### Current Literature.

#### A SONG OF AUTUMN.

Hail to thee, Antumn ! Gracious of presence! Weary are we of bards that sing Of the way-tide joy of field and pleasance, Of the old, false hymns to the faithless Spring. A fickle maiden none might trust her, Was hoyden Spring, with her changeful mien In ripened womanhood's richest lustre Caimly thou comest, Lady and Queen!

Many to her are the ditties laden
With honeyed breathings of flattering praise.
Sated and vain with appliance proof maiden,
She flouts her lovers and scorns their lays.
Thou?—With her 'twere shame to compare thee—
Worthier thou to be sung and wood?
Thou like a high-born dame dost bear thee,
Gracious of presence and bounteous of mood.

Hail to thee, Autumn! Thee we honor, Queen of the Seasons, without a peer! Spring?—She had promise of beauty on her, But thine are the glery and crown of the year. First in worship why did we set her, Spring?—the wayward, the cold the coy? Aye, in our hearts we have loved thee better, Autumn, the gracious, the bringer of joy!

Bountiful Autumn! thou that bringest
The sweet, calm days of the cloudless light;
Bountiful Autumn! thou that flingest
A mellower lustre o'er field and height;
Thine is the flush of the purple heather,
Thine is the gleam of the harvest sheaves,
Thine is the glow where ripening together
The apples brighted through dusk-green leaves.

Thine is the glory on crags and moorlands, Thine is the gipry on crags and moorands.
Thine is the haze upon dreamy seas,
Thine is the plashing round dusky forclands
Of lul ing waters; thy gifts are these;
With sport for the ranger of field and wild land,
Wealth of the corn land for folling men,
And not and berry for happy childhood
In winderful wanderings by wood and glen,

Bountiful Autumn! Bringer of pleasure, Bountata Autumn: Integer of peasure,
Itringer of beauty, bringer of gain.
More in thy bounty, bringer of leisure
To those aweary in years and brains:
Thou dost bring us—of thee the bliss is
Where Nature, All-mother, julis us to sleep,
And c-ols our brows with her healing kisses,
Breeze of the mountain and breeze of the deep.

Bountiful Autumn! Well may we greet thee Chief of the Seasons! Queen of the year! Well may our hearts go forth to meet thee, And bring thee in triumph with shout and a

cheer!

Hymns to thy praise will we not be sparing,
Singing thee, Lady, gracious of mien,
Bounteous of spirit and stately of bearing,
Autumn, the crowned one, our Queen, our Queen.

—Harper's.

#### "An Old Nuisance."

Mind, I quote those three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose this one as being the oddest, and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and he founded their claims to aristocracy I could never discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence, in his day, I have been told, father's father before that. That his business in its most prosperous times was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years old, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of about her. support and no other relative), by the fact that every first of June saw bright new mattings laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and what-nots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups. thin as egg shells-rarities in those days, but in these plenty and cheap enough.

"Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real 'Simon pure' aristocrate look down on trade, even if on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons and daughters who have come into possessiod of millions enough to offset the honor. However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my cousins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the blue bloods' of the old country."

Eleanor, our second, wore a look of deep elever good looking tellow, the brother of one of her old school-mates, with a comfortable income, but who was junior partner of a firm keeping a retail store on Sixth avenue proposed for her hand.

in scorn; "to imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him. If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper and lace by the yard! Never! I would

Minerva, fourth, was equally horror-stricken at the effrontery of a young book-keeper whom her brother Lawrence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, they scarcely ever thought their companions to be good enough to be the companions of ther sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart: but when she was never invited to ride behind his fast horse, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

I never had at the time this story commences—being then in my eighteenth year—

we call for help, but my aunt and cousins is insisted upon its being couched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, fiwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared in the paper, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps, and rang the door-bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my auri, leaving the partor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it." "We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my cousins. "We were not born with the souls of boarding house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louderthan the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly formed old gentleman, with his chick black to the second—a little louderthan the first—ring of the caller. whom her brother Lawrence had introduced

mences-being then in my eighteenth yeara chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their "high-toned" natures - truth to tell

as their "high-toned" natures—truth to tell
having decidedly democratic tendencies—
i was kept in the background on all
occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor
community married, when rather an old girl,
a widower in the milk business—very whole
sale, however, the father of four children.
At the same time Minerva, a few years
younger, deigned to become the wife of an
elderly bachelor, something or other in a
shoe manufactory. But they held their
heads as high as ever, and declared they had
sacrificed themselves for the family, under
having failed for the second time—through

"An among a room to let, "he asked.
"I have, "I answered, ushering him into
the parlor, where he glanced keenly around,
and then as keenly into my face, while he annonneed in a decisive tone,—
"I have come to take it. My luggage is at
the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to
direct the man to carry it.

"But—"I began in a hesitating way, utterly confused by the stranger's bruaque, not
to say high toned, manner.

"But me no buts," quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the last
twenty years. Since I landed in New York,
a month ago to-day, I have been boarding at
the St. Nicholas. But where is your mother?"
I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on,

no fault of his own, dear old man-a few

months before the double wedding. That their sacrifice" was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there were at home to be taken care of three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men who, brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure, uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many depart-ments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the pa-per and lace by the yard" (he was now head of the firm, and had a pretty, lady like wife, and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants, and were obliged to move into a smaller house.

one of our servants, and were obliged to move into a smaller house.

But, in spite of all our efforts at economy, our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed to be bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening, after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears, because aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice cream, wine jellies and similar dainties every day for desert, for the sufficent reason that we could not afford them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above mentioned luxuries (all the Egberts, by the way, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat,) she might knit and crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself, and sell them to—Mr. Lee, uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shrick.

"Work for a store!" cried she. "I would

a shrill shrick.
"Work for a store!" cried she. "I would

starve first."

"You wretched girl!" sdded my aunt.
"How can you even think of such a thing?
Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleanthe, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by the ties of blood, though it must be confessed mere. confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. I imagine"—turning to her broth-er, Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—"that imper-tinent Mrs. Bradshaw coming here this morn

ing, with the air of doing a kindness, to offer me a position as teacher in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet.
"One of my sisters a teacher! Great heavens!"
and he want stamping shout the room in the and he went stamping about the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had just paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring. "Whatever is done, we can do nothing,"

ledt3 beddos 'Of course not," replied Roland, grandly;

"the women of our family never work."

I thought to myrelf, "Nor the men either, except the poor old uncle, who is fagging at a

desk from morning until night." "But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel, and joinprominence, in his day, I have been told. ing in the conversation for the first time, and so had his father before him, and his Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl dangling over each cheek bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was haif so becoming or greater

becoming or graceful.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed
Ethel, "and let Dorothea" (I am Dorothea)
"do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style

'No, she never had; she always would bite her bread," sighed aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes smack of trade, trade, trade." I discovered in after years that my aunt's

grandmother on the maternal side made a for-tune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Aletnea.
"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do with-

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden gain, "could I have foresee that your father again, "could I have foresee that your father would have come down in this way, I never would have married bim. I really don't know what is to be aone, unless we emigrate to some country where we are unknown, and where it don't matter how or in what style we

live."
"The country!" screamed her children, in

moment I blurted out something that had been in my mind for several weeks-

"Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger!—

proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in ast tonishment, curling her full red upper lip in secret: "to imagine for a moment that

oom instantly.

But in a short time, during which things But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning paper, in which was offered to "an elderly gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a family of refinement, who have never before taken a lodge; for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

equivalent."

the new—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly-formed old gentleman, with big, bright black eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a long white mustache and beard.

"You have a room to let," he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into

thought it appears to me you are rather young for the business. You 'have never taken a lodger before.' I am glad of it, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain. You want a 'liberal equivalent for your fine room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we do not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another 'liberal equivalent' for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir." I replied meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes and strong will power of the frail looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "references" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door and beckoned to the man outside, who, the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to

his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it,
"this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the

had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had pre; ared and superintended the serving of his breakfast, and taken the ettire charge of his room "as well as if I had been brought up to that sort of thing," s my cousin Cleanthe remarked; and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had only met him some dozen times—at which times they assumed their most dignified digtimes they assumed their most dignified dig-

times they assumed their most dignified dig-nity—when he was suddenly taken sick.
"It's an old complaint which will carry me off sometime," he said to me, "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty," (a name he had given me from the first—I hope I deserved it!) "to live or die, I intend to re-main here. Nowhere else could I be as com-fortable. You must engage another servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die with a professional. Byshould certainly die with a professional. By-the by, who is your family physician?" I told him.

"If I am not better, send for him to-mor-row. I am going out—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I shan't take my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be al-lowed to remain, I stated the case to the fam-

"Going to be ill!" exclaimed Alethea.
"Dear me! how disagreeable!"
"I'm sure I don't want him to stay; he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance anyhow." pro

Ethel, "and always has been and I blush that any relative of mine should degrade her-self so far as to become his servant maid." Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a few weeks before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he gen rously proposed to make the family a liberal yearly allowance, besides which came many gifts from the married sis-ters, whose husbands had prospered, and had thereupon been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with

degant economy." And so we were not en thely dependent upon our lodger for deserts and several other things. But to go back. "He is not an old nuisance," said I, indig-nantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and

"He is not an old nuisance, said 1, indig-nantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I am very fond of him."
"Good gracious!"
"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on, "I repeat it I am very fond of him. And it my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one also shall be will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleanthe; he has, for I am quite certain no one else would have paid us so lib-

certain no one else would have paid us so lib-erally—it would be the basest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness." "Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds," asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so elequent, never having heard you preach before. But on one thing I am deterpreach before. But on one thing I am determined—you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat and has no idea we keep a lodger, and I do not

cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; "he'll do for your fine old—

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones a few doors below" in great haste. He proved to be Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad browed young man, with a gentle voice and quick, light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's command in regard to our family physic an.

And from that time, for three months, al-though very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return again to England. "I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you,"
I replied. "But I suppose it is right that you should go."
"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's

begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last fare-wells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the respective letters he had placed in our respective hands

with his final good-by.

Mine I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partially recovered from my astonishment and delight, I flew down stairs, calling the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY:-Had I died-"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY:—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks under God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you to-morrow.

"P. S.—I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Rithel Egbert. She will find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occu-pied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger "

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her younger brother was before her, and she was fain to start back as he slid down the banister, and landed in our midst with something

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words: "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance."

Quick, complete cure, all anneying Ridney, Bladde

### The Garden.

Market Gardening.

SALEM, Or., Jan. 10, 1883. Editor Willamette Farmer:

The time is past when one has any right to keep knowledge to himself and use it for his own personal interest, refusing to impart it to others for fear of competition in whatever he may be engaged. To illustrate: If one, by taking much pains, by experimenting, by selecting the best seed for planting, gets an improved grain or fruit of any kind, he should not keep it to himself. He can and should part with it for a higher price than he could get for an inferior article; but it should be distributed that others may be benefited. Again, if one finds out an improved method of cultivating any crop, he should let others know of it too. To make the best of it life is a continual struggle for an existence, and we should be willing to help one another. The second great Commandment of God is to love our neighbor as ourselves. I have had now several years' experience in gardening in grant pour neighbor as currently the second grant of the greenhouse culture, in raising early and late vegetables, and in raising vegetable plants for the market, etc., and every year I am asked a great many questions about gardening. I thought I could answer them and reach more who needed the information by writing a few short articles for publication in the WIL-LAMETTE FARMER. I do not wish to do it to lametre farmer. I do not wish to do it to advertise myself in the business I am engaged in, but to impart such knowledge to others that they may do as I have done. In going around through the country in different directions, I see a good many farmers have gardens mot worth the name, and quite a good many none at all. A good many planting grain at the time the garden should be attended to, neglect it until it is so late it is almost a total failure; then, at harvest time, the farmer will be seen in the market buying vegetables for family use. This is good for the market gardener, but bad for the farmer, and it ought not so to be. If the farmers (and any one who has a garden patch) would take and read papers and books on farming and gardening; and with the aid of commen sense, sift it thoroughly, then practice what reason dvertise myself in the business I am engaged sift it thoroughly, then practice what reason said was good, the results would be far more satisfactory than they are.

DEXTER FIELD. Note.-We take pleasure in informing our readers that Mr. Field, who, by the way, is an experienced and successful-a successfu man is always rich in experience-gardeuer near Salem, has consented to write a series of articles for the FARMER. Gardening is pleasant, profitable and needful to every household. Farmers living remote from towns should have all the delicacies that a wellcared-for garden will produce. As Mr. Field says, gardening is too little cared for and neglected for the wheat crop. We will venture the assertion that but few of the smaller towns up the valley can boast of a respectable display of early vegetables other than that brought from California. We know this to be the case. EDITOR.

#### A Garden for the Children.

Let the children have a garden of their own, and encourage them to take such meas ures as will be sure to give satisfying results. Children love flowers, and they take the finest pleasure in giving of their own to friends, and The Companys especially to the sick or grieving. The Lon don Gazette prints a touching account of the unfortunate little Dauphine of France, son of Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette, getting up Is at present making four trips per dry. Its NEW early of summer mornings in order to cut the sweetest and best flowers from his own parterre to present to his mother, and taking de-light in concealing himself in the bed cur-tains to see the gratified smile with which the queen opened her eyes upon them. He would labor with all his tiny strength to keep up the supply, and if the officials begged him to let the gardener do the work, he would entreat to be allowed to go on, because his mamma liked the flowers so well that he raised and carried to her all himself. Prince Albert wish him to know it."

I can't imagine where I got the courage to so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this below," drawled my youngest gentleman below, and carried to her all himself. Prince Albert used to encourage the little princesses to cultivate not only flowers but fruits and segmentativate not only flowers but fruits and a convention. plots allotted to each, and a conven ent little kitchen was fitted up near in which to cook and prepare the produce of their ground. These daughters are now known all over the world for their virtues and amenities. They are a pleasing contrast to scions of the same family of former times and shining examples of what good education (not of books alone) can accomplish in one generation. The alone) can accomplish in one generation. The kindergarten should be more than a garden in which children are the plants to be culti-vated. If they are also made cultivators in a real garden of the useful among plants, they will derive from it more of good and capacity for doing good than all the books and deaks in the world alone can supply.

#### Wintering Cabbage.

There are three ways of wintering cabbage pulled up and laid on raised benches in a cold cellar where freezing is not too severe-not much below 30 degrees Fah., or just so as to form ice as thick as a window pane.

2. Set in trenches in the field in a dry place heads down and roots up, covered below and above with straw and increasing the banking as cold increases. A slight amount of dirt on the straw is sufficient. 3. Set in trenches, or in a cold frame, roots downwards and heads close together, covering the heads with corn stalks, straw, fine leaves or any rough litter, as the cold advances. In either case the trench is made with a plow, and made deep enough for the roots and stump and the lower part of the head. Por all varieties this is the preferable way. The cabbage will remain crisp and fresh, and is accessible at any time covering than pine leaves, as they turn rain and are not easily blown away.—Ex.

until a year from the following month of January. He keeps them in a dry, well ventilated house at a uniform temperature of 48 degrees.
He places them on shelves, two deep, is careful in handling them, examines them occasionally after they have been kept some time, and if an occasional one shows signs of decay, at once removes it. In this way he is able to take advantage of the market here or at the East, and year wonderfully remunerative prices. He has sold a carload in Chicago as high as \$30 per ton. His average for the 1880 crop from 40 acres was about \$20 per ton. His land is ordinary dark prairie soil. He manures in the hill and gets large crops.

#### A Short Talk on Gardening.

Within the last twenty or twenty.five years new fashions have been introduced in gardening. The "missing" or

styles, unknown to old gardeners, have been introduced, in which old beds, or parts of beds, are filled with plants of one kind, which by their flowers or bright-colored foliage produce a brilliant effect. Plants with strongly contrasting colors set closely in lines, form what is termed "ribbon planting, and is often very effective. In this style of gardening or-namental designs, sometimes large and elabo-rate, are worked out in flowers and foliage of different colors. The plants used in this kind different colors. The plants used in this kind gardening are mostly greenhouse kinds, such as pelargoniums or geraniums, colcuses and and many others, and some annuals are used. There are not very many herbaceous perennials that can be thus employed, though some are suited to this work. When this style of gardening was first used abroad, it became immensely popular, and all plants not capable of being used in bedding fell into such neglect that many were in danger of being lost to cultivation. Since then a reaction has taken place, and while bedding will always be practiced, other kinds of gardening now receive, and are likely in the future to receive, more attention than they have had of late.

#### Practical Tree Culture.

A. Failor, of Iowa, reports the following successful experience in tree culture: I know a grove that has in it about half an acre of chestnut trees, from twenty to twenty-five feet high, planted nine or ten years ago, that to-day have not less than one or two bushels to-day have not less than one or two bushels of nuts. I planted some twenty years ago a grove of black and white wainut, and for years past have yielded abundantly of nuts. In the grove are trees that will make from ten to twelve good fence posts for wire fences, the fence of the future. I suggest that the accra of the white cak and burroak be gathered and planted to make the posts of the next generation. Plant largely of chestnuts and acorns where they are to remain; also of the walnuts and others of the most profitable indigenous varieties. digenous varieties.

Skinny Men, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor ares Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

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# Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, over-work, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as Brown's Iron Bitters, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

> Wm. P. Marshall, of Logansport, Indiana, writes : " My wife has for many years been troubled from pain in her back and general debility incident to her sex. She has taken one bottle of Brown's Iron Bitters, and I can truthfully say that she has been so much benefited that she pronounces it the only remedy of many medicines she has tried."

Leading physicians and :lergymen use and recommend Brown's Iron Bit-TERS. It has cured others suffering as you are, and it will cure you.

## Ague Mixture

Chills and Fever are permanently cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. With a little care on the part of the patient to avoid exposure, and the occasional use of JAYNE'S SANA-TIVE PILLS, this remedy will be found to be certain in its operation, and radical in its effects. In many sections of the country subject to Ague and other malarial diseases it has an established character as a popular specific for these harrassing complaints, and the number of testimonials received show that its reputation is constantly increasing.

Interunttent and Remittent Fevers are effectually cured by Dr. Jayne's Ague Mixture. In these complaints care should be taken to follow the directions closely, and especial attention given to the liver, which

should be assisted in performing its

functions by DR. JAYNE'S SANATIVE

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