

Current Literature.

THE TRAPPER. For the Farmer. NOTE.—We break our rule against original verses in favor of the foregoing, which, without being high art poets are very neat and simple verses.

Who is he, and far from haunts of men, By mountain stream, in quiet glen, Far from the world's ignominious strife, Alone with nature leads his life? Who is this quiet, silent man, Who studies naught but nature's plan, And of the creatures of the woods, Their habits he learns and habitude?

—E. B. Fletcher, Gervais.

That Dog Rouser,

And How He Came to be the Pet of the Camp

We never knew where he came from; but one frosty morning when we went out to the diggings there he sat, dejected and forlorn, beside Doc Furber's rocker.

"What have I done?" exclaimed Doc, striking a tragic attitude. There was a shout of laughter, for certainly no one had ever seen an uglier dog. Snub-nosed, crop-eared, one eye white the other yellow, his fleshless skeleton covered with a coarse yellow coat—there he sat, static like, without taking the least notice of us, neither raising his eyes nor wagging his tail.

"Lend me your revolver," said Charlie Hines to Fritz Muller. "No," said Dutch Fritz. "Don't waste powder. I lays him out mit dia roek."

Davy Blake caught up a shovel, and would have soon ended the dog's career, if Hank Howley had not interferred, to the surprise of all.

In all the three months we had picked and shoveled and raked and panned together in the Sky High claim, no one had ever discovered any softness in Hank Howley.

We had come together, a party of five, from different parts of the world, and formed a partnership to work out a rich mountain claim in the Sierras.

We had been strangers to each other when we consolidated our claims into a partnership, for purposes of economy in labor and living. But we soon became acquainted, and were speedily in possession of all the early "history" descriptive with regard to each other, except that of Hank Howley; he never talked about himself, and seemed to resent any curiosity concerning his personal affairs.

He was rough, reserved and somewhat surly; but he was always ready to take upon himself the hardest and most unpleasant tasks. His giant frame and iron muscles seemed made for hard work and endurance.

The laugh went round as Hank went up to the ugly brute, patted his head, and examined his wounds in a professional manner. The dog preserved the utmost indifference while his case was discussed, never appearing conscious of a human presence. But when Hank's examination was ended he licked his hand in a gently melancholy way, and then followed him to the cabin.

The cruel wounds were dressed and the poor wail was sympathetically regarded with some bacon and three generous flapjacks left from the morning meal.

Old Butte, the camp dog, eyed the new comer with a vindictive growl; but Hank bade him "get out!" so fiercely that Butte retreated from the cabin and the stranger took his place by the camp fire.

The next the miners and Butte abused the new dog, the more Hank patted him. He let him sleep at his feet in his bunk, and fed him from the own tin plate.

One Saturday night the air was more piercing than usual, and Hank Howley indulged in considerable grubbing at himself for leaving his coat at the head-stamp. He was sitting on a bench wrapped in his blanket and smoking a home-made manzanita pipe, when Fritz exclaimed: "Hank, 'vee a die dog?" "He hasn't been in for supper," suggested Doc.

"Base, ungrateful pup!" said Charlie. "You've seen the last of your coyote, Hank. I told you so," added Davy. "He was a cur of low degree," resumed Charlie. "A high toned dog like Butte would never go back on his friends in that manner. Eh, Butte?" "Don't you worry yourself about that dog," growled Hank. "He ain't your dog. I'll bet four bits he'll fight."

No one took the bet. "Presently Andy Ance offered to sell Hank a fine foxhound.

"I've no use for him," Hank replied. "I've got the best dog in the Sierras, and maybe you'll find it out if you live long enough."

All day Sunday no fug-nosed dog appeared, and all day a running fire of just and comment was kept up about the vagrant. The neighboring miners, as they dropped in to smoke and chat by our fire, never failed to say, "Why, Hank, where is your dog?" until at last Hank's temper, never of the best, fairly gave out.

On Monday morning, when we went back to work at the claim, there was the dog faithfully watching Hank's coat.

All through those bitter nights he had watched by it, without food or shelter, not even lying down upon it for warmth. He was shaking as with an ague fit; but the look he gave Hank seemed to say, "I cannot do much for you, but I have kept your coat safe, my friend."

"Didn't I tell you so?" said Hank, proudly. Public sentiment instantly turned in the dog's favor as we gathered around him, and showered upon him such terms as "Good dog!" "Nice pup!" "Poor fellow!"

"Why, he's a rouser of a dog, after all!" said Doc, giving him the biscuit that he had brought for his own luncheon.

He was christened "Rouser" on the spot, and from that time he was the prime favorite of the camp. Even Butte's selfish heart warmed toward him, and many a merry tussle they had together.

That same day it began to snow. It snowed and it snowed. We gathered up rockers, shovels and pans. The snow covered the bowlders; then it buried the chaparral and manzanita bushes; then all the miners' cabins; and still it came down. It nearly filled the valley full.

There were eight or ten miners' cabins in the vicinity, their locality being indicated by one or two holes in the snow, and marked by stakes bearing in cryptic like these: "Twenty feet to Billy Iroquois's Cabin." "Cabin of the Merry Miners, three yards below." "Doc Furber, Hank & Co., twenty-five feet." "Grand Hotel; Beans and Bacon at all hours; two rods."

We kept the fire roaring, read the old papers over and over, went out and shot game now and then, had a jame of rough-and-tumble and snowballing, told stories, and smoked our pipes under the snow as cheerfully as the greasy Equinox.

A hole in the snow let in the light to a hole in our cabin, and at this window Butte or Rouser invariably took his station at meal time; it was not large enough for both at once. Our table was under this window, and refuse bits of bread and bacon were tossed to the lucky dog in the window.

Butte, being a lazy snore, could wait more patiently, so he usually took his station at this window as soon as the savory fumes of frying bacon ascended to the upper air. Rouser would come to the hole and bark savagely, but could not frighten Butte away. At last Rouser resorted to artifice. One dinner time he rushed into a little clump of pines barking furiously, as if he had found some choice game. Butte could not withstand this, so he came out of the window to join in the fun, and artful Rouser quietly slipped into his place. Day after day Rouser continued to play this trick on poor Butte, and always with the same success.

But this same little window was a source of sorrow to Camp Square Comfort, as we called our quarters. One day we all went out hunting, and forgot to shut the window. When we returned, we found that the coyotes had carried off all our bacon. This was a serious loss. We could borrow a little, of course, but it was necessary for some one to go to the nearest trading post for a fresh supply.

Howley volunteered to perform the mission, and as he was the strongest of the party, and more used to traveling on snow shoes, he seemed best fitted for the service. It was about forty miles to the trading post, but Hank was sure he could make the trip in three days, or four at the farthest.

"You better tie up Rouser until I am well on the way," said he. Then he started. Rouser was greatly dejected. He whined and howled and cried all day, the tears running down his face and dropping on the floor. At night we untied him, but his spirits did not appear to improve. On the third night Hank had not returned, but Rouser was gone. We did not feel anxious on Hank's account, for he had suggested that he might prolong his stay in case he found himself too fatigued to start back immediately.

About daylight on the fourth day Rouser, or what was left of him, came back to camp. His condition was even worse than when he first came to us. One leg seemed broken, and several ugly wounds gave evidence of some fierce encounter. To his neck was fastened a scrap of paper, on which was traced with blood, in scarcely legible characters: "Broke my leg. Cal. lion. Be quick."

We lost no time in going to the rescue. A party of twenty men, on long snow shoes and with good rifles, started out. A light fall of snow rendered it easy to follow poor Rouser's track. An hour's run brought us to the object of our search. Hank was lying under a thick pine tree on the snow. At first we thought he were too late. His form was cold and almost rigid. One bone of the left leg was broken. Fortunately brandy had not been forgotten, and Doc Furber, who was a real physician, succeeded in restoring him, with the help of many rough but willing hands.

We did not worry him with questions; he could not talk. But all around the spot were marks of a ferocious battle and tracks of a large California lion. A broken snow shoe, the pieces bristling with hair, indicated the nature of the battle. There was a deep wound on Hank's hand, and his coat was badly torn. Watt Morgan picked up his bloody pocket knife in the snow. I found his revolver, with all the chambers empty.

Following the track of the ferocious animal, his dead body was found about half a mile from the spot. It was the largest specimen of the puma that ever I saw, measuring fully nine feet from tip to tip. We secured his skin, and slowly returned to camp.

It was two days before Hank could briefly recount his adventures. It appeared that he had started out early in the morning of the third day to return. He had bought a hundred pounds of bacon, and was lucky enough to have it brought out fifteen miles by a pack train. Then he packed it on his back ten miles further, until he reached the snow, where he left his hand sled. He had come on faster than he had expected, until nearly sunset, when he heard the familiar cry of a California lion. Upon that he started forward as fast as he could go, and looking back for the lion, he made a false step; his snow shoes hit a stump, and broke, throwing him down with great violence and breaking his leg. Fortunately, the night was warm, so he had no fear of freezing. He had a few crackers in his pocket, and, with the bacon, he was well provided against hunger, and he did not feel entirely hopeless.

Then the cry of the California lion sounded nearer. No doubt he scented the bacon. Hank drew his revolver and crawled to a large tree. He partly succeeded in burying the bacon in the snow. The fearful cry sounded still nearer. The sun had set, and it was nearly dark. Intently watching, he at length discerned the animal, his eyes glaring through the branches of a tree. He decided not to fire until his only chance required it, lest the

wounded beast should attack him. He shouted, waved his broken snow shoes, threw snow-balls, but the creature still skirched it around him, evidently taking in the situation.

He drew nearer and nearer, crouching as if for a spring. When he was within a couple of rods Hank fired his first shot, hoping to hit him in the eyes, but the bullet seemed to glance from the skull. The mad-dog brute was about to leap upon him when a champion appeared! Rouser suddenly sprang upon him from behind.

Then began a fearful conflict. Rouser, who was small and more active, could avoid the onset of his heavier foe for some time, until he grew weary. Hank fired several shots, but failed to hit a vital spot. Once the battle surged so near him that he beat the lion off with his broken snow shoe, and succeeded in inflicting a sharp wound in his throat. This was probably a mortal wound, for the animal retreated, closely pursued by Rouser, and Hank could hear the conflict raging for an hour longer. Then Rouser returned in a pitiable plight but seemed to be joyful and triumphant.

Hank thought the time could not have been far from midnight; but he probably fainter from pain and exhaustion, for the next thing he knew it was morning and he was nearly dead with cold. He managed to stir a little and from the bleeding wound on his hand, where the fierce brute had scratched him, he obtained the blood to trace the warning he had received. He had written it with a match, and fastened it to Rouser's neck. With the same match he had been able to light a little fire, which he fed for some time with sticks and stones from the pine tree. He ate a cracker, and then probably fell asleep.

Thanks to skillful surgery and good nursing, he came out all right, and was able to do his part when he resumed work in the spring.

And Rouser, who shared his convalescent couch, with one of his legs splintered and candaged, like his master—oh, he was the hero of the camp! If a dog's head could be turned with compliments and flattery, Rouser would have been a spoiled dog, but nature was too noble a d unslish to be moved by any sentiment of vanity.

Through the long weeks in which our two helpless patients lay in their rude bunks we learned a lesson from their brave and uncomplaining patience.

Hank's hardness and reserve seemed to melt away in a generous gratitude for the attention and care we bestowed upon him; and it was a good thing for us that we had some ennobling occupation to expand and elevate our hearts.

As for Rouser, he got bravely over his injuries, and I am sure there was not a man in Round Valley who did not think him as worthy of being carved in marble as any of the world's great heroes.

That exquisite poem of the late Dr. Holland, "The my Dog Bianco," is a fitting tribute to dear old Rouser:

"For all good that I have found Within myself or human kind Hath royally informed and crowned His gentle heart and mind."

"I can scan the whole broad earth around For that one heart which, lead and true, Bears friendship without end or bound, And find the prize in you."

"I trust you as I trust the stars; Nor cruel loss, nor scuff of pride, Nor beggary, nor dangerous trade, Can move you from my side."

—Harper's Young People.

Decency to Horses.

"A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should be perfectly gentle and always reliable; but if it expects every moment it is in harness to be 'jawed' at and struck, it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement is liable, through fear, to do something that is not expected, and to go along doing what you started it to do. It is possible to train a horse to be governed by a word of mouth almost as easily as it is to train a child, and in such training a horse reaches its highest value. When a horse is scathed by the words of its driver—and we have seen him saluted down from great excitement by no other means—it may be fairly concluded that he is a valuable horse for practical purposes, and it may be certainly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a hume man and a sensible one."

"All this simply means that the man must secure the confidence of the animal. Only in exceptional instances is a horse stubborn and what is expected of him, he will give no trouble. As almost every reader must know, if the animal, when frightened, can be brought to the object he will become calm. The reason is that he understands there is nothing to fear. So he must be taught to have confidence in the man who handles him, and then this powerful animal, which usually a man could not handle if he were disposed to be vicious, will use no trouble. The very best rule, therefore, which we would lay down for the management of a horse is gentleness and good sense on the part of the driver. 'Bad drivers make bad horses.'"

Something about "Messenger" Blood.

A correspondent wants to know: "What stock of horse imp. Messenger sprung from?" Also, "Has the word Messenger any con. ection with thorough blood?" The writer, doubtless, has been listening to the "argu-ments" of the theorists who contended that all trotting capacity came from Messenger, and that every drop of running blood in the trotter is a positive injury to him. The man to whom turf history is a sealed book would naturally infer in listening to this talk that Messenger was widely removed from the running family. The simple truth of the matter is that Messenger was thoroughbred, was running-bred. He was a gray, foaled in England in 1780, where no determined efforts have been made to cultivate a trotting gait. He was bred for the running turf, and prior to his importation to the United States in 1788 he ran in two races. His sire was Mambrino, and his dam after nine pure crosses, anchored in Natural Barb mare. He was the sire of race horses at long and short distances, and Herbert, who saw him often and who describes him in his book, pronounced him "the best horse ever brought to America." He died in 1808, aged 28 years. His opportunities for getting roadsters were great, and consequently his blood is a prominent factor in the fast trotting horse of to-day. No thoroughbred will get trotters in the first, second or third remounts which his progeny are used in harness.

—Turf, Field and Farm.

It is asserted that members of the Amalgamated Iron and Steel association formerly employed at the Vulkan Steel works, of St. Louis, on a strike for some months, have notified the Vulkan company that they will remain work at reduced wages.

Stock.

Walking Horses, Etc.

It is all very well to encourage the rearing of all trotters, and even racers, by the offer of liberal premiums at our fairs. We are no advocate of the race course, except so far as it subserves the purpose of testing the speed of horses, and not then because of the intrinsic value of the quality of speed, so much as that of wind and endurance, on which speed essentially depends. It is very pleasant to have a smooth, easy going and fast trotting buggy or carriage horse, and it is sometimes important to make good time. But do not horsemen give too much attention to the running and trotting gait to the neglect of the sober, practical, everyday work? A very large portion of the work we do in a buggy or carriage horse is necessarily done at a walking gait. Especially is this true on the ordinary roads of all the work performed must be done in a walk.

It is certainly, then, of great importance that the walking gait should be developed by careful breeding and that efforts in this direction should be encouraged by our stock associations and agricultural fairs. Premiums should be offered for the best horses as well as for the fastest trotters and the swiftest racers. Indeed, it is much more important to the great mass of horse owners that fast walking should be encouraged. Of course, in what we say, we include mules as well as horses for we occupy the standpoint of the farmer's advocate. It is just as easy to keep a fast walking horse as a slow one; and if a farmer would calculate the difference in the amount of plowing or other farm work that will be performed by a smart walker on the one hand, and a dull, sluggish mover on the other, he will be astonished that he has usually paid so little attention to the matter in buying or training animals for farm work.

Attention was particularly called to this question one fall, when we had two two-horse plows at work turning over a rank growth of hogweeds on a level field of soft, mellow land. The plows turned each a slice of twelve inches, and to one was attached a pair of medium sized, brisk mules, while the other was drawn by a pair of large and fast walking horses. The work was light, as the plows were allowed to run no more than one and a half to two inches. The two-horse team easily plowed ten acres per day, of ten hours, while the mule team was hard put to it to get over two and a half acres. An ordinary average mule team would not have plowed more than two acres, and there are thousands of teams in Georgia that would not have made more than one and a half. The horse team traveled nearly twenty-five miles in the day, or two and a half miles per hour, including all stoppages; the mule team made about twenty-one miles per day. An ordinary or average pair of mules would have gone about seven-and-a-half miles, and a slow going, lazy pair would drop to twelve or fifteen. So, then, a farmer should carefully test the working gait of an animal, when contemplating its purchase. As a rule, it is poor economy—no economy at all—to buy low priced stock. The highest priced animals as a whole will generally prove cheapest in the end, because so few are able or willing to pay high prices, that the best animals generally sell at relatively cheap prices, inferior ones. Again, those who succeed, prosperous farmers whose success is largely, if not mainly attributable to the superior quality of their work stock; a superiority due to a just pride and sound policy in selecting and buying only the best, careful attention to feeding and treatment while at work, and getting rid of each animal as it begins to decline in vigor and usefulness.

Horse Training.

"The great secret in training horses," said Prof. George Bartholomew to a newspaper man, "is to make haste slowly, and at all times to use persuasion and firmness in preference to compulsion or force. Nothing can be more absurd than the idea I find generally pertaining in regard to this, that to make a horse understand anything it must be beaten into him. The thing to do in training a horse is to go about it naturally, to reason with him always deliberately and kindly, and make him understand that you are his friend. I never have found that coaxing and invariably kind treatment spoil a horse. On the other hand, the same as with man, none of the best horses will yield to beating. In all or any of the difficult performances of my own horses, it is impossible for me to force the animals to do anything by whipping, and I never resort to it. My rule always is to combine kindness with firmness, and to teach them slowly, and doing this I experience but little trouble. I count the military drill, as performed here at the Windsor Theatre, the best feature in my exhibition. The scene in the last act of my exhibition, where the horses rush up and fire off the cannons, holding the short lanyard strap between their teeth, is another very difficult operation, and requires a great amount of careful teaching. I began at first by teaching them to become accustomed to handling substances with their teeth, without allowing them to destroy the articles. All my horses will do this. Afterwards I taught them to fire off a small cap, by pulling at a strap placed between their teeth, and later on a blank cartridge, until finally they became so accustomed to it that it was a simple step further to the present performance. When it is considered that the teeth are remarkably sensitive conductors of sound, and the immediate vibration which occurs to the animal's head on the instant the shot is fired, and before it is possible to release the strap, the extreme difficulty attending this successful teaching can be better conceived. If a horse is very nervous and easily subject to alarm, the best method is always to treat him gently and with the greatest consideration. Find out the reasons or objects which effect to frighten him, and make him immediately familiar with them. Show him that none of them will hurt him. Among the first reasons which a Colt learns from its dam is that of fear of certain objects, and the effect is always lasting. In training horses it is necessary as far as possible to uproot this inherited fear, and to make it plain to them that you intend always to be kind to them. As all the runaways among horses are caused through fear, so the majority might easily be prevented if only the simplest natural precautions were taken. The fact is, people generally who have the care of horses show remarkable carelessness, acting sometimes about the slightest reason or consideration. A person will drive up the street and stop at either place, getting out of his vehicle, and either leave his horse sitting motionless or very insecurely fastened, and will afterwards express surprise that his action has resulted in a runaway.

Gov. Stanford's Methods of Colt Training.

Ex-Gov Leland Stanford, whose method of developing trotting colts is novel and effective, has many common-sense principles in his system of management. Among them in this: He regards the horse as an intelligent and reasoning animal, and therefore should be treated as such. In the working of colts there is such a thing as too much of it at a time. According to the Governor's idea, the colt, being a reasoning animal, gets discouraged if it knows the trainer requires it to go a fatiguing distance. That is to say, if a mile, or even three-quarters, is a tax upon the strength, the colt knows it. Then, with the knowledge of having to go through with an arduous task every day, the incentive is destroyed. As an example, we will take the case of a schoolboy. Give him a moderate task, which he knows will not tax his powers, but call it into play an agreeable exercise of the mind, and he will enter upon it with pleasure. Give him a task which he knows at the outset will tax his intelligence to the utmost, and he is very apt to "quit" at the start. Just so with an intelligent colt. To obviate this, Gov. Stanford instructs his trainer to limit the work to certain distances. If a colt is to have half mile jogs, or to be speeded that distance, a draught is placed across the track at the half mile post. Beyond this the colt cannot go, and he is aware of the fact. In this he is encouraged instead of discouraged. As he grows in strength the distance is, of course, increased. That Gov. Stanford's methods are justifiably proved by the performance of Albert W. Fred Crocker, Wildflower, and other youngsters, the product of Palo Alto Stock Farm.

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