THE GRAVE IN THE SNOW.

A drear and desolate shore.
Where no tree unfolds its leaves,
And never the spring wind weaves
Green grass for the hunter's tread;
A land forsaken and dead,
Where the ghostly icebergs go
And come with the ebb and flow
Of the waters of Bradore.

A wanderer from a land
By summer breezes fanned,
Looked around him awed, subdued
By the dreadful solitude,
Hearing alone the cry
Of seabirds clanging by,
The crash and grind of the floe,
Wail of wind, and wash of tide.
"O, wretched land," he cried,
Land of lands the worst,
God forsaked and curst,
Thy gates of rock shall show
The words of the Tuscan seer
Read the realms of woe,
"Hope enterath not here."

Lo! At his feet there stood
A block of smoth larchwood,
Beside a rock-closed cave,
By nature fashioned for a grave,
Safe from the ravening bear
And the fierce fowl of the air,
Wherein to rest was laid
A twenty summer's maid
Whose blood had equal share
Of the lands of vine and snow,
Half French, half Eskimo.

In letters uneffaced
Upon the blocks were tracked
The grief and hope of man,
And thus the legend ran:
"We loved her,
Words cannot tell how well
We loved her,
God loved her
And called her home to peace and rest.
We loved her."
The stranger paused and read,
"O, Winter Land," he said,
"Thy right to be I own,
God leaves thee not alone.
And if the fierce wind blow
Over thy wastes of rock and snow,
And at thy iron gates
Thy ghostly iceberg waits,
Thy homes and hearts are dear,
God's love and man's are here.

Thy sorrow o'er the sacred dust
Is sanctified by hope and trust.
Still, wherese'er it goes,
Love makes its atmosphere;
Its flowers of paradise
Take root in the eternal ice,
And bloom through Polar snows.

AUNT WEALTHY'S DELF.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"Accepted," cried pretty Letty Coles, in a voice of delight.

"Accepted?" repeated her beautiful sister Portia, in a tone of dismay.

"Certainly," calmly responded Mrs. Coles, folding and inclosing a letter. "When your Aunt Wealthy Dale wrote me, a month ago, giving us an invitation to spend the summer with her, 'as she had probably not many more to live,' I saw at once the full significance of the invitation, and congratulated myself upon the opportunity of gratifying one of the richest women in the country, which is no small matter, I assure you, my dear Portia," addressing the letter and ringing for a servant to mail it.

"But, mother, I was going to the Lakes with Uncle Dick's family!" reproachfully from Portia.

"I cannot permit it, my dear little daughter—under the circumstances," calmly replied Madam, leaning back in her easy chair and folding her hands upon her black satin cap.

"Oh, Portia!" cried Letty, "it's the most delightful old place—a great farmhouse, with bowery elms hanging over it—orchards, fields of clover, cattle in the meadows—"

"A horrid old farmhouse, deep in the country," she murmured, "when I was going to have such a brilliant summer, with all my new dresses shirred seven deep, and trimmed with such brilliant lace! It's just a shame! Ned Dudley is going to be at the Lakes, too—Lou Stanhope will be sure to get him," and Portia pouted becomingly; but then Portia never did anything unbecomingly.

Her mother surveyed her, comprehensively.

"When you have been at Aunt Wealthy's a month you may invite any friend you please to visit you. I will will be answerable for their welcome," she said.

"My affair with Ned Dudley isn't far enough along to warrant my doing that!" her eldest daughter answered, quickly, with a flash of her dark eyes.

Portia's mamma forthwith dismissed the subject.

"We start for Cherryville the first of he week, girls. I can think of nothing that I should permit to prevent our going. Lovers are very well, but money is absolutely essential; and I explain to you plainly now that Aunt Wealthy has a great deal of it, and no relative nearer than ourselves. All the others have an abundance. We, only, are obliged to strain every nerve to keep up appearances. Aunt Wealthy must know this, and is likely to make us her heirs. I hope you will have wisdom enough to make yourselves as interesting as possible. She is peculiar but not disagreeable. Very independent, but not aggressively so; and strongly attached to her home," and Mrs. Coles rose and left the room.

"A delightful prospect to dance attendance on that tiresome old woman all summer!" cried Portia, knocking the toilet bottles about on her dressing case.

"Oh, I shan't!" caroled Letty, waltzing about the chamber. "I never could make anybody like me by trying, and I should feel mean to be trying to get into her good graces in hopes of getting her money when she died. But I do like the country—the real country—and old houses are so much more homelike than new ones—"

But Portia had gone out of the room.

"Frank, in this quiet evening hour we have before my door gives entrance to comparative strangers, listen to what I have to say. The future is uncertain, and I may never have another moment in which I can open my old heart to you so fully. You, the bound boy whom, out of charity, I persuaded my deceased husband to take nineteen years ago, are dear to me to-day as my own son would have been had he lived. Your trustworthiness, your frankness, your uprightness, your kind, chivalrous nature have endeared you to me beyond expression,—I would ask nothing more satisfactory to myself than to die leaving all my belongings in your hands. But the will of my old parents through whom the Slopes came into my possession, will not permit me to do this while there is one of my kith and kin alive. In view of this, I have made a plan, which I will not mention now,—but God give it success,—and in any event always be certain that I loved you as my son!"

Aunt Wealthy broke off abruptly.

The rare tears sprang into Frank Imbert's handsome blue eyes as he looked down at the frail and failing figure which embodied all he had known since his friendless infancy of love.

"No boy ever had half so good a mother as you have been to me," he answered, softly stroking his one friend's soft gray hair. "Don't talk of property. While I have my health and two hands I can earn an honorable living, and am satisfied!"

He was a stalwart, handsome fellow, some twenty-six years of age, whom any woman might be proud to call her son, while he was known in the community as head man at the Slopes, he calling the mistress Mrs. Dale, and she calling him Frank Imbert.

The mutual confidence and affection between the two lay more deep and abiding than if it had found fuller expression. Perhaps this was the only time the lonely woman had distinctly referred to a feeling in which both had long taken much comfort—the waters of her heart were deep and silent, but it touched them both deeply, and they said good night at last, with an eloquent look into each other's faces.

The next afternoon the city guests arrived. They were a little shocked to find Aunt Wealthy a pale, feeble little woman, with a smile sweet as peace itself.

"Well, she isn't a bit disagreeable, that's one comfort," Portia remarked in a more mollified tone than she had used since the commencement of the journey.

"She's as sweet as can be, and it just breaks my heart to think of her being so old and lonely," said Letty. "But isn't it just lovely here, Portia?"

"It's poky, to me," responded Portia, everely.

She had no taste for the quaint house; she did not love nature. Portia would not, perhaps could not, be genial. But Letty was as a bird let loose. She was not by nature artificial or conventional, and she delighted in the home comforts, the freshness and freedom of life at the Slopes. She was everywhere, as busy as a bee. She hunted eggs, shelled peas, picked currants, and made jelly. In the sultry afternoons she coaxed Frank Imbert (and it did not take much coaxing from such rosy lips) to wheel Aunt Wealthy's lounge out upon the broad porch where she spent long afternoons reading to her, and shared her five o'clock tea and toast, since Portia spent her afternoons on the bed reading novels. Mrs. Coles was very glad of this, for she was not herself as well as usual that summer, and it seemed as if the object of their visit would fall through if it were not for Letty. For once her youngest daughter was in high favor.

She is the most perfectly beautiful young creature I ever saw," she said to Frank Imbert. But Frank did not seem to share in her admiration. He looked at Portia with indifferent, critical eyes, which softened with approval when they rested upon Letty. Aunt Wealthy could not believe any young man could see Portia Coles and not fall in love with her.

One day, after Mrs. Coles, in her eldest daughter's absence, had been telling of that young lady's conquest the previous season, Aunt Wealthy said to Frank:

"If you admire Portia as much as those others, perhaps—it might be."

He only shook his head, and, rising, went to help Letty with the tea tray filled with the pretty dishes she particularly fancied—small, shallow cups, of a pale tea color, with wild pink roses on them, and little plates similarly tinted, and with scalloped edges.

"You are looking tired—have a cup of tea with me, Frank," said Aunt Wealthy; and so the three gathered around the little three-legged table and ate toast and quince marmalade, while the tame robins hopped around, waiting for the crumbs. It was a happy scene; but Mrs. Coles, coming up the garden with Portia, surveyed it with disapproving eyes.

"If Letty prefers an early tea with Aunt Wealthy to her regular supper, of course I am perfectly willing; but I think your aunt makes altogether too much of that young man. Who is he?" And Mrs. Coles held her head very high.

"He's Aunt Wealthy's right-hand man; and he is good looking and sensible, you must allow, mamma," replied Portia, serenely.

"Aunt Wealthy is bound to leave her money in her own family," remarked Mrs. Coles, after a moment's rather anxious thought.

I don't know what else happened that evening, after Letty had gone down into the garden to get some caraway seeds for Aunt Wealthy, and Frank Imbert had gone to show her where they were, but the next day Frank had something to tell Aunt Wealthy which made her pale cheek flush with delighted surprise.

"I am very much pleased. But keep your secret, both of you, for the present," she said.

A few nights later, without warning, Aunt Wealthy died so peacefully, and lay so tranquilly at rest, that those who loved her best could not wish her to return to the pain she had suffered patiently so long.

"Of course it's a great affliction," remarked Mrs. Coles; "but don't cry so much, Letty; it makes your eyes red."

Then came the search for the will; but no will could be found—nothing but a little note among the tea-colored cups and saucers:

"This service of delf I bequeath to my dear niece, Letty. WEALTHY DALE."

"Incredible!" cried Mrs. Coles; but Letty said:

"I've had the happiest hours of my life over these little cups. I am so glad she gave them to me."

She packed them away with the greatest care, while others ransacked the house from garret to cellar. But no will could be found and nobody could take possession of the Slopes without a great deal of litigation; so Frank Imbert continued to carry on the farming, and the Coles went back to their city home, Portia in high dudgeon at the failure of the whole thing, and Mrs. Coles dejected to tears.

"You must make sure of Ned Dudley this winter, if you can, Portia; but how I'm to get you respectably married, I don't know. I've had all my wedding things made over for you already. While Letty—"

"Oh, I'll do very well, mamma; don't worry about me," said Letty, with a blush.

By and by Mrs. Coles suspected the truth, and said:

"Letty, if there is anything between you and Frank Imbert I am willing you should marry him, for he's a very respectable young man, and we are as poor as church mice."

Then Letty bravely confessed the truth, and there was a quiet wedding in Cherryville church in less than a month, and Letty went to the Slopes to live with Frank Imbert. And then she must have her first tea from Aunt Wealthy's pretty delf, which was now hers.

"Why, what is this in the sugar bowl, Frank?" and what was it but Aunt Wealthy's will:

"I give and bequeath the Slopes, and all other of my possessions, without limit or reserve, to my niece, Letty Coles; and with these my blessing on her marriage to Frank Imbert."

Portia married Ned Dudley, and Mrs. Coles went abroad with them, and was presented at Court; but nobody was as happy as Letty and Frank, who all their lives drank their tea from Aunt Wealthy's delf, and finally bequeathed it to their children.

Could Not Spot Him.

Bishop——was at a hotel were the waiter was very attentive.

"Pleasant day, governor."

"Yes, nice day, old man, but I am not a governor."

After a while the waiter remarked, "Make a long stay, general?"

"Oh, no; only several days. But then I am not a general."

"Soon the waiter ventured to say, "Splendid country this, commodore; "Don't you think so?"

"Oh, yes; but I am not a commodore either."

"Bless the Lord! then, marster, what is you?"

"I'm only a bishop, my friend; I'm bishop of so-and-so."

"Couldn't spot you zactly sir, but I knew you was the top of a pile somewhere, sir."

The Locksmith's Chance.

Pat Lyon, the great locksmith of his day, was often sent for by presidents of banks and other great people, and he rather liked the idea of keeping the great people waiting. So one morning Pat said he would come as soon as he had done his breakfast, which happened to be a great deal later than usual this particular morning.

Pretty soon came the second messenger for Pat from the bank president, and so Pat started off with messenger No. 2. When he reached the bank he found the president and cashier and clerks all in a fret and a fume. They couldn't open the safe to get the money out for the business of the day; something or other was the matter with the lock. They were in a deal of a staw, and hailed Pat on his arrival with delight, for now they could open the lock.

Pat was bald-headed, and had a habit of running his hands on his pate, thus really rubbing his hair away. He wore spectacles as a general thing, but when he was particularly desirous of looking at anything, or was particularly excited, he took the spectacles off his eyes and fixed them on his forehead.

He now rubbed his hands over his head a minute, put his spectacles over his forehead, looked at the lock a half minute, worked at it with his tools a minute or two, and the lock was fixed all right and the safe was ready to open.

The president was delighted and so was the cashier. They shook hands with Pat, who received their salutations with a good deal of style.

"And now, Mr. Lyon," asked the president, what is your charge?"

Pat put up his spectacles a little higher, just a little, and said:

"One hundred dollars."

"What! One hundred dollars for less than three minutes' work, Mr. Lyon? Why, this is outrageous," said the president.

"It is extortion," said the cashier.

"All right, said Pat Lyon, rubbing his hand over his head, and then putting his spectacles a little higher over his forehead—just a little. "You won't give me my money—I won't give you my work. And I'll leave things as I found them." Here he took hold of the lock, and circusing with it, got it out of gear, as it was first, and so left the safe in precisely the same unopenable condition as he found it. Then he started to go home.

But the president and cashier, appreciating the situation, seeing what a fix they were in, begged Pat to let up on them, and fix the lock so they could open the safe.

Pat complied with their request, but still kept his hand on the safe. It was all ready to open, but wasn't yet opened.

"Now, be reasonable in your charges; do, Mr. Lyon," said the bank president.

"Two hundred dollars," said Pat, rubbing his head and raising his spectacles once more.

"Why, this is downright robbery," cried the president.

"Might as well break into the safe as to open it at that rate," remarked the cashier.

"All right," said Pat, circusing with the rock rapidly, before anybody could prevent him, and then banging the safe door to, leaving it for the third time hermetically sealed.

By this time the president had his mad up. He ordered Pat out of his office, and sent for a rival blacksmith. He come quick enough, and worked and fussed long and hard enough, but he didn't fix the lock, and he couldn't open the safe. And it got to be nearly 10 o'clock, and no money available yet.

In despair the third messenger was dispatched after Pat Lyon, who came back with a lot of extra dignity.

"Open that at your own terms, Mr. Patrick Lyon," said the president.

Pat rubbed his head, put his spectacles way up on his forehead, and opened the safe.

"Now, your terms," said the president

"Three hundred dollars," said Pat.

The cashier protested, but the president paid the money. "Why, he will ask for $400 next time," remarked the the president to the cashier.

"Excuse me," said Pat, with dignity, but my terms the next time will be $500."

"You see," said the president to the cashier, as he gave him the check.

And Pat rubbed his head and took his check without a word. He was master of the situation, and he knew it.

Sage Advice to a Michigan Windmill Man.

A Michigan man who has a patent windmill went down to Tennessee last fall to see what he could do among the farmers of that State. Reaching a town in the central part of the State, he went to a dealer in agricultural implements and stated his desire to erect his machine and call attention to it.

"Well, it can be done, I guess," was the reply.

"But how had I best proceed?"

"Well, you kin put her up over on the hill thar. I don't know who owns the ground, but if you treat the crowd I guess no one will object."

"Very well."

"Next Tuesday is market day, and there'll be heaps of folks in town. You want to be around early and treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"Set the old thing going and ask the boys over to drink something."

"Just so."

"You want to stand on a bar'l and make some explanations, of course, for it will be new to most of 'em. But don't talk too long. Make it about ten minutes, and then treat the crowd."

"Yes."

"If you have to talk any more, tell 'em there's another drink ahead."

"I see."

"If the old man Jones comes in with his boys there'll be a row in the crowd. They shoot on sight. Keep your eye peeled, and if you see any signs of a row ask the whole crowd out to drink."

"Yes, but—"

"Look out for dog fights. If one takes place you can't hold the boys a minute. Keep your eye on the canines. If you see a yallar purp begin to bristle up ask the crowd to step over and moisten."

"Yes, but by that time the whole crowd will be drunk," protested the agent.

"Sartin it will, and that's what you want of course. That will give you a chance to skip out and take your life along with you, and if you make a stop anywhere within a hundred miles I'll send the windmill by freight—provided there's anything left to send! Nothing like knowing how to handle a Tennessee crowd, my friend. Did you ask me out to take sumthin?"—Detroit Free Press.

A leading merchant of Louisville refused to buy a sealskin sacque for his daughter. The next day she left the house, and when night came she did not return. For two weeks all efforts to discover her were unavailing, but the detectives employed in the case at length learned that she was employed as a domestic servant, under an assumed name. She refused to return home until her parent promised to get her the sacque.

A New Orleans octoroon girl named Lydia Montrose is to be put forth conspicuously as a tragic actress. She is described as superlatively beautiful, with a deep, musical voice. She learns readily, and is being carefully drilled for a tour next season. Her wardrobe is to be something astonishing, and gorgeous street posters will herald her like a circus. Up to this time she has been a teacher in a negro school.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Our swells, thank goodness, have not yet adopted the English fashion of standing up in the stalls between the acts and staring all over the house. When they want to see a party they go out outside as usual.

Esthetic swells who wear to-be-continued coats and grandpapa's fob have now adopted the single eyeglass, a la London snobs and cads. This, of course, makes them more esthetic than ever, and shows their eyes as well as their brains to be affected.

The other day at the funeral of a man who in life was rich, well-known, and moved in the highest circles of New York city, his wife sat in a rear seat crying biteerly. None of his relatives knew who she was or that he was married. The story will make a sensation when told.

Mr. H. J. Chamberlain, of Williamson county, Texas had on exhibition, at the Atlanta exposition, a very fine Merino buck fleece, weighing 41½ pounds. Vermont sheep men will be coming to Texas for their rams before many years.—[Texas Wool.

In the fattening of wethers to finish as shearlings, English breeders state that the Cotswold and Leicester grades can be made up to 200 pounds, the Oxford Downs to 180 pounds, and the Southdown grades to 160 pounds, live weight.

Leli J. Robinson, Boston's woman lawyer, is said to have acquired a fair office practice, but is denied the right to argue cases at the bar. In order to let her voice be heard in public, she has delivered a lecture before a large audience. She maintained her cause in a manner that made the newspapers praise her.

When a burlesque company recently played in Indianapolis corps de ballet was recruited, as to the unimportant back row, from resident young women. A fellow in the gallery recognized an acquaintance among them, and cried "Hi, Sallie Jackson!" She looked up in quick response, and the hilarity of the audience drove her from the stage.

More success in converting the Chinese to Christianity has been achieved in Salt Lake than anywhere else in this country. The cause lies, according to the conductor of the work, in the use of stirring Methodist hymns. Little is done in the meetings except to sing. The music, so unlike his own, enraptures the Chinaman, and after that the conversion is easy.

At a meeting of patriotic artisans in London the other day, to protest against the Channel tunnel, the Chairman, in his opening said: "Gentlemen, we are here to protest against this Tunnel Chaunel—I mean this Chunnel Tannel; I mean we are met to oppose this Tannel Chunnel." Here this disabled orator sat down. His confusion seems fairly to represent British ideas on the subject.

A wealthy gentleman at Forest City, in Iowa, being somewhat skeptical as to the amount of labor which a minister would be willing to do, offered to pay such clergyman as would saw his wood for him $1 per hour for their services. He was considerably astonished when nearly all the ministers in town came marching forward with a saw and buck prepared to accept his terms. Some of them have been working right along, four to six hours per day, Sunday excepted, ever since, and their grit will probably last as long as the skeptic's wood. They have been paid promply for their work.

Recent experiments of Grehant prove that the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled by one individual of the animal species is about constant. Fifty liters of air passed through the lungs of a dog weighing nine kilos yielded 2,747 grams of carbonic acid. Eight days later the same experiment yielded 2810 grams. In man this volume of air circulates through the lungs and receives 3333 grams of that gas. Irritation and inflammation of the mucus membrane decrease the quantity of carbonic acid exhaled, which then accumulates in the blood.

Prestidigitateurs in Court.

His Honor Judge Wm. Kelly, the genial justice of the 6th district court, and who divides with another justice Fred G. Gedney of the 6th district the bulk of theatrical cases, had before him last week a very interesting case. The plaintiff was Hartz, the prestidigitateur and the defendent Mr. Fearing the Wall street banker. It appeared from the evidence that Fearing had engaged Hartz to give a sleight-of-hand performance at his house but had made no formal arrangement as to pay. Mr. Hartz had given his entertainment and sent Mr. Fearing a bill for $150. This, the Wall street man regarded as excessive, so he sent him $100. Hartz brought suit for the balance claimed $50.

It was shown by his evidence that he had often received as high as $150 for a single evening's performance, but he had frequently appeared for very much less. On cross examination he was asked if he had not been employed at Bunnell's Museum?

"Yes," he responded.

"What salary did you receive?"

"I decline to answer."

Judge Kelley admitted the question. "$200 a month," responded Hartz.

For defence John Goldberg and Edgar S. Allen, prestidigitateur, were called as experts.

"Who do you consider the best slight-of-hand performer in the United States," was asked Goldberg.

"John Goldberg," he promptly answered.

"How about Hartz and Herrmann and Allen?"

"I consider them fair."

He thought $150 an excessive charge.

Mr. Allen was asked who he considered the ablest slight of-hand performer in the country.

He anwered: "Edgar S. Allen."

"How about Hartz, and Goldberg and Herrmann?"

"Fair."

This was the case.

Judge Kelly found for the defendant Fearing, Hartz to pay the cost of the action.

The Question of Gloves.

Society insists that long, loose gloves shall be "de rigeur." The fat woman gets into them and has the satisfaction of affording infinite amusement to those who are not entirely lost to a sense of humor. Her arms look like twin bologna sausages. The women with beautiful arms spoils one of the rarest of charms. Women with thin, ugly arms alone covers her self with more or less glory. As a matter of fact no two beings are fashioned alike; many are fearfully and wonderfully made, and hands and arms are as distinctive as eyes and mouths. There are women whose arms cannot well bear more than six-buttoned gloves even in ball dress. Why should they injure their appearance by imitating an actress who would be the first to rail at such folly? Have they not taste enough to judge of effect? Admitting taste, do they not possess sufficient strength of mind to have the courage of conviction? The wearing of gloves, be they four, or six, or twenty-buttoned, is scarcely a subject upon which to wax eloquent, yet this same apparently trivial detail involves a principle, the principle of individuality, or independence of thought, or propriety in adornment. There is no such thing as sensless beauty. There is always a reason why beauty is beauty, however ignorant the manyheaded may be of the course of objective pleasure.

Photography.

The art of producing life-like pictures has been making wonderful strides within the past few years. The old daguereotypes of our fathers' times no more compare with the handsome photograph of to-day than does the stage coach of those days with the Pulman palace car of the present time. In no part of the United States has that wonderful art advanced faster than in Oregon. In Portland we can boast of an artist that leads the profession in all its branches. We refer to W. H. Towne, of the San Francisco Gallery. His work has been examined by lovers of art from all over the Union and they unhesitatingly award the palm to him for good work. Mr. Towne has made photographs for actors, artists and gentlemen of travel, and is constantly receiving orders for more pictures from the same negatives, as nowhere else in their travels can they procure so good work. The latest is an order from Mr. Clem. Studebaker, proprietor of the famous Studebaker Wagon Company, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who had six dozen photographs of himself taken by Mr. Towne while here last winter. So pleased was Mr. Studebaker with the work that he last week forwarded an order to this gallery for twenty dozen more from the same negative. Comment is unnecessary.

HEN'S EGGS TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.—At St. Eloi, in the Faubourg St. Antoine in France, a nestful of eggs was found under the ruins of the old palace where King Dagobert lived. So they knew that 1200 years before some hen had stolen her nest, just as our hens do nowadays, and had been disturbed, and left the nest before the eggs had been sat upon. The workmen who, in clearing the ruins to build the old church that still stands there, had found the nest, were going to throw away the eggs, but the Abbe Denis, who was then curate of the parish, remembering that wheat had grown from grains that were found with the mummies in Egyptian tombs, which must have been 3000 years old, thought there might be life in these old eggs. He set them under one of his good, motherly old hens, and sure enough, in twenty-one days she came off the nest with a fine brood of "King Dagobert" chickens, as they have ever since been called. The breed has been carefully kept ever since, and the Dagobert fowls have so increased that the abbe of the parish has organized a sale of "King Dagobert" eggs for the benefit of the poor of his parish.

A War Relic.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

In a very full report recently published in the Philadelphia Ledger, reference is made to the case of Mr. Geo. I. Graham, a prominent politician and active journalist, (connected with the Philadelphia Sunday Mirror), who by using the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, was cured of a troublesome case of rheumatism, contracted during the war. He closes his statement with—"to those who are afflicted with that complaint it is worth its weight in gold."

OREGON TO MASSACHUSETTS.

Some time ago Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., of this city, read in a Massachusetts paper that Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor of that state, was afflicted with an incurable kidney disease, and had been obliged to give up work and return to his home. They immediately sent him a box of their celebrated Oregon Kidney Tea, and from time to time sent him other boxes. A few days ago they received from him the following letter:

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
Auditor's Dep't, Boston, Nov. 11, 1881.

Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co.: Dear Sirs—I have no hesitation in saying that I have been much benefited by the use of the Oregon Kidney Tea as a remedy for a kidney difficulty which has troubled me for six or eight years. I can heartily recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted, as a safe and agreeable remedy. I shall test its virtues further, for I have great faith in it as a specific for many diseases of the kidneys. Respectfully yours,

CHAS. R. LADD,

The original of this letter can be seen by calling on Messrs. Hodge, Davis & Co., Portland, Oregon, and the Oregon Kidney Tea can be bought of any druggist or dealer, in Oregon or Washington. Price $1 per box.

No better Blood Cleanser than Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier. Rheumatism Case No. 1125. After ten years suffering with rheumatism and using during that time every recommended medicine and the best physicians' advice without finding relief, I tried a bottle of the Oregon Blood Purifier, and feeling better after its use, I continued taking it, and am glad to state that after two months' continuous use of your valuable Oregon Blood Purifier, I am perfectly free from rheumatism. ALBERT YOUNGER.

THE MITCHELL WAGON.—W. H. Mitchell, general agent for Mitchell, Lewis & Co., of Racine, Wis., manufacturers of the Original Mitchell Wagon, has en route for Portland a large invoice of wagons and carriages to supply the Oregon, Eastern Washington and Idaho trade. The first lot, for the Eastern Washington trade, consisting of farm and freight wagons, arrived per steamer California last week, and will be on sale at the Mitchell Wagon Depot, 148 Front street, Portland. Those in need of good wagons will take notice.

The Gold Medal gallery of Portland, owned by F. G. Abell, Portland, is always bringing out novelties in the photographic line. His country patrons are always pleased with their treatment as well as the work obtained.

Husband! Bring your poor suffering wife a bottle of Pfunder's Blood Purifier.

The galaxy of stars at the Elite theater in Portland, is drawing crowded houses nightly. Remember the popular prices, 25 and 50 cents to any part of the house.

The story of the discovery of a new mammoth cave in Kentucky was a hoax. The story was started by a man who saw Governor Blacklurn's mouth when he was shooting profanity therefrom at an offending newspaper reporter.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book, free.

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