

SOLITUDE.
ELLA WHEELER.
Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
For the old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they will seek to hide.
They want full measure of your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose all.
There are none to decline your raptures,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give and it helps you live,
But no man can help you sorrow.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one must file on
Through the narrow gates of pain.

A DOCTOR'S SECOND WIFE.
Dr. Brinsley belongs to the noble army of martyrs and heroes known as "country doctors." He was the sort of man you could love if you loved him; otherwise you would probably dislike him, for he was very peculiar; every body said so. Perhaps the most serious way of being particular, and the doctor's ways were not always pleasant ways—unless you loved him, and to her he had seemed the most perfect of men. He suited her and she suited him, and they had been very happy. It must not be supposed that her love for the doctor was a cooling kind. Perhaps the doctor would not have enjoyed that. Darling Becky rejoiced in making bright, spicy, impudent remarks to her husband. Remarks which made his big brown eyes sparkle with delight; then he would meet her half way, and they would talk the most interesting little details, followed by the most affectionate recollections. But it was now three long years since poor Becky had been resting in her quiet grave and the doctor's friends had decided that he needed some one to keep house for him.

After much persuasion he had been particularly introduced to Miss Delia Swan. "What a name!" thought the doctor, but as he looked at her he saw that she was fair, gentle, healthy and 26. "A good, sensible age; must be neat and orderly," was his verdict. In a moment of enthusiastic selfishness he had proposed to her, and in a moment of enthusiastic devotion she had accepted him. They were married. She lived in his house, she poured out his tea and coffee, she entertained his friends, and everybody said: "Oh, how much nicer she was than that other woman!" Delia was very popular with everybody, but she was not at all popular with the doctor. To him "that other woman" was still all the world and the brightness thereof. So homeless did he feel in the presence of this much nicer woman that his visits to Becky's grave were the only happy hours of his new life. After awhile he became more accustomed to Delia, and then he began to give her free and frequent lectures on Becky. "She" would say so and so, she used to do this and that, and as she had been right then, she must be right now and forever, and in everything.

Delia had married "from a sense of duty," and deserved to be punished; but it seemed to her that her punishment was greater than she deserved. She would not have wished that her husband should forget the wife who had loved him, but she had expected that he would have some regard for the woman he had invited to reside over his household, and she had hoped to make him comfortable; "to do her duty by him," as she expressed it. Part of that duty she had performed in the most admirable manner; never had the doctor's house been so clean; never had his shirt bosoms alone with such lustre; but the heart which beat behind them she had been unable to conquer.

Was it her fault? Had she not tried to be kind, to be patient, to be meek? Yes, but it was the trying which spoiled it all, and she lacked the sweet boldness which love alone can give. She was almost afraid of that ungracious man, and she was jealous of Becky, much loved, happy Becky. At the end of six months of such a life the doctor noticed that Delia looked pale and thin. "You need a little fresh air," he prescribed, "and I shall take you out as often as I can." Not without some inward fear, but retired in her very best, Delia sat in the buggy by the side of her lord. It was a balmy spring afternoon, nature looked so fresh, so bright, so happy, that a little of this happiness breathed itself into Delia's sad heart. The doctor must have been touched by these benign influences, for never before had he been so kind, so attentive to her, so talkative. She smiled several times, twice she absolutely laughed. She sat a little nearer to him, her cheeks bloomed and she was beginning to feel quite comfortable, when, as luck would have it, they happened to ride past a very small cottage, so small that Delia said, "Oh, look! I wonder how people live in such a tiny bit of a house!"

The doctor's brow grew dark. "In such a house as this," he said in his most impressive manner; "in just such a house as this my wife and I lived in the greatest happiness when we were first married." She smiled again, and answered the doctor's remarks with a primness of dignity that surprised him. But he asked no questions and took refuge in thoughts of the old days when Becky sat in that same chair, sewing, too, but with such bright, loving looks, such an interesting way of saying things! And now what a difference! What, in truth, was this woman to him? Not a wife, not even a companion, only a housekeeper. And he gazed at her reflectively. It so happened that Delia, who had been making desperate efforts to overcome her sulky mood, looked up at that moment and caught the full meaning of the doctor's eyes. Had she slapped her face she could not have felt it more, but she gave no sign. "White fingers that trembled a little as they worked and said: 'I am tired, I followed her work and said: 'I must leave him,' she decided at last. 'I will not live with him unless I am really his wife,' she said. 'Leave him? but how? She could not go back to her mother's house where questions would be asked which she was determined not to answer; and besides it was too near. Where could she go? A few hours afterward that question was answered. She received a letter postmarked 'Denver, Colorado,' it came from 'dear Cousin Mamma,' and as she read her letter Delia's face brightened,

"It is just what I wanted," she said to herself.
One evening, when the doctor came home, Bridget met him at the door and said: "Missus has gone, sir; she had to go a kind of sudden, but she said she would and tell you." "All right," answered the doctor. "Gone to her mother's," he explained to himself. "I suppose there is some sort of fandangoo going on there." He made himself very comfortable. It was a cool evening, and he smoked his cigar, put his feet on the stove, with "no one nigh to hinder." But what the doctor really liked was to be hindered; he enjoyed watching the mild shadow of disapproval stealing over Delia's face; if she had frankly and brightly expressed her opinion, and then taken it back prettily, he might have fallen in love with her; but Delia always relapsed into meekness, and all was lost. As the days passed the doctor began to miss his housekeeper. "Why does she not write? Cold blooded creature!" The cold-blooded creature wrote. Her letter was dated from Denver. It said: "DEAR SIR—I thought you would be happier without me, so I came here. I am visiting Cousin Mamma. With best wishes for your happiness, I remain sincerely, 'A pretty letter—and 'dear sir' to me! Gone to Denver! Who could have supposed she had spirit enough for that? Little goose! Gone to Denver, by Jove!" The doctor laughed, he blessed himself, he was delighted. The next evening he was on his way to Colorado. That was the end of the doctor's love for Delia, and Cousin Mamma were comparing notes about their husbands. Delia had been very cautious and Mamma was enthusiastic about the doctor. "If he was my husband I would flirt with him and make him fall desperately in love with me," she boasted.

"Flirt with him!" exclaimed Delia. "Certainly, it would be all right, and so interesting! Now, John is so good natured and always the same. I sometimes wish he would be a little bit cross, just for change." "What a sadly funny world this is," thought Delia when she was alone, "no one is really contented and happy." Then she became very homesick; not only did she miss the doctor, but she also missed herself, she had always been so prudent, so submissive, and now she had done such a wild, wicked thing! Had she not promised "for better and for worse?"

One morning there came a tremendous ring at the door. Delia knew that ring, she heard it all over her, and turned pale. "Bound to get in," said Mamma, as she hurried to the door. "Is Mrs. Brinsley in?" asked a big voice. Mrs. Brinsley was in. She came forward smiling, rosy-cheeked, collected, transformed. She held out her hand, she was glad to see the doctor; she presented him to Cousin Mamma. They sat down. "Where are you stopping?" "At the Windsor." "And she became as deeply interested in the Windsor as if the doctor had come expressly for the purpose of ending his life there. But Doctor Brinsley was not altogether defenceless. "I came to ask you if you would take a ride with me. The carriage is at the door. Come just as you are." "Oh! said Delia. And she went. The mountains were "perfectly magnificent," as Delia remarked, but the doctor made quick work of them.

"How soon will you be ready to come home?" he asked quietly. "I don't know," she intended to stay all summer. I think—I think—" But she could not tell him what she thought. She was glad he had come; she wanted to go back with him; she loved him now. But did he love her? If he would only be a little more gentle, more lover-like. The doctor was not very gentle; his manner was clear-cut and decided, but-if she would only have looked at him. "How soon will you come home?" he repeated. "I want you to come home." Then, slowly, she lifted up her eyes to his. Was this the way he used to look at Becky? Not quite; no one should ever see that look again in the doctor's eyes. But Delia did not know that, and it seemed very good to her to be looked at in this way. "I will go whenever you like," she answered. "Why?" Then the doctor did say something gentle and lover-like. They were married already. Let us hope they were happy ever afterward. —Denver Inter-Ocean.

On the Safe Side.
A Michigan rider who was riding along the highway near Charlottesville, Va., a few days ago, came across a negro who was growing up a string near the railroad fence, and after a few questions about the farm products the Wolverine asked: "What do you get for taking that stump out?" "Just fifty cents," was the reply. "How long have you been working at it?" "And how much longer will it take?" "Well, nigh 'bout a week I reckon." "And how much longer will it take?" "Well, I spects I could finish it to-morrow, but I reckon I won't do it afore Friday." "Why?" "Well, heah am de pint. If I finish it to-morrow an' git my money, I'll be bound to drop down to Halltown an' bet on a horse race an' lose it all. Ef I wait till Friday, I kin hab de means of gwine into town, an' buy a pair of shoes, an' my weakness, boss, an' so 'I gwine to sot heah an' dig a leetle an' sleep a leetle an' chop off the las' root when I heah de circus ho's blowin' on top the red skule-house hill." —Detroit Free Press.

Why He Married Her.
In the forthcoming fascinating biography of the heroic Lord Lawrence there is, among many anecdotes, one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his study at Southgate, with his sister and other members of the family. All were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where is my mother?" said he to one of his daughter's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and, looking up again a few minutes later, but the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading, and once more he looked up with the same question. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

Young Lady—"Isn't this child a little Frenchman?" Nurse—"I cannot tell; the father is German, the mother is French." Young Lady—"Ah, then, we shall not be able to find out until the little fellow can speak."

The Woman and the Fossils.
The woman did not ask for co-education in Columbia College, and that seems to be a reason why she should have no education in Columbia College at all. She modestly asked to slide in at a side door at stated times and in stated ways; but that would necessitate a new system and a new college, and they would cost too much. If she had wanted education along with the man that would have been an easy thing to refuse—for precisely what reason nobody knows, since young men and women and old men and women do have to associate, and there is really no harm in the bare fact of association; but that education in a certain other shape is equally objectionable for very numerous reasons, each as wise as a Biblical proverb.

The colleges are managed by very old men. They are men so old that they ought to be chalked on the backs of No. 10 Morgan Express. No respect for woman, or girl, should appeal in vain for the privilege of getting an education and paying for it. The privilege ought to be as free to one as another, as are town pumps and summer showers. There are men who argue that ordinary persons should not be educated above a certain point, lest they improve too much and nobody will be left to do the hard work that is necessary to general comfort. Of the same species of logic is the proposition that men should be made wise and women should be kept ignorant. St. Paul said a foolish thing as to women, and Solomon who respected women, merely as they officiated as concubines, was equally unjust to the sex; and this foolishness and this injustice have come down to the managers of colleges as a sacred inheritance, without a shadow of reason to make it sacred.

What has a man than a woman to be educated? The intellect of the one is as good as that of the other, and it has a right to be as good. Education is in the market, as are commercial and other advantages. There is a law protecting the civil rights of negroes, and it seems to be the logic that a man and a woman have equal rights in every grocery, every dry goods store, every place of amusement, every hotel, so long as they pay equal money; but they attempt to buy an education and the fossils of the college say that the man's money is good, but the woman's is not.

Can anybody imagine anything more unjust than this? Is it political or commercial or social fair play? What business have the trustees of a college to say that they should not have an education and that they should not? Why business? Have they the talk of the danger of intercourse between young men and women who seek the advantages of their institutions and are willing to pay for them, any more than they have to talk of the danger of the intercourse that attends the party, the ball, and the more social gathering?

Women ask to be admitted to the Columbia College, and the privilege is refused them! This will seem as strange in 1900 as the fact that this country once had slavery seems strange to us of the present period. —N. Y. Graphic

Elk Perkins on Buying Diamonds in New York.
Since they have discovered diamonds in Africa, they are getting too common on Fifth avenue to be noticed. One young lady, reported to be young and handsome, wears finger-ring diamonds in her hair. A Chicago lady, staying at the Fifth avenue, alleged to have lived with her present husband two weeks without getting a divorce, wears diamond dress buttons; and one of the colored waiters—an African, too, right from the mines—showed me a diamond weighing thirty-seven pounds, which he offered to sell to me in the rough for \$4— a clear indication that even the Africans don't appreciate the treasure they have found.

This morning a lady from Oil City went into Tiffany's great jewelry store and said she desired to purchase a diamond. "I understand solitary diamonds are the best," Mr. Tiffany said; "please show me some of those." "Here is a nice solitary," answered the silver-haired diamond prince; "how do you like it?" "Pretty well," said the lady, revolving it in her fingers. "It shines well; but are you sure it is a solitary, Mr. Tiffany?" "Why, of course, madame." "Well, now if you will warrant it to be a real genuine solitary, Mr. Tiffany, I don't mind buying it for my daughter Julia, and, come to think, she continued, as she buttoned her six-button kid gloves and took her parasol to leave, "if you've got five or six more real genuine solitaires just like this one, I don't mind taking 'em all, so as to make a big solitary cluster for myself."

WIT AND HUMOR.
A child of seven or eight said that when the Bible speaks of "children's children," it must mean dolls.
"Little Ah Sid," started across the continent by The San Francisco Wasp, having a tremendous newspaper boom.
Stamford, Conn., is eleventh in population, sixth in wealth, and fifth in the number of telephone subscribers in the State.
There are several dozen exchange "skins" who are entirely too previous with the originalities which appear in this column.
The Yonkers Gazette has a Chinese proof-reader. At least we judge so, when he lets "Greeley" stand in type for "Greely."

Connecticut papers affirm that it is by no means certain that the bridge over the Thames river at New London will be built this year.
Noticed by the Philadelphia Times: "It is in the nineteenth century that human beings in Donagoo, eat and drink to save themselves from death by starvation."
The Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany has been gazetted Knight of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. This ought to secure him a clean record.
Ananias and Sapphira would never have succeeded as editors of a newspaper. George Washington would have been a better man in their place.—Whitehall Times.
Mining is not the only field for the unscrupulous speculator. Last year 32,700,000 bales of cotton were sold in New York, and only 600,000 delivered.—Denver Tribune.

A Rare Instance.
"Father," began a Cass avenue lad the other night, "is Mr. T. a good man?" "Yes, my son. I regard him as one of the best men in Michigan." "What you believe he would lie for?" "What young man I care you crazy? Why, sir, Mr. T. wouldn't lie for all the gold on earth. What makes you ask that question?" "Why, when a man says he saw a spring robin on the 15th day of February, what do you call it?" "Did he say he saw one?" "Are you sure?" "Oh! I heard him tell three different men so. Didn't he lie, father?" "N-o-o, I think not," mused the father; "but let it be a great moral lesson to you, all the same. It isn't one in a thousand years that a robin comes up here from Tennessee at that date and exhibits himself to a single citizen and returns on the afternoon express!" —Detroit Free Press.

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

Portrait Business Directory!
The Chapman Sisters, Miss Conchita, Leo Brothers and hosts of new talent at the Elite theater in Portland, the only first class variety theater in Oregon.
Turkish Rugs.—Send to John B. Garrison, 107 Third Street, Portland, for catalogues of designs.
Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines. Take Wm. Funder's Oregon Blood Purifier.
BOOKS, MAPS AND BLINDS.
F. E. BEACHE & CO.—108 Front St.—Dealers in Books, Maps and Blinds. Send for Price List and Catalogue.
LEADING MUSIC HOUSE.
J. H. ROBINSON & SON, 220 FRONT ST.—Retail and wholesale dealers in Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise. Picture Frames, Oil and Glass Doors, Windows and Signs.
MAKING UP WORK.
MORGEN & VOSPER, 47 N. W. —Monuments, Tombstones, Headstones, furnished in best American marble. Country orders filled promptly. Send for prices and catalogue.
SURVEYORS.
W. B. MAYNE—Civil Engineer, Contractor and Surveyor. Office—Room No. 8 Lane's Building, Portland, Ore. All kinds of surveying and drafting done for any part of the country.
BAKERY.
EMPIRE BAKERY—Washington, Voss & Co., 1000 Front Street, Portland, Ore. Breads, Pies, Butter, Boston, Sugar and Shoe Fly crackers. Orders from the trade solicited and promptly attended to.
ATTORNEYS.
D. P. KENNEDY—Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office—Room 1000, Commercial Building, Portland, Ore. All kinds of legal business pertaining to Letters Patent for Inventions, before the Patent Office, or in the Courts, a specialty.
THE "WHITE" WE HAVE THIS DAY SOLD
our entire interest in and transferred the agency of the White Sewing Machine to Mr. John B. Garrison, of Portland, Ore. Mr. Garrison will hereafter supply the growing demand for this superior and popular sewing machine at the same price as before.
SEEDS! SEEDS!
WE HAVE NOW ON HAND AT THE OREGON SEED DEPOT
The largest stock of seeds ever held by one firm north of San Francisco, which will be sold at reasonable figures, consisting of Rice, Vegetable, Flower and Fruit seeds, and all kinds of seeds for food, also for Wicksman's Bone Phosphate. Send for catalogue, free to all applicants.
MILLER BROS., 20 Second Street, Portland, Ore.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,
FIRST AND TAYLOR STREETS,
Portland, Oregon.
1860. 1892.
J. A. STROWBRIDGE,
DIRECT IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
LEATHER & FINDINGS.
NO. 189 FRONT STREET,
Portland, Oregon.
Use Rose Pills.

FRUIT SALT.
WHAT IS IT? WHAT IS IT MADE FROM? WHO MAKES IT?
Slaven's Latest and Best Discovery—The Concentrated Juice of the Ripest California Fruit.
(San Francisco Examiner.)
Fruit Salt is elaborately treated upon in this issue of the Examiner. What is Fruit Salt? It is the saline residue of California fruit, naturally applied to the human system.
The rapid growth of the popularity attained by Slaven's "California Fruit Salt" naturally excited the curiosity of the Examiner, which is satisfied by a perusal of this issue of the Examiner. People dislike to peruse lengthy explanations, and desire a concise plain statement of any subject in which they are interested. This concise and brief statement we herewith propose to give.
The well-known chemist and proprietor of the principal and handsome pharmacy and drug store in San Francisco, conceived the idea of condensing the many health giving and sanitary properties of our much celebrated and luscious California fruit into a medicinal remedy. That California fruits possess remarkable health promoting properties no one well informed will question or deny. Therefore, when Mr. Slaven decided on this and undertook the experiment, he determined upon a careful analysis of all the principal food fruits native to this coast—but more principally and notably the Old Mission grape; the succulent lime, the juice of which is so generally used for medicinal purposes; the orange; the rich aromatic juice of the apricot and that peculiarly developed California fruit, the fig. In these four fruits, the grape, lime, apricot and fig, were discovered the following enumerated LABORS CONTRIBUTE TO THE HEALTH
Of those who consume them. After careful analysis and scientific preparation a carthartic salt was discovered, which differed in many characteristics from any medicine now in use, and possessing among others, the following enumerated properties:
First—Being a health imparting medicine.
Second—An excellent, mild cathartic, not containing mineral poisons entering into its composition.
Third—A medicine not debilitating or causing pain and irritation to the system—producing a pleasant and cheerful effect.
Fourth—Being pleasant to the taste, comparatively very inexpensive and portable, and particularly adapted for use by travelers, as it is worth in combating the effects on the system of climatic changes is incalculable.
In addition to the foregoing, it is an excellent tonic, and as such is highly recommended.

Slaven's California Fruit Salt.
By over indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dizziness of the skin; with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; or by all means use
Slaven's California Fruit Salt,
And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it at the altar of suffering humanity. DIS-PENSE OF GEORGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

THE ORIENTAL BAZAAR.
No. 48 Morrison Street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.
Importers and Dealers in China, Japan, India, Persia, and all kinds of Goods of all kinds.
Manufacturers of
Linen and Cotton Goods, White Goods, Lace, Ribbons, and all kinds of Sewing Machine Goods.
Agents for San Francisco, Portland, and all other cities.
P. O. Box 222.
Orders from the country filled promptly.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,
No. 5 North Front St., between A and B, Portland, Oregon.
Saw Mills
Sawing
Woodworking Machinery
Steam Engines and Boilers
Milling Machinery
Beating, Packing and Hoop
Flour Mill Machinery
Water Wheels
Etc., etc.

SEWING MACHINE
STORE 147 THIRD ST.
REPAIRING DONE
ON SHORT NOTICE.
All Leading MACHINES ON SALE.
GARRISON'S DISCOUNT
NEEDLES, OILS, TREADS, ATTACHMENTS, etc.
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE HOUSEHOLD & WHITE

THE ESMOULD
FIRST CLASS
REPAIRING THE BEST IN THE CITY
All Modern Improvements, "see all day."
J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor.
LAND PLASTER,
For Sale by
EVERDING & FARRELL,
Alder and Front streets,
Portland, Oregon.
THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PUNFORD'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.
USE ROSE PILLS.

G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.
Schenectady, New York.
BRANCH HOUSE,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
G. P. DART, Manager.

BETTER THAN GOLD.
CALIFORNIA FRUIT SALT.
A Pleasant and Efficacious Remedy.
Slaven's California Fruit Salt.
By over indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dizziness of the skin; with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; or by all means use
Slaven's California Fruit Salt,
And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it at the altar of suffering humanity. DIS-PENSE OF GEORGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

THE ORIENTAL BAZAAR.
No. 48 Morrison Street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.
Importers and Dealers in China, Japan, India, Persia, and all kinds of Goods of all kinds.
Manufacturers of
Linen and Cotton Goods, White Goods, Lace, Ribbons, and all kinds of Sewing Machine Goods.
Agents for San Francisco, Portland, and all other cities.
P. O. Box 222.
Orders from the country filled promptly.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,
No. 5 North Front St., between A and B, Portland, Oregon.
Saw Mills
Sawing
Woodworking Machinery
Steam Engines and Boilers
Milling Machinery
Beating, Packing and Hoop
Flour Mill Machinery
Water Wheels
Etc., etc.

SEWING MACHINE
STORE 147 THIRD ST.
REPAIRING DONE
ON SHORT NOTICE.
All Leading MACHINES ON SALE.
GARRISON'S DISCOUNT
NEEDLES, OILS, TREADS, ATTACHMENTS, etc.
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE HOUSEHOLD & WHITE

THE ESMOULD
FIRST CLASS
REPAIRING THE BEST IN THE CITY
All Modern Improvements, "see all day."
J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor.
LAND PLASTER,
For Sale by
EVERDING & FARRELL,
Alder and Front streets,
Portland, Oregon.
THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PUNFORD'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.
USE ROSE PILLS.

Also General Agents for The Westinghouse Machine Co.'s New Double Cylinder, High Speed, Horizontal Engine, Unexcelled for Economy in every particular. Skilled Engineers unnecessary. No packing, no adjusting, no lugging in boxes.

BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST.
THEY ARE ALL STATED SEAMS, BUT NO OTHER.
See that Our Name is on Every Pair.
AKIN, SELLING & CO.,
Portland, Oregon.

THE ORIENTAL BAZAAR.
No. 48 Morrison Street, between Third and Fourth, Portland, Or.
Importers and Dealers in China, Japan, India, Persia, and all kinds of Goods of all kinds.
Manufacturers of
Linen and Cotton Goods, White Goods, Lace, Ribbons, and all kinds of Sewing Machine Goods.
Agents for San Francisco, Portland, and all other cities.
P. O. Box 222.
Orders from the country filled promptly.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,
No. 5 North Front St., between A and B, Portland, Oregon.
Saw Mills
Sawing
Woodworking Machinery
Steam Engines and Boilers
Milling Machinery
Beating, Packing and Hoop
Flour Mill Machinery
Water Wheels
Etc., etc.

SEWING MACHINE
STORE 147 THIRD ST.
REPAIRING DONE
ON SHORT NOTICE.
All Leading MACHINES ON SALE.
GARRISON'S DISCOUNT
NEEDLES, OILS, TREADS, ATTACHMENTS, etc.
GENERAL AGENT FOR THE HOUSEHOLD & WHITE

THE ESMOULD
FIRST CLASS
REPAIRING THE BEST IN THE CITY
All Modern Improvements, "see all day."
J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor.
LAND PLASTER,
For Sale by
EVERDING & FARRELL,
Alder and Front streets,
Portland, Oregon.
THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PUNFORD'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.
USE ROSE PILLS.