WITHIN THE WOOD.

BY KATE CLYDE.

The setting sun's pale, flickering bars
Fall softly o'er the quiet lane;
The bustle of the day is done,
And all's at peace again.
The borders of the path are fringed
With tufts of sheeny, springing grass,
Which wave their em'rald banners as
The playful breezes pass.

How dear to me this peaceful wood!
How often down its mossy ways
We've played, and sung and rambled, in
Our merry, childhood days!
How oft we've searched its nooks to find
The first sweet messenger of spring!
How oft we've listened, mute and still,
To hear the robin sing!

And as the years rolled by, to us
This old wood sweeter, dearer grew;
The hours we passed within its aisles
On rosy pinions flew.
For, 'round our young, unconscious hearts,
A magic spell was subtly wove;
We knew it not, until one day
We woke, and found 'twas—Love!

Ah, me! Ah, me! I'll ne'er forget
That lovely day we found it out;
Within the wood forget-me-nots
Were blossoming about.
I plucked a little bloom, and said:
It seemed the color of your eyes,
And begged you to look up awhile
That I might match their dyes.

The sunbeams lay in lingering love
Upon your fair head's golden crown;
How rich the rose bloomed in your cheek—
How shyly you looked down!
But when, for just one little space,
Your wistful eyes looked into mine,
Ah, then I knew my heart was yours,
And yours, dear love, was mine!

What more is left for me to tell?
Ah, many years since then have flown!
The golden crown upon your head
To silver now has grown.
The rose has withered in your cheek,
To bloom more richly in your heart,
Which love's sweet chains still bind to mine
So close that naught can part.

IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

It was in Boston. The first snow of the season had fell the night before, and the cold was dashing it off the tops of the high buildings, filling the air with tiny particles that glittered like diamonds in the bright sunshine. It wasn't quite so pleasant to have it come with a rush light into one's face, but every one was merry and brisk this morning, and why should not the wind be so too? Two bright-faced girls were rapidly threading their way through the crowds that thronged around the great dry goods stores. For an hour they had been flitting from place to place, attending to matters important or otherwise, hovering over the pretty things piled high upon the counters, but laughingly shaking their heads over their empty purses.

"I shall have to appoint myself your guardian, Alice, and put a veto on your buying what you don't need." And the speaker linked her arm with that of her companion, and drew her toward the door.

"I ought to be grateful, for I am in debt now, and I really ought not to spend a cent. Did you ever see such a good-natured crowd? Now, you have that call to make, and while you go there I will run in and see Mollie. Don't stay long, will you, Grace?"

"No, I won't. What a wind! I should think it came straight from Labrador. This was rightly named Winter street! Here, give me your hand. Let us get into the sunshine somehow, as quickly as we can."

Hand in hand, laughing, breathless, with heads bent to meet the fierce winds that came tearing around the corner, the cousins struggled forward until they gained the corner, where Alice halted for breath; but Grace ran on, across Tremont street, and stood in the flooding sunlight, waiting for her companion.

"Which way shall we go?" asked Alice, when they were together again. "Up Park street or across the Common?"

"Across the Common, by all means," said Grace. "I go out of my way, when in Boston, to walk on the Common. It is such a relief to me to escape from the cold shadow of the high buildings."

So on they went, with faces so bright from the cold air and their merry hearts that all who met them smiled and went their ways more blithely. Suddenly their path was blocked by the snow, on which men were still at work. An unbroken white expanse lay between them and their goal.

"Three alternatives," exclaimed Grace gayly; "to wade through this snow, which looks rather deep; to wait till the men finish the path for us, or to take this path over to Park street."

"In view of the lateness of the hour, perhaps we had better make a concession and take the last. See, there is Mollie's house. You see the house with the roof higher than the others?"

"Yes," said Grace, not very decidedly.

"Well, it is the third house from that. If you finish your call first you can stop for me, or vice versa, I will go to meet you. Now don't stay long."

And they parted, Alice keeping on down Beacon street in the sunshine, Grace turning north over the hill. Neither had far to go from the corner where they separated, and Grace was soon waiting for admittance at her friend's door. The servant who took the card returned presently with the intelligence that her mistress was quite unable to see any one. So it happened that in a few moments Grace was upon the street.

"This is nice," she said to herself as she retraced her steps. "Alice will not hurry herself, and in the meantime, what is to become of me? I do not wish to shorten her call. I will walk down the street very slowly and try to kill time."

What an exquisite picture it is! And truly it was beautiful. The leafless trees on the Common lifted the delicate tracery of their branches against the cloudless sky. The newly fallen snow lay, still spotless, on the streets and house-tops. Along the few paths that had been opened on the Common people passed and repassed. The roar and rush of the great city came softly to the ear across the white plain. Near at hand the State House raised its shining dome high in the air, and the tinkle of sleigh bells and the merry shouts of children added life and interest to the scene.

"I am getting somewhat tired of this promenade, although I doubt if there could be found a pleasanter place for it in all the city. What house did Alice say? I'm sure I don't know. If I walk slowly past this club house a few more times I shall create a sensation. That will not do at all. Let me try —street." But as she turned the corner the north wind met her, and her feet slipped dangerously on the icy pavement.

"Can't stand this, in more senses than one. Why doesn't that girl appear. If it wasn't for the snow now, I might walk in the Common in the most unnoticeable way possible. I will cross over and study those roofs. What did Alice say? What a stupid not to ask her the number. But, then, I shouldn't have heard it if she had told me. Serves me right for giving such careless attention to what people are saying. I declare I do not even know her friend's name. Mollie, Mollie—what? I ought to know. I have heard her name often enough when I have been here before. She was one of Alice's classmates, but she did not mention her last name this morning. Shall I try it?"

Grace, who had been carefully surveying the house that she was approaching, suddenly looked very determined, mounted the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened almost instantly by a dignified old servant in livery.

"I beg pardon if I am making a mistake," she began, in her most winning voice. "Indeed, I am quite at a loss to explain myself. Has a young lady called here within a half hour to see a friend, a Miss Mollie ——? My cousin did not mention her name." And she paused with an embarrassed half-smile. But the old servant had already shaken his head.

"No, Miss; no one has called. I know, because I have been right here all the time."

"Then I have made a mistake. I am sorry to have troubled you. But could you, possibly"—she hesitated.

"I think there is a young lady next door," indicationg the house with his hand. "We have no young ladies in this family."

"Thank you," aloud. To herself: "That accounts for a slight trace of crustiness in your bearing, my dear sir. However, you treated me very well—for a tramp.

Should she dare again? Her blood was up. The merry mood of the morning had not passed. I would be no worse than this horrid promenading, and she might find her.

This time the door was opened by a pleasant faced young mulatto, who seemed instantly to appreciate the situation, for a suppressed twinkle in his eye answered to the smile that, do what she would, Grace knew was twitching in the corners of her mouth.

"I beg pardon," she said, with an air of frankness that would have disarmed the most suspicious mind. "My cousin, Miss Raymond, left me to call on a friend, while I made another call in the near neighborhood. My cousin pointed out the house to me, but really I do not know the house, the number, or her friend's name. She called her only Mollie. Is there a Miss Mollie—? Has a Miss Raymond called? You see, I—It is really very absurd," and the young lady ended with a little appealing gesture of the hands that would have done credit to a Frenchwoman.

The young fellow smiled, yet very respectfully.

"There is a Miss Mollie," he said. "There is a Miss Mollie," he said. Grace looked relieved. But she was not yet sure.

"A lady may have called," he continued, "although I did not see her. Miss Mollie is in New York."

"Oh, then," began Grace, preparing to retreat. But he went on:

"If you will step into the parlor, if you please, Miss, I will go and inquire.

"I thank you. I am sorry to trouble you."

"How utterly ridiculous this is," she said to herself, as she took the proffered seat in a most elegant apartment. "To think that I, Grace Carter, should be in such a scrape as this! That man is a true gentleman. How does he know what I may intend to carry off in my pocket while he is gone? What would Alice—"

The sound of a half suppressed cough in another part of the room startled her. She became conscious that she had been thinking aloud. Throwing, for the first time, a rapid glance around the room her eyes met those of a gentlemen who was almost hidden from her view by an angle of the room, and the deep chair in which he was sitting. He rose from his seat, seeing himself discovered. Grace arose also, turning toward the door, for she heard the sound of returning steps.

"The lady is not here, Miss; I am sorry."

All Grace thought of now was to get out of her awkward position as soon as possible. The gentleman advanced to offer assistance, but Grace, rapidly and somewhat incoherently uttering her thanks and apologies to the servant, fled, and drew a long breath of relie. as she reached the sidewalk once more.

"I feel as if I had lived an age, and it is fifteen minutes since I blundered into the first place. If that girl does not appear before I reach the next corner I shall go home without her. There she is, this very minute, blissfully unconscous of the mischief I have been into."

"How nice; you are just in time, Grace. I told Mollie you might call for me, and I have been listening for the bell for some time. Did you have a pleasant call? Mollie was looking very lovely this morning; she had on a new wrapper that is extremely becoming."

"Mrs. Benton was indisposed, so that I did not see her at all," said Grace rather grimly.

Alice looked up and caught a queer expression on her cousin's face. "Why, what have you been doing all this time?" she asked.

"Grace hesitated. "Can you keep it to yourself, if I tell you something?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Well, then, I have been making morning calls on New Year's day upon the elite of Beacon street, Boston!"

"Grace Carter?"

"Precisely, that is just what I say." And half-laughing, half-rueful, she told the whole story.

Meanwhile, the gentleman who had been so suddenly disturbed in his quiet doze did not seem inclined to return to his chair.

"You say she gave her cousin's name as Miss Raymond, Alfred?"

"Very well. That will do. How long before dinner? I think I will go to the store after dinner. My head seems to be better."

"What a face that girl had!" he continued, when left alone. "She is not a Bostonian. A needle in a haystack! Yet I am bound to find her, and I will. Raymond; that is all I have to guide me."

Alfred went away chuckling to himself: "Mr. Frank's struck at last. With a country girl, too. But she's a little lady, that's a fact!" But Mr. Frank went to the store and studied the directory with great care.

He had been invited to a little New Year's party that evening, and as it was to be a very quiet, informal affair, he had consented to going, for, although belonging to one of the most aristocratic and wealthy familes in the city, he was no society man. He wished now that he had not promised to go, for he wanted to take steps toward beginning his search for the apparition of the morning.

"Fortune favors the brave." As Mr. Ellis turned away after paying his respects to his hostess, his eyes met those very eyes that had looked into his that very morning in his mother's parlor, and although they were instantly turned away the swift rush of color showed that he was recognized. With an adroit excuse about a "striking resemblance," he soon gained the desired introduction and made himself so agreeable to the young lady that Grace found her determination to be frigidly polite had gone, and ere long the two were chatting together like old friends to the utter astonishment of all present who knew Ellis. Among his companions he was considered little short of a "woman hater," and there he sat completely engrossed by a little, plainly dressed country girl, with merry gray eyes.

* * * * * * *

The months fly swiftly, and again it is on the eve of the New Year. Come with me to a house in one of the pleasant suburbs of Boston. A few snowflakes are beginning to fall. Look! The door is opened and a servant stands on the threshold, and, shading his eyes, peers into the surrounding gloom to see if there is promise of a storm. We recognize Alfred. Let us slip past him into the warmth and light of the hall, and look into the drawing room, where the ruddy fire-light is dancing on the wall. Two persons are standing before the open fire, and the taller has his arm thrown carelessly around the slight figure at his side.

"Grace, my darling," he is saying. "I can never be thankful enough that you got into the wrong house last New Year's. It was the making of my fortune—and Alfred's," he adds, laughing.

"Do you know," Grace answered demurely, but with the merry sparkle in her eyes as of old, "I am not sure, in the light of subsequent events, that it was the wrong house."

A MEXICAN GIRL'S REVENGE.

On the night of January 21, 1880, the authorities of Pueblo, Mexico, were notified that a murder had been committed in a quarter of the city known as "Calebria." This locality was known as the resort of characters of the vilest stamp, and hardly a day passed that police interference was not necessary. When the official arrived at the rickety building where the crime had been committed, the crowd of people had become dense. Ascending the steps, he entered a small room, which contained but a few articles of furniture; the most prominent of which was a bed in one corner of the room. To this a young girl with disheveled hair and wild staring eyes rushed as the officer entered and pointed to something that lay thereon, while with the other hand she held the candle over her head. Her look was wild and fearful, and her form trembled from head to foot.

The officer started back at the sight which met his gaze. There lay a woman covered with blood, her face upturned, and her eyes fixed and glassy in death. The contortions of her features told that she had died by violence and in terrible agony, while the similarity with that of the girl beside her was still visible on her face.

"She was my sister," said the girl, "and her paramour murdered her."

The words came hissing through her pale, curled lips, and her eyes gleamed with a fiend like fire. Placing her hand in her bosom, she drew forth a beautiful dagger. And a cold, derisive smile overspread her features as she remarked, with her dark eyes shooting shafts of mocking scorn at the officer when he asked the name of the villian who committed the fatal deed.

"Never mind his name; I'll be her avenger. No mock court of justice will deal with him. His family are rich and have influence. I loved my sister very much, and this terrible deed has almost crazed me. I will soon be myself again, and then, by the Almighty God! I will take a vengeance that will be terrible to relate. In conclusion, I will ask you to see that she is decently buried, and I will repay you at some future time."

When she had concluded she left the room, saying that she would return directly. But that was the last seen of her. The body was subsequently buried in accordance with the wish of the sister, and though the case received the strictest investigation, no clew to the murderer of Senora Barberia or the whereabouts of her sister Angelique could be obtained.

Time passed on, and amid the mutability of affairs the matter was gradually forgotten in the minds of the public.

Some two years later the same detective who had investigated the murder of Senora Barberia was intrusted with the charge of arresting a notorious forger who had recently been plying his avocation with great success. Taking his seat one night in the Folly Theater, he quietly awaited the opening of the performance. While thus seated his attention was attracted by a strikingly beautiful woman in one of the boxes. There was a slight boldness in her manner and an abandon in her dress which stamped her to the initiated eye as one who was not accustomed to rectitude.

The detective thought he recognized the countenance, but for the time could not remember where or under what circumstances he had met the woman. She was accompanied by a young and handsome girl of about nineteen, and it was quite evident that her sphere was of the highest order of society. Accompanying the ladies was a man fashionably attired, but having the traces of excessive dissipation. Having satisfied herself that she had attracted the attention of the detective, the elder of the two ladies smiled as if in recognition. She then took a card from her portemonnaie, wrote a few words upon it, returned it to its place, and, looking significantly at the door, drew back into the box. When the curtain fell the detective hastened out and taking his stand at the lobby awaited developments. As the trio passed out into the vestibule the handsome lady lingered behind, and as she passed the detective she handed him her portemonnaie, and, smiling sweetly, hurriedly walked out into the crowd. To the detective's surprise he found $260 in the portemonnaie, and a card, upon the back of which was penciled the following:

"Please accept this small sum as part payment for the burial of my sister. Now that you have seen again the avenger of that sister's wrongs, you will in a short time hear of her vengeance.

ANGELIQUE."

Just off the main street in Pueblo there is a row of stuccoed pretentious villas, all steps and porticos which stare down upon humbler neighbors with vulgar display. About midway down the street, and in this row, is a dwelling over the faccia of which is inscribed, "Senora Freshillo, Cigarette and Wine Divan." Here is the elite of the demi-monde rendezvous, and the midnight orgies which nightly take place can scarcely be described.

On the morning of February 18, 1882, the city was thrown into the wildest excitement by the announcement that a horrible murder had been committed at Senora Fresnillo's bagnio, and that the whole matter was shrouded in the deepest mystery. The victim was a young and handsome girl, and she lay upon the bed with a dagger wound upon her left breast.

Upon investigation, it was found that the girl was the daughter of a rich and prominent gentleman of the city, and had been brought to a life of shame by the machinations of a woman who was well known throughout the whole city by the name of Angelique. The whereabouts of the latter could not be ascertained, and this fact alone pointed strongly to her as the murderer. When the same detective viewed the body he immediately recognized in the murdered girl the same whom he saw in company with Angelique in the box at the theater. After a fruitless search for the murderer the matter was finally left in abeyance, and for a time forgotten.

Some months later the detective received one morning in his mail the following letter:

"You were reminded that you would soon hear of the vengeance of the sister of Senora Barberia. The girl who was recently murdered in the house of Signora Fresnille was one ot her victims. She was the sister of the wretch who betrayed and then murdered my sister. The same dagger that was buried to the hilt in my sister's heart did the work in the other case. But my vengeance is not complete. My next victim is the villain Miguel Soares. Justice shall be satisfied and infamy avenged. ANGELIQUE."

Soares was a well known libertine, whose career of dissipation had bowed his family with obloquy. He still pursued his course of ignomy and shame, not knowing how soon the fatal dagger was to fall on him and send him to meet his victim in another world. The mysteries of the murders and the attending circumstances were never known but by three persons—the general of the police, the murderess and the detective.

One night in the latter part of November last he detective happened to be passing through one of the leading thoroughfares of the city, when he met Miguel Soares, accompanied by a tall, commanding woman, dressed elegantly and heavily veiled. His suspicions were immediately aroused, and he determined to follow the couple.

Taking the opposite side of the street, the detective followed the two until they reached a small park in a fashionable quarter of the city. Concealing himself behind one of the trees, he breathlessly awaited developments.

"Probably you will be delighted to know who I am."

"I will satisfy my curiosity, however," said Soares, as he tore the veil from the woman's face. The bright rays of the moon fell upon a pair of black eyes which glared upon Soares with a fiendish fire, and he started back as he recognized that face. "Angelique Barberia!" he gasped, "what—what brings you here?"

"To have your life, Miguel Soares!" she hissed, in a tone that trembled with passion.

"Do you recognize this dagger?"

"It is mine!" gasped Soares.

"It is yours, indeed, Miguel Soares! I found it in the heart of my sister, where you left it. Now, take it back, but let your heart be its sheath. Thus do I complete my work.

The detective sprang from his hiding place at the same moment that Soares fell to the ground with a groan. Angelique dashed through the shrubbery and fled across the park. Placing Soares, who had breathed his last, upon the grass, the detective gave chase. After a fruitless chase, he was obliged to give up and return to the corpse.

A couple of days after he received the following note:

"I am now on my way to a foreign country, and any search for me will result only in a waste of time. I have fulfilled my oath, and henceforth will seek to find that repose which seclusion alone affords. Adieu,

"ANGELIQUE."

Though a vigilant search was immediately instituted, no trace of the murderess has ever yet been obtained, and her whereabouts is as impenetrable a mystery as were for a long time the mysterious murders of which she alone was the key.

Clara Belle on Manners.

Speaking of the manners of good society, questions of social usage puzzle a great many women, judging by the letters that are forwarded to me asking me about such matters. Most of them relate to cards and weddings, and I may be instructive generally in answering several of them. If the bride has sent you wedding cards you should call upon her in her new relation. If she sent out no cards you may call, and leave her to decide whether she wishes to keep up the social interchange of visits by returning yours. If you do not wish to continue the acquaintance, that is, to keep up formal visiting, you can drop it at this time as appropriately as at any. It is perfectly proper for a young woman on assuming new social obligation as a wife to revise her own visiting list and take proper means to retain only those names to which she may feel herself able to do social justice. An unmarried woman who has no older sister unmarried has "Miss" on her cards, without her initials or her first name. On returning to your home after long absence send your cards to those whom you wish to have call upon you. If you intend to remain in the town where you are, send out cards to every one whom you wish to know, mentioning the day and hour at which you will be at home to receive them, and offer some light refreshments, like tea and cake, at five o'clock. It is correct for a widow to have her christian name on her visiting cards. A card with "acceptance" written or engraved upon it is vulgar. Write a punctilious note in the third person, accepting or declining. If a card is turned down in the corner it means that the visitor called in person. The man who is a stranger to the woman should leave a card for her as well as the man who has taken him to call. It is a visit whether she is at home or not. Both should leave cards. A girl about to be married does not put P. P. C. on her cards. Write your regrets or acceptance of an invitation on a sheet of note paper and put it in an envelope directed to the person who invites you. Unless you are to send it by post one envelope is enough. Do not write regrets or acceptance on your visiting card; that is vulgar. It is proper to send a card to the bride if you do not call in person, but it is better to call, and especially must you call on her mother, who invites you. The best form for acceptance is the simplest: "Miss Smith has much pleasure in accepting the polite invitation of Mrs. Brown for Thursday, the 15th." The ushers at day weddings are again wearing pearl-colored kid gloves with a black stitching on the back. The coat is a black cloth Prince Albert frock, and the trousers are dark gray. Their cravats may be white ottoman, black, or a dark color, but must be uniform, whatever color is chosen. The bride and groom must wear gloves, but the groom must not wear a dress suit in the day time, no matter how the bride is dressed. It is not necessary to send acceptances of invitations to weddings unless the card contains the request to respond. Where from 200 to 500 cards are sent out, the formal response to each one would be a nuisance. The proper acknowledgement is a gift and congratulations if presence on the occasion is impossible. Of course, if it is a small, at-home wedding, where provision is made for sit-down dinner or supper, the case becomes somewhat different, as only intimate friends are invited, and it is desirable to know approximately the number that will be present. But the cabalistic letters, R. S. V. P., were invented as an intimation that reply is something desired, and would not have ever been used if life was long enough to send and receive replies to all notes of invitation. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Decidedly Modern.

A peasant having saved up a sum of money by hard work and peeling his potatoes close, went to the nearest village and invested in an accordion. On his way home he began playing the air of "My Grandfather's Clock;" but scarcely had the echoes reached the forest when out came a chopper, who cried out:

"Man, man, for heaven's sake, hang up on that! You will kill us all with your racket!"

"Can't help that," replied the peasant, pulling away harder than ever. "If what tickles me all over is death to you, that is not my lookout. I will give you 'The Empty Cradle,' with variations."

Moral—If our neighbor doesn't like our smoke, let him move away.—Detroit Free Press.

Omelet Plain.

Five eggs are enough to use in a medium sized sausepan. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add two tablespoonsful of new milk to the yolks, a little salt; stir together; have the pan very hot; put in a lump of butter the size of an egg. As soon as melted, pour the yolks into the pan, and then the whites; toss the eggs carefully together with a silver fork, shake the pan until the eggs begin to thicken; leave the omelet two or three minutes to brown, then loosen the edges with a knife; fold over, then turn on a hot platter. Serve immediately. —Phil. Press.

THE "BOSS" BOOTS

Akin, Selling & Co., the proprietors of the "Boss" boots, have established an immense trade in the northwest for that standard article. These boots are all stayed seams, and made in the best manner and always give satisfaction to the wearer. They are solid and comfortable and so far seem to wear better than any boot heretofore put on this market. The firm that handle the "Boss" boots are thoroughly reliable, and merchants dealing with them are sure of fair treatment, as no house in Portland stands higher in commercial integrity than Akin, Selling & Co.

TAKE NOTICE.

A new feature of Portland is a homœpathic pharmacy, lately opened by Messrs. Paul J. A. Semler & Co, at 93 Morrison street. Their two-dollar medicine case should be in every family for emergencies. Sent free on receipt of price to any part of the country. Homoeopathic cough and croup syrup is the remedy for coughs and colds. m1-1m

Slaven's Yosemite Cherry Tooth Paste.

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

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

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

Roaring cataracts of honest applause, foaming oceans of fun, and the best show of the season now being held at the Elite theatre, Portland, Oregon. Regular prices 25 and 50 cents.

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

Garrison repairs all kinds of sewing machines.

Take Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Portland Business Directory!

DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS.

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

LEADING MUSIC HOUSE.

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

BOOK BINDERS.

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

MARBLE WORKS.

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

SURVEYORS.

COOPER & HAMILTON, Civil Engineers and Surveyors, Room 14, First National Bank building, Portland, Or. All kinds of surveying and drafting done in any part of the country.

BAKERIES.

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

ATTORNEYS.

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

THE WHITE—THE LARGEST SHIPMENT OF the latest improved White sewing machines ever sent to this coast has just been received at Garrison's sewing machine store, 167 Third street. The White is steadily increasing in public favor. Eight years use in Oregon has proved it to be one of the most desirable machines in the world. Agents to sell wanted in every town in Oregon.

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

Full Set of Teeth for $10.
Best Set, $15.
TEETH FILLED AT LOW RATES; SATISFACtion guaranteed. Gas administered. Dental graduates.
PREHN BROS.,
Portland, Oregon.
Room 54, Union Block, Stark street entrance.

1860. 1883.
J. A. STROWBRIDGE,
DIRECT IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
LEATHER & FINDINGS.
NO. 189 FRONT STREET,
Portland, - - - - - Oregon.

DRS. FREELAND & ROBERTS,
DENTISTS,
Cor. First & Yamhill Sts., Portland, Or.
(Davidson's Photograph Gallery.)
First-class work at the most reasonable rates
Have both had many years experience in Oregon and California.

"Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh"
LIQUID OR DRY, PRICE $1 00; "ATMOSPHERIC Insufflators," price 50c. Dry Cure and Insufflators mailed on receipt of price, with full direction for use, etc. S. G. SKIDMORE & Co., Druggists 151 First street, Portland, Or. Sole Agents for the N. Pacific Coast. mar20tf

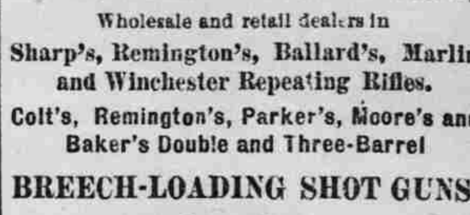
USE ROSE PILLS.

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

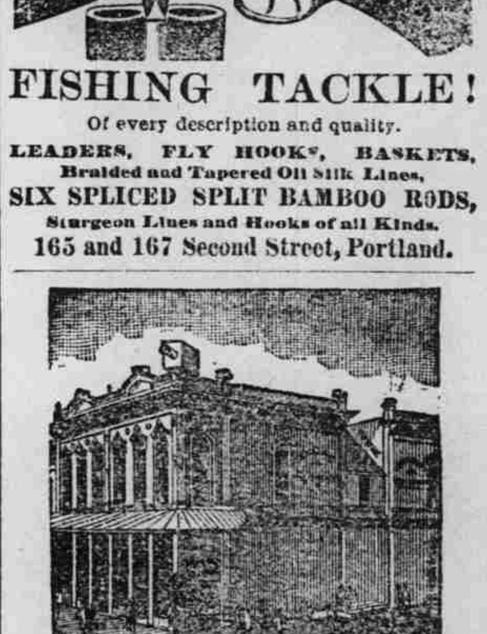
IF YOU HAVE ABUSED YOURSELF
By over indulgence in eating or drinking; have sick or nervous headache; dryness of the skin, with a feverish tendency; night sweats and sleeplessness; by all means use
Slaven's California Fruit Salt,
And feel young once more. It is the woman's friend. Try it; $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5. For sale by all druggists. HODGE, DAVIS & CO., Wholesale Agents, Portland, Oregon.

GARRISON'S
SEWING MACHINE
STORE
167 Third St., PORTLAND, OREGON.
JOHN B. GARRISON, Propr.
All the Leading Sewing Machines, Oil, Needles, Attachments and Genuine Parts for sale.
All kinds of Sewing Machines Repaired and Warranted.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
The Household and White Sewing Machines.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
THE TURKISH RUG PATTERNS.
GENERAL AGENT FOR
THE UNIVERSAL FASHION CO'S PERFECT FITTING PATTERNS.

WILLIAM BECK & SON,
Wholesale and retail dealers in
Sharp's, Remington's, Ballard's, Marlin and Winchester Repeating Rifles.
Colt's, Remington's, Parker's, Moore's and Baker's Double and Three-Barrel
BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS.



FISHING TACKLE!
Of every description and quality.
LEADERS, FLY HOOKS, BASKETS,
Braided and Tapered Oil Silk Lines,
SIX SPLICED SPLIT BAMBOO RODS,
Sturgeon Lines and Hooks of all Kinds.
165 and 167 Second Street, Portland.



SAN FRANCISCO GALLERY.
Towne
Photographer,
Corner First and Morrison Streets,
PORTLAND OREGON.

Phillip Best's
MILWAUKEE BEER
Bottled expressly for the
PACIFIC COAST TRADE,
Superior in quality and purity to all others.
One Trial Will Convince.
SOLE DEALERS,
CHARLES KOHN & CO.,
44 Front Street, Portland, Or.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
Land and Immigration Company.
Office: Rooms 40 and 41 Union Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
P. O CHILSTROM, President. FRANK OWEN, Secretary.
This Company operates throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.
Lands of all kinds bought and sold.
Immigrant Colonization a Specialty.
Headquarters for all land seekers.
Description of Government and other wild lands furnished free.
Information given on all branches of business.
Correspondence solicited and communications promptly answered.
P. O. box 869.

USE ROSE PILLS.

EYE & EAR INFIRMARY
—AND—
SANITARIUM, OR HOME FOR THE SICK
Macadam Road, bet. Porter and Wood Sts., South Portland, Or.
Dr. Pilkington, late Professor of Eye & Ear Diseases in the Medical Department of Willamette University has erected a fine building, on a beautiful elevation in the south part of the city, and is prepared to accomodate patients suffering from all diseases of the EYE, EAR or THROAT. Also will pay special attention to persons laboring under Chronic Nervous affections, and to diseases peculiar to women, and receive a limited number of cases expecting confinement.
The intention is to provide a Home for such cases with all the best hygienic agencies combined with the best medical skill to be had in the metropolis.
Consulting physician and surgeon Dr. Philip Harvey, Prof. of diseases of women and children in the medical department Willamette University.
Also Dr. J. M. F. Browne, Prof. of Physiology med. dep't. Willamette University.
For any amount of references and circular, address
DR. J. B. PILKINGTON,
Cor. 1st and Washington Sts., Portland, Or.

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

USE ROSE PILLS.

F. S. AKIN, BEN SELLING, H. E. DOSCH.
BOSS BOOTS ARE BEST.
THEY ARE ALL SADDLE SEAMS.
BUY NO OTHER.

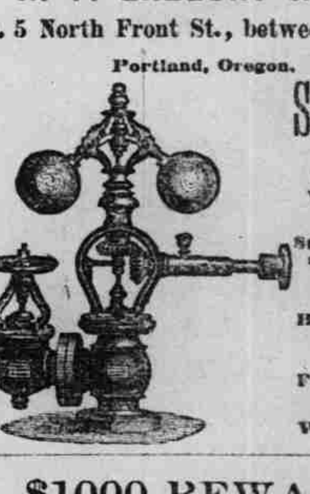
See that Our Name is on Every Pair.
AKIN, SELLING & CO.,
Portland, Oregon.

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

YOUNG MEN
WHO MAY BE SUFFERING FROM THE EFfects of youthful follies or indiscretion, will do well to avail themselves of this, the greatest boon ever laid at the altar of suffering humanity. DR. SPINNEY will guarantee to forfeit $500 for every case of Seminal Weakness or private diseases of any kind or character which he undertakes and fails to cure.
MIDDLE-AGED MEN.
There are many at the age of thirty to sixty who are troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation and a weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes small particles of albumen will appear, or the color will be of a thin milkish hue. Again changing to a dark and torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty, ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of Seminal Weakness. Dr. S. will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and a healthy restoration of the genitor uninary organs.
Office Hours—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A. M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.
Call or address DR. SPINNEY & CO.,
No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER!
1st—Gents' Oride Guard; usual price, $7 50; price, $2 50. Cut represents section, ½ size.
2d—Elegant brilliant Scarf Pin; regular price, $5; $1 50.
3d—Gents' Ring: fit card over finger for size. $2; usual price, $5.
4th—Breastpin, a gem, $1 50; usual price, $5.
5th—A beautiful Bosom Stud, very brilliant, $1 50; usual price, $5.
6th—Ladies' brilliant Ear Drops, $1 50, usual price, $5.
We will return money on any of these goods if they are not superior to your anticipations, knowing that no such offer has been made before. Send money order if possible, and address THE MORTON AGENCY Portland, Oregon. P. O. box 362.

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



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

$1000 REWARD
WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON PRODUCing a more effectual remedy than
Dr. Keck's Sure Cure for Catarrh,
Which has stood the test for fourteen years. Physicians, Druggists, and all who have used and thoroughly tested it, pronounce it specific for the cure of that loathsome disease. Try it. Your druggist has it, price $1.
Dr. Keck thoroughly understands, and is eminently successful in the treatment of all chronic and difficult diseases of both sexes and all ages, having made a specialty of their treatment for fourteen years He treats Cancer without using the knife. His favorite prescription is furnished to lady patients Free. No lady should be without it. Young, middle-aged or old, male or female, insanity or a life of suffering is your inevitable doom unless you apply in time to the physician who understands, and is competent to treat your case. Waste no more time nor money with incompetent physicians. All communications attended to with dispatch, and are strictly confidential. Medicines sent to any part of the country. Circulars, testimonials, and a list of printed questions furnished on application. CONSULTATION FREE. Inclose a three-cent stamp for list and address DR. JAMES KECK, No. 135 First street, Portland, Or.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

JOHN A. CHILD. WALTER A. GRADON.

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

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

ANTISELL
10 000 Pianos
1,000 Organs.
Sole Agency of Manufacturers
From $25 to $1,000
Cash, Rent or Instalments.
Catalogues Free.
ANTISELL,
cor. Market & Powell
San Francisco
PIANOS
ORGANS

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