THE INDEPENDENT.

CINDERELLA.

"Really, it's quite a riddle, when one comes to think of it," said Mrs. Dale, putting the tips of her ringed fingers meditatively together. "Jeannette is a most charming girl, with a most taking way with her. I'm sure there can be no doubt about *her* marrying satisfactorily. And Marian's music is an excellent card to play. But when one comes to Phillippa—"

"An odd little gipsy, isn't she?" said Mr. Dale. "Decidedly impracticable, I should think."

"Neither pretty, accomplished or womanly," sighed Mrs. Dale, gloomily.

Mrs. Darrell Dale had no children of her own, and she knew the social position which any middle-aged matron gains when she is surrounded by pretty girls. So Mrs. Darrell Dale had invited her brother's daughter's from Hemlock Hollow, in the Catskill mountains, to spend the summer months at Niagara Falls with her.

"I dare say," said she, confidentially to her sister-in-law, the farmer's wife, "they will all marry well before the season is over; and, in any event, the experience will be worth a good deal to them."

And honest Mrs. Humphrys took all her ten years' savings out of the Hemlock Hollow Bank, to equip the three girls suitably for their summer campaign.

Jeannette took to waltzing and the German as naturally as if she had been born to them; Marian slipped as gracefully into a musical and literary groove; but poor little Phillippa seemed to fit nowhere. She was shy and silent in the ball-room, struck unaccountably mute when she ought to be talkative, and seemed to prefer the woods, beside the great cataract, when all the world flocked to the ball-room of the Clifton or International.

"Because, aunt Theo," said honest Phillippa, "I never know what to say to the gentlemen when they ask me to dance."

"But, my dear child," said Mrs. Dale, "that's not the way to get into society."

"I—I don't care so very much about society, aunt Theo," said the heretical Phillippa.

"Then you'll never get married in the world," said aunt Theo, in accents of despair.

But even Phillippa was roused into interest when the cards came out for the grand fancy masquerade ball at the International Hotel, and Mr. Dale gave each of his nieces a hundred dollar bill to enable them to appear suitably for the occasion.

"I shall personate Undine," said Jeannette, thinking how well she would look in sea-green crape, crystal fringes and water-lillies.

"And I shall be Sappho," cried out Marian.

"Capital," said Mrs. Dale. "And you, Phillippa?"

"I don't know yet," said Phillippa, contracting her black eye-brows, "Mr. Mortimer says I ought to go as a gipsy."

"Then, my dear," said Mrs. Dale, "be a gipsy, by all means."

Both Marian and Jeannette looked a little jealous, for the Hon. Hugo Mortimer, from Montreal, was the lion at Niagara, just then, and his gracious notice was enough to insure the lucky recipient a front place in the ranks of fashion.

"When did he say that, puss?" demanded Jeannette, jerking out the ribbons of her sash.

"Oh, yesterday, when we were over on Goat Island."

"Did he walk with you?"

"A little way."

"I hope you made yourself agreeable," suggested Marian, tartly.

"I don't know whether I did or not," said Phillippa. "And now, Aunt Theo, if you'll give me that bundle of work, I'll take it to Elise Dupre. There'll be just time before tea for me to walk there and back."

"But the band will play presently—and—"

"Thank you, aunt," said Pillippa, "but I don't care for the band."

"Phillippa," said Mrs. Dale, "I do think you are the strangest girl!"

Elise Dupre was a thin, consumptive looking girl, who lived among the spruces and tamaracks on the Canadian side, and took in what sewing, embroidery and lace-mending she was lucky enough to get a girl in whom Phillippa Humphreys had become somewhat interested, because she was so friendless and shadowy and forlorn.

But instead of singing at her work, Phillippa found poor Elise sobbing at the window, while her grandmother, a hooked-nosed saffron-skinned old crone, sat rocking herself back and forth by the fireless hearth.

The girl put her warm, brown hand on Elise's shoulder.

"Elise," said she, "stop crying, and tell me what is the matter?"

"Don't touch me, mademoiselle," wailed poor Elise. "They are coming to take me to prison, to-night."

And then, in answer to Phillippa's inquiring gaze, she told her how Mrs. St. George had sent a white moire dress there to be re trimmed with costly Spanish blonde—Mrs. St. George, of the Clifton House, whose pearls, and diamonds, and splendid toilets, were the marvel of the place—and how, by some accident, the old grandmother had contrived to upset a kerosene lamp upon it.

"It is ruined, of course, wailed Elsie, clasping her hands, "I cannot pay for it—so I am to be arrested for the money it is worth.

"She must be an old hag," said Phillippa, impulsively.

She is a cold, hard woman, mademoisell," said Elsie, who knows not the meaning of the word 'mercy,' and if they put me in prison, my old grandmother will starve."

"They shall not put you in prison," said Philippa, "How much was the dress worth?"

"Oh, a deal of money, mademoiselle—a hundred dollars," sobbed the poor girl.

Phillippia Humphrey put her hand in her pocket and there lay the $100 bill, that Uncle Dale had given her, folded in a tiny, blue-velvet portemonaie.

"There's the money," said she, "give it to the odious old harpy, and don't cry any more, for your eyes are swelled to twice their size, already."

Elsie looked incredulously at the little brown slip of paper.

"But mademoiselle, you are surely not in earnest," said she, "you cannot mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Philippa, shaking back the jetty rings of hair from her solemn black eyes, "take that money and pay Mrs. St. George, and say no more about it.

"Well, Phillippa," said Mrs. Dale, when her neice came back, "have you decided on your character yet?"

"Yes," said Phillippa quietly, I will be Cinderella."

"Who?" asked Mrs. Dale, putting her hand behind her ear.

"Don't you remember, Aunt Theo, the little brown-skinned girl who remained at home when her sisters went to the prince's ball."

"What a very odd choice?" said Mrs. Dale.

"It is," said Phillippa, "well, I always did like to be different from other people Aunt Theo."

"The masquerade ball was a brilliant success. "Undine," in silver green crape and white water lillies, was as lovely as a dream. "Sapho" was tall and pale, and delightfully classic; but there was one drop lacking in the cup of feminine happiness. Mr. Mortimer, for whose benefit half the belles of Niagara had dressed that evening, was not there.

"So provoking of Phillippa," said Aunt Theo, "to go and throw away all that money."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dale, "a good deed is never thrown away. And really that Cinderella idea of the little girl's wasn't so bad—ha! ha! ha! She did stay at home when her sisters went to the ball!"

"She will never learn wisdom," said Mrs. Dale with some asperity. "It's so strange she don't care about such things."

But, as it happened, Phillippa *did* care for such things. And at that identical moment she was standing on one of the starlighted verandahs, without, with a pink Shetland shawl around her shoulders, peeping surreptitiously through the windows at the waltzers.

"Miss Phillippa!"

She started guiltily.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer! I am not doing wrong, am I?"

He smiled as he drew her arm through his.

"But why are you not dancing, inside?"

"I— I preferred not, to-night."

"Little Phillippa," said Mr. Mortimer, standing still under the shadow of a drooping elm, "you are equivocating now; and, as it happens, I know the truth."

"I don't understand you," said Phillippa.

"My valet is in love with Elise Dupre. She has told him all about your deed of kindly charity, and he has told me."

"Yes," said Phillippa in a low tone, "my uncle gave me money for a dress, but I preferred helping Elise to going to the ball."

"You told your aunt you were going as Cinderella?"

"How do you know? But that's not strictly true," laughed Phillippa. "I was to *be* Cinderella. And so I am."

"Then, Phillippa, if you are Cinderella, will you let me be the Prince?"

"Mr. Mortimer—!"

"Sweetest, I have been looking all my life for just such a pure, noble hearted girl," said Mortimer, "and now that I have found her, I shall not willingly let her go."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean, love, that I want you for my wife."

Mr. Dale could hardly credit his own ears, the next day, when Hugo Mortimer formally requested of him the hand of his youngest niece in marriage, and Mrs. Dale lifted her hands and eyes to the ceiling.

"To think that it should be Phillippa, after all!" said she.

As for "Undine" and "Sappho," they swallowed their mortification and congratulated the little Brown gipsy as cordially as possible.

"After all," said shrewd Uncle Dale, Phillippa invested her hundred dollars the best of any of you!"

The Bumble Bee.

Children, did you ever stop to consider the immense power possessed by a bumble bee? An insect weighing no more than a tenth of an ounce is capable of "raising" a man weighing 220 pounds from a bench in the public park, and then have lots of lifting material left. Just stop and think of it! The stinger of a bee is not near as large as the finest needle, but such is the force behind it that it can be driven through heavy pants cloth, backed by merino drawers, and into the flesh about sixteen feet. If a man could wield a crowbar in comparason, he could drive it through seven saw mills and a distillery at one blow. Nature could not give the bee teeth and claws without spoiling its beauty, and, in compensation she gave him this stinger as a weapon of attack and defense. If the bee had no weapon,ants, beetles and bugs could cuff him around as they pleased, but as it is, he is the boss of the walk, and won't take a word from any of them.

The bumble bee is not naturally of a quarrelsome disposition, but he can't sit down over half an hour without feeling as if some one was doing him a great wrong. If left to himself, he will crawl up your coat sleeve, look around, and crawl down and go about his business, but if welcomed with a blow between the eyes, he is going to be revenged if he breaks a leg. He invariably closes his eyes when he stings, and you have only to look a bee square in the face to discover when he is fooling around, and when he means fourteen per cent. per annum.

The hay-field is a favorite resort of the bumble bee, but you can find him almost anywhere else if you try hard. Having no pair of long hind legs he cannot build his nest in a marsh like a frog, and having no beak in which to carry straws, he cannot nest in a tree, like a bird. He therefore takes to the grass, and under the roots of an old stump, or among a pile of old rails, he rears his gentle young and gives them printed instructions as to the difference between stinging six inch stovepipes and runaway boys. The knowledge of old bees is powerful. They know where the school-house is. They know when school is out. They can sail miles away from home, get in their work on a farmer's son weeding out corn, and return home without missing a fence corner or in need of an afternoon nap. As a rule, they are early risers. Barefooted boys driving up the cows at daylight will find the bumble bee out of bed and ready to begin the arduous labors of the day. Along about sun down he quits work, counts noses to see if the family are all in, and then stows himself away for a night of calm and peaceful repose.

The legs of the bumble bee are very crooked. This seems too bad at first sight, but you will soon discover that nature was level-headed. His legs were thus shaped to enable him to hang to the brim of a boy's straw hat. Were his legs straight he could not walk a fence rail in a high wind, nor could he turn around after reaching the top of a mullein stock. The stripes on a bee look like a waste of material, but such is not the case. They furnish an extra covering over his ribs to keep the frosty air off, and they serve to stiffen his spinal column in his flights through the air.

A bumble bee can fly at the rate of twenty miles an hour, if he wants to, but there is no cause for him to fly faster than a boy can run. He sometimes lives to be three years old, and is sometimes stricken down before he has traveled at all. His life is a precarious one. He may run a deacon out of a hay-field to-day, and be the big tree in the nest, and to-morrow a country school-ma'am may knock his head off with her umbrella. Nothing in natural history weighs more for his size than the bee, and nothing in science works easier without cogwheels or rubber rollers than his stinger. It if always ready, never out of repair, and satisfaction (to the bee) is is guaranteed in every case.

Sermon Enough for Sunday.

The New Orleans *Democrat* tells the following: A little shoe-black called at the residence of a clergyman of this city and solicited a piece of bread and water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and sifting the gift between his fingers to find a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you've got so many good things for yourself?"

A Harlem boy was heard telling why he didn't go to Sabbath-school. "I went most a year," he said, "expecting to get a reward, or be in at a Christmas-tree picking, anyhow. There was nary a re-reward or nary Christmas tree. It was too thin. I shook her."

Professor in philology—a staid D. D.: "Mr ——, can you give us an example containing a conjunction co-ordinate?" Mr. B—— (brightening up): "Tom and Jerry." Professor: "That's good, let us see what we will have next." Voice in the rear: "Beer."

A little girl observed her mother measuring it up to her nose with one hand and reaching it out arm's length with the other. She assumed a thoughtful aspect, and, after cogigating a few moments, asked: "How can you measure cloth that way? Can you smell a yard?"

The Heart Without the Sense of Touch.

There is one fact which one cannot think of without some degree of amasement, and which we ought never to think of without great thankfulness. The heart has no sense of outward touch. If I could put my finger and thumb on each side of the heart of some person in this room without touching any part of his frame, he would not know when his heart was touched, unless he saw me in the very act of touching it.

"What!" some one will exclaim, "do you mean to say that the heart, which is so instantaneously sympathetic with all mental emotion—which is so fearfully subject to palpitation and neuralgia—has no sense of outward touch? It seems incredible!"

And yet, it is a known fact that the heart has no sense of outward touch. I might quote to you more modern proofs; but I choose to give you one which is more than two hundred years old, because I like to revive the memory of great benefactors of our race, and to revive and strengthen our sense of indebtedness to them.

The celebrated William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, the physician to King Charles the First, gives to us this extraordinary relation: The son of Lord Montgomery had a severe fracture of the ribs when a child, which left an abscess that could not be cured. He went abroad, and came back to his country when he was between eighteen and nineteen years old, it was reported, with a large aperture in his left side, through which his lungs could be seen and touched. The king heard of this strange story, and sent Harvey to learn the truth of it. Harvey found the young nobleman, who readily exposed the wound for inspection. Instead of the lungs, Harvey found it was the apex of the heart that could be seen and touched. The action of the heart responded to the beat of the pulse in the wrist, and Harvey, the enthusiastic man of science, who endured so much obloquy for the maintenance of his great doctrine of the circulation of the blood, had here a full confirmation of its truth. He took the young nobleman to the king, who also handled the heart, and marked the circulation of the blood. But the most wonderful discovery, alike to the king and the physician, was that the young nobleman did not know when they touched the heart. They found the heart was without the sense of outward touch.

This is a strong proof of benificence of design in God. If the heart was sensible to outward touch, we should seldom eat without pain. For, as the stomach turns upward and presses against the lungs, and the lungs against the heart, as we continue to eat, the act of pacifying our hunger or gratifying our palate would cause suffering at the heart. Any poor fellow who only got a good dinner once a week, and then indulged himself, would have to pay bitterly for his excess.—*Cooper's "God, the Soul, and Future State."*

INFUENCE OF COOPER'S NOVELS.—The husband of Fennimore Cooper's niece said to "Gath" the other day: "I had an incident happen to me many years ago which particularly impressed me with the influence of Mr. Cooper. He was not popular in this town, where the people looked at him in the light of a neighbor, rather than a literary producer. I was in a bank, and one night a correspondent in Wisconsin, a German banker, was called upon to stop and see us on some matters of mutual account. He took a sleigh at Fort Plain, on the railroad, and came over to Cooperstown in the most weather. It was bitterly cold, the wind blowing and the snow falling. The old man came into our house after dark,clad in furs from head to foot, and when he had warmed himself he exclaimed: 'My gracious! I can't realize that I am at the home of Cooper—the great Fennimore Cooper! When I was a boy, in Germany, his writings were my passion. We all believed in him and considered him the greatest author that ever wrote. Now I must go to see his grave before I take off my overcoat!' I went with this man, much against my wlll, in the freezing night to the graveyard, and there, standing by the grave of Cooper, the old fellow devoutly uncovered his head and began to soliloquize in his native tongue, but I felt by his gestures that there was no affectation in his homage."

Too Much Inference.

If you hand three pennies to the stamp clerk at the postoffice, he infers. His inference is that if you want a three-cent stamp, and he shoves one at you quicker than lightning. His inference holds good on two cents and a single penny, and he hits it ninety-nine times out of a hundred, He, however, got left recently. A bulky, slow moving old woman came in with a half dozen things to mail, and her first move was to hand a three-cent piece. He retaliated with a green stamp, but she shoved it back with the remark:

"Who said I wanted three? Give me three ones."

She licked them on with great care, and then handed in three pennies. The clerk time threw out three ones, but she rejected one of them with the indignant protest:

"What are you trying to do? I want a two and a one!"

In due time she had licked those on as well, and then she handed in four cents. The clerk scratched his head, hesitated, and threw out a three and a one.

"See here, young man, you're getting perfectly reckless!" she exclaimed as she glanced at the stamps. "I want a stamped envelope for that money."

She got it, and the clerk made up his mind that he would catch her on the next sale or resign his position. She posted several packages, and sauntered up and laid dow a penny. That could only call for a penny stamp, and the young man chuckled as he tore it off.

"What are you giving me now?" snapped the woman, as she drew herself up.

"A penny stamp."

"Who asked for a penny stamp?"

"You put down a penny."

"So I did, but I was a penny short on Carrier No. 8 yesterday, and I wanted you to hand it to him."

For the next hour when any money way laid down the clerk asked what was wanted.—*Detroit Free Press.*

About the Girls.

The girls in the principal cities in this country are noted as follows:

Detroit, the wildest.
Louisville, the proudest.
Boston, the handsomest.
Oswego, the most winning.
Albany, the most stuck up.
Cincinnati, the gayest flirts.
St. Louis, the most reckless.
Hartford, the best musicians.
Terre Haute, the biggest feet.
New Orleans, the most truthful.
Baltimore, the most intellectual.
Bradford, all dumplings and lambs.
San Francisco, the most indifferent.
Mobile, the most liberal entertainers.
Buffalo, the prettiest and the wittiest.
Lafayette, the most anxious to be loved.
Chicago, the fastest and most dissipated.
Indianapolis, the most amiable disposition.
Philadelphia, the most refined and lady-like.
New York, the gayest and most expensive in dress.
Syracuse, the most entertaining and fascinating.
Rochester, the gabbiest. ("Seen Powers' block?")
Cleaveland, the most graceful and entertaining in conversation.

For Portland girls, a wag suggests that they be accorded all the other virtues and peculiarities not enumerated above and claimed by their fair sisters of other cities.

An Irish lad complained the other day be fore a magistrate, of the harsh treatment he had received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully "as if I was his son by another father and mother."

"Vegetable pills!" exclaimed an old lady, "Don't talk to me of such stuff. The best vegetable pill ever made is an apple-dumpling. For destroying a gnaping of the stomach, there's nothing like it."

When Douglas Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that "always carried him away" when he heard it, Jerrold asked if some one present would please to sing it.

Lincoln and the Deserter.

On a raw gloomy afternoon in the winter of 1864, Colonel Senter and the writer had an appointment with President Lincoln on business connected with the protection of the commerce of the lakes. The war was at the time the almost exclusive subject of public thought or private conversation The streets of Washington were filled with soldiers and army officers, and the whole city, was apparently nothing but a great camp, to and from which the members of the army and navy were constantly going and leaving. The ante-rooms of the White House were filled from morning until evening with members of Congress, soldiers, men and women of every age and nation, all bent upon getting a personal interview with the President. Sometimes the rush of visitors was so great they could not be accommodated in the corridors of the White House, and the order would be given to admit no one except privileged persons into the building. On the afternoon in question, as we were about to be ushered into the private room of the President, Mr. J——, a well-known lawyer from Ohio, seized both of us somewhat roughly by the shoulders, and begged us in earnest tones for the love of God and humanity to ask Mr. Lincoln to see him and his client, if only for one moment. "All day," he said, "we have tramped wearily by the door, hoping in vain the President would relent and give us a hearing. Look, for mercy's sake," he continued, "at that noble white head and tottering figure, with the hands tightly clasped nervously before him. That old man is a father; his only son, a lad of 19, is to be shot this afternoon at 6 o'clock, unless the President interferes. Stanton has approved the sentence. Lincoln has declined to interfere, he will not see me, and unless we can get the ear of the President the boy will be shot, and this old man and his wife will be maniacs."

The father of the boy at the moment came forward, a venerable gentleman with long white hair falling upon his shoulders. His face was one of the saddest sights I ever saw. The grief and anxiety so plainly written upon it showed the torture he was suffering. We took the old man kindly by the hand, told him we would beg the President to see him and bid him hope for the best. Mr. Lincoln was in the gayest of humors, something specially funny having taken place in an interview just closed with a large committee from Baltimore, and he recited the whole matter in the merriest manner, accompanied with shouts of laughter. For an hour Mr. Lincoln gave himself up to relaxation and rest, telling the usher to bring him no cards till he rang his bell.

At the end of this time John G. Nicolay, then Private Secretary, now Marshal of the Supreme Court, came quietly into the room, leaned over the President's chair and whispered some words of private conversation in his ear. In an instant the President ceased speaking, his face became calm and solemn in composure, and he appeared to reflect gravely for a moment before replying. Quietly looking back over his chair he said slowly and distinctly: "Tell Mr. —— I will not see him. I cannot. Don't ask me again. Tell him I have read the papers in the case, all of them fully, word for word. The boy deserted three times, the last time when on guard at Washington, and he cannot be pardoned. I will not interfere. He must be shot." Mr. Nicolay at once left the room, and Mr. Lincoln again renewed the conversation at the point where he had broken off. He made no allusion to the interruption, and evidently did not wish either of us to speak of the subject in any manner. It was plain that his mind was made up and his decision irrevocable.

The lawyer, on getting the message from Mr. Nicolay, admitted further effort was useless, and at once started with his client to cross the bridge into Virginia, and drive where the boy was confined a prisoner. They reached the camp in time to find the young man ready for execution. The parting between father and son was so affecting that no one could look upon it. The officer in command had the broken-hearted old man carried tenderly to a tent, and at 6 o'clock promptly the young soldier was shot dead as a deserter in presence of his regiment.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Pugnacity of the Salmon.

It is now nearly forty years since I first began to watch their habits, and year after year I have witnessed the terrible fight carried on among the males for position. They are beautiful and strong when they first arrive, but in two or three days they become covered with ugly scratches, and black fin and tail torn to shreds by the teeth. In about eight days these wounds begin to fester and spread, assuming a whitish color. Hence, from the changed appearance the fish affected are vulgarly called scabbed. In about fourteen days a mould or fungus fully develops itself over the wounds, and then these fish generally sicken, and may be found in large numbers almost unable to move in the eddies and shallows of the river. I have again and again stood on the bank within a few feet of them in the stream, and so resolute and absorbed did the males seem in their hostile work that they were utterly oblivious to the presence of any one nigh them. That the wounds thus inflicted is the origin of the disease I firmly believe, and what makes it more probable is the fact that I have only known one of the females thus affected in the upper waters. From the evidence given it now seems that the disease attacks male and female alike. This may be explained by supposing that, after the diseased fish have been swept down to the lower pools, and the sickly and healthy yet mingled together, and the fungus fully developed, it becomes infectious and seizes others in the lower waters. Again, the fact that all varieties of the salmon are equally attacked points to the same conclusion. The sea trout and what are called the little red fish come first; the male and female being nearly equally divided, few fights or deaths occur. Next come the brown-nosed grey fish, and shortly after them the "buttoners," so called, from a spot below the neck. Among the two latter there are at least a dozen males for every female fish, hence bitter fights and widespread disease and death ensue. Lastly, about March, comes a small variety with snow-white bellies, and as the proportion of males and females among these is reversed, so also are the results. I observe that it is a popular theory with some of the witnesses that the disease arises from the salmon being unduly detained in the fresh water. This theory appears to me to be totally unsupported by reliable testimony. I may state as a fact that in a small pond in this district there has been a small salmon kept for two years and another for one. Both continue lively and apparently in good health, catching both flies and minnows. Sure these observations go far to prove the origin of the disease.—*Land and Water.*

Normal and Abnormal Action.

Spontaneous action is the first law of all organs and functions. Created for this purpose, it is to them what gravity is to matter. Only two kinds of action, normal and abnormal, are possible. The former consists in a natural, legitimate exercise; the latter in a departure from nature, its perversion and outrage.

All normal action is right and good, because in accord with the laws of our being, while unnatural action contravenes and infringes upon these laws and thereby inflicts pain.

The physical functions, when in normal action, create health, and are inexpressibly delightful, while their abnormal action causes disease and sickness, and is always painful. In like manner virtue and vice are the resultants of normal and abnormal action.

This definition of the effects of right or wrong action of the functions, whether physical or mental, is fundamental and universal. This test and touchstone of all our feelings and actions is as true as it is sweeping, and when applied to all or any of what we may do or say, is absolutely infalliable and is a correct rule and guide for all human conduct. It is worthy of our most profound consideration.

When a farmer puts a ring on a hog's nose he strikes the root of the thing.

Inebriety.

The habit of drinking to intoxication is partly a vice, and partly a disease. Drunkenness, as a vice, is very old indeed; it seems to have always existed wherever the materials were accessible. Drunkenness, as a disease, *inebriety*, has been recognized but recently, and it appears to be especially and increasingly frequent in this country.

He who drinks to intoxication for the fun of it, for the sake of the pleasure it gives, or to drive dull care away, is vicious. He who drinks because he cannot help drinking, who is borne on against his wishes and strivings by an irresistible impulse, is diseased. Drunkenness, as a vice, may, and often does, lead to drunkenness as a disease, and the two forms are frequently combined. Drunkenness, as a vice, may be, and often is, stopped by signing a pledge of abstinence, which the victim sometimes finds no serious difficulty in keeping so long as he is not surrounded by evil companions. Drunkenness as a disease, is rarely cured by signing the pledge, or by so-called moral measures of any kind. With such persons life is a constant pledge; they wish to be delivered from their suffering as much as the dyspeptic patient wishes to be delivered from his indigestion, or the neuralgic patient of his pain. The dyspeptic and neuralgic sufferer may pledge himself to abstain from eating those articles and exposing himself to those influences, as cold and dampness, that experience shows to be harmful; but, in addition, positive remedial measures may be needed for the accomplishment of a cure. Likewise the inebriate may pledge himself to abstain from alcoholic liquors, and may put himself into a position where he can't get them, but to this negative treatment should often be added positive medication, if we expect a permanent or even tempory cure. In a word, inebriety is a *neurosis*—a functional disease of the nervous system—and should be treated on the same principle as other and allied nervous diseases.

The popular mind understands with ease that small-pox, typhoid fever, and ague are diseases, although the poisons that cause these disorders are not revealed to the senses, because the symptoms are seen as well as experienced by the sufferer, it is not necessary to depend on the statements of the patient; we know that he is sick, even if he insists that he is quite well. Inebrity, on the other hand, is purely subjective, and only exhibits itself by drinking, which is a habit common to thousands who are not inebriates, but are simply drunkards. One need not wonder at the slowness with which inebrity has taken its position as a disease when we consider that besides being a subjective malady like neuralgia, neurasthenia, and hypochondriasis, it is also obscured by being confounded with the habit of drunkenness.

Inebriety has four characteristics that are common to it—the automatism of its symptoms, periodicity, transmissibility, and relapsibility.

The symptom of drinking to excess that belongs to inebriety is as much beyond the control of the sufferer, oftentimes, as neuralgia or sick headache; whatever responsibility that attaches to the patient must be referred to a time prior to the outbreak of the disease, when exposure to the exciting causes might perhaps have been avoided, or when the early temptation might have been successfully resisted. Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, has given the details of four cases of inebriety where the malady was excited by breathing the air of the seaside; whenever they came near the sea coast or when they crossed the ocean the symptoms of headache, debility depression and morbid craving for alcohol came upon them with irresistible power. We may blame a man for exposing himself to danger of taking cold, but no one blames a man affected with bronchitis for coughing. A boy struggling in the middle of a deep river, borne down by the current, may be blamed for not having learned to swim when he had opportunity, or for going beyond his depth or for venturing too near the edge of the bank against parental injuction, but surely he cannot be blamed for his inability to keep his head at the surface, or for not resisting with success the force of the stream. Just here is the responsibility of inebriates, so far as they can be said to be responsible for the disease from which they suffer. There are some inebriates who directly inherit the tendency to their disease, just as they might inherit the tendency to insanity, or epilepsy, or neuralgia, or hay fever, and who are no more and no less responsible in one case than in the other.

One important result of the researches in the physiology and pathology of the brain is to limit responsibility, or rather to define its limitation, and to reduce the causes for blame and for praise of human actions to a scientific basis. A type and test of this relation of disease to responsibility is found in inebriety.

London in Winter.

Some one has said that in order to get a very good idea of what London is like at this season of the year you have to poke your head up a foul chimney and keep it there a few minutes. There is not so very much exaggeration in that. If you go out for a walk you come back with face and hands grimed with soot, with your collar and wrist-bands as black as if they had been worn a month in a coal mine, and with your lungs full of a sulphurous-flavored smoke. Inside the house everything is half spoiled. Picture frames get black, and a heavy layer of dust and soot deposits itself on all the books. A brass chandelier turns dark and corrodes in a week. Silver begins to look like dirty bronze. To look clean and feel comfortable are simply impossible. A "bo'led shirt" is as black as a chimney-sweeper's rag after two hours' wear. For days together it has been as much as one can do to find one's way about the streets, and on Christmas eve the oldest Londoner could not perform that feat. There is a much more horrible darkness than that of midnight, and it is that of mid-day in London during a fog. Literally, it is a darkness that may be felt—and smelt too, and a very nasty smell it is. All the newspapers have been writing leading articles on the subject recently, but I cannot see that it has done the least bit of good. The fog seems to have no respect for the press. "What is to become of us?" asks the editors. The only thing to do, if one can manage it, is to rise up and shake the dust—or, rathes, the greasy soot—of this monstrously overgrown and mephitic city off the soles of one's feet. So many people cannot live together in one place with health and comfort. Some of us must go. A good many "go" much against their will, brought up with a sharp turn by bronchitis or some form of lung disease. The rest of England, and half of Europe, is strewn with the victims of London. Yet there are people so infatuated as to call it a healthy city, and they pretend that the mortality returns prove it, although it is well known that thousands who receive their death wounds in London go abroad to die. The losses in a great battle are not to be reckoned only by the dead who are picked up on the field.—*Corr. N. Y. World.*

FEMININE CHIT-CHAT.—The *Boston Post* republishes an article regarding the money question between man and wife by Jennie June, and adds that "Jennie June is a staunch and very practical champion of her sex, and she tells many truths in the way of gentle criticisms which mankind would do well to heed." The women of Madrid, it is said, are much superior to the men in withstanding the inclemencies of weather. When there is a cold wind from the Guadamana Range, the male Madrid is ridiculously muffled up, while the women saunter about in lightly covered heads and shoulders nearly bare, apparently the happiest of mortals.

"Olivia" writes that Senator Booth is such a hardened bachelor that "a sigh drawn fresh and pure from the deepest and most capricious female bosom and applied to the right place will have no more effect than a Holman liver pad administered for lockjaw, whilst a glance from the most brilliant eye falls like a sunbeam on an alligator's back."

Rich dentist (who is contemplating the erection of a fine residence). "What style of architecture do you recommend?" Architect—seeing it's you. I should think Tuscan would be about the thing.

Tight boots and an accusing conscience are about equal in their ability to make a man uncomfortable.

SHORT BITS.

"When the tide comes in"—When man and wife arrive at home.

Newspaper columns have been lumbered up with Maine business.

A "rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but not our "rat rows."

That the success of the electric light will benefit London is a fog gone conclusion.

A Boston man wont wash his face to save his life. He'll do it to save his skin.

Philadelphia has the bulge on Chicago in one respect. It is named in the Bible.

The tea that was not thrown overboard in Boston harbor in the good old days was liberty.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but we defy anybody or anything to laugh at a plumber.

A tree may be downcast, and not chopfallen. It may be blown down, for instance.

Strange, but true. A word in season is scarcely ever spoken by a man in a peppery frame of mind.

The *Free Press* says that although fences do not walk they have a swinging gate. Can't they walk the picket ine?

The Bell telephone Company have had to refuse connection with the barbers shops for fear the barbers will monopolize all the talk.

"Mamma," cried Effie, rushing into the room, "the big clock has stopped, I'm sure it has, for I don't hear it cackling!"

"Minnie, I wish you would not give milk to your kitten on the carpet." Minnie: "Don't disturb her. She's on her last lap."

The habits of fruit are peculiar; we have seen a raisin box, a fig drum, and an apple stand all day on the corner of a street.

A bright little Sunday-school boy was disgusted when told that ramrods were not named for Nimrod, the mighty hunter.

She was plump and beautiful, and he he was wildly fond of her. She hated him, but, woman like, strove to catch him. He was a flea.

Altoona boasts of a cucumber four and a half feet long. There is probably enough colic power in it to run a twelve-horse power engine.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly and not unnaturally replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

The Rev. Dr. Sloely has gone to heathen lands as a missionary. The heathens, it is hoped, will not take Dr. Hall's advice and eat Sloely.

Indignant wife: "If I had known you were coming home in this condition, I should have gone home to my father's." Inebriated husband: "Hic—would you! I an awful sorry I didn't send you word—hic."

"I'm glad I'm not Grant," said an Oil citizen, recently, "for if I was I couldn't go down to post my books, and wander into a minstrel show without my wife reading it in the paper the next morning."

An Oil citizen received a bill last week from a New York firm, with the usual request: "Please write us by next mail; would like to close our books before the first of the year." Promptly he returned the answer: "All right, close them up. I have no objection."

Says *Puck*: A bold, base, utterly untrustworthy man tells us the following advertisement recently appeared in a city paper: "Wanted for adoption—A baby with a father. Address Widow, Station Z."

An interchangeable family ulster supplies a want long felt. In the possession of a young married couple it can be worn by either party. The engagement ulster is one big enough for two when the couple walk out together.

Commodore Vanderbilt once visited a spiritual medium, who began by saying: "Your first wife wishes to communicate with you." "Perhaps so," said the Commodore, abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for."

A man in Lewiston, New York, having occasion to build a house where a large elm tree stood, did not cut it down, but built around it. The odd sight is now presented of a tree-top growing out of the roof of a handsome brick house.

The man who marries under the impression that his wife gives up everything for him—father, mother, brothers, sisters and home—finds out sometimes that, however much the wife may have given up, the father mother, brothers, sisters, etc., have not given her up.

The woman who can sit still and smilingly entertain a male visitor, perceiving all the time that he has succeeded in wriggling all the pins out of her tidy, and is at that precious moment calmly sitting on it, and will probably be for the next hour, is sure of a reward in the next world if she does not receive it in this.

The King and Queen of Spain showed publicly the other day, while driving in Madrid, their devotion to their Church. They met a priest who was taking the last sacraments to a dying man, and, alighting from their carriage, the young pair lent it to the priest, following on foot.

A worthy young moral agriculturist of Piety hill, Shasta county, has been collecting poll tax from Chinamen and giving them Good Templar documents as receipts. Thus he saves some money from being shipped to China, and spreads temperance doctrines among the heathen.

Rev. Mr. Lane, of Kensico, New York, is accused by some of his deacons of kissing all the women in his flock. His wife says: "Why, of course he kisses them, and they like it. I saw him kiss Mrs. Cox in that very room, and she was mighty glad that he responded to her advances. Mr. Lane is a man, I tell you." There is a wife to be proud of.

There is a letter extant in which the writer explains the reason why she had time for letter-writing in the evening was that "Cousin Grace Fletcher is trying to entertain a young man by the name of Daniel Webster by playing checkers. Father and Uncle Chamberlain think him a young man of great promise, but we girls think him awkward and rather verdant."

At a small country town there lately died a middle-aged man, leaving a widow of 35. At the funeral the deacon of the village alluded to, the good qualities of the deceased, among others, his generosity. He said the deceased had lent him some money once, upon which the weeping widow raised her head and inquired how much and whether he had paid it back or not.

A gentleman goes on to armorer's and asks for a revolver. "Here's a real nice family weapon," says the clerk. "Family weapon?" "Yes, family weapon; just the thing for domestic tragedies; six-shooter, you see, sir—two bullets for your wife two bullets for the destroyer of your happiness, and two for yourself. All the go, sir! Sell hundreds of 'em for bridal presents, sir."

The wife of Mr. Jonesmith had the misfortune to be more good than beautiful. On the San Rafael boat, the other day, the writer overheard this lot of conversation: Brownjones: "That fellow Jonesmith is outrageously unfaithful to his wife." Smithbrown: "For example?" Brownjones: "Oh, I don't know any particular instance." Smithbrown: "Ah, are you a physiognomist—you think he looks like it." Brownjones: "Never saw him; I think she looks like it."

Two elegantly-dressed gentlemen met in Galveston. One of them asks how the other fared this Christmas. "Oh, very well," he replied, "my wife presented me with a beautiful silk dressing-gown." "Of course you reciprocated," responded the other. "Of course; I always do that. I bought her a new wood-saw. The one she has been using for the last five years was about worn out, and it took so long to get wood for breakfast in the morning that I used to get hungry lying in bed. But that new saw will help matters along, I reckon."

Signs of Prosperity.

Mr. Albert Bartsch, the popular agent for the world renowned Steinway & Son's pianos, showed his excellent judgment and business foresight when he moved to 143 First street and opened a music store in connection with his warerooms. We are told that Mr. Bartsch had long conceived the idea of opening just such a store and had only been waiting the favorable opportunity to carry out his plans. Since starting in November last Mr. Warren, the business manager, has been constantly at work corresponding with eastern houses and perfecting arrangements to get goods direct from first hands, which would enable him to sell at retail and wholesale as low as can be bought in San Francisco. This move proves his business experience and financial ability. We do not see any reason why Portland cannot support such an enterprise as we have our wholesale houses of various kinds and why not a music store with the ability to supply the trade and thereby save dealers and music teachers the trouble and expense of sending to San Francisco.

The addition of new shelving and counters during the past week is, we are told, to make room for a large shipment of music and books expected soon from New York and Boston.

We prophesy that before many months roll around Bartsch's music store will have the largest, finest and best selected stock and be the most complete in its arrangements of any music store on the coast outside of San Francisco. We say this with a considerable amount of pride for we do not see why Portland should not have just such a store.

Any One Suffering with nervous debility, exhausted vitality, or from the effects of youthful follies or excesses in maturer years, can be thoroughly and quickly cured by using the great English remedy, "Sir Astley Cooper's VITAL RESTORATIVE." It is not an excitant, but an honest cure. Price, $3 a bottle, or four times the quantity, $10, and can be obtained of HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, or direct of A. E. Mintie, M. D., 11 Kearney Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Health, Strength and Vigor of the Kidneys and Bladder always follow the use of the great Buchu Compound, "Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum." Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Inflammation, Smarting and **Private Diseases** are quickly cured by it. For Leucorrhœa, it has no equal. Don't be pe suaded to take any other preparation. Every one who has tried it recommends it. For sale by all druggists. Hodge, Davis & Co., wholesale agents. Price $1.00 per bottle or six bottles for $5.00.

TO THE MUSICAL PUBLIC.

I take pleasure in stating that I have secured a large and finely selected stock of Sheet Music from well known Eastern publishing houses, comprising all grades and kinds, such as Songs, Vocal and Instrumental Duets, Quartettes and Trios, Piano Forte Solos, Violin and Violin and Piano Music, Vocal and Instrumental Studies, Organ and Church Music, Waltzes, Polkas,Schottisches, etc., etc., making it, together with the large stock already on hand, the most perfect assortment ever kept in Portland. I intend to bring to this market the best and most popular catalogues of Music and Books both here and in Europe, making the selection as perfect as you could possibly expect for this place. Teachers will find it to their advantage to send direct to me for catalogues of music in stock, and allow me to make selections of such goods as they desire. My stock of Pianos, Organs, Books and Small Musical Goods is being constantly added to, and arrangements being made to carry such an assortment as will command your trade and save you the trouble of sending to San Francisco or New York.

I am offering my goods at Eastern prices—something which has never been done heretofore. If you will call and examine my goods and get prices you will see that what I say is correct.

ALBERT BARSTCH, Music Dealer,
Publisher and Importer, 143 First St.

☞ In making any purchase or in writing in response to any advertisement in this paper you will please mention the name of the paper.

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Monuments, Gravestones, Mantels, Wash Stabs, Table Tops, etc, done in Italian and American Marble. Also Dealers in Scotch and American Granite Monuments. Parties at a distance will be furnish-d with designs to select from by writing for the same.

Good Health to All.

NO OPIATES! NO CALOMEL! NO POISON!

Open question to afflicted and suffering humanity.

WILL YOU LIVE OR DIE?

Easy as it is to be sick, just so easy is it to be well by availing yourself of the opportunity that is now offered to the sick by

Dr. Hall McLennan

Profesor of diseases of the mind and nervous system formerly of Hallock's Medical Institute, Boston Massachusetts, now permanently located at the corner of Second and Ash Streets, Portland, Oregon, two blocks from the O. S. N. Co's landing at the foot of Ash street.

Dr. McLennan has by his unwearied attention and extraordinary success, gained a reputation which calls patients from all parts of the country to obtain advice. And without boasting, he can say that probably no other physician on the Pacific Coast is treating at the present time so many cases of chronic diseases. The development of important and superior remedial agents and modes of cure have enabled him to succeed in thousands of cases where others have failed. The unparalleled success with which Dr. McLennan has treated difficult and the so-called "incurable cases," goes to show that no one should give up in despair, simply on the assertion of one, two or three physicians, who had failed to effect a cure. It is with the hope of reaching many of this class that I advertise, and not alone from the profit it may deservedly yield me, but for the real satisfaction of doing good, and relieving the pains of humanity and sending hope to the hearts of thousands of afflicted fellow creatures who are enduring great suffering under the erroneous impression that they are beyond human skill. These I am resolved, shall hear of me, and realize the truth of the saying, that "while there is life there is hope."

Startling Weakness of Men and Women!

From whatsoever cause produced permanently and radically cured in three to six weeks, a radical change for the better noticed in three days. Old men made young, and young men restored to the vigor of manhood. To those who are suffering I advise them to try me, in doing so they will call that day blessed. The greatest secrecy observed. Names of such patients are not published, and only referred to by permission and by calling at my office. If you are suffering from any chronic disease and your doctor or doctors have failed to cure you I respectfully invite you to consult me. It will cost you nothing, and remember I do not confine myself to specialties, but treat all manner of diseases. By modern system of cure I am constantly relieving cases in which other methods utterly fail. Physicians having in charge cases that baffle their skill, or resist the ordinary treatment, will confer a blessing on such, by sending them to my Medical Institution occupying the two story building on the the northeast corner of Second and Ash streets.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Letters plainly written, with full particulars, containing a self-addressed envelope, will be promptly answered.

THE UTMOST SECRECY OBSERVED

N. B.—Dr. McLennan may be consulted on all chronic diseases, such as catarrh, asthma, incipient consumption, disease of the heart, liver, stomach and kidneys. Cancerous tumors removed without causing pain or using a knife. An immediate cure guaranteed in all cases of nervous diseases. Exhausted vitality, premature decline in man, impotency, etc etc. Cures rapidly and permanently. Treatment invigorating, soothing and harmless. Charges moderate. Consultation free.

The following Medicines are prepared at Dr. McLennan's Laboratory, and are warranted to give satisfaction. They will be sent to any address on receipt of price:

INVIGORATING BALM AND TONIC PILLS.

Each package of the Balm contains a box of the Pills. A sure cure for all weakness of men and women, from whatsoever cause arising. Price $5.

McLENNAN'S HEART CORRECTOR.

A safe, effectual and speedy cure for all diseases arising from irregularities of the Heart's action. Cures Palpitation, Nervous Irritability, etc , etc. Price $2 00.

McLENNAN'S SULPHUR BITTERS.

A powerful Blood Purifier. Cures all Skin Diseases, Ulcers, etc., etc. Price $1 00.

LUNAR PILLS. (For Females Only.)

A positive cure for all Obstructions and Irregularities peculiar to females. Price $1 00.

LIQUOR ANTIDOTE.

A positive cure for Drunkenness in its worst stages. A cure guaranteed in 15 days. Sent with full instructions for $5 00.

MAGNETINE (A Magnetic Pad.)

Cures by absorption, without the use of drugs. Especially adapted to the wants of patients who are tired of taking medicine. Price $1 00.

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THE OREGON KIDNEY TEA.

The Most Wonderful Medical Discovery

OF MODERN TIMES!

Challenges the World as a Remedy for

Pains in the Back and Kidneys, Non-Retention of Urine, Diabetes, Leucorrhœa, Inflammation of the Bladder or Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit in Urine, Nervousness, Painful or Suppressed Menstruation.

And all the complaints arising from a deceased or debilitated state of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs of either sex. It is PURELY VEGETABLE and ENTIRELY HARMLESS, and especially adapted to the needs of Women and Children. It presents the

Leaf of the Plant in its Natural State.

For those who wish to make their own Tea; and for those whose mode of life renders it difficult to do this, we have prepared a

CONCENTRATED EXTRACT

Which contains the virtues of the Plant in a form convenient for travelers and others.

FULL DIRECTIONS ACCOMPANY EACH PACKAGE.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 29, 1879.
My Kidneys were in a very bad condition The urine was like brick dust, and I suffered a great deal with my back. All remedies were unavailing until I tried OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which gave me almost immediate relief.
H. HAMILTON.

PORTLAND, Oregon, August 2, 1879.
Having a severe back ache last winter, I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I found it very beneficial in its results. It was not more unpleasant to take than other tea. I would recommend it to those afflicted as I was.
JOHN P. FARMER.

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has cured my back and kidneys, and I am at a loss to express my gratitude. I shall always remember the OREGON KIDNEY TEA with pleasure and esteem, and highly recommend it to all my friends and acquaintances.
J. H. P. DOWNING (at P. Selling's).

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 31, 1879.
While I was at Tillamook last winter I was affected in my back and kidneys so that it was almost impossible for me to reach Portland. When I got here I was induced to try the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I drank, at my meals, the tea made from it, and it has effected a radical cure. I can highly recommend it to all who were afflicted as I was.
E. COHN.

EUGENE CITY, Oregon, Oct. 20, 1879.
I hereby certify that I was suffering from an attack of back ache so severe that I went about doubled up, and could not straighten up. I used one package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and I am fully persuaded that I was restored by its help.
JOHN W. LENGER.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
The OREGON KIDNEY TEA has done my wife as much if not more good than any of the many remedies she has used for pains in the back, and I believe it to be a good remedy for the diseases which it is recommended for.
A. M. COX.

ASTORIA, Oregon, Dec. 28, 1879.
I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. For the past three years I have been suffering from kidney troubles, and during that time have tried nearly every kind of kidney medicine in the market, almost without any relief. Having heard that the OREGON KIDNEY TEA possessed wonderful properties, I purchased a package, and from the first dose obtained relief, and by the use of the one package feel completely cured.
SAMUEL GRAY.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
I have used the OREGON KIDNEY TEA for pains in the back, and I am satisfied with it effects and do not hesitate to recommend it as a mild and safe remedy.
Z. T. SCOTT.

HARRISBURG, Oregon, Dec. 31, 1879.
Some three months ago I was attacked with a severe pain in my back. I bought a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, and by the time I had used one-half of it I was entirely relieved and have not been troubled since. I cheerfully recommend it to all who may be suffering from a lame or weak back as a pleasant, safe and good remedy.
B. J. GRIGSBY.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Jan. 12, 1880
Having a severe back ache last summer, I tried the OREGON KIDNEY TEA. I used one can, which effected a radical cure. I would recommend it to all who are afflicted as an unfailing remedy.
JULIUS ACH.

INDEPENDENCE, Oregon, Dec. 13, 1879.
Both myself and wife have been for some years afflicted with disease of the kidneys, and had tried many remedies without obtaining any permanent relief. About three months ago we were induced to try a package of the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, which has apparently cured both of us, as since taking it two weeks we have felt no symptoms of the disease. We can heartily recommend it to others similarly afflicted, as we believe it will do all that is claimed for it.
M. L WHITE.

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MODEL 1879—TARGET RIFLE—45 CALIBRE—60 GRAINS POWDER.

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Dr. SPINNEY

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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 disease of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many men 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 genito-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,

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Famous Standard Organ.

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Of which have been sold on the Pacific Coast.

ONLY $90—A FIVE-OCTAVE ORGAN, Elegant High-Top Case—Five Stops, with Octave Coupler & Sub-Bass,

Possessing all the power and sweetness of the higher cost instruments. Every Organ fully guaranteed for five years. Address

W. T. SHANAHAN,

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Sole Agen for the Northwest Coast.

M'MURRAY'S

Adjustable Strainer

—AND—

CAST IRON STEAMER.

Either or Both Fitted to any Size.

THE STEAMERS WILL SAVE THE price of themselves in two weeks in any family. They can be used with equal advantage in boiling, as it is impossible to burn meat or vegetables to the bottom of your kettle. When they are used in steaming, whatever you are cooking is inside of the kettle, thereby getting the full benefit of the heat. They are just what is wanted in canning fruit. Either the Strainer or Steamer can be removed with a knife or fork when hot, and are easily adjusted. No corners or joints about either that are hard to keep clean. **Sold by Agents for 75 Cents Each County Rights for Sal , Address**

JAMES McMURRAY,
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COMPOUND OXYGEN,

With free use as adjuncts of PHOSPHORUS and CARBON compounds.

A new treatment for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Scrofula and the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Nervous Debility, by a natural process of Vitalization.

The following cases treated within the last few months are selected as showing its range of application:

1, 4. Four cases of consumption—two of them having cavities in the lungs—are all entirely well.

5. Mr. T. R. G., of Bay Centre, W. T., Chronic Bronchial difficulty of years' standing, also general and nervous debility, threatening complete wrecking of health. Cured in October.

6, 7. Two cases of marked blood poisoning. Cured in few days.

8, 9. Two cases of nervous debility of women 'doctored to death." One cured in seven and the other in sixteen days.

10 to 14. Five cases of chronic dyspepsia, catarrh or scrofulus ailment. All cured or greatly relieved in a few weeks' treatment.

A small pamphlet on the Oxygen Treatment and all enquiries answered, SENT FREE, on application. Also, references to patients who have taken, or are now using the treatment.

Address Dr. Pilkington, Cor. First and Washington sts., Portland, Ogn.

JOHN EPPERLY. J. C. FRENCH.

John Epperly & Co.

Have just opened a new

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