. W. PRENTICE & CO.

Leading Music Dealers SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

MATCHLESS (S)

UGUST PIANOS, The Unrivaled

Es y Organs Lead the World. STERLING ORGANS. Sheet Music and Musical Mer-

chudise of all Kinds. ta Send for Catalogue.

D. W. PRENTICE & CO., 107 First Street, Portland, Or.

USE ROSE PILLS. DRS. A. S. & Z. B. NICHOLS.

WHOSE GREAT SUCCESS IN TREATING Chronic and supposed Incurable Bis-cases is well known, can be found at their rooms. No. 59 Union Block, Portland.

e on Stark street between First and Se

Oregon Railway and Navi tion Company.

OCEAN DIVISION.

Through Tickets sold to all principal cities i

RIVER AND RAIL DIVISION Willamette and Yambill Riv

NOVEMBER 20, 1881 Tues. Wed. Thur Fri. Dallies, Walla Walla, Uma-tilla and up-river points. Astoria, Kalama, Tacoma, Scattle... Victoria, New Westminster Cath'am't, Bay View, Skom'ck-way, Brookfi'ld Westport, Clif-ton, Knappa. Dayton E AM AM AM rvallis and

NARROW GAUGE DIVISION East Side Division. BETWEEN PORTLAND AND BROWNSVILLE, O. & C. R. R. to Woodburn.

LEAVE. 7:30 A. M Brownsville ... 8:17 ille ... 8:30 A. M Portland ... 4:25

West Side Division. BETWEEN PORTLAND, SHERIDAN AND AIR

FREIGHT. For all points on Narrow Gauge Division will be ceived and forwarded by the O. & C. R. R., East West Side Divisions, respectively.

J. McCRAKEN & CO.,
Ag'ts State of California,
A. L. MAXWELL,
Ticket agent O. R. & N. C General Offices ... Cor. Front and D Stre

JOHN MUIR, General Freight & Pass'r agent. C. H. PRESCOTT, Manage PORTLAND

D USINESS OLLEG (Old "NATIONAL," Established 1866.) 128 Front Street, bet. Washington and Ald PORTLAND, -

Designed for the Business Educati of both sexes. Students Admitted on any week day of the year.

NO EXAMINATION ON ENTERING RATES OF TUITION :

SCHOLARSHIP, Business Course, TELEGRAPHY, Complete Course, WRITING, per month, PEN WORK of all kinds done in the most ARTIST MANNER at REASONABLE RATES.

The College Journal,
Containing information of Course, at
Cuta of ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP, free A. P ARMSTRONG.

To I cheerfully recommend the present managem of the Portland Business College. Mr. Armstr. whom I have known for many years, is an axperien Teacher and a Practical Business Man. H. M. DEFRANCE, aug5-8m President old "National" College

ALFRED KINNEY, M. I (Formerly located at Portland.)
SURGEON AND PHYSICIA Office at residence, S. E. cor. Liberty and Cheme keta Sta., (one block north Opera House.

E. O. SMITH. DENTIST

OFFICE: No. 167 First Street, between Morrison and Yambill, Portland, Oregos. Ins H. CARPENTER, M. D. PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

(Late of Salem.)

Office up stairs, N. W. Corner of 2d and Morrison 31

PORTLAND, OREGON. Will practice in Portland and surrounding country.

MONEY TO LOAN, SECURED BY REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGES

Sums of \$500 to \$30,000 AR M LANDS, OR PORTLAND CITY PROPERT WILLIAM REID,

48 First St., Portland. Oregon. DR. WITHYCOMBE, V. S.

VETERINARY SURGEON

rice, \$1 for each prescription written. State and toms and age of animals as near as possible. Office C. P. Bacon's Blackhawk Stables, 93 Seem St., bet. Stark and Oak. Besidence—Cor. Thirteenth and Taylor Sta

WILLIAM DUNBAR. Feed, Farm, Produce and Com-

mission Merchant. Importer of California Fruits, Vogetables, He-Butter, Figs, Ralsins, etc., and exporters of Ga-Flour, Woel, Feed, Fruits, Ergs, etc. TO THE PERLIC.

AVING TRANSFERRED MY AGENCY OF THE New Home and Crown Sewing Machine to Mr. John B. Garrison, 167 Third street, Fortist Oregon, I take this method to inform my patrons the public where these excellent machines may be for