LIFE ON THE OCEAN.

BY A MATTER OF FACT MAN.

Sentimentalists all have a notion
(Those who get their ideas second-hand),
That a life on the limitless ocean
Is "inspiring," "exciting," and "grand;"
If they only had one Cape-Horn view
Of a storm and a nautical sceue,
They would wish the deep ocean-like blue
Were changed to invisible green.

A life on the fathomless deep
Is to eat, grow sea-sick, and drink;
Like old Rip Van Winkle to sleep,
Too indolent even to think.
When a dead calm prevails on the ocean,
I storm like a growling old grumbler,
And with feet in perpetual motion,
Practice all the strange feats of a "tumbler."

One night in a terrible roll,
Like a pancake my corpus was found;
The feeling was certainly droll,
The rolling had rolled me up round!
Of my friend in the berth overhead,
The physician had hardly a hope;
He was taken out seemingly dead,
Coiled up like a huge coil of rope.

When from horrible nightmares I break,
To escape the "blue devils" of night,
I gaze on the vessel's long wake,
That is flashing with spirits of white:
I watch the wild serpentine trail,
Standing in the dark shrouds hours together,
Or sit on the wet weather-rail,
And rail at the wind and the weather.

When I get insupportably blue,
A victim to dull melancholy,
Having nothing but nothing to do,
From the "long-boat" I run to the "jolly!"
When insufferably crabbed and cross,
I climb to the main-top cross-trees,
And crossing my arms, take a dose
Of grumbling as hard as I please.

Of each coming monotonous day
It is terrible even to think;
Time is only a blank on life's way,
Months into oblivion sink;
Days seem to be weeks as they fly,
Lengthened out by some magical power:
But months, when the time has passed by,
Are compressed into one listless hour.

And hence I am right in the main,
In calling the main a delusion,
Though it certainly was with much pain
I was forced to this painful conclusion.
A humbug I deem the blue ocean,
My sentiments plainly to tell,
Forever, like Yankees, in motion,
And eternally cutting a swell.

DR. WHITMARTH'S CRIME.

Young Dr. Whitmarth, although equally devoid of impudence and money, was greatly liked by all the ladies in his native town of Purview. Scarcely any of his fair acquaintances had ever thought of him as a possible husband, for a great many city families lived at Purview during part of the year, and they had set the tone of the place with the effect that all the young women, including, of course, their own, were fully convinced that to marry a poor man was about as reprehensible an indiscretion as a girl could commit. Occasionally one of the Doctor's young admirers would venture the opinion that Mr. Whitmarth would make a very affectionate and careful husband, but on such occasions the damsel's mother, or some girl's mother, might be depended upon to explain that affection and care were not all that women needed of their husbands, and that physicians could never find time to give their wives full advantages of society, without which, of course, life would not be worth the living.

But most of the warnings of which the Doctor was the subject were entirely unnecessary, for the young man had not the slightest intention or thought of marrying, or even making love, within a few years. He had a mother and sister dependent on his income for support, and as his patients came to him mostly by the accident of older and more experienced physicians being otherwise engaged when wanted, Dr. Whitmarth could not think of adding a wife to his financial responsibilities. His charming manner and many courtesies to women were not prompted by the thoughts of love to which all men's hearts are supposed to turn constantly, but by the knowledge of womanly traits which he acquired under the influence of his mother and sister, who were pronounced by all their acquaintances to be quite as delightful as the Doctor himself. Astute young women at Purview were sometimes heard to remark that men brought their business ways into society, and that, no matter how gracefully they masked them, there were generally purposes of personal gain behind their attentions; if a pretty girl received an expensive bouquet or a quite too lovely box of bon-bons from a gentleman, she might expect the giver to monopolize her, in spite of herself, at the next dance or garden party at which they both appeared, the results often being more provoking than the presents justified. But Dr. Whitmarth seemed to offer courtesies solely that the ladies themselves might be pleased; whatever he received in return was the result of the principle that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Although it meant nothing to men, "Dr. Whitmarth's way" came to be an expression that all women at Purview translated with entire ease and accuracy.

But the Doctor's fate in feminine form finally appeared, and he recognized it at first sight. The Marvells, a delightful couple of middle-aged people, who had lived in the town only a few months, were known to have a daughter who had been for several years at a famous school for young women. When Miss Alice graduated and came home, her parents gave a party in honor of the event, and every one who was any one in Purview admitted, at least to themselves, that Alice Marvell would be the belle of Purview unless she herself forbade it. A few stupid people who thought woman's attractiveness consisted only of face and figure, attempted to combat the general impression, but their efforts were fruitless, for although there were maidens in Purview whose features were more regular than Alice Marvell's, and who were somewhat more shapely when dressed to advantage, none of them could match the air of refinement that their new rival had inherited from a long line of honorable ancestors and had made more charming by a carefully-trained mind.

The Doctor, like every other young man at Purview, lost his heart at once, and Miss Marvell seemed fonder of him than of any other of her numerous admirers. But the Doctor dared not to propose while earning only a little more than a thousand dollars a year, and while he was wildly wondering how he might increase his income, another man won Miss Marvell's hand. Ralph Frasher, although young, was a successful man. He had a keen eye for whatever was worth having, whether for purposes of sport or profit; he drove fast horses, sailed a handsome yacht, knew how to order and eat a good dinner and to buy bits of property that were sure to increase in value. When he saw Alice Marvell he realized that she was one of the rarest of her kind, so he went promptly to work, in his business-like way, to secure her. He was not entirely to the young lady's taste, for although his manners were all that could be acquired by careful imitation of other men, he was never at that ease in conversation which most pleased Miss Alice, and his tastes and habits had stamped his face with something that the young lady could neither understand nor admire. Mr. Marvell was equally slow to admire Ralph Frasher, for the old gentleman knew men and their ways, but his wife, to whom he had not the heart to tell all he knew and believed about the ways of the world, said, when Frasher proposed, that their daughter could never hope to make a safer or more fortunate match, so Alice acted on her mother's advice and became Mrs. Frasher.

The Doctor's heart did not break; it became very sore, but its owner told himself that if the union proved a happy one no one would rejoice more than he. But the time for the Doctor to rejoice never came. When the couple returned from their bridal tour Alice's habitual composure seemed to the Doctor to have a touch of resignation in it, and Frasher seemed a little more burly than unsual. The Doctor heard people say, as they have of millions of other young wives, "How marriage does sober a bright girl!" and he raged inwardly, for he was sure that to a nature like Alice Marvell's marriage should have brought summer of life instead of a suggestion of autumn. He observed the couple whenever he saw them, and became more and more convinced that Frasher never regarded his wife more than property—very valuable, certainly, and deserving of as much care as a promising young colt, a new grapery or a villa site on a favorite street, but still property. The Doctor was sure, too, that life with Ralph Frasher was a living death to Alice Marvell; that Frasher's tastes were not to her liking; his friends like himself, entirely of the earth earthly, and his attempts at affection repulsive. When the Doctor saw Frasher driving to the station with his wife by his side he could only think of master and slave; when he saw Mrs. Frasher driving home alone her face told him that the absence of the master would not release the slave from bondage.

And yet all unmarried women at Purview envieed Mrs. Frasher, for did not that lady herself fully admit that her every wish was gratified if money would do it? Did she have as many dresses and jewels as there were parties at Purview? Had she not her special ponies and carriage to drive? Was not her cabin, on her husband's yacht, the most exquisite little boudoir in the world? The Doctor heard all this and wondered if his mother and sister were the only two true women alive?

One evening in early winter the Doctor was called suddenly by a groom, to go at once to Ralph Frasher; with the tact peculiar to his class, the man said he had been sent first to the elder physicians, but one of them was sick and the other in attendance on a patient whom he could not leave. Whitmarth promised to go at once, but declined to ride in Frasher's carriage, which the groom had brought. As he harnessed his own pony to his shabby coupe, he half regretted that he had not made some excuse. His honor as a physician required that he should answer the call, but how pitiless was fate that he, of all men, should be obliged to repair the chain that retained Alice Marvel in bondage.

He found Frasher suffering from a severe attack of pneumonia, but old Dr. Mayze, Mrs. Frasher said, had sent word that Dr. Whitmarth was quite fortunate with such cases. The Doctor's heart accused him when he saw Frasher's strained face and heavy breathing, for, what could he say against the fellow except that he had married a woman far above him in all that makes humanity admirable? He determined that he would do all in his power to save the man's life, and he sent at once for stimulants and other medicines.

"Is there any hope?" asked Mrs. Frasher, after the Doctor's messenger had departed.

The Doctor looked toward the door of the sick room and answered quite cherrily, "Oh, yes."

The look Mrs. Frasher gave him in return was not what he expected, he translated it to mean that hope of her husband's recovery implied no hope for her. The lady left the room and the Doctor paced to and fro in extreme agitation; by the time the messenger returned one quality of Dr. Whitmarth's nature seemed gone forever. He busied himself about the sick bed; he nursed his patient apparently with great care, but he gave smaller doses of medicine than any homœopathist would have dared to do, and the outward appliances were powerless for good or harm. Early in the morning he told a servant to call Mrs. Frasher, and then, although all night long he had been confessing to heaven that he was a villain, he prayed that she might not come in time. His prayer was answered, for as the lady entered the room he said, almost in a whisper:

"You are too late, Madam."

The widow betrayed no emotion of any kind. She walked slowly to the bedside, leaned over the pillow for several moments, looking into the face of her dead husband. Several times she seemed about to kiss the face before her, and at last her lips touched Ralph Frasher's forehead. Then she sank quietly on her knees by the bedside; when she arose there were no tears on her cheeks, but neither was there anything unwomanly; Dr. Whitmarth saw only a peaceful, composed expression that had been a stranger to her face ever since she had married.

Everybody said it was too bad that Whitmarth had lost this case, for there was nothing mean about Frasher, and if he had recovered the young Doctor would have gained a great deal of money and reputation. The older physicians were generous enough to say that Whitmarth had probably done all they themselves could have done; pneumonia sometimes baffled all medical skill, and the healthiest men were generally the surest to succumb. But Dr. Whitmarth never sent in a bill for his services; he refused resolutely, when asked to render one. His conscience tormented him incessantly until he saw Mrs. Frasher, who had returned to her parent's home, gradually regain the expression and manner that had been hers before her marriage. Then, instead of making love to her, as her mother rather encouraged him to do, he abruptly left the town in fear that his feelings might prompt him to take so great a reward for what he still was sure had been a terrible crime.—Grousome Bright, in The Hour.

An Absent Minded Lady.

An amusing instance of this infirmity is recorded by that indefatigable chronicler, Tallemant des Reaux, in his notice of Madame de Rohan, mother of the first duke of that name, who was so deplorably subject to "distractions" as to furnish continual entertainment both to court and city. Paying a visit one day, to M. Deslandes, a grave legal functionary, and being told that he was expected home shortly, she decided on awaiting his return, and meanwhile installed herself comfortably in his usual sitting room, where, according to her custom, she fell into a reverie and imagined that she had never left her own house. On the arrival of the magistrate half an hour later she received him with the respect due to such a distinguished visitor, and insisted on his dining with her and her companion; whereupon M. Deslandes, whose ordinary fare was the simplest, despatched his servant to the nearest "traiteur" in quest of a supplementary dish or two, in honor of the occation. When the dinner—such as it was—made its appearance, Madame de Rohan still fancying herself to be the hostess, glanced disparagingly at the meagre repast, and apologized to her supposed guest for its insufficiency, observing that he would probably have dined better at home. Fearing that she might continue in this strain, her friends quietly asked her if she knew where she was, and this bringing her to her senses, she suddenly recollected that she had accepted an invitation to be elsewhere, and hurried away without vouchsafing another word to the astonished M. Deslandes, leaving him to enjoy his improvised banquet as best he might.—All the Year Round.

The President's Nose.

Probably the most trying experience President Arthur has had since he filled the executive chair was in entertaining a delegation from a Boston temperance alliance, on his return from Florida. The delegation consisted of half a dozen dried-up men, with blue spectacles and umbrellas, and several ancient females who looked as though they never could endure a man who touched or tasted any intoxicating beverage. They had an appointment to meet the president, to talk with him about the cause of temperance, which was dear to their hearts. He was just back from his fishing excursion, and as he put some cold cream on a place on his nose where the skin had come off, preparatory to going into the blue room to meet the delegation, his servant said to him:

"Mr. President, I had rather you would meet any other delegation on earth than this temperance crowd. They have come to size you up and see if the reports that you steam it too much are true, and your nose and face is a dead give away. None of the delegation probably ever went fishing and it will hard to convince them that the blisters and sunburn is not the result of looking upon the wine. Now, the first thing you do when you meet them, you apologize for your appearance and talk about fishing in the sun, and all that."

The president felt a little nervous, but after throwing his cigar stub away, he went into the room where the delegation was, looking like a boiled lobster. The delegation was drawn up in line, and every eye was upon his nose. The leader made a few remarks upon the object of their visit, and while he was speaking, the women looked at each other as much as to say: "I told you so," "What a disgusting exhibition," etc., and the president blushed until you could touch a match to his face anywhere. When the leader had concluded, the president said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, glad as I am to see so distinguished a party, I must apologize for my appearance. The fact of it is, a few of us have been indulging in a little—"

"Don't apologize, Mr. President," said a vinegar-faced female. "We can readily take in the situation by your face. It is a duty we owe to ourselves and the country to reason with you. Strong drink is the bane of our land. O, why, why will men put a serpent in their mouths to steal away—"

"But, excuse me, madam," said the president, interrupting the female, "you are mistaken. The direct cause of this sanguinary appearance of my face and nose is owing to a little recreation," and he rubbed his nose with his finger to see if any more skin was loose. "Chandler and a lot of us who had been bottled up here for many months decided to imbibe a little of th——"

"I beg pardon," said one of the blue-nosed gentlemen, "we do not care for any confession as to what you and Chandler imbibed. We feel that a few words from us can do no harm, and while it may seem out of place for private citizens to advise a chief magistrate, our position as temperance people makes us bold to ask you to banish the winecup from your table, and set an example that can be safely followed by the youth of the land."

During the talk of the bluenosed man the president swallowed a bit of tobacco that had remained in his mouth from his cigar, and began to hiccough. You know how a little tobacco will sometimes cause a man to act as though he was full. The president would almost have given his right hand if the tobacco had been in hades instead of down his neck, for he could see at the first "hic" that every eye in the delegation was on him, and all believed he was drunk. His face flushed, and he was more embarrassed than he had ever been before in his life. He looked around for some one to help him out, but he was alone, except the temperance delegation. Putting his hand over his mouth to hide the hiccough that the wicked tobacco had caused, he said:

"Imbibing a desire to go fishing, Mr. Chandler and myself visited Florida, and for several days we were exposed to the elements, and became sunburnt, and you (hic) misconstrue my appearance to be the result of (hic) drink. This hiccough is the result of swallowing a bit of tobacco, and is unfortunate in coming at this time. I will weigh well what you have said, and now I bid you (hic) good day," and the president bowed and retired, while the delegation looked about the room, said to each other that they had witnessed a sight that would cause the stoutest heart to quail, and they went out of the White House sick at heart. "James," said the president to his servant, when he got to his room, "go to Dr. Bliss and tell him I almost wish I were dead, and I want him to come and attend me. Tell him to bring something that will cure sunburn and blisters on the nose at once, or I am a ruined man;" and as James went out after the doctor the president saturated a handkerchief in some cooling liquid and laid it over his face, and lay upon a lounge and dreamed of the Florida fish and how like blazes they bit, and how the mosquitos got in their work; and as he dozed off into the land of dreams he could see the air full of female temperance reformers with blue spectacles and umbrellas, and he thought how a good man is sometimes misunderstood.—Milwaukee Sun.

What Voices Indicate.

There are light, quick, surface voices that seems involuntarily to utter the slang, "It won't do to tie to." This man's words may assure you of his strength of purpose and reliability, his tone contradicts his speech.

Then there are low, strong, deep voices, where the words seem ground out as if the man owed humanity a grudge and meant to pay it some day. That man's opponents may well tremble, and his friends may trust his strength of purpose and his ability to act.

There is the coarse, boisterous, dictatorial tone, invariably adopted by vulgar persons who have not sufficient cultivation to understand their own insignificance.

There is the incredulous voice that is full of a covert sneer, or a secret "You-can't-dupe-me, sir" air.

Then there is the whining, beseeching voice that says "sycophant" as plainly as if it uttered the word. It cajoles and flatters you; its words says, "I love you, I admire you; you are everything that you should be."

Then there is the tender, musical compassionate voice, that sometimes goes with sharp features (as they indicate merely intensity of feeling) and sometimes blunt features, but always with genuine benevolence.

If you are full of affectation and pretense your voice proclaims it.

If you are full of honesty, strength and purpose, your voice proclaims it.

If you are cold, calm, firm and consistent, or foolish, fickle and deceptious, your voice will be equally truth telling.

You cannot change your voice from a natural tone without its being known you are doing so.

The Mortuary Language of Flowers.

Why the primrose should have been chosen as his emblem is not very clear; nor, considering that the color of the flower is so very like that of brimstone, is it particularly complimentary. At this season of the year many poor people gain money by picking these flowers in the woods and sending them up to London for sale. It is gratifying, therefore, to think that the Conservatives really do good by purchasing these flowers and decorating their coats with them on the anniversary of Lord Baconsfield's death. I wonder what flower will be consecrated to the memory of Mr. Gladstone when he has passed away? He, so far as I am aware, has never avowed his preference for any particular one. A sprig of oak might, perhaps, be his emblem, to denote the vigor with which he has felled trees. Mr. Chamberlain's weakness is an orchid; but if, when we have lost him, the wearing of orchids becomes a habit on the anniversary of his death, this recognition of his services will be somewhat expensive. If this mortuary language of flowers is to prevail largely, it will be necessary to publish an almanac so that we may clearly know what we are doing when we put a flower in our buttonholes.—London Truth.

GARDNER BROS.

Grand Opening of Their Mammoth Establishment.

The Largest Piano and Organ Establishment in the Northwest.

GRAND ARRAY OF ELEGANT INSTRUMENTS.

The doors of the extensive establishment of Gardner Bros., wholesale and retail dealers in pianos and organs, located at 165 First street, between Morrison and Yamhill, Portland, Or., were thrown open to the public recently. Gardner Bros., who were temporarily located on Third St., have now secured the desired location for conducting their business on a scale commensurate with the growing trade of this city, and will carry such a stock of pianos and organs as has never before been placed on sale here. Backed as they are by ample capital, and dealing in large cash lots direct from manufacturers, they are enabled to place instruments of the very finest make on the market at rates which will be attractive to any one. They are sole agents for that prince of instruments, the Geo. W. Steck piano—an instrument which has taken the lead in the most refined musical circles in America. In general workmanship, tone, action and durability, it is without doubt the very best. They also have a number of other pianos of different make which are excellent instruments, beautifully finished and very rich in tone. In organs they excel. They have no less than five different makes of most elegant instruments. Leading in this line is their Tabor organ, which is superior to anything ever brought to this coast.

Messrs. Gardner Bros. are gentlemen who thoroughly understand their business, and have come here with the intention and determination to build up a large business, and will, by all fair and honorable means, push the trade among the people of the northwest. They will wholesale as well as retail, and in all matters of business the public may rely upon instruments being just as represented. The ladies and gentlemen of this city and vicinity are invited to call and inspect and test some of the superb pianos and organs now on exhibition at their elegantly fitted salesrooms. They desire us to say that they deem it no trouble to show their goods, and take pleasure in the most respectful attention to visitors.

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. Homœpathic cough and croup syrup is the remedy for coughs and colds. ml-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.

The meanest slight a girl can put on an admirer is to use a postal card in refusing an offer of marriage. It proves that she doesn't actually care two cents for him.

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.

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.

NINE CENT STORE.

Great Bargains in Fine Dry Goods.

Send for price list and samples. Free. Address,
W. B. SHIVELY,
133 Third Street, Portland, Oregon.

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

Portland Business Directory!

REMOVAL.

ALBERT BARTSCH—Piano Maker and Organ builder, and direct agent for Steinway & Son's pianos, has removed from 83 Yamhill to 129 Fourth street, near Alder, Portland.

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, 289 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, 65½ 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.

JUST RECEIVED AT GARRISON'S SEWING Machine store, 167 Third street, Portland, Oregon, 160 cases of Household Sewing Machines. During two and one half years' use in Oregon the Household has forced its way to the front. Its superior merits are now well known to the public. Agents wanted to sell in every town in Oregon.

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.

H. P. GREGORY & CO.,

No. 5 North Front St., between A and B,

Portland, Oregon.

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

E. S. Larsen & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

SHIPPING E. S. L. & CO. MARK P.

Produce and Commission Merchants.

Dealers in Tropical and Domestic Fruits, Nuts etc. Consignments of country produce solicited.
No. 95 Front Street, Portland, Or.

1860. J. A. STROWBRIDGE, 1883.

DIRECT IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

LEATHER & FINDINGS.

NO. 189 FRONT STREET,
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.

USE ROSE PILLS.

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.

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 albumier 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 urinary organs.

Office Hours—10 to 4 and 6 to 8. Sundays from 10 to 11 A. M. Consultation free. Thorough examination and advice, $5.

Call or address DR. SPINNEY & CO.,
No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, Cal.

$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 **a 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 **invalide 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.

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.

"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. mar28tf

THE BALDWIN

IS THE ONLY FIRST CLASS
Family Restaurant in Portland.

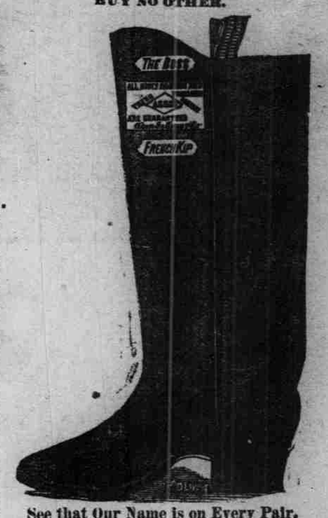
USE ROSE PILLS.

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.

SAN FRANCISCO GALLERY.

Towne
Photographer,
Corner First and Morrison Streets,
PORTLAND OREGON.

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.

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

ENLARGED PICTURES

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

ANTISELL PIANOS ORGANS

10 000 Pianos
1,000 Organs,
Sent Half Way of Manufacturers
From $25 to $1,000
Cash, Rent or Instruments
Catalogues Free,
ANTISELL,
cor. Market & Powell
San Francisco

C. E. McBREEN'S
QUEENSWARE BAZAAR,

67 Morrison Street, Portland, Or.,

THE LEADING AND CHEAPEST HOUSE-furnishing Store in Portland. **Tea and Dinner Sets a specialty.**

All Goods below First Street Prices.

USE ROSE PILLS.

CINCHONA RUBRA (Red Peruvian Bark) and California Grape Brandy. A most delightful Tonic, and Effective Remedy for Dipsomania (the alcohol habit), all forms of Malarial Diseases, Dyspepsia and Insomnia (sleeplessness).

No Greater Success has been recorded, and nothing ever introduced giving such unqualified Satisfaction. Try it once, and be convinced. For sale by Druggists and Wine Merchants.

WILMERDING & CO., Agents for the Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal.
CHAS. KOHN & CO., Sole Agents for the Northwestern Coast, 44 Front St., Portland, Or.