SAD END OF JOBKINS.

'Twas love that, in the usual way,
Made Jobkins throw himself away.

He, being not extremely wise,
First on a maiden cast his eyes.

And, seeing she was fair and young,
He tried to speak, but lost his tongue.

A little later, it appears,
He lent the angel both his ears.

And smitten with her many charms,
Unto the darling gave his arms.

But not before, in euchre play,
He'd thrown two splendid hands away.

Of course he let his treasure win;
Then carelessly wiped off his chin;

And on a handkerchief so gay
He blew his nose then right away.

She looked, and then he, turning red,
Became confused and lost his head;

And stumbled when she smiled so sweet,
From under him slipped both his feet.

He argued, but her answer grand
Left him no legs on which to stand.

Now was the time for her to part,
And lo! she stole away his heart.

Affrightened in the darksome hall,!
His very flesh began to crawl.

And then his terror made it known
That he, alas! had no back-bone.

All that was left of Jobkins gay
Began to quickly melt away.

And he, who might have lived for years,
Dissolved completely into tears.

MAGNIFICENT MISS STANLEY.

It was a pretty scene. Tall forest trees, with shining foliage, green hedges and lawn, and a large pond covered with rustic bridges and fantastic ornaments. A young girl sat in a half reclining position upon the grass, watching the goldfish as they appeared from time to time upon the surface of the water. She was not pretty, but there was something very piquant and pleasing in the expression of her face, which was unusually serious for one so young. The day was warm and sultry, and she was sinking into a quiet slumber, when a little dog sprung toward her, barking shrilly.

"Why, you horrid little thing!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if your master is as homely as you are."

"You can judge for yourself, miss," said a voice close beside her; and, springing to her feet, she was confronted by a tall, good natured looking young man, who, although not very handsome, was by no means unusually homely, either. "Well, what do you think?" he asked, as she stood staring at him in utter amazement.

"I think that you are very bold to intrude in this way," she said, at last, making a very palpable effort to be dignified.

"Intrude? Now that is pretty cool, considering that I am on my own ground."

"Are you Mr. Gresham?"

"I had no doubt of it until this moment. Are you Miss Stanley?"

"Oh, my! no—what an idea! I am only Miss Stanley's cousin. I will go and tell her that you have returned."

"No, don't! I have seen my aunt, and that is enough. Sit down again, if you please."

"But we have not been introduced!"

"Yes, we have; we have introduced ourselves, and that is a great deal pleasanter than to have some one say: 'Mr. Gresham, let me present you to Miss ——'"

"No, no; Miss Stanley would say: 'Mr. Gresham, this is my little cousin;'" and she drew herself up in a stately manner, and spoke very slowly and precisely.

He laughed and said:

"But you have not told me your name yet?"

"Amy Gladden, at your pleasure."

"That is a very pretty name for a young lady."

"But I am not a young lady.,'

"Not a young lady?" he repeated, with a look of surprise and disappointment in his face. You are not married, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no—but I am only a little girl."

"A little girl?"

"Yes. How can I be anything else when I have three unmarried sisters older than myself?" she asked, in an aggrieved tone, which made him laugh heartily.

"True enough," he said at last; but how is it that your sisters are still unmarried? They cannot be as pretty as you are."

"Pretty as I am, Mr. Gresham? I am the fright of the family."

"Indeed! Then if you are the fright, I should like to see the beauties. They must be paragons."

"Oh, Miriam is lovely! She has the brightest golden hair!"

"I prefer brown," he said, glancing at the head before him, crowned with bands of shining chestnut-colored hair.

"And the loveliest blue eyes!"

"I prefer brown," he said again, looking straight into the soft, liquid eyes of his companion.

"And she is so tall and elegant!"

"I like little women best."

"Pshaw!" she cried, impatiently, "you are just trying to flatter me. You know that I am as homely as—"

"My dog?" and then he laughed again.

"How you do laugh. What makes you laugh so much?"

"Because I am young, I suppose. And I wish you would laugh also," he said, growing serious all at once. "It pains me to see you look so grave."

"If you were a poor minister's daughter, with five sisters, I think you would look grave too. But I do laugh sometimes, just when I ought not to. If there is anything absurd, that should be passed or unnoticed, I am sure to see it and laugh."

"You have a keen sense of the ridiculous."

"I suppose so, and it is really dreadful. I think it is a great misfortune."

"If you were a writer, you would probably find it a great advantage."

"But I am not a writer, thank fortune."

"Why thank fortune?"

"Because my sister Julia writes, and she is always tormenting me to listen to her articles—'outpourings of genius, she calls them—and I wish her genius would cease outpouring."

"Don't you like to read?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! but I don't like to listen when other people read; I get so impatient."

"I am sorry."

"Why?"

"Because I imagined myself spending many a pleasant hour by your side, reading aloud to you, while you embroidered, knit or sketched."

"But I never embroider, knit or sketch."

"You do not?"

"No; my sister Emma embroiders and Mary sketches. There is not a cow in our neighborhood that has not posed for her. And Emma made six big, historical pictures in worsted. Oh, it is fearful to think of."

"Hasn't she lost flesh?"

"Oh, no—she gains it—and that is her cross in life. But you can read to Miss Stanley."

"Hang Miss Stanley."

"That is not polite. Have you ever seen her?"

"No, and I do not want to. I asked aunt not to have any young ladies here. Oh! I beg pardon. But then you are a little girl."

"Yes, I am just seventeen."

"Well, I think we can manage to have some gay times together in spite of Miss Stanley."

"You will not look at me after you have seen her."

"Why? Is she gorgeous?"

"Awfully, fearfully! She is nearly six feet tall; and when she wears her crimson velvet dress, you think of Cleopatra and Lucretia Borgia."

"That is not a flattering comparison."

"Oh, I mean in appearance merely; because Miss Stanley is as good as she is handsome. She is so admirable in every way that it makes me feel tired. I like people to be wicked once in a while—don't you?"

"Yes, it makes more variety, of course."

"You will admire her beyond words to express. Everybody does. When she comes into a room it seems as if she fills every portion of it. I never see any one else."

"She never would prevent me from seeing you."

"You have not been tried yet."

"I prefer violets to sunflowers."

"Oh, don't compare her to a great sunflower. They are ugly, even if they are æsthetic. Call her a dahlia."

"I detest dahlias."

"Well, wait and see;" and, turning suddenly away, she ran like a deer over the lawn."

Walter Gresham had just returned from a long European tour. He was twenty-four years old; and, his parents being dead he was now monarch of all he surveyed—that is, in his immediate neighborhood. An aunt had occupied his elegant home during his absence, and he had given her permission to live gayly as she pleased; only requesting her not to have any fashionable young ladies there when he returned.

But Mrs. Simcox was an inveterate match-maker; and she imagined that Miss Emma Stanley was the one woman to make him happy. Certainly, if regal magnificence could make a man happy, Walter Gresham should have been perfectly satisfied. It seems as if that imposing word had been especially coined for her. She was magnificent in beauty, toilettes and self-conceit—the last particularly. There was something absolutely sublime in Emma Stanley's egotism. It never deserted her. Nothing could modify it. The rude and ill-bred might amuse themselves in the most unblushing manner at her expense, and she, in her supurb unconsciousness, would never know it. The fear of rivals did not and could not disturb her, and the idea of little Amy Gladden ever appearing in that character was too absurd to be entertained for a moment. When Mrs. Simcox suggested the propriety of her marrying Walter Gresham, she assented graciously. She was twenty five years old, and felt that it would be as well to establish herself now for life. Walter was a little younger; but then he was agreeable, cultivated and rich. His estate was old if he were not. Of course he would have no objections. That was a contingency of which she never dreamed. And when Walter was introduced he was so "completely stunned," as he told Amy afterward, that Miss Stanley was convinced that she had made a great impression upon him.

"But your description was not quite correct," he said to his cousin. "She did not fill all space; I saw you in spite of her; and really, Miss Amy, it was a great relief."

"Why?" the latter asked.

"Because you made me think of calm, pure moonlight, after the heat and glitter of a hot summer day."

"You certainly think her very handsome?"

"Wonderful! Stupendous! Terrible!"

"How you do talk. Just wait a while, and you will be as eager as all the others are to carry her shawl, and fan, and bouquet. I know how it will be."

"Are they all so eager?"

"Yes, of course, Didn't you know it? They are all crazy about her. She is receiving offers all the time. I think it was twenty she had last year."

"Oh, now, Miss Amy, isn't that a little—just a little, you know—"

"It is the solemn truth. She is as rich as she is wise and handsome, and money you know adds such a lustre to beauty."

"You call yourself a little girl; but that did not sound at all like a little girl."

"Well, hard experience has taught me a great deal; and I do not blame people for liking money."

"It must be very uncomfortable to be without it."

"It is perfectly awful! I had rather be rich than anything else in this world!"

"Do not say that."

"It is the truth."

"Would you marry a man you did not like, just because he could give you money?"

"I do not know—I have never been tried."

"You would not do it, I know. Money does not always bring happiness."

"It brings an immense amount of comfort anyway. Mrs. Simcox is calling us."

A humbler person than Miss Stanley would hardly have been satisfied with Walter Gresham's manner towards her. He was evidently impressed; but whether the impression was favorable or not was somewhat uncertain. She attributed his reserve to diffidence, and rather admired it as something desirable in a young man. And when he sought Amy's side and talked with her so unreservedly (as it appeared) she thought he did it out of pure kindness, and appreciated him all the more. Fortunately she did not hear their remark in regard to herself; and when she saw them together so often afterward, she still ascribed it to his genuine good nature, and felt no uneasiness whatever.

Mrs. Simcox, however, did not feel so well satisfied, and concluded to speak to Miss Stanley in regard to the growing intimacy between the young people.

"Emma," she said, "Walter and Amy are together a great deal of the time."

"Oh, yes," she replied calmly, "it is very kind in him to amuse the child as he does. He must be very fond of little girls."

"He seems to be fond of this little girl, at any rate. I would send her home if I were in your place."

"Why should I send her home? Do you dislike the child? Does she annoy you?"

"Certainly not. I like her very much."

"I have always been fond of Amy. She is so quiet and inoffensive. She seems very happy here, and her own home is so crowded. I pity the child."

"I was not thinking of myself at all, for I like to have her here. She is a good girl, obliging and pleasant; but she seems a little too attractive. Walter is evidently much pleased with her."

"She doubtless amuses him. She is truly unsophisticated, and really quite original in her ideas."

"And are you not afraid—"

"Afraid? What should I be afraid of?"

"Well, perhaps I am unnecessarily alarmed; but I had quite set my heart on seeing you the mistress here, Emma."

"I have seen no reason as yet to change my mind in regard to that arrangement. Walter is rather young, but he is manly and dignified."

"Yes, Amy thinks so."

"She has very good judgment, although her experience is, of course, limited."

And Mrs. Simcox left her in despair.

Soon after this Walter was taken sick with slow fever, and almost immediately afterward Amy received a message from home, desiring her speedy return. She was obliged to go, without bidding the sick man good bye, and she carried away a very sad heart in consequence.

Miss Stanley was a splendid nurse, and she devoted herself unremittingly to the patient; but he longed for a sight of Amy's piquant face and girlish figure. He was very much in love; and his perfect consciousness of the fact prevented his making any inquiries regarding her.

At length, however, he could contain himself no longer; and one day, when Miss Stanley's splendidly-developed figure was turned away from him, he asked:

"Where is Miss Gladden? Is she well?"

"Oh, yes; but she had to go home. They sent for her. But I want to thank you for all the notice you took of the little girl. It was very kind in you to do it."

"You give me more credit for unselfishness than I deserve. Miss Amy is a delightful companion."

"Yes, her naivete is very amusing. She has lived in the country all her life, poor child, and knows very little of the ways of the world."

"Perhaps that is what makes her so charming."

"She has a great deal to learn, and I hope to have her with me again before long. She cannot have any proper advantages where she is, and her mind and manners both need cultivation."

He said no more then; but he grew very impatient to be up and about again, and as soon as he was able to leave the house he announced his intention of going away for a few days, though whither they could not find out.

Amy Gladden was seated one morning in a little rustic arbor near her father's house, looking even more serious than usual, when she heard a familiar voice pronounce her name in eager, questioning tones. Raising her head quickly, she saw Walter Gresham standing before her, looking very pale and thin, but with a glad, happy light in his eyes.

"Oh, Walter!" she exclaimed, involuntarily, springing from her seat.

"Are you glad to see me, Amy?" he asked, watching, with a happy smile, the bright blushes come and go in her cheek.

"Yes," she said; "but you look so tired and pale. Sit down at once;" and she made him take a seat. "Are you quite well?"

"Oh, yes! And you—are you happy?"

"I am—just now," she answered, frankly blushing again as she saw the beaming look come into his face.

"You blessed little darling!" he cried, throwing his arms around her waist.

"Oh, but you musn't do that," she said; although she certainly looked more pleased than angry.

"Yes, I shall—for I love you my darling, and I am going to—" and here Amy's face was completely covered for several seconds. "Oh, Amy," he said, suddenly, "you do not think money is the most desirable thing in the world now, do you? Is not love a great deal better?"

"Do you want me to tell you that I am sorry you are rich, Walter? I cannot do that. I love you dearly, dearly, with my whole heart; but I am just as glad as I can be that you are not a poor man."

"What a frank little thing you are, Amy. And of course you are right; I know I should not be contented without money; and it makes me very happy to think that I can surround you with luxuries."

"I have always longed for nice things, but I never dreamed that I should have them. Oh, Walter, I am so glad that it is you who will give them to me."

"I would like to see any other man dare to do it."

"How strange that you should prefer me to Miss Stanley."

"Strange? It seems the most natural thing in the world to me, Amy. I told you I liked little women the best."

"There is a good deal of Emma."

"She makes me think of the Sphinx."

"Now, Walter, dear, you must not laugh at her, because she is good and kind to me."

"I know it, Amy; and she has been very devoted to me too. But your father, my darling, he will not object to this arrangement, will he?"

"He will be greatly relieved to have one daughter disposed of."

Here Walter burst into a hearty laugh, in which she soon joined, although she could not see anything funny in what she had said.

Her father at once gave his consent, and they were soon very happy.

He remained a week, and upon his return, going straight to his aunt, with a face fairly radiant with happiness, he said:

"Congratulate me, aunt!"

"Congratulate you?—what for? Has Em——"

"Amy has promised to be my wife."

"What is that? Amy? Are you crazy?"

"Crazy? No, I am as sane as you are."

"Did you say that you intended to marry that child?"

"That child will be eighteen in December, and we shall be married on her birthday."

"But Em—, Miss Stanley?" Mrs. Simcox inquired in a dazed, bewildered way, "what will she say?"

Then Walter looked somewhat bewildered also—that is for a few moments. But he began to laugh immediately afterward, and said:

"I do not know what Miss Stanley has to do with it. She is not my mother, or guardian, or maiden aunt, or——"

"But I think she expected——"

"Expected what?"

"She has been so attentive."

"Well, I certainly am very much obliged to her for her attentions."

"Think how she nursed you."

"Yes, she was awfully kind."

"I think some explanation——"

"Aunt Ellen, what do you mean?"

"It is such a delicate matter."

"Hang the delicacy! Do you mean that she expected I would want to marry her?"

"Well, yes, I think—indeed I am quite sure—that she did."

"I am very sorry, then, that I cannot oblige her, and I will go at once and tell her of my engagement."

"No, indeed, it will be better for me to do it," and she started at once to fulfill the dreadful duty.

She found Miss Stanley looking very imposing and elegant in a scarlet satin wrapper. After talking a while upon indifferent subjects, Mrs. Simcox said:

"Do you know what Walter went away for?"

"He went upon some business, I suppose."

"He went to see Amy."

"Did he? Just like his kind heart."

"It was not kindness at all; it was love."

"I do not understand you."

"He is engaged to Amy, and they are to be married in December."

For the first time in her life, perhaps, Miss Stanley looked surprised. More than that, she looked astounded. But soon recovering her usual admirable composure, she said:

"I hope he will be happy with the child. She is very young and inexperienced; but she is a good little girl. It is an excellent thing for the family, as they are very needy."

"Well, I must say that I feel greatly disappointed."

"You need not be. Amy is very quick to learn, and, with only a few hints, she will fulfill her duties here very gracefully;" and Miss Stanley resumed her embroidery, with a gracious smile, as if everything had transpired according to her fondest wishes.

As Mrs. Simcox went back to her room she thought to herself:

"It is just as well. So superior a person would not be likely to suit Walter."

Miss Stanley's manner toward that young gentleman was the very perfection of stately grace and urbanity; and when the marriage took place, Amy received no handsomer present than the costly diamonds bestowed by her benignantly-smiling cousin.

After they had been married a year or two, Walter came into his wife's room on day, and said:

"Amy, I have some news for you."

"Oh, tell me, quick!" she exclaimed; "what is it?"

"Miss Stanley is engaged to an English nobleman."

"Oh, that is splendid! What a sensation she will make."

"I hear that he is a very fine man."

"He ought to be. I hope that he is handsome, and good, and intelligent—for certainly no common man should ever marry our magnificent Miss Stanley."

Conjugal Companionship.

Another discouragement that Dr. Dix might have prescribed for divorce is persistent, unselfish intention, on the part of married couples, to be companionable. Companionship is the basis of all lasting unions of male and female, even among the animals. It is quite true that most married couples were originally mismated, but no fact is better known or recognized, outside of family circles, than that extreme differences of intellect, taste, acquirement, disposition and nature are no bar to the delightful and enduring friendship, unless in one person or the other there are positive vices or selfishness that prevent the formation of any true and honorable bond with any being whatever. Even heathen philosophers have urged man and woman to perpetuate and perfect their union by mutual and persistent devotion toward each other. But Dr. Dix has indirectly discouraged this in nearly all of his lectures. His injunction that wives shall be obedient to their husbands, his reprobation, or at least suspicion, of modern women's desire to be well informed on subjects of which their husbands talk; his criticism of women who are not content to be housekeepers and nurses and nothing more, are all calculated to make women the inferiors of their husbands, and, consequently to a great degree uncompanionable. The lecturer might justly have given his male parishioners, respectable and otherwise, some hard raps, for the custom of many of them is to devote the better part of the day to business, most of the remainder to their male acquaintances, and only their stupid hours to their families.

And, if marriage is the holy institution that preachers proclaim it to be, why did not Dr. Dix blame the clergy of all the churches for not making its duties and blessings the subject of frequent sermons and instructions? Sermons on regeneration, adoption, sanctification, total depravity, redemption, backsliding, malice, envy and uncharitableness abound, but what veteran church-goer has heard during all his life a dozen sermons on marriage?

Commodore Phelps' Removal.

Probably nothing has happened here for years that people have discussed more fully, without reaching satisfactory conclusions, than the removal of Commodore Phelps from the command of the Navy Yard and his orders to the South Atlantic station. In the first place, Commodore Phelps was not in command of the yard the usual time by some ten months; in the second place he desired to remain here, "moved heaven and earth" after his fashion to that end; and yet all his influence, and he was accredited with not a little, and ponderous petitions bearing five hundred names, availed him not. The presumption that the Navy Department had no other available officer to order in command of the South Atlantic squadron, seems to have been effectually exploded, and there certainly was some other motive that lies at the bottom of the commodore's strange removal. It is said that young, designing and powerful fellow-officers put the screws to the commodore in the hope that he would ask to be retired and thus cause their advancement in grade. It is talked at tea parties that Miss Dora Miller, daughter of one of the United States Senators from California, was piqued at treatment she received at the hands of the commodore's family while visiting at the Navy Yard last fall, and that her father has resented it. It is the talk furthermore that politics effected the removal and the accompanying unpleasant orders. It is said, in the same connection, that the commodore permitted him to be too much of a tool in the hands of politicians, and has thus brought upon himself the visitation of that wrath that men more powerful and hard to reach than he, have failed to escape.—Vallejo Times.

An English Premier's Wife.

Mrs. Gladstone, writes a London correspondent, who is one of the best and kindest women in the world, has the unhappy knack of dressing abominably. On ordinary occasions she is clad in a rusty black silk, well worn, and with a draggled look about the petticoat, which barely conceals a pair of shapeless boots. Her gloves match the boots, and she has been heard to exult in a well mended pair for the reason that the money which would have bought new ones was better applied to the succor of the poor and needy.

A Poet's Scorn.

The following verses will appear in the forthcoming biography of William Cullen Bryant, written by his son-in-law, Mr. Park Godwin, and published by D. Appleton & Co. They were written in 1814, when Mr. Bryant was in his twentieth year, and appear to have been addressed to some young woman who had not lived up to his belief in her. They were found among the poet's papers, and have never before been published. There are a number of them given in the biography, not for their value as poems, but as shadowing forth a little romantic story:

I knew thee fair—I deemed thee free
From fraud, and guile and faithless art,
Yet had I seen as now I see,
Thine image ne'er had stained my heart;

Trust not too far thy beauty's charms;
Though fair the hand that wove my chain,
I will not stoop with fettered arms,
To do the homage I disdain.

Yes, Love has lost his power to wound;
I gave the treacherous homicide.
With bow unstrung and pinions bound,
A captive to the hands of Pride.

ENLARGED PICTURES.

I. G. Davidson, the popular Portland photographer, is filling orders for enlarged pictures of all kinds, at his gallery on the corner of First and Yamhill streets. He employs a number of the best artists at this work and it will bear the closest inspection. His work is as good as any ever produced on this coast, while his prices are extremely reasonable. Mr. Davidson will receive orders by mail from any part of the northwest coast and will deliver them, all finished in the highest style of the art, within a reasonable time. A trial order from any section of the country will convince anyone that Mr. Davidson is the man to favor with orders, as fair treatment has always been his rule.

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste.

An aromatic combination for the preservation of the teeth and gums. It is far superior to any preparation of its kind in the market. In large, handsome opal pots, price fifty cents. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents, Portland, Oregon.

For the best photographs in Oregon, go to F. G. Abell's gallery, 167 First street, Portland. His work will bear the most searching tests, for it is made by genuine artists, who understand their business.

DON'T BUY BOSS BOOTS UNLESS YOU WANT THE BEST. SEE THAT OUR NAME IS ON EVERY PAIR.
AKIN, SELLING & CO.

The next sensation at the Elite in Portland is the appearance of El Nino, Eddie, the "Wonder of the World" and Alice Morgan, the "Queen of Clubs," Popular prices, 25 and 50 cents.

TURKISH RUGS.—Send to John B. Garrison, 167 Third street Portland, for catalogues of designs.

Take Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

Portland Business Directory!

DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS.

F. E. BEACH & CO.—103 Front St.—Dealers in Paints, Oils and Glass, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Send for Price List and Catalogue.

LEADING MUSIC HOUSE.

J. H. ROBBINS & SON, 229 FIRST ST.—Wholesale and retail dealers in Pianos, Organs, Sheet music and Musical Merchandise, Picture Frames and Mouldings. Country orders will receive prompt attention.

BOOK BINDERS.

J. D. MORTIMER.—Portland blank book manufactory, 6½ Washington street. Portland, Or. The reliable establishment. Tiptop for good work. Blank books with posted headings made a specialty.

MARBLE WORKS.

MERGES & VOSPER, 47 Stark.—Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, etc., furnished in Italian and American marble. Country orders filled promptly. Send for prices and designs.

SURVEYORS.

W. B. MAYRE.—Civil Engineer, Contractor and surveyors. Office—Room No. 8 Lane's Building, East Portland. All kinds of surveying and drafting done for any part of the country.

BAKERIES.

EMPIRE BAKERY.—42 Washington. Voss & Fuhr, Props. Manufacturers of Pilot bread, Soda, Picnic, Butter, Boston, Sugar and Shoe Fly crackers. Orders from the trade solicited and promptly attended to.

ATTORNEYS.

D. P. KENNEDY,—Attorney and Counselor at Law. **Room 5 Dekum's building.** Legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for inventions, before the Patent Office or in the Courts, a specialty.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR PUBLIC FAVOR IS the New No. 12 White Sewing Machine, on exhibition at Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, Portland. Tailors and others interested in a first-class manufacturing machine are invited to call and examine.

SEEDS! SEEDS!

WE HAVE NOW ON HAND AT THE
OREGON SEED DEPOT

The largest stock of seeds ever held by one firm north of San Francisco, which will be sold at reasonable figures, consisting of Grass, Vegetable, Flower Seeds, etc., etc. Agents for "Imperial Egg Food;" also for Wickersham's Bone Phosphates. Send for catalogue; free to all applicants. Address,
MILLER BROS.,
209 Second Street, Portland.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
Land and Immigration Company.
Office: Rooms 40 and 41 Union Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

P. O CHILSTROM, President. FRANK OWEN, Secretary.

This Company operates throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.
Lands of all kinds bought and sold.
Immigrant Colonization a Specialty.
Headquarters for all land seekers.
Description of Government and other wild lands furnished free.
Information given on all branches of business.
Correspondence solicited and communications promptly answered.
P. O. box 869.

ENLARGED PICTURES
MADE IN THE
Highest Style of the Art,
—BY—
I. G. DAVIDSON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

$1000 REWARD

WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON PRODUCING a more effectual remedy than **Dr. Keck's Sure Cure for Catarrh,** Which has stood the test for fourteen years. Physicians, Druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it **specific** for the cure of that loathsome disease. **Try it.** Your druggist has it, price $1.

Dr. Keck thoroughly understands, and is eminently successful in the treatment of all **chronic** and **difficult diseases of both sexes** and **all ages,** having made a specialty of their treatment for fourteen years. He treats **Cancer** without using the knife. His favorite prescription is furnished to **lady patients Free.** No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insanity or a life of suffering is your inevitable doom unless you apply in time to the physician who understands, and is competent to treat your case. Waste no more time nor money with incompetent physicians. All communications attended to with dispatch, and are strictly confidential. Medicines sent to any part of the country. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. **CONSULTATION FREE.** Inclose a three-cent stamp for list and address DR. JAMES KECK, No. 135 First street, Portland, Or.

1860. 1888.
J. A. STROWBRIDGE,
DIRECT IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
LEATHER & FINDINGS.
NO. 189 FRONT STREET,
Portland, - - - - - Oregon.

USE ROSE PILLS.

BETTER THAN GOLD.
CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT.
A Pleasant and Efficacious Remedy.

IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF

By over indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dryness of the skin, with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by all means use

Slaven's California Fruit Salt,

And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it; $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5. For sale by all druggists. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

DR. SPINNEY,
No. 11 Kearny street, S. F.,
Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases.

YOUNG MEN

WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFfects of youthful follies or indiscretion, will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal Weakness or private diseases of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue. Again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal Weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genitor urinary organs.

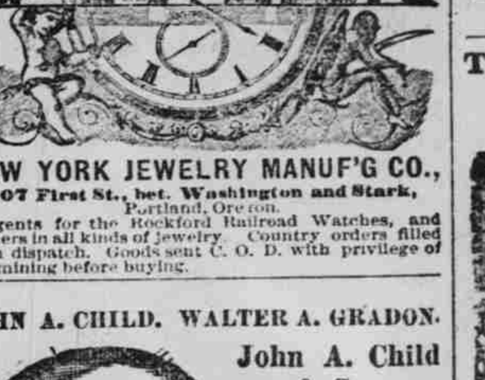
Office Hours—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A. M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

Call or address DR. SPINNEY & CO., No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

USE ROSE PILLS.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,
No. 5 North Front St., between A and B,
Portland, Oregon.

SawMills AND SAWS, Woodworking Machinery, Steam Engines and Boilers, Mining Machinery, Belting, Packing and Hose, Flour Mill Machinery, Water Wheels Etc., etc.



NEW YORK JEWELRY MANUF'G CO.,
107 First St., bet. Washington and Stark,
Portland, Oregon.

Agents for the Rockford Railroad Watches, and dealers in all kinds of Jewelry. Country orders filled with dispatch. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examining before buying.

JOHN A. CHILD. WALTER A. GRADON.

John A. Child & Co.,
DRUGGISTS,
DEALERS IN
Fine Chemicals,
Toilet - Articles,
Rubber Goods and
DRUGGISTS'
SUNDRIES.
Special attention given to
CASH ORDERS
By Mail.
161 Second St., Portland, Or.

PHILLIP BEST
BREWING COMPANY'S
MILWAUKEE BEER
Bottled expressly for the
PACIFIC COAST TRADE,
Superior in quality and purity to all others.
One Trial Will Convince.
SOLE AGENTS,
CHARLES KOHN & CO.,
44 Front Street, Portland, Or.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY
—AND—
SANITARIUM, OR HOME FOR THE SICK
Macadam Road, bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.

Dr. Pilkington, late Professor of Eye & Ear Diseases in the Medical Department of Willamette University has erected a fine building, on a beautiful elevation in the south part of the city, and is prepared to accomodate patients suffering from all diseases of the EYE, EAR or THROAT. Also will pay special attention to persons laboring under Chronic Nervous affections, and to diseases peculiar to women, and receive a limited number of cases expecting confinement.

The intention is to provide a Home for such cases with all the best hygienic agencies combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolis.

Consulting physician and surgeon Dr. Philip Harvey, Prof. of diseases of women and children in the medical department Willamette University.

Also Dr. J. M. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med. dep't. Willamette University.

For any amount of references and circular, address DR. J. B. PILKINGTON, Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

C. E. McBREEN'S
QUEENSWARE BAZAAR,
67 Morrison Street, Portland, Or.,

THE LEADING AND CHEAPEST HOUSE-furnishing Store in Portland. Tea and Dinner Sets a specialty.

All Goods below First Street Prices.

DRS. FREELAND & ROBERTS,
DENTISTS,
Cor. First & Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or.
(Davidson's Photograph Gallery.)

First-class work at the most reasonable rates.

Have both had many years experience in Oregon and California.

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh"

LIQUID OR DRY, PRICE $1.00; "ATMOSPHERIC Insufflators," price 50c. Dry Cure and Insufflators mailed on receipt of price, with full direction for use, etc. S. G. SKIDMORE & Co., Druggists 151 First street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast.

USE ROSE PILLS.

F. E. AKIN. BEN SELLING. H. W. BOSS

BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST,
THEY ARE ALL STAYED SEAMS.
BUY NO OTHER.

See that Our Name is on Every Pair.
AKIN, SELLING & CO.,
Portland, Oregon.

SAN FRANCISCO GALLERY.

Towne
Photographer,
Corner First and Morrison Streets,
PORTLAND OREGON.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER!

1st—Gents' Oride Guard; usual price, $7 50; price, $2 50. Cut represents section, ¼ size.
2d—Elegant brilliant Scarf Pin; regular price, $5; $1 50.
3d—Gents' Ring; fit card over finger for size. $2; usual price, $5.
4th—Breastpin, a gem, $1 50; usual price, $5.
5th—A beautiful Bosom Stud, very brilliant, $1 50; usual price, $5.
6th—Ladies' brilliant Ear Drops, $1 50, usual price, $5.
We will return money on any of these goods if they are not superior to your anticipations, knowing that no such offer has been made before. Send money order if possible, and address THE MORTON AGENCY, Portland, Oregon. P. O. box 362.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER

The ORIENTAL BAZAAR

No. 68 Morrison Street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or

Importers and Dealers in China Ware, Japanese LaquerWare, Jewelry, Teas and Silk Goods of all kinds.

Manufacturers of Ladies' and Gents' White Goods, Laces, Neckwear and Fancy Goods.

Agent San Francisco Boot and Shoe Factory. Retail at wholesale price.

P. O. Box 235.

Orders from the country filled promptly.

GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINE STORE
JOHN B. GARRISON,

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, 167 THIRD STREET.

All the Leading Machines, Oils, Needles, Attachments and Genuine Parts for Sale.
General Agent for the
Household and White
SEWING MACHINES.
Sewing Machines Repaired and Warranted.
General Agent for the
TURKISH RUG PATTERNS.
General Agent for the
Universal Fashion Co.'s Perfect Fitting Patterns.
Send for Catalogue.

Garrison's Sewing Machine Store, PORTLAND, OR.

PROPRIETOR.
GARRISON'S SEWING MACHINE STORE

Davies
THE PHOTOGRAPHER,
FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS,
Portland, Oregon.

LAND PLASTER,
For Sale by
EVERDING & FARRELL,
Alder and Front streets,
Portland, - - - - - - - - Oregon.

ANTISELL PIANOS ORGANS
10,000 Pianos. 1,000 Organs. St. Half. Buy of Manufacturers. From $25 to $1,000. Cash, Rent or Installments. Catalogues Free. ANTISELL, cor. [illegible] San Francisco.

Full Set of Teeth for $10.
Best Set, $15.

TEETH FILLED AT LOW RATES; SATISFACtion guaranteed. Gas administered. Dental graduates.

PREHN BROS.,
Portland, Oregon
Room 54, Union Block, Stark street entrance.

THE BALDWIN
IS THE ONLY FIRST CLASS
Family Restaurant in Portland.

The BEST OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER PFUNDER'S KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR