

NAME CHILDHOOD SWEET.
Wait not till the little hands are at rest
For the busy household hand
That still is the busy household hand
Your darling still need your guiding hand
Oh, fill their lives with sweetest.

Wait not till the little hands are still
For the loving look and smile
That white you gently kiss a fault
The good deed kindly smile
Your heart from the busy household hand
Oh, fill their lives with sweetest.

Ab, what are kisses on clay cold lips
To the very mouth we press
When our eyes close to her mother's arms,
For love's tenderest press
Let never a worldly hand keep
Your heart from the busy household hand
Oh, fill their lives with sweetest.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys
Give thanks for the fair girls
With a dower of wealth like that at home,
Could you offer the earth for pearls?
With not for death the child's crown
But daily shower life's blessings down
And fill your hearts with sweetest.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
There the eyes have faded away
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it with the child's crown
And make your home a garden of flowers,
When all your life is childhood's hours,
And fill your hearts with sweetest.

Change Partners.
"Change partners!"
We were dancing a quadrille, and I,
Smiling, held out my hands to John
Loring, who placed his hands to me
And I smiled away upon my lips.
Why did Lillian grow so deadly pale,
And Rudolph frown and compress his
lips? I made some blunder, for John
said, in his grave, sedate way:
"You have made a mistake, Debby.
This way."
Then my hand was clasped in Rudolph's
again, and we waited for the
side couples to dance. But I could not
help watching Lillian talking so fast to
John, her cheeks red again—too red—
her eyes flashing, and her animation too
marked for my little cousin.
Rudolph was pale now, and something had
disturbed his boyish brightness.
I was glad when the dance was over,
and we wandered off to the conservatory.
Nobody minded, for Rudolph and I
had been engaged for five years, and
this ball was one of the many given in
honor of his home coming. He had gone
to California to seek a fortune,
leaving me plodding away at music
teaching to support myself, Aunt Char-
lotte and Lillian, who was then only
fourteen years old.
We were poor enough those days,
both Rudolph and his betrothed, and for
four years there was but little variation
in the monotony of money given for
both. Then fortune gave her wheel a
sudden, most unexpected whirl in our
favor. Rudolph made a successful specu-
lation that lifted him at once to wealth,
and my grandmother died and left me
an heiress.
It was a little bewildering at first to
be mistress of a handsome country seat,
a town house, carriages, jewels, and a
large bank account, but I had not al-
ways been poor, and I soon became ac-
customed to my splendor.
If I had kept my dear little crippled
aunt and Lillian with me when every
week's income had to be divided with
painful economy, it was scarcely prob-
able we would separate when I was able
to give them luxuries. And John Lor-
ing was still my friend, as he had been
when mamma was living and poor papa's
affairs were found to be so embarrassed
after his death.
There was no mystery about my en-
gagement, and when Rudolph came home
we were all making a Summer
sojourn at Wylie Glen, where my country
seat was located. John was at the hotel,
but he came over often, and all the
neighbors were very sociable. So we
had balls, picnics, croquet parties and
every sort of festivity. In her low,
broad brow, her sensitive lips, her read-
genius, for the child was an artist born
with wondrous musical gifts and rare
poetical fancies. She was tall and slender,
of the perfection of grace, and her
dress of ivory white, with green leaves
in her hair and on her breast, suited her
charmingly.
And yet I was only twenty-five—certainly
not old. Rudolph was five years
older, and still, despite his brown beard
and manly carriage Rudolph was boyish
in his frankness, his enjoyment of fun,
his energy and love of athletic sports.
He had been heavily burdened,
though he had been rich. But I—ah
me! I had nursed mother through two
years of helplessness, and father failed
in business and died soon after. I had
gone to Aunt Charlotte when she fell
down stairs, and her busy usefulness left
her forever. I had remained with her,
taking her pupils with my own, and
helping Lillian to get an education.
It was a hand-to-hand struggle with
poverty and headache varied by weeks
of nursing Aunt Charlotte through agonizing
suffering, and it had left me aged beyond my years. Many
a time I have deplored but for John
Loring, one of papa's business
friends, and our adviser in all matters of
difficulty.
But it was all over. I was rich. Rudolph
was at home, and as tenderly lov-
ing as I could wish. Only—as we
walked to the conservatory, I wished
Lillian had not grown so pale when we
changed partners in the quadrille, and
Rudolph took her little white gloved
hands in his. He talked gently to me
as we stood by the pashing fountain, and
told me of some purchases he had made
for our house, and commented pityingly
upon my weary eyes and cheeks.
"All this dissipation is too much for
you, Debby," he said, and I hated my
old-fashioned name as he spoke it. Lillian
was softer, more musical. Why was I
named for my grandmother?
"I will bring a carriage to-morrow,"
Rudolph said, "and take you to some
quiet place of rest for a few hours. Only
you and me, Debby, remember, until
And I was contented, again, until

passing Lillian's door, long after we re-
turned home, I heard her sobbing.
"What is the child? For weeks she
had been growing pale and nervous and
fitfully gay, and never had her music
moved me to tears as it had done of late.
Aunt Charlotte seemed changed, too,
tender to me with an added gentleness,
and over scrupulous about leaving me
alone with Rudolph.
I wished sometimes that Rudolph was
not quite so successful and merry. He
loved about all things, and yet I have
heard him sigh over Lillian's sad song as
if he were broken-hearted. It made me
feel old that so often their merriment
jammed upon me, for when Rudolph first
came he treated Lillian like the child he
had left five years before. When we
rode they would race their horses, leav-
ing me far behind, for I am not a brave
horsewoman, while Lillian, so sensitive
and gentle at all times, is fearless on
horseback.
They would sing gleeful duets to-
gether, Rudolph's clear tenor well sup-
porting Lillian's sweet, pure notes, while
I—humiliating to confess, had become
so disgusted with leading childish fingers
through scales and exercises that I
never touched a piano when it could be
avoided.
I looked upon it all complacently
enough, often turning to smile at John
as these two jested or made merry at my
expense, but I did not like to see it all
change. Of late Lillian had seldom come
into the drawing room during Rudolph's
visits, and Rudolph missed her. I was
sure of that; for while he was always
affectionate and kind, he was abstracted
often.
John, too, stayed away more than
usual, and John was my best friend. I
was not even as confidential to Rudolph,
for he had been five years away, and was
not changed. I was,
It was altogether strangely uncom-
fortable when one considered that I was
to be married in October, and to go
to Europe with Rudolph, whose ancestors
were German, and who had a desire to
visit his grandfather's home in Munich.
Lillian had helped to plan on a most
tempting tour for us through England,
France, Spain, Italy and Germany, and
Rudolph complimented us both upon our
German, which was familiar to him,
my mother having taught him to speak
it at home.
The day after the ball was stormy,
and we slept late. At least I did not
sleep, but stayed in my room. There
were some letters to be written, and I
was preparing a rough draft of a deed
of gift to Aunt Charlotte. I did not
want two town houses, and Rudolph
had bought a superb mansion that was
fitting up for his bride. So my house I
resolved to give to Aunt Charlotte, with
a sufficient sum to maintain her in com-
fort after I left her. Nobody knew but
John, and he was coming to take my
papers and make them out legally. Did
I say John was a successful lawyer? I
knew that he would come, even if it did
rain, though I scarcely expected Rudolph
until evening, as the rain would
prevent our proposed excursion.
It was late in the forenoon when I
went down to the library, a small room
adjoining the long drawing room, and
separated from it by a curtain. Being
a woman's home, the library had never
been very extensive—more a cosy
reading room than study.
I was waiting there for John, nest-
ling in an easy chair, and wondering if
it was the ball that made me so languid,
when I heard the drawing room door
open, and presently Lillian touched the
keys of the grand piano, her fingers
gliding into a dreamy nocturne that was
one of her late favorites. The curtains
were looped so that I could see her, in
her white dress, with no ornament but
soft lace, and I sighed to see how white
and wan she looked, what quivering pain
was on her sweet mouth, and in her
large eyes.
Some one else saw it, for, while she
played, Rudolph came in. All the mer-
itment was gone now from his face, and
he leaned on the piano, listening, and
not noting how her fingers faltered as
she fixed his eyes upon Lillian's face.
When he spoke he said:
"I am going away, Lillian."
"You are wise," she said faintly.
"I can make some excuse to Debby,
and I will stay in town until you all
come to—the wedding! I was a mis-
erable coward last night, Lillian, tortur-
ing you and myself; but I will not
offend again."
"No," she said gently, "I am sure of
that. We must both be brave, for
Debby must never know. Neither you
nor I could be false to Debby, Rudolph.
Think what she has been to me."
"And to me! My faithful love!"
The mist was gone from my eyes, and
I knew the secret secret what had
puzzled me. These two loved each other.
Rudolph had found the gentle, sym-
pathetic love that suited his manly nature,
and Lillian the brave protector her tim-
idity needed.
And I—Debby—what ailed me! For
I was glad I had to see my lover faith-
ful to me—true in honor to me.
I had not heard John come in, but
when I turned my head he was there,
with stern lips and drawn brow, until
he saw my smile. Then a glad light
leaped to his eyes, and he whispered:
"Oh, my darling, is it so? You are
not heart-broken? You do not love
him?"
"It must have been a girlish fancy,"
I said, astonished at myself.
"But the woman's heart! Debby,
have you never guessed the torture it
was to me to know that you were not
free? Do you not know I have loved
you always, my darling!"
His darling!
"I did not know," I faltered; "I only
felt."
"What!" he asked, as I hesitated.
"Happy beside you," I said softly;
"lively without you. John, I know
now—why I have not been happy since
Rudolph came."
"You see mine," he said, oh, so ten-
derly. And I put my hand in his, and
let him press one kiss upon my lips.
Then I pushed back the curtains fully,
and went into the drawing room.
Lillian was still at the piano, but Ru-
dolph was still standing by the window
watching the rain with gloomy brow. I
crossed the room quickly to his side,
while John stopped to speak to Lillian.
"Rudolph," I said quietly, "you
must not go away."
He flushed, and said:
"Debby! You heard!"

John came to my rescue as usual.
Taking Lillian's hand he led her forward,
smiling as he said:
"Do you not understand, Rudolph?
Change partners."
And that told the whole story. There
were two weddings in October, and
Lillian went with Rudolph to Europe,
while John and I settled down in my
old home, with Aunt Charlotte for our
guest until her own child returns to her.
Yellow Fever.
A letter from the South gives the fol-
lowing description of the course of the
disease, from the time the first symptoms
are observed:
The fever usually begins suddenly (in
the most part during the night or early
morning), with a sense of chilliness, fol-
lowed by heat, pain in the back, head
and limbs, the pain being sometimes
very severe. The stomach grows sensi-
tive; nausea is excited, and vomiting
comes on, either spontaneously or from
something that has been eaten. The
skin is dry and hot; thirst is excessive;
the eyeballs are painful, suffused, and
the eyes have the expression seen in
drunkenness. The tongue is coated, and
its edges red; the face has a peculiar
flush about an inch above and be-
low the eyes. The upper part of the
abdomen is tender; there is burning,
with a feeling of weight and oppression
in the pit of the stomach. Anxiety and
restlessness are marked traits of the
disease; terror is often expressed in the
face of the sufferer, and sometimes a
gloomy threatening expression be-
comes so striking and peculiar that, once
seen, it is apt to be remembered. These
are the first symptoms which last from
four to seventy hours, the average being
thirty-six to forty-eight.
The second stage is a diminution of
the unfavorable signs; the skin growing
moister, the pain less, the pulse calmer,
the countenance more natural. But the
yellowness of the skin, which begins on
the eyelids, extends over the face and
deepens in hue. If, however, it has not
appeared before, it does not appear now.
This stage generally continues from
twelve to eighteen hours, though it may
be prolonged to double the time. Some-
times it is not marked at all, and occa-
sionally it is altogether absent.
The third stage is characterized by
prostration; the pulse grows weaker;
the skin yellowish; irritability of the
stomach and vomiting increase. This is
often incessant; at first, perhaps a color-
less,ropy, acid liquor; but now, when in-
creases, the pulse gets very feeble, and
more numerous, until the liquor resembles
soot or coffee grounds and water. This
is the black vomit, which is, in nearly
every case, the forerunner of death.
The quantity is frequently very great,
and ejected with little effort. Sometimes
diarrhea now occurs; the weakness in-
creases; the pulse gets very feeble, and
breathing labored and irregular; the
tongue black and tremulous; the skin is
cold and clammy, and the patient mut-
ters in delirium, passes away. The
body turns sallow or orange color, and
often brown like mahogany or bronze,
presenting an unsightly appearance, and
needing to be speedily buried.
In mild cases the symptoms are very
diffident; the heat and thirst being
trifling; the vomiting slight, and the pa-
tients frequently not keeping their beds.
Then, again, there are apparently mild
cases, the patients scarcely acknowl-
edging they are ill, refusing to lie down or
be prescribed for, and yet sinking sud-
denly into death. The fever varies in
duration. Very bad cases terminate in
a few days, though commonly continu-
ing from three to nine days, convales-
cence being almost always slow. Pathol-
ogy has not done much, even to this
day, to increase our knowledge of the
disease, which still remains enigmatical
and so changeable at different times and
places, and under different conditions, as
to have medical learning and practice.
One thing seems certain—cold kills yel-
low fever, which never survives the first
frost.
A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—The oldest
lecturer of this, or, indeed, of any
other country, is, we venture to affirm,
Sojourner Truth, the venerable negress,
who has been before the public more or
less for nearly two generations. She is
certainly more than a century old, hav-
ing been a slave in this State and man-
umitted in 1817. She delivered a lecture
on the present time and the condition of
things in general a few evenings since,
at the village of Crawford's, Cayuga
county, before a considerable audience.
She is tall, rather slender, her head of
moderate size, hair streaked with gray,
eyes bright, hearing and voice good.
Though a trifle lame, she stood erect for
the whole of her lecture, and delivered
marked by shrewd sense and much hu-
mor. She is most earnest for temper-
ance, and has a better opinion of men
than of women, who, she thinks, are
often frivolous and too expensive luxu-
ries to be sustained by any ordinary
income. At the close she sang a song
in her own style, and retired with a
certain inborn grace and dignity. Her
two oldest children are dead; but she
has three others—one of her daughters
is 80 and upward—living at Battle
Creek, Michigan. This daughter really
looks older than her mother, who might
readily pass for 70.—N. Y. Times.

The Willamette Fever and Ague Mixture
Prepared expressly for this climate by
Messrs Pfunder & Co., Portland, has
been found to be the best Fever and
Ague medicine ever offered to the citi-
zens of Oregon. All druggists have it
for sale.

The Willamette Stove Works, of
Portland, makes the best Stoves sold in
this market. Buyers should sustain
home manufacture by insisting on hav-
ing goods of this make and buying no
other.

The sales of Singer Sewing Machines
are wonderfully large. Last year the
Company sold 252,312 Machines. Such
enormous sales are the best recommend-
ation of the machine could have.

If in making any purchase or in
writing in response to any advertise-
ment, you will please mention the name
of the paper.

ALISKY & HEGELE,
Wholesale Candy Manufacturers,
145 First Street,
Portland, Ore.

ITEMS BY TELEGRAPH.
Numbers of the Inhabitants of Fez
and Mequins, Morocco, are dying from starva-
tion.
The prospects for stopping fever at Gal-
lipoli, Ohio, are good, the indications favor-
able.
The Ute Indians will be removed to a
new reservation at the headwaters of the
Sierra Nevada, they think will help them.
The Scorpion Mine is to be divided into
four other mines. The recent strike in the
Sierra Nevada will help them.
Trains on the Mobile road arrive at New
Orleans with growth from the Gulf watering
places, the fever having broken out all
along the line.
A young man who had worked on the
steamer Adelphe during the explosion, says
that the boiler was old and patched and an
accident was expected.
Senator Zamacona, the Mexican Minister,
says that the purpose of the Mexican Gov-
ernment in sending 5,000 troops to the ter-
ritories of the United States is to bring the
U. S. troops in putting down lawlessness.
Counsel in the Vanderbilt bill case say
they will prove that Wm. H. Vanderbilt
hired a clairvoyant to persuade the commis-
sioners that he was in communication with
his deceased wife and that he should make
his will in favor of Wm. H. Vanderbilt.
Governor Hampton, having requested
that the State authorities be allowed to col-
lect the U. S. internal revenue taxes in that
State on account of the great difficulties ex-
perienced by revenue officers in the per-
formance of that duty, Commissioner
Harrison was instructed to advise the
revenue department that the proposition cannot be
entertained.
Silas Vinton is the Greenback candidate
for Congress in the 33rd district of New
York.
Republicans of New Hampshire have
nominated J. G. Hall for Congress in the
1st district.
Higgins & Conkling, stock brokers, doing
business in the San Francisco board, have
suspended.
There is a surplus of \$10,000 in the hands
of the treasurer of the San Francisco relief
committee.
The Republicans of the 3d Massachusetts
district have nominated Walbridge A. Field
for Congress.
A writ of attachment for contempt has
been issued from the supreme court at
Victoria against the officers who sold the
Chinese merchants seized for bad
debt.
The Republicans of Connecticut have
nominated the following ticket: Governor,
Chas. B. Adams, by acclamation; Lieut.
Governor, David Gallette; Secretary of
State, J. G. Abbott; lieutenant governor,
William R. Plunkett; secretary of state,
T. G. Richardson; register, George W. Peck;
Gen. David N. Skilling; state auditor, John
E. Fitzgerald; attorney general, Richard
Olney.
Advices from San Domingo announce the
revival of the revolution, and the capitu-
lation of President Gonzalez and his de-
parture from the country on the 21st for
Curaçao. The revolutionaries, headed by
Domingo on the same day the President de-
parted, a provisional government was
organized, Acleto de Castro being its Pres-
ident.
Epidemics.
In all ages of the world men have
been afflicted with three foes—war, pes-
tilence and famine. Rapid methods of
transportation have checked famine.
Science has in a measure ameliorated
the horrors of war. Human charity is
endeavoring to mitigate the frightful
fever of pestilence, but thus far in the
history of the race, man has been less
successful in fighting epidemics than
anything else. Some few secrets he has
wrought from nature, but just as he has
begun to plume himself upon his tri-
umphs the malady takes some new
form and renews its ravages.
It is now said that Asiatic cholera is
appearing in the East, getting ready to
march around the globe. It arises in
the crowded slums of the Old World,
where filth and disease are protected by
a fanatical religion and are the herit-
age of ages. It finds in the long caravans
that wind over the arid deserts to the
tomb of the prophet, at once its choicest
prey and its best method of propaga-
tion. From thence it works its way
across the Mediterranean to Italy,
France and then to the sea coast from
whence every ship brings it to the new
world. This has been the history of
plagues from time whereof (the solemn-
ity of the Latin phrase) "the mem-
ory of man runneth not to the contrary."
They have heretofore so ravaged the
civilized world as to have, in some in-
stances, a marked influence on the his-
tory of humanity. A plague at one
time almost exterminated the Roman
people—so terrible in fact, that the
correct pronunciation of the Latin
tongue was lost, and the language
changed. It was perhaps the same
cause that obliterated the mound build-
ers in our own country, for had they
been conquered it is probable they would
have taught their victors some of their
own arts and given to the dominant
being now a synonym for pest houses.
There are those who deny that there is
fever is contagious, but there is no
hypothesis that satisfies so many of the
conditions of the disease as the spasm-
otic theory. To this doubtless, we
shall have to subscribe. The next great
question is how to find the germ and
how to kill it.
"Do you call that clothes?" said a
sturdy British customs official to the
woman who had sworn that there was
nothing in her trunk but clothes for her-
self and husband, and as he spoke he
pointed to six bottles of brandy. "Yes,"
chimed in the bride, "those are his
night-caps."
True,
As a purely vegetable family remedy
Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier cannot
be surpassed. It regulates the bowels,
liver and kidneys. Removing all
scrofula and impurities from the blood.
Buy it, try it.
The Willamette Stove Works, of
Portland, makes the best Stoves sold in
this market. Buyers should sustain
home manufacture by insisting on hav-
ing goods of this make and buying no
other.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION
OF THE
PORTLAND
INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION,
will be open to the public in the extensive warerooms
of Messrs. NEWBURY, CHAPMAN & CO., on
Monday, October 21, 1878,
And Continue One Week.
PETER TAYLOR, President.
GEO. H. HIMES, Secretary.
Oregon Standard Soap Works,
IRVING & WEBB, Proprietors,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
The only steam factory north of San Francisco. Send
for circular and price list.
C. H. MEUSENDORFFER,
Manufacturer, Importer and Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS.
PORTLAND, OREGON.
WHOLESALE AND FACTORY—131 Front Street.
RETAIL—162 First Street.
EVERDING & FARRELL,
Dealers in
Grain and all kinds of Produce,
SACKS, ETC.,
Cor. Front and Alder Sts., Portland, Or.
A BELL,
PHOTOGRAPHER.
No. 167 and 169 First Street
Portland, Oregon.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.
J. SIMON & CO.,
Dealers in
Doors, Windows, Blinds and Glass
WEIGHTS, COILS AND PULLEYS,
138 Front St., bet. Washington & Alder.
Jed m PORTLAND, OREGON.
1851. — 1878.
GEO. W. BELL,
GEO. W. BELL,
F. K. ARDRELL,
HODGE, DAVIS & CO.,
IMPORTING
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
AND JOBBERS OF
Window Glass, Oils,
AND
PAINTERS' STOCK.
Nos. 92 and 94 Front Street,
CORNER STARK.
San Francisco Office—116 Front Street.
New York Office—36 Platt Street.
HAVING JUST MOVED INTO OUR NEW STORE
at the above location, we are now better
prepared than ever to meet the wants of our patrons.
Our facilities for business are not surpassed by those
of any firm on the coast. Our store is new, built espe-
cially for us, and with a view solely to the proper
display and handling of our goods. Our stock is large
and complete in all its branches.
Drugs and Patent Medicines,
We carry a complete assortment, adding all new rem-
edies as fast as they appear.
We have opened
Druggists' Sundries Department
Complete in all its appointments. We have many Nov-
elties in the way of
Toilet Articles,
That must be seen to be appreciated.
We would call particular attention to our stock of
Counter Balances and Druggists'
Prescription Scales,
By far the finest ever brought to this market.
We also offer a new and fine line of SHELF WARE,
and can furnish a full outfit of
GLASS LABELED BOTTLES,
At short notice. To any one wishing to start a new
store, or to replace old ware with new, it is a great ad-
vantage to have the bottles labeled at the Factory, thus
insuring the perfect fit of each label.
In White Leads, Mixed Paints, Colors,
Brushes and Painters' Stock
Of all kinds, we have an assortment far surpassing any-
thing ever shown in Portland.
We show a specialty of
LUBRICATING OILS,
And begin our stock at first hands and offer superior
instruments to all who deal in them.
We also carry a large stock of
COAL OILS,
Embracing all the leading brands, and we offer them at
prices which cannot be beaten.
Window Glass,
We are prepared to fill orders for 10 and 36oz. or plate.
We have a Stock covered all sizes from 8x10
to 40x72, and shall be glad to furnish estimates, or any
information desired.
No. 8, Hall to the Chief No. 8.
WHEELER & WILSON.
THE NEW No. 8, STRAIGHT NEEDLE, BACK
Feed, Lock Stitch.
SEWING MACHINE,
Is pronounced by the people everywhere to be the Best
Family Machine in use.
AS Machines sold on the note and installment plan.
A Liberal Discount for Cash.
95 Third Street, Portland, Ogn.
F. W. GODARD,
No. 8. Manager. No. 8.
BURTON HOUSE,
Corner Third and F Streets.
Near the Steamship Landings and Railroad Depot,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
THIS SPLENDID NEW BRICK HOTEL WILL BE
OPEN to the traveling public on and after August
10, 1878.
Lewiston & Fretland, Proprietors
(Late of Minnesota House.)
Will spare no pains or expense to make this hotel
THE BEST HOTEL IN PORTLAND.

1856. KNAPP, BURRELL & CO., 1878
Front, First and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon,
IMPORTERS OF
FARM IMPLEMENTS and MACHINES.
THE CELEBRATED BAIN FARM WAGON.
This cut represents the BAIN THIMBLE-SKIN WAGON, medium size, com-
plete with Top Box, Roller Brake and Spring Seat. The Bain Wagon is so well-
known to the farmers and freighters of this coast that it seems needless for us to
say anything in its praise. We have sold them for the past thirteen years, and
warranted every one sold, and the total claims for defective material or workman-
ship during that time have not amounted to one cent on each wagon sold. This
fact speaks louder than anything we can say in its praise.
Patent Skin Tightener.
On the Bain Wagon is a valuable improvement, and is on no other wagon. For
the coming season all farm wagons will have the new
Patent Oil Tubes with Brass Screw Caps,
Which avoid the necessity of taking off the wheels to oil the axles—an arrange-
ment which teamsters will fully appreciate. We find in asserting that there is no
other wagon in the market that will compare with the Bain as now made, in quality
of material used, and in completeness and excellence of workmanship. Our
wagons are made to order, especially for our trade, and we pay extra to have all
the timber extra seasoned out of thoroughly seasoned stock. All the wheels are
put through—mashed in—boiling linseed oil, before setting of tires, making them
impossible. Mr. Bain does this in a more thorough manner than some others,
who simply make a pretense of doing it, and make the application, if at all, only in
"house-painted" does. The wood work, tires and ironing are extra heavy, but at the
same time everything is made of the best material. We challenge the most skillful
"chance" wagon, as far as durability and cents are concerned, we do claim to sell as good a wagon as can be made, and we will prove the strength in the end.
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Description and Prices.
Size No. 2.—Patent wheel, three feet eight inches
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one and one-eighth inches; shafts, with patent round
corners; two steps' top of body bound with iron;
leather dash; two combined seats, with lacy back; with
pole and ratchet brake. Capacity, 800 pounds. Price,
with patent wheels, \$200.
Size No. 3.—Solid collar axle, one and one-fourth
inches; same style and finish as No. 2. Capacity, 1,000
pounds. Price, \$210.
Size No. 4.—One and three-eighths inch solid axle;
same fittings as above. Capacity, 1,500 pounds.
Price, with patent wheels, \$220.
Same wagon with longer bod and three seats, \$250.

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