Current Literature.

THE HARD-WORKING FARMER

Tou may envy the joys o' the farmer,
An' fancy his free, easy life;
You may sit at his bountiful table,
An' praise his industrious wife.

If you worked in the woods in the winter,
Or followed the furrer all day.

With a team of manualy young over. With a team of unruly young oxen,
An' feet heavy loaded with clay;

you held the old plow—I'm a thinkin'
You'd sing in a different way.

You may talk o' the golden-eyed daisies, And lilies that wear such a charm, But it gives me a heap o' hard labor To keep 'em from spilin' my To keep 'em from spilin' my farm:
You may pictur' the beautiful sunsets,
An' landscapes so full o' repose,
But I never get time to look at 'em,
un. Except when it rains or it snows; ou may sing o' the song birds of summer-I'll attend to the hawks and the crows.

You may long for the lot of the farmer, An' dwell on the pleasures o' toil;

But the good things we have on our table
All have to be dug from the soil;
An' our beautiful, bright yaller butter, Perhaps you may never hev learned,
Makes heap o' hard work for the wiminin
It hez to be carefully churned; An' the cheese so plump in our pantry, All hev to be lifted an' turned.

When home from the hay-field in summer, With stars gleamin' over my head,
When I m'th by the light o' my lantern,
And wearily crawl into bed;
When I think o' the work of the morrow, And worsy, fur fear it might rain; When I hear the loud peal o' the thunder. An' wife, she begins to complain— Then I feel ez if life was a burden, Within leetle to hope for or gain,

Sut the cern must be planted in spring-time,
The weeds must be kep' from the ground,
The hay must be cut in the summer,
The wheat must be cradled and bound, Fur we never are out of employment, Except when we lie in our bed; Fur the wood must be hauled in the winter An' patiently piled in the she !, While the grain must be took to the r The stock must be watered and fed.

You may envy the joys o' the farmer,
Who works like a slave for his bread,
Or, mebby, to pay off a mortgage
That hangs like a shade o'er his head.
You may sit in the shade o' the orchard,
Nor think o' his wants or his needs; Not take to his meadows an' corn-fields.

An' long fur the life that he leads;

But there's leetle o' comfort an' pleasur'

In fighting the bugs an' the weeds.

But the farmer depends upon only The things that he earns by his toil,
An' the leetle he vains is got honest,
By turnin' and tillin' the soil.
When his last crop is toted to market, With a conscience all spotless and clear, a may leave the old farm-house forever,

He may leave the old farm-house forever,
To dwell in a holier sphere;
An' the crown that he wears may be brighter
Because of his simple life here.

Cash No. 27.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"Great Boston Emporium, Jeffers & Co." is said in large red and gold letters outside. High up against the windows and half way across the wide pavement were piled all kinds of cheap and showy goods. Ribbons and arsificial flowers hung over woolen clothes, laces festooned a pile of printed cottons, feather dusters, tin pans, and crockery were packed among trumpery, tables and baby wagons. Everything was coarse and soiled, and bore sage marked in staring black letters "Only"that most seductive of adverbs to a scanty purse. All day a shabby and anxious crowd squeezed in and out of the narrow doors. Sometimes a well clad woman, intent on seouring bargains, appeared; but the majority of and her eyes very bright. the shoppers were the mark of the poverty that cats into the soul. "The great trick in Voght!" world is to get something for nothing. We run cheap and so can sell cheap, and that takes in the public," said one of the floor looking at her. walkers, a pompous fellow, who was a bachslor and a misanthrope. "The world is a miserable, mean place, and it grows worse every day. To work for Jeffers & Co. a year would convince anybody."

There were very few men employed in the establishment. All the clerks were women, and, instead of cash boys, there were cash girls, who were coarse white muslin caps and out the coin. aprone as a badge of their office. There were no rosy faces among them. The air was too stifling. And many of the little girls had said he. knowing eyes, that told of hearts grown wise in the world before their time. To think of the contrast between their lives and those of happy children, skipping in the sun, or bending over books, or sitting beside their mothers in the safe, sweet peace of home, would make one's heart ache unless one had a leaden heart.

The Boston Emporium was very full. It a'ways was on opening day. The clerks were hot and tired, and spoke sharply and shrilly, and the cash girls fairly ran their legs off between the counters, the cashier and the parcel dock. So, when Matilda Jeneks, of the flower department, screamed at Polly Graves:-"Cash ! Cash ! Here Cash 27 ! Twenty-four from fifty !" and put three big red roses and : silver half dollar into the child's hand, nobody noticed. The red roses were very red, indeed -so red that it made one's fingers pink to souch them; but to Polly they were beautiful, and all the way to the cashier's desk she kept wishing, half aloud, that she might have had three such roses to put on her hat. I'd be

happier than ever I was yet, she thought. Cashier Voght was very busy, the dust in the air made his spectacles gummy, his head sched from the noise, and so he gave the wrong change to No. 27. "Twenty-five cents see much," she said to herself, as she wriggled gruffly, Polly jumped. through the crowd. "Twenty-four would buy three roses, and my old straw is such an old hat, even for a cash. Nobody would know. Mr. Voght can never tell who he gave the he. money to," Her brown eyes turned black and her brown curls danced with excitement, as "Aunt Susan showed me, afore she was blind she slipped the extra quarter into her pocket. and when I was small."

vantage of such a crowd. She had seen them put into a Black Maria just in front of the doors many times. Racked by these fears of discovery and loss, Cash No. 27 made so many blunders she brought down upon herself several reproofs before the day closed, and when six o'clock came she dared not approach the flower department. "Wait till to-morrew"

whispered a warning voice in her ears. Polly's home was in a dark and dirty street. The tall wooden houses stood very close together. There was not a spear of grass to be seen. Deep puddles of filthy water lay in the unpaved road and in the areas. Flocks of geese waddled about, gossiping over the garbage heaps or disputing the narrow pavement with the swarms of ragged children. All the houses seemed full of people. One could not hers all.

Polly and her aunt Susan had one room in excellent for the place and commanded a high rent, for there were three good sized windows in it. A pot of geranium, that grew very thick and green and was a wonderful bloomer, stood on the sill of one, and all were shaded by curtains of coarse white cotton. The carpet was much worn out and patched, the the flowers. stove set on bricks, the bedstead was so had in her so much of the New England housewife, that the cataracts which made both her eyes nearly sightless did not prevent her from keeping her one room so bright and clean it was home-like, in spite of its poverty.

"I'm so glad you've come!" cried she, as Polly came in that night. "Dear suz! the Browns are full of trouble! Tommy's down with the dipthery (the wust kind, the doctor sez) an' Brown hain't had no work this winter. What they'll do I don't see."

"Seems to me trouble's always coming to us or the tolks we know!" said Polly, peevishly, dropping into a chair.

"Yes," sighed Aunt Susan, "I guess we were born to a hard fortin', and so wuz the Brown's." Then, brightening up a little, she continued: "Goin' round from piller to post (as I hev when I nussed) hez made me more resigned. Everybody hez frets, an' folks as heznt real ones git up some out of their minds, like."

"There's a difference," grumbled Polly. often wonder what it would be like to have all you want and not have to work."

Aunt Susan laid her worn, rough hand on the child's bright hair. "I hope some time you'll find out. I hain't

never. But arter all, child, we ain't so bad off. We never've had any troubles we couldn't shet the door on."

"How's that, Aunt Susan?" said Polly, putting her hand on her pocket, and thinking all of a sudden of her stolen twenty-five cents.

"Why, we've done the best we know how, so we never had something a-doggin' us up an' down, a-saying: 'If you only hadn't done

this or that !' Polly's dreams were troubled that night. nd blind Aunt Susan heard her mutter, in her sleep: "Cash 27! Oh! Cash, if you only hadn't. You can't shut it out." And when, next morning, Polly hurried off an hour before her usual time, the poor old woman was certain something dreadful was about to happen.

It was a dark, rainy morning, the small figure in the faded water proof made good time, and there were only a few of the clerks in Jeffers & Co.'s great shop when she entered. The cashier was doubled up in a queer heap on his stool, quite alone behind his desk, and Polly walked straight up to him, her face pale

"Mr. Voght!" called she, huskily; "Mr.

want now?" cried he, brusquely, scarcely

"I want to speak to you!" faltered Poll y with trembling lips.

Mr. Voght peered over his spectacles, and was se surprised he left his mouth wide open. "Well," said he, after a few moments, "I

"Here is-is the twenty-five cents too much." And Polly, with a great effort, held

The old cashier slipped off his stool and came close up to her. "I don't understand,"

"You gave it to me yesterday. I fetched fifty, twenty-four to be taken out. You gave me two quarters and a cent. This is the one too much," and Polly laid the money in his

"And you fetched it back?" said the old man, turning the coin over in his palm. Polly nodded.

"Why?" continued he, looking her sharply in the eyes.

"Cause," said she, very low, indeed. "Um," grunted Mr. Voght, rubbing his nose with his stumpy forefinger. "What was you going to get?"

"Three o' them Jac-mot roses for my hat." "And you are how old?" "Thirteen."

The old cashier was silent some minutes. Terrible minutes they were to Polly. He was going to punish her, she thought, drive her away, perhaps, or call a Black Maria. At does he ask me first? Why: 'Is your Cash least he would scold her, and, shaking with No. 27 sick? and when I said yes, he would excitement, she rubbed her feet up and down send you this wine, which, he says, is won a crack in the floor to keep from falling; but derful stuff, that will cure everything but a his thoughts were far beyond the sea with a baid head. Then there's Jones, the pompous little flavor haired daughter, who long years floor walker—he must buy you some chicker of before he had laid within a grave, when she was just thirteen. Suddenly he spoke up, so

"Can you darn stockings, 27 ?"

Polly stared and was silent. "I say, can you darn stockings!" repeated

"Splendid!" said Polly, brightening.

have to myself, or wear holes, and that I hate and I hate to mend. "I'll pay you twentyfive cents if you'll do it for me.' "Oh!" said Polly.

"Will you?" cried he, crossly. "Oh! yes sir; and-and-"

"Run along, 27," cried he, turning away and climbing on his stool. "I can't be bothered another minute." As the week slipped by, the troubles of the

Browns, who lived in some rooms above the one occupied by Aunt Susan and Polly, in-"Tommy's a ful bad" was all the poor old mother said; but one of the six little Browns, who tip-toed up and down the long stairs, or sat in a silent, woe-begone group on the steps, told Polly that the doctor had ordered wine, beef tea and oranges for Tommy, help wondering how the houses could contain and his papa had only enough to buy bread The four dollars a week she earned scarcely provided the barest necessities for herself and one of the larger houses. It was considered her aunt, and the sorrow of the Browns wrung Polly's heart.

> "Now you can have your roses, 27," said Mr. Voght, as he laid a bright, silver quarter in Polly's hand, after receiving his socks, neatly mended; but she shook her head gravely, as she hurried off without even glancing at

"I've got twenty-five cents," she said to the rickety it made one sensick to look at it; but fat German, who kept a liquor store not far Aunt Susan, New Hampshire born and bred, away from Jeffers & Co.'s. "I want all the wine you can sell for thirteen cents,"

> "Mein gut gracious!" cried Hermann Rosenblume, leaning his fat hands on the counter and bending forward to look at her. "Vat is it you would buy mit thirteen cent-?"

> "Wine !" said Polly, sharply, "Wine for Tommy Brown, he's got the dipthther, and he's got to have wine and beef tea and oranges to get him well, the doctor says, I've only got a quarter, so I want to buy all the wine I can for thirteen cents."

"An' Tommy is your brudder?"

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Polly, "Aunt Susan and me live in the same house. The Browns are awful poor; I work for Jeffers & Co. I'm a cash."

"Just so. De leetle ones mit caps, I know, said the big man, kindly, as he moved slowly along his shelves. "You haf numbers, haf you not? and you are vat number? And he took down a bottle, marked with quaint, foreign names. "27."

"Oh, yes! I shall rememper, 27. I shall know you always. Dis vill do de poy vell, an' it vill be ten cents."

The beef and oranges proved to be relatively much more expensive, a pound of beef and two oranges quite exhausting her money; and Polly went home with vague notions of the value of sherry.

A sharp pang shot through her when she passed the box of red roses Monday morning. 'I will surely have them this week," thought she, as she bent over Mr. Voght's socks. But a deadly weariness oppressed her. A strange, heavy dullness was in her hands and feet, and it seemed as if each day was a month long. Sise got in people's way, and made so many mistakes that the pompous floor walker actually shook her declaring that, of all the awful girls with which the miserable world is filled, number 27 was the awfullest; and if she was not careful and did not mind her Ps and Qs she would be dismissed. Before Saturday had come again Cash No. 27 was missing from Jeffers & Co.'s emporium. A few inquiries were made, but all were so hurried only Mr. Voght found time to visit her; and he went very soon, carrying, awkward enough, a soft little package in his stiff old fingers, while on his arm swung a fat basket.

"She's sick ! She's bad sick !" said the little Browns, sitting on the steps. "She's got it just like Tommy. He's over it. She got im over it with things she bought She's all alone. Her aunt's gone to socks. buy victuals; but we take keer of her, you

It was curious how very gruff the old cashier's voice became by the time he sat down by Polly's bed. If you did not know him, you would think he was growling when he said 'Now, what are you up to, 27?" All the little Browns watched him through the crack in the door, determined that he should not hurt their Polly. He set the fat basket on the floor, and, tearing open the soft little package, laid three Jacqueminot roses on the pillow, where Polly could both see and smell them. "There, now," continued he, "I should say you are better."

"Oh!" sighed Polly, rapturously, in a faint voice. "Oh, they're true!" And her fingers, that had wandered restlessly over the bed clothes all day, stroked the velvety petals. "I never saw a true one near to afore.

"But don't you think you're better?" persisted Mr. Voght.

"Better," said Polly, wearily. "Yes, the doctor says I be; but I didn't feel better till since you came. You re my friend, you see. "But you have a good many friends," growled Mr. Voght, so crossly, that all the

little Browns trembled; and, putting the fat basket on his knees, he opened one of its big lids, and began taking out packages and laying them on the table. "Now I happened to be in to my friend Rosenblume's place this morning, and what

himself, as if I didn't know a hen from goose; and here's some jelly from Madam Jeffers herself. I can't begin to tell all the things there is in this basket, all from friends, and-

"Friends," said Polly, sitting up in the bed and looking at the old man with luminous eyes. "All on 'em, my friends!"

"Every one.

"It's like Heaven," sighed Polly, and some thing in her tone made his glasses so dim he Somehow things were wrong after that.

By one who came in looked straight at her, Polly thought. Pickpockets often took adverse with the straight of the policy in the geranium was for a moment. "All friends!" her voice grew full of wondering route into this section for the feeder of the

"Dear Lord, coming, coming, directly. Cash 27." And suddenly, though the room was very ducky and his eyes were so full of tears he could not see at all, the old cashier knew he was quite alone, and that Polly was in that lovely country where there is neither pain nor poverty, but joy forevermore.

The young minister, who conducted the simple funeral, the next day, found the room sweet with bunches of roses, though they were just then very scarce and dear; and when he asked Aunt Susan what she was going to do, now that her support was gone, she handed him a note, which said simply: "Su-san Graves, aged sixty-nine, is admitted to the Old Ladies' Home." There was no signa-ture but this: "In memory of Cash No. 27."

COUNTY NOMINATIONS.

The Republican convention of Linn county nominated the following at Albany, on the 12th inst.

State Senators-S A Dawson, T J Wilson Ropresentatives—W A Anderson, W Paul, M Waters, B Glass, W H Wilds, P H

Wegle. Clerk-G W Davis, Sheriff-J Charlton. Treasurer—T W M Bruce.
Assessor—A B Morris. Commissioners—A C Crisman, J Yates. Surveyor—E T T Fisher.

Coroner—Fred Dunning.
Delegates to the State Convention—S A
Dawson, O T Porter, L Flynn, J Pearl, J
Donica, R A Rampey, W R Temple, J B
Waters, G W Waters, G W Smith, W W Parish, R F Ashby, F Muller.

The Benton county Republican convention nominated the following ticket on the 8th

Senator-E Woodward. Representatives -R J Nichols, W P Keady. Colbert Carter. Clerk—B W Wilson. Sheriff—Sol. King. Judge—F M Johnson.

urer-T J Buford. Commissioners-James Edwards, Andrew Gillety.
School Superintendent—James Chambers,

Surveyor—George Mercer,
Assessor—Perry Eddy,
Delegates to the State Convention—J A
Henkle, W P Keady, M J Conner, S D Cline,
F A Vincent, C E Moore.

Following is the Wasco county Republican ticket: Representatives-B F Nichols, Newton

Sheriff-J T Storrs. ■erk—A A Bonney. Treasurer—E Nickelson. School Superintendent—O D Doane,
School Superintendent—O D Doane,
Surveyor—W B Campbell,
Delegates to the State Convention—E L
Smith, John Darragh, Wm Floyd, D J
Cooper, J A Richardson, R Whitten, N B
Sinnot, Chas Cartright, Robt Mays, H Dufur,
Theo Cartright. Theo Cartright.

The following are the Lake county Repub ican nominations:

Representative—J H Clayton. Sheriff—R A Emmitt. Clerk-L G Ross.
Commissioners-W S Moore, B G Chris-

School Superintendent-Geo Hayes. Assessor—J H Clark. Treasurer—J H Hotfn Surveyor-C H Dyer. Delegates to the State Convention-S G loore, J H Evans.

The following are the nominations of the Republican Convention of Multnomah county: State Senator-Sol. Mirsch.

Representatives—J C Carson, P A Mar-uam, W H Harris, D M C Gault, A H Tan-er, O P S Plummer, Penumbra Kelly. Judge—L B Stearns. Commissioners—C P Bacon, Earnest Giese Sheriff—Geo C Sears.

Clerk-Wm R Seweil Treasurer — Wm. Showers.

Assessor — I N Saunders.
School Superintendent — O Frank Paxton.
Coroner — H Cooke.

Surveyor-R H Austin. Lane county Republican ticket: State Senator—Allen Bond. Representatives—J H Stewart, A D Hyland, S B Eakin Jr, A J Johnson. Clerk - Joel Ware. Sheriff - J M Shelley.

Assessor—J G Gray,
Assessor—J C Brattan,
School Superintendent—T J Gill,
Surveyor—H C Perkina,
Coroner—Dr. John Nicklin,

The Republicans of Umatilla county have ominated the following ticket: State Senator-Wm Steen.

Representatives J S Vinson, B Stanton. Representatives—J S Vinson, B Stanton.
She.iff—Wm Martin.
Clerk—J B Bnshee.
Treasurer—N Hendrix.
Assessor—M H Thompson.
Commissioners—R Eastland, T R Howard.
School Superintendent—S O Richards.

Surveyor-Geo Redding. Coroner-W C McKay.

The Republican Convention met at Tilla-mook on the Sth. Jasper Smith was elected Chairman and A. D. Bester Secretary. The

Chairman and A. D. Bester Secretary. The following ticket was put in nomination: Representative—Jasper Smith.
County Judge—M. K. Perrin.
Sherit!—A. L. Alderman.
Clerk—H. F. Goodspeed.
Treasurer—C. H. Miller.
County Commissioners—Z. Z. Dawson and E. K. Scoville. E. K. Scoville.

Assessor-F. M. Lamb. Following is the list of persons nominated by the Democratic Convention, which met at

St. Helens on the 13th:

Representative-Dan Rice. County Judge—C. S. Emmerson. Clerk—Eugene Semple. Sheriff—N. L. Gray. Treasurer—H. P. Watkins. Assessor - A. C. Boyn. School Superintendent-L. F. Lovelace.

The delegates to the State Convention from Yamhill county are Chris Taylor, J C Cooper, W H Harrison, W A Graves, Wm Cooper, Lee McLaughlin, Dr. Jessup, K P Reid, J M Killen. The convention for county officers was called to meet May 9th; primaries May

Describer is sometimes called the "blues," beer use the latter term describes at once the color and effects of impure blood. Change it to "rose colored health" by using King of the Blood. See advertisement.

Lands in Eastern Klickitat.

The Walla Walla Statesman has the follow ing interesting correspondence concerning that region that has been but little known and that is close to navigation on the Upper Columbia :

Ascending the hills west of the Columbia the new farming region is reached at a distance of about three miles from Wallula. The ground is covered with a magnificent growth of bunch grass, while the sun flowers that cover the hills for miles would no doubt cause the authetic Oscar to weep for joy: the pres ence of sun flowers is generally accepted as an indication of rich soil. There are no rocks, and two horses draw a twelve-inch plow with apparent ease. The land is rolling, there being few deep canyons; nine-tenths of the ground can be farmed.

The question now most naturally arises why has this vast tract of land, situated so near the great river of the West, been permitted to remain undisturbed these many years? There is but one answer:-the entire absence of water and sandy appearance of the surrounding country have naturally caused the impression that the soil was too dry and contained too much sand to produce grain. Judging from the appearance of the country as viewed from the river, one would as soon think of planting grain on the desert of Sahara. Water has been found in one locality at a distance of four feet from the surface. Pev. H. W. Eagan and son, Dr. Eagan, are sinking a well, which at last accounts was nearly forty feet in depth, with no very encouraging indications of water.

I went west from Wallula about eight miles, the land becoming more even and fertile as I proceeded. Whatever this land may prove to be in point of value, there is plenty of it; it is all very nearly alike; if any part of it is good it is all good. No very great amount of plowing will be done until the productiveness of the soil is tested; if found to be as fertile as many persons are now inclined to believe, it will be rapidly settled up, and one of the most magnificent grain regions of the West will spring into life, the outlet to which will be the railroad from the Columbia river to the Sound, which it is to be hoped will be built in the near future.

I have given your readers a description of this region as I viewed it from an unprejudiced standpoint. It will probably be a dirappointmet to parties who have seen the country in a more favorable light, that my description consists of plain facts instead of glowing account of the wonderful richness of a country of which so little is yet positively known. It is my opinion that it will produce a good quality of grain, and a large amount to the acre; if it will produce at all the yield will be large. To parties desiring to learn more of this region, my advice is to give it a personal investigation; one may tell you it is land of blooming fertile soil, while from another you will learn that it is an arid waste of sand. It is not far distant and is easy of access. If it is worth having it is worth vis iting. You can best go and see for yourself FRANK BOYD.

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Leave Portland | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur | Fri. | Sat. Dailles, Walla Walla, Uma-tilla and up-river points. Astoria, Kala-ma, Taccma, Scattle. Victoria, New Westminster TAM TAM TAM TAM TAM 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM 6 A 6 AM Cath'am't, Bay View, Skom'ck-way, Brookfi'ld 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM 6 AM estport, Clif-ton, Knappa. ton, Knappa.

TAM TAM TAM TAM

Orvallis and intermediate 6 AM 6 AM

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