

### Sixteen as Housekeeper,

BY R. A. F.

I resolutely put my Virgil out of sight, closed Moliere's heavy covers with a sigh, and gave one long, last look at my unfinished essay on "The Influence of the Past upon the Present," and then reversed my subject by descending to the kitchen to exert there the influence of an orderly present on the chaotic past of the day, which was just drawing to a close. The preparations for the departure of at the kn the mistress of the household, who had been suddenly called away, had so occupied us all that the culinary department had been left to the mercies of our Yankee handmaiden, whose get off. stupidity was something remarkable and her blunders unique. As I entered her domain the said handmaiden turned from the clean clothes she was folding, and greeted me with the expansive smile which usually beamed on a face as totally devoid of expression as an or-

Well, Miss Vic, now your mother's gone I s'pose you and me's going to keep house to gether?"

"If you let the kerosene can stand on the back of the stove much longer, Sophronia, I don't think there will be any necessity of any body keeping house long," I returned, calmly, fishing the cat out of the ironing basket and rescuing my lace fichu from the obtivion of a pair of blue-checked overalls in which Sophrony had vigorously rolled it, while our help. or rather hindrance, hastily removed the oil

Although tolerably well versed in other branches of housekeeping, I presume I knew just as much about cooking as other girls of sixteen, who spent the hours between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M. in school; in fact, my entire repertoire consisted of bread-which, I am happy to say, I thoroughly understood-lemon pie and chocolate creams, all very excellent in their way, but not calculated to form the entire bill of fare for three weeks. Still I was endowed with energy and unlimited ambition, and I looked forward to those weeks as witnesses of successive calinary triumphs, and Alas! I first verified the words of a more modern writer, and "Learned what a noble thing it is to suffer and be strong."

My woes began the very next day. Break fast passed off smoothly, and I, armed with Mrs. Beecher's "All Around a House," studied the result of the morning's marketing. Beefsteak, that I krew how to cook; potatoes, those I would bake; asparagus and spinach—I turned to Mrs. Beecher for aid and received it. But the dessert? S phronia had the iron-ing to do, and I had offered to take the other work off her hands, and could therefore waste work off her hands, and could therefore waste no time on pastry or explorations in the un-known realm of puddings. "Plain boiled rice" dawned on me suddenly, and with the happy consciousness that my menu was setbappy consciousness trace my ment was set-tled upon, and need not be prepared for some sime. I finished the kitchen work, and fell to making beds with a vigor, my labors cheered by Sophronia, whose voice floated up to me as she melodiously breathed forth her prayer of

"O, for a hum by the sea!"
I devoutly wished she had one when I again
went down stairs and found her gazing from the window on a bicycle careering up the road, while her flat-iron left an indelible impression on the front breadth of my white dress. With some difficulty I restrained my feelings, and, consulting the clock and Mrs Beecher, found it was time to put on my rice to boil. "She doesn't say how much, but," meditatively, "I should think a quart would do," and I trustingly put it in a bag and left it to boil. In about half an hour my tranquility was rudely shattered by a cry from the kitchen:

"O, the bag's burst and the rice is all in the

I filled the porcelain sauce pan, only to see the white form of that rice, like an accusing angel, rising from its rim. I filled another kettle and another, and in my despair enter tained wild visions of bringing to my rescue

the huge preserving kettle.

"There's a good deal of it, isn't there?"
asked Sophronia, timidly.
A good deal! There was enough rice on that
store to have furnished an entire dinner for
every Chinaman in the United States. We

every Chinaman in the United States We had boiled rice for breakfast with syrup, and boiled rice as a vegetable with fowls for dinner, we had rice fritters and rice mustins and rice pudding, and still there was boiled rice. And when a tramp came to the door and said he would be thankful for anything to est, and actually devoured the last plate of rice, I felt that he was really a deserving object, and I gave him a cup of coffee and some buttered rolls as a sort of premium chromo thrown in.

With the exception of this disastrous ex-perience life flowed smoothly for a time, until one day dawned which I shall never, no, never (no Pinaforic reservations) forget. Who so tavored as not to know days when it seems as if everything was bent on proving the utter depravity of all animate and inaminate things? Such an experience was heralded to me by the receipt of a note from a cousin, saying that she had decided to stay over night with us on her way to New York.

come late in the afternoon, so I will have a six-o'clock dinner," I informed Sophronia; "and I think I'll make some soup; it's so much more swell to have three courses."

"La sakes, now, is it! How much you do

know! Make one of your lemon pies, too.
They're perfickly lovely," said she, admiringly, as she departed to the dairy to skim milk, while I gathered together my implements of

Flourishing the egg beater, I called after phronis to bring me some milk, but receiv-Sophronia to bring me some milk, but receiving no answer, I caught up the pitcher and went in search of it myself. Hearing a strange voice, I peeped through a crack of the door, and beheld the ice man, whom I more than suspected was endesvoring to win Sophrania's madden affections. It therefore, basely stayed my footsteps and listened to the following dialogue:

Mr. Stubbs: "Well, taint so awful easy. But, then, if I didn't do it I couldn't see you,

you know."
Sophronia: "O law! Mr. Stubbe! Well, I "pose we must all work; I get protty tired myself."
Mr. Stubbe: "You don't look it. I (Sophronia, weighing about 160 pounds, cer-tainly does not look it.) You look as fresh and bloomin'—"

door and cutting short Mr. Stubbs' simile, "you are pouring the cream into the pig pail and the skimmed milk into the cream jugs." Mr. Stubbs vanishes, and Sophroma looks aghast at the mischief she has done. With a short, sharp lecture I leave her to her con-

science and return to my pie, and I am at the most critical point of my crust when I hear a gentle tap at the door. I open it to confront a blandly smiling Italian image-vender."

"I vants to see ze mistress of ze house."

"We don't want anything to-day," say I.

"But I vants to see ze mistress of ze house."

"But I vants to see to mistress of so house,"
with a look of profound contempt at me.
"Well, she don't want to see you," retort I,
utterly exasperated, as I slam the door in the
face of the son of the sunny South, leaving
him to betake himself to the woman next door, who has a perfect chamber of horrors in a collection of scriptural and historical pera collection of scriptural and historical personages in plaster, ranging from a praying Sanuct, whose legs, owing to an entirely original conception of the artist, seem to terminate at the knee, to an "eyestrian state," as she calls it, of George Washing on, who seems to have gotten on horseback with great difficulty, and to be in a very doubtful state as to what he is to do there, and how he is ever to get off.

Stepping to give Sophronia directions about preparing the guest chamber, I once more address myself to my pie, and this time finish and put it safely in the over. Running upstairs, I decide to glance is to the west room. Sophronia, of course, has left the door open, and the first spectacle that greets my eyes is my par Maltres partial, contestedly on the my pet Maltese perchel contentedly on the ruffled pillow shams, while four dirty little kittens, whom I last saw in a basket in the sprawl and tumble over the white. M'lle Olympe Zabriskie's (so called, because of her gymnastic achievements) dream of bliss is rulely shattered by a sudden re-moval to her proper quarters, and the bed is subjected to a revision.

When I again descend to the kitchen I take

out my pie, and carefully spread us top with framy white of egg and put it back in the oven for a few moments, while I go to the garden for roses for my vases. Coming back with my hands full of sweet-scented blo-soms I forget for a moment my tribulations, when I am brought back to the realities of life by So-

phronia's voice:
"I've slapped the potatoes for lunch in the oven to bake, and now I'll wash the milk

My pie! I draw it from the oven. She has My pie: I draw it from the oven. She has indeed "slapped in" the potatoes, for, calmly repoding on the once showy bosom of my pet pie, hies an enormous specimen of Early Rose. I draw the curtain on the scene that followed. About three o'clock that afternoon, as I

gave the finishing touches to a puidling destined to take the place of the ill-fated pie, I heard the old-fashioned knocker give a resounding clang. With the first natural instinct of the feminine mind to hang over the balustrade, or peep through the window cur tains. I reconnoitered through the window.

could see the proud satisfaction with which I should say at their end, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

Sophronia, it is Mr. C—. Ask him in the pallor, and then come and tell me," and I hurried upstairs to invest myself in a fresh white lawn.

Through my open door Sophronia's voice came up, as she thus greeted the then "one bright particular star" in my horizon:
"Sit right down and make yourself to hum.

She's been pretty busy to-day, and I guess she's gone to slick up a bit. She said she cal Mr. Stubbs was avenued! Though not of a

Mr. Stubbs was avehied? Though not of a sanguine disposition generally, I think if I could then have seen Sophronia plunged in a kettle of boiling oil, or undergoing any of the tortures of the Inquisition, it would have given me a sense of satisfaction that all the consolation of religion would have been powerless to bestow. erless to bestow.

erless to bestow.

The last drop in my already overflowing cup of bitterness was added when, as I was saying good-by to my visitor at the door, a man with a wagon filled with oranges and lemons halted before the lawn, and, as I put up my eyeglasses to obtain a better view of his establishment, shrieked out, "Say, Sis, does your mother want some oranges!" I, a senoir in the Huth School, sytem was add a reason for High School, sixteen years old, preparing for college, and possessing two dresses with real trains, called Sis! And Tom laughed!—Ameri-

Lake and Nelson creeks, we tarried a day to kan, but still to come is the drain of all the sinity. For logging purposes, we found the timber and other facilities first class in every respect. All along both of these creeks there are fine bottom lands for ranchers. The timber on these bottoms embraces pine, maple, alder, elder, salmon, brush and scattering fir vast bodies of snow still lie in the mountains of the largest class.

Lake creck to its junction with the Siuslaw river, a distance of 12 miles, nearly the whole country. That there will be a still greater route being through a heavy body of fir tim-We then traveled a foot, 8 miles further, to In British Columbia they are having very tide water, most of the way being through high water. The Victoria Standard says: bottoms, some of which are cleared up. There Latest telegraphic advices from the Mainland are also some fine bodies of timber along this part of the river.

On reaching tide water, we took a boat down the river, some 5 miles to Wm. Palmer's place, where we put up for the night and re-ceived the best of hospitality. Palmer has a very fine ranch, one as beautiful as I ever saw. The next day we descended the river to this

point, finding it a lovely stream all the way, lined with excellent bottoms, many of which

are partly cleared.

This morning we went down to sound the bar. When we arrived at the mouth of the river the weather was foggy, and we went ashore for three quarters of an hour, until the tide rose and the fog litted, so that we could a the thing the tide to sound it. The shoalest water we found was 12 feet. with a very low run out, it being near the full moon. On measuring, we ascertained that the tide had fallen all of 8 feet, which would make

We went over the bar at high tide.

We went over the bar in a skiff, and, in returning, were caught in a dense fog, which caused us to lose our way and bring up on the south spit. Our skiff swamped, but we staved with it, and took it through the breakers all right, with the exception of losing the oars. Capt. Cox and Wm. Palmer lost their hats,

### GENERAL NOTES

Seattle Post-Intelligencer: If we judge of what is to be from the active work now being done on the Oregon Short Line Railway, it is safe to predict the completion of the road through to Baker City, Oregon, at a very early date. Starting at Granger, the track is already laid westward a distance of eighty-two miles. Tracklaying has commenced in earnest from that point, and is going down at the rate of one mile per day. From Granger it is 119 miles to Soda Springs, upon which the grade has been completed, eighty-two miles of track laid and many of the bridges put in place. From Soda Springs to Portneuf, where the line crosses the Utah and Northern, it is sixty-six miles, making a total of 215 miles from Granger. On this gap between Soda from Granger. On this gap between Soda the man mentioned in Scripture must never Springs and Pocatella graders are now at work, and already a portion is completed.

West of the Utah and Northern track is laid

West of the Utah and Northern track is laid. sixteen miles, and in about three weeks will be completed to American Falls, six miles further. The track west of the Utah and Northern is laid with broad gauge ties and rails placed to accommodate narrow gauge rolling stock.

The importance of Seattle as a steamboat building and repairing point is but little appreciated outside of the limits. Until now, when two of the boats are about finished, four steamers were simultaneously building in this opp rtunity of visiting the inventor and propriet r of the medicine at the World's Epi pellers, and all the time from two to six

We found the doctor in his elegant private. steamers are repairing. It is not uncommon in a single one of the four yards in this city to see three vessels hauled out and in the hands of mechanics. Between builders, shipwrights, laborers, boiler makers and machinists, a very considerable portion of our population get their living out of the vessels built and re-

the opening of the season. The sealers have about come to the conclusion that if the business is to be increased in future it will have to be done by white men alone. Indians have heretofore done all the killing. At the appearance of every storm they invariably insist upon going into Neah Bay, in doing which a loss of two or three days is often unnecessarily incurred. Again, the Indians cannot be depended upon to work faithfully through the whole season. They will get a few skins, and, selling them, will go to Victoria for a few days to spend the money. This sort of thing must continue as long as they are depended upon for help. The seals are there by the million, and there is no reason why a hundred thousand or more of them should not be taken annually. On the Labrador coast the sealing is all done with steamers and white men, and the fishery here will have to be conducted hereafter in a similar manner.

A large quantity of wool is being shipped on Snake river steamers.

Mt. Emily took a "tumble" last week About ten acres, near the summit on the east side, being well saturated by melting snow, slipped and came down one of the canyons at 2:10 pace, carrying large trees, immense boulders, rocks and dirt across the LaGrande and Summerville road, and dumping itself on Tom Childer's meadow. Tom says he liked

Walla Walla Statesman: It is the history A CORRESPONDENT of the Coast Mail, in of all the floods on the lower rivers for the writing of the region about Coos Bay, says: past fifteen or twenty years, that after a rise On the morning of the 27th, I and Edward and fall of the water at The Dalles, there McCallahan left Eugene City for this place, came very high water from the upper Columcoming through in two days and a half. The bia and its tributaries. The present rapid rise first 35 miles we traveled on horseback. At has evidently come from the high waters of Joseph Wisman's ranch, at the junction of the Snake, Clearwater, and possibly the Spovast territory on the southern slopes of the how he had two thousand dreadful fits mountain ranges bordering on the 49th parallel, the waters of the Kootenai and Okangan rivers and their hundreds of tributaries, as well as the smaller streams below. From those who reside at Colville, we learn that north and east of that section; the weather is After leaving Wisman's, we footed it down warm, and this snow is melting rapidly. The same state of things exist in the Pen d'Oreille rise in the Columbia, there can be no doubt state that the sudden rise in Fraser river continues under the influence of the recent warm weather, and that yesterday the wagon road at the 18-Mile post was 10 feet under water. The river rose eighteen inches yesterday, and fears are entertained that unless a change of weather occurs all the lower portion of the Fraser valley lands will be overflowed. The steamer Western Slope, on her trip up the river, encountered the full force of the freshet and had no little difficulty in making Emory; consequently, she did not arrive here last evening on schedule time, and the excursion announced to take place on board had to be postponed.

As will be seen by referring to the council roceedings, we are destined soon to have a hand fire engine with which to protect the town from the ravages of fire.

### Go To Meadquarters.

We often hear the remark-and justly, too We often hear the remark—and justly, too but I saved mine. That will be my last venture on a bar when there is any fog around.

As far as my observation has extended, the Suislaw river and bar are among the finest on in price. Being the best, they are the cheap-Suislaw river and bar are among the finest on this coast.

Sophronia (sympathizingly): "It must be brettul hard work, lifting that heavy ice, Mr. Stubbs."

Mr. Stubbs. "Well, taint so awful easy. Mr. Stubbs." "Well, taint so awful easy. On my return to the valley, I will write you now know."

Sophronia: "O law! Mr. Stubbs! Well, 1 Posse we must all work: I get pretty tired nyself."

Mr. Stubbs: "You don't look it, I'm sure. Sophronia, weighing alsout 160 pounds, cerainly does not look it.) You look as fresh and bloomin."

Sophronia, "say I, steruly, opening the surface of the county. Or. Mr. Stubbs."

Suislaw river and bar are among the finest on this coast.

The town of Florence has only eight or ten houses in it and a camery, which runs during the fishing season. A. J. Moody has quite a fine store mouse in the town of Florence has only eight or ten houses in it and a camery, which runs during the fishing season. A. J. Moody has quite a fine store must all write you more in regard to this part of the country.

Remember me to all imquiring friends on the bay and Coor river. E. E. Packard.

Florence: Laus county, Or. Mr. Stubbs. Son, together with the largest and best stock of small musical instrument is dear at any price. McCammon makes every part of houses in it and a camery, which runs during the fishing season. A. J. Moody has quite a fine store in regard to the valley, I will write you more in regard to this part of the country.

Remember me to all imquiring friends on the bay and Coor river. E. E. Packard.

Florence: A poor musical instrument is dear at any price. McCammon makes every part of houses in it and a camery, which runs during the fishing season. A. J. Moody has quite a fine store of this coast.

On my return to the valley, I will write you more in regard to this part of the country.

Remember me to all imquiring friends on the bay and Coor river. E. E. Packard.

Florence: A poor musical instrument is not you for the country of the country.

All Robbins & Son, together with the largest and best s

### A Friend to the Friendless.

St. Joseph Saturday Democrat, Aug. 27, 1881. Sorrow and sickness is the too common heritage of humanity, and when we see how little is done to alleviate the miseries of the great mass of humanity we are almost out of patience with life. Even where the intentions are best, ignorance is prone to bid the afflicted "suffer and be strong," instead of "ministering to the mind diseased," or laying a hand of healing on the poor tortured body. Ah! when Science and Philanthropy, with

Ah! when Science and Philanthropy, with love and sympathy and skill, come to the aid of the sufferers, they feel as if the angel of annunciation had drawn near.

Samaritan Nervine really is salvation to thousands. I speak from a full heart when say it, for friends very near and dear to me have been restored to health and happiness by means of it.

by means of it.
God bless Dr. Richmond," said one of them to me the other day. "I feel as I know the man mentioned in Scripture must have

"Yes," he continued, "that was exactly my condition. I have spent a fortune in doctor's bills and patent medicines. Everything I could hear of I tried, so desperate was my situation, but I grew worse steadily, until some kind friend told me of the Samaritan Nervine. Since taking it I am, as you see, restored to perfect health. With such incontrovertible proof of the

beneficent nature of the remedy, it is not strange that an editor, always solicitous for an accurate knowledge of what could benefit the world in general, should take the earliest

office busily engaged in superintending the gentleman whose business it is to attend to the details of the immense correspondence which is a natural result of his wide-spread reputation. On making known our wishes, he very kind-

ly accompanied us in our tour of inspection through the magnificent building and grounds. Almost as soon as we entered the office our The Intelligencer says: The scaling season of 1882 is now over. The vessels did tolerably well, but not quite so well as they expected at the opening of the season. The scalars has a soon as we entered the office our attention was arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the humble arrest the office our attention was arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the fumble arrest the office our attention was arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the office our attention was arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the humble arrest arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the humble arrest arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs, numbering somewhere in the thousands. All pations ages and stations side by side with the picture of the humble arrest arrested by a wonderful collection of photographs. artisan; innocent childhood and withered old age showed in their counterfeit presentments the gratitude they could not speak; doctors, lawyers, ministers of the Gospel, soldiers, la-borers, plain mothers of families, haughly children of wealth, rich and poor, high and low, black and white, all were represented. It reminded me of the miracle cures of Europe, only instead of the crutches, ban-dages gold, silver and way impress of the redages, gold, silver and wax images of the re-cuperated pilgrims, left before the shrine of the miracle worker, Dr. Richmond has as testimonials the pictures of his deeply grate

ful patients.

"You must feel very happy, doctor, when you look at this collection "we said.

"Ah! yes," said the doctor pleasantly, "but if you like my Art Gallery, what would you say to my Library?"

He led the way to the next apartment, and we followed exception out to reach a section of the second content of the second conte

we followed, expecting only to see perhaps one bookcase filled with dusty temes of abstract science. Instead, the walls were lined with very handsome bookcases, containing over one hundred thousand unsolicited testimontals from those whom the Nervine had

"How wonderfully fortunate as well as talented you are," we exclaimed in amsze-ment. "The Nervine has proved a perfect rold mine.

gold mine."

The doctor looked at us repreachful.
"I am not one to underestimate the value of wealth," he answered, "for I have known what it is to be without it, but what is the most collossal fortune that was ever in the grasp of mortal man in comparison to the good more remarks is design? Picture to you rest if my remedy is doing? Picture to you reelf if you can, what must be the feeling of an epi-leptic. Think of him with his dreadful disease the fun, but mourns the loss of about ten acres of grass land.

so long pronounced incurable. He cannot take part in the studies, duties, employments, recreations or amusements of an ordinary recreations or amusements of an ordinary fellow being. He is an object of horror rather than of pity to his friends. His malady never stands still; it is constantly growing worse and more dreadful in all its phases. Last and most dreadfol before him stands the awful phantom of insanity. Sleeping or waking he feels that is there, and that that sooner or later it will clutch him; and it does. An epileptic must be, like Job, curse Heaven and die. Why, it would bring tears to your eyes to read a letter I received from a gentleman at Potsdam, New York, telling eighteen months, and is now, thanks to the Nervine, entirely cured. The poor fellow can scarcely find words strong enough to ex-press his feelings. That's the kind of a thing to make a man feel happy."

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NARY J. WOODBURY, Executrix.

Date at East Portland, Or., June 11, 1882.

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The only known Specific Remedy for Epiceptic Fits.

## SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Vertigo, Hysterics, Insanity Apoplexy, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Neuralgis, and all Nervous Diseases. This infallible ronedy will positively eradicate every species of Nervous Demagement, and drive them away from whence they came, never to return again. It utterly destroys the germs of disease by neutralizing the hereditary faint or poison in the system, and thoroughly eradicates the disease, and utterly destroys the cause.

### SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Female Weakness, General Deblity, Leu-corrheca or Whites, Painful Menstruation, Ulceration of the Uterus, Internal Heat, Gravel, Inflammation of the Bladder, Irritability of the Bladder. For Wakefulness at night, there is no better remedy. During the change of life no Female should be without it. It quiets the Ner-yous System, and gives rest, comfort, and nature's sweet sleep.

SAMARITAN NERVINE Cures Alcoholism, Drunkenuess and the habit of Opium Eating. These degrading habits are by far the worst evils that have ever hefalica suffering humanity. Thousands die annually from these noxious drugs. The drunkard drinks liquor not because he likes it, but for the pleasure of drinking and treating his friends, little thinking that he is on his road to ruin. Like thinking that he is on his road to ruin. Like thought of the drunks and the state of the drug takes strong hold upon its victim, leading him on to his own destruction. The habits of Opium Eating and Liquor Drinking are pracisely what eating is to alimentiveness, as over-eating first infames the stomach, which redo hies its cravings until it paralyzes both the stomach and appellie. So every drink of liquor or dose of opium, instead of satisfying, only adds to its fierce fires, until it consumes, the vital force and then itself. Like the gluttonous tape-worn, it cries "Give, give, give; i'v but never enough until its own rapacity devours itself. Samaritan Nervine gives instant relief in all such cases. It produces sleep, quiets the nerves, builds up the nervous system, and restores body and mind to a healthy condition.

### SAMARITAN NERVINE

Cures Nervous Dyspepsis, Palpitation of the Heart, Asthma, Bronchitts, Scrofula, Syphilis, diseases of the Kidneys and all diseases of the Urinary Organs. Nervous Debility, caused by the indiscretions of youth, permanently cured by the nee of this invaluable remedy. To you, young, middle-aged, and old men, who are covering your sufferings as with a mantle by silence, look up, you can be saved by timely efforts, and make ornaments to society, and lewels in the crown of your Maker, if you will. Do not keep this a secret longer, until it saps your vitale, and destroys both body and soul. If you are thus afflicted, take Dn. Richmond's Samariran Narvine. It will restore your shattered nerves, arrest premature decay, and impart tone and energy to the whole System.

### SAMARITAN NERVINE

Is for sale by druggists everywhere, or may be had direct from us. Those who wish to obtain further evidence of the curative properties of Samaritan Norvine will please enclose a Sceni postage stamp for a copy of our Illustrated Journal of Health, giving hundreds of testimonials of cure from persons who have used the medicine, and also their pictures photographed after their restoration to perfect health.

Address

DR. S. A. RICHMOND & CO., World's Epileptic Institute, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

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