THE SILENT SEARCHERS.

When the darkness of night has fallen
And the birds are fast asleep,
An army of silent searchers
From the dusky shadows creep;
And over the quiet meadows,
Or adown the waving tree,
They wander about with their tiny lamps
That flash in the evening breeze.

And this army of silent searchers,
Each with his flickering light,
Wanders about till the morning
Has driven away the night.
What treasures they may be seeking
No man upon earth can know;
Perhaps 'tis the home of the fairies,
Who lived in the long ago.

For an ancient legend tells us
That once, when the fairy king
Had summoned his merry minstrels
At the royal feast to sing,
The moon, high over the tree tops,
With the stars refused to shine,
And an army with tiny torches
Was called from the oak and pine.

And when, by the imps of darkness
The fairies were chased away,
The army began its searching
At the close of a dreary day;
Through all the years that have followed
The seekers have searched the night,
Piercing the gleam of the hours
With the flash of their magic light.

Would you see the magical army?
Then come to the porch with me!
Yonder, among the hedges
And near to the maple tree,
Over the fields of clover
And down in the river damp
The fireflies search till the morning,
Each with his flickering lamp.

—Henry Ripley Dorr.

SECRET OF A LARCH-TREE.

A lady, young, beautiful blonde, sparkled with diamonds as she danced, herself the magnet of all eyes, amidst the music, light and revelry of the August night at Silver Spring. Diamonds twinkled in the fair hair, poised there as a butterfly; diamonds trembled like dew-drops about the snowy throat, and formed a blazing pendant medallion amidst the flowers of the satin corsage; diamonds flashed in the tiny ears and on each dimpled wrist.

"Professor Horton, do you see the lady with the diamonds?" inquired the colonel with his soft, good natured laugh.

"Yes, I see her, what then?" returned the professor, grimly.

"Oh, nothing at all, only the Silver Spring will be regarded as a fashionable resort, what with the new Bellevue Hotel and such guests. Next year we will be able to hold up our heads with Saratoga and Newport, if we can add a racecourse and club-house, sir." Here the colonel rubbed his hands together with a gesture which has become traditional with the hotel proprietor of all ages.

The face of Professor Horton was lean, sallow, and dolorous, on the contrary, and was clouded by the discontent of one who has a grievance to lay at the door of circumstances.

He retorted sharply, "Mrs. Delaunay is the name, eh? Are the diamonds real?"

"Real? They are of the purest water, and cost seventy-five thousand dollars, I am told. She was an heiress, you know, and when she married last year, the accumulated interest of her minority was invested in these jewels." Such was the colonel's glib explanation.

"Who is her partner?" pursued the professor.

"Oh, the French Marquis de Ratti. They say he followed Mrs. Delaunay here, after being all about in society at New York and Washington last winter."

"I do not believe in foreign noblemen," grumbled the professor. "They prove to be valets and barbers more often than not. He looks more like a prize-fighter than a gentleman; but perhaps the prize-fighting element is the highest evidence of blood among the nobility," mused this republican spectator. "Humph! I should not care to meet him on a dark night. He might crack my skull like an egg-shell between finger and thumb. Oh, the customs of fashions? That young husband, leaning against the wall, permits the Marquis to waltz with his wife, instead of knocking him down for his insolence."

At this moment a pretty girl appeared behind the professor and the landlord, with round fair face and hair meekly brushed back from the temples, and ingenuous blue eyes. The pretty girl smoothed her neat apron and lowered her eyes demurely as she demanded, "in the softest of voices, "If you please, sir, may I have my tea?"

"Mrs. Delaunay's English maid, Alice," explained the colonel, when he had granted the request.

Why did Professor Horton follow the English maid, so young, so genteel, so demure, with his eye? He could not tell. He saw her pause outside another window, where the Marquis de Ratti was taking the air, the dance being over, and it seemed to the observer that the two exchanged a glance, a smile, a signal, before the girl disappeared around the corner of the house.

"We only lack the gallantries of noblemen and ladies' maids to complete the ruin of our Silver Spring," muttered this stern moralist, whose ideas were so old fashioned. He sought his own chamber gloomily, for in addition to perturbation of mind, owing to having his sylvan retreat invaded by the Philistines of fashion, he was literally broken by bodily fatigue. He had rambled many miles that day, botanizing in the valleys, and seeking geological specimens on adjacent hills. His shoes was duty, his raiment brier-torn, his loose sack-coat freighted with the "rubbish" precious to the savant in the wide external pockets, while rheumatic twinges in knee and back reminded him that he was no longer young, thereby increasing his exasperation. Then to return to a hotel where all the world was dancing, and one woman was decked like an idol with seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. The professor's cut of bitterness brimmed over at these reflections.

"Wait for me," said the woman, "I shall have to manage, to get away at all."

"I will wait till morning," replied the man.

"She is sure to dance to the very last, you know," added the woman.

"Don't lose your head, that's all," admonished the man.

"I lose my head, indeed!" retorted the woman, whose voice and bearing were youthful.

The professor moved slowly away scarcely heeding these words wafted to his ear by a passing breeze. At an angle of the path was a rustic bench beneath a larch-tree, known as Professor Horton's favorite seat. Hither he directed his steps in an irriated mood, and sank down on it in sheer weariness. The scent of flowers reached him, while the foliage seemed to spread above him "fragrant robes of darkness." Grateful repose succeeded noise and light, lulling all his senses to soft oblivon; he fell asleep.

He was awakened by a terrific peal of thunder, and opened his eyes with a bewildered uncertainty as to surrounding objects. The trees swayed wildly in the rising wind; a few large drops of rain fell heavily among the leaves; lightning quivered on the horizon. Suddenly a female form bent over him, some small object was thrust into his hand, and a voice whispered in his ear:

"I am early. She had a headache. Quick! take them or I shall be missed."

The thunder rolled, the trees swayed, the woman vanished. Professor Horton winked several times, and opened his mouth to speak, then closed his lips without sound. The object thus unexpectedly consigned to his care was a small leather bag scarcely more than a tobacco pouch, and heavy. Mechanically he thrust it into one of the wide pockets of his loose coat. Hark! A heavy footstep crushed the gravel on the path to the right. The professor rose to his own feet as if moved by a spring, his knees shook, his teeth chattered, a deadly fear smote him.

Fear of what evil? He did not know. To shrink to the left, gain the next clump of shrubbery, and conceal himself, was the work of a moment, and accomplished with the more ease that he knew every inch of ground from long familiarity. Had he not planted many of these trees which now proved friends? The hiding place gained was a larch surrounded by stiff little Japanese cedars, and forming a sort of labyrinth. Scarcely had the professor glided into his shelter than a vivid sheet of lightning illuminated the whole country side. He saw himself seated on the rustic bench beneath the larch-tree! He could not believe the evidence of his own senses; the breath remained suspended on his lips. Had he been a devout Catholic he would have crossed himself, invoking the protection of a calendar of saints; a chill of superstitious dread certainly stagnated his blood. Was he to believe that his hour had come! There sat his own image on the rustic bench, the soft felt hat pulled down over the brow, the broad shoulders, the slouching manuscript attire; nothing was lacking to complete the resemblance. Was he still asleep, victim of nightmare, or had he gone mad? He pinched his flesh and rubbed his eyes violently. The figure under the larch-tree did not vanish. Swift realization of the truth dawned on the drowsy scholar. He was alone, at a distance from the now silent hotel, and he had in his pocket a bag which belonged to the other. What if this unknown had found him still on the bench? What if he emerged now, accosted the stranger, and gave him the bag?

"I should be murdered as surely as there is a heaven above us," shuddered the man of letters, with a conviction for which he could give no reason.

At this juncture the wind freshened and the rain fell in torrents, while the lightning became less frequent. Professor Horton quitted the larch tree, reached the hotel with surprising agility, found a window of the recent ball room unfastened, groped his way through that deserted apartment and gained his own chamber. The bag was gone. He had lost it from the wide pocket, probably in his flight. His watch marked 2 o'clock. The professor extinguished the candle, opened the shutters of the window and seated himself with his eyes fixed on the eastern horizon. He was a prey to the most exciting emotions.

The room was stiflingly hot, but he lighted his lamp and forced himself to read an extract from Dr. Dollinger, while motns blundered about the flame, frying themselves to a condition of unpleasant crispness and mosquitoes stung his temples. His watch marked midnight, and still the movement of the ball room and the twang of musical instruments reached his ear, precluding the possibilities of sleep.

"Squeak, squeak, fiddles! Boom away, bass viols! Keep it up till morning, by all means. I wonder if that is the music of the future? A a h!" Here the listener clinched his teeth, with a truly diabolical expression of countenance, as the violins shuddered over his nervous system, snatched up his broad felt hat and strode out of doors, actuated by the impulse of escape.

The night was sultry and oppressive. The professor breathed a sigh of relief as he quitted the vicinity of the hotel, which sparkled with many lights through the trees like an ogre's eye. Darkness and the obscurity of shrubbery welcomed him abroad at this unusual hour. He strolled about the gravel paths, fanning himself with his hat, and paused beneath the projecting roof of the ornamented kiosque of the Silver Spring.

"There will be a thunderstorm before morning," soliloquized the professor, replacing his hat.

All was deliciously still here, and far below, guarded by the encircling basin, bubbled the Silver Spring, cool and limpid, source of health, as the professor firmly believed. Had not the nymph of the fountain spread her wings in startled flight in the disastrous change from rural tranquility to a fashionable resort? The professor leaned on the parapet and peered into the crystal depths of the spring, musing in this vein. As he did so he perceived two persons advancing from opposite directions to meet a few yards distant from himself. They proved to be a man and a woman, and they scarcely paused before separating again with the same rapidity of movement as they had met.

Professor Horton was the first votary of the Silver Spring abroad next morning. If he was feverish and haggard, with a slealthy, even furtive aspect, the boy at the fountain did not notice the circumstance. Always an early riser, the professor sipped a glass of the sparkling water, and then walked along the upper paths of the grounds. Cautiously he skirted the rustic seat beneath the larch tree and approached the larch. A short, dry laugh of triumph escaped the lips of the usually undemonstrative student. A leather bag, half pouch, lay, concealed by the long grass, beneath the spreading boughs. The larch tree had kept its secret well. The bag remained where it had fallen from the professor's wide pocket. He clutched it, returned to his room, and proceeded to investigate the contents. The little bag held the Delaunay diamonds. Necklace, bracelet, butterfly ornament—nothing was lacking in this precious heap swept hastily from cumbersome case and casket.

Five minutes later the rosy landlord was seized by the collar, dragged into his private office, and confronted by Professor Horton, whose agitation verged on sheer lunacy. The latter took from his pocket a little bag and poured out the Delaunay diamonds, telling a wild and incoherent tale meanwhile about a larch tree and midnight rambles.

"Nobody would believe it, you know," said the colonel, coolly. The hotel proprietor is never surprised in this world.

"Take the trinkets and restore them in your own way. Do not mention me in the transaction," retorted the professor. He stooped and plunged his fingers once more into the rainbow of precious stones with a sort of intoxication; the starry rays of rose and blue dazzled, blinded him. "Beautiful and fatal gift to man!" he murmured, with parched lips.

The colonel closed one eye, with the aspect of a sagacious bird.

Professor Horton sought his bed and slept heavily until four o'clock in the afternoon. He was awakened by voices, and peered through the shutters of his window. A carriage waited to take the Delaunay party to the steamboat on the lake. Mr. and Mrs. Delaunay were already seated, while Alice, the maid, had paused to reply to the head waiter, after which she re-entered the hotel. At this moment Professor Horton's door was opened, and the colonel entered with the bouncing swiftness of moment peculiar to fat men in haste. If the conduct of the professor had been extraordinary in the morning when he had restored the jewels, that of the colonel was not less so in the afternoon. He locked the door, made a warning gesture to the professor, and stole on tiptoe to a second door at the extremity of the large room, where he lay down on the floor and applied eye and ear to the crack. Voices became audible in the adjoining chamber.

"I was there at one o'clock and gave it to you," said a woman.

"A lie! I waited all night, and you did not come," said a man.

"I gave it to a person under the tree, and he took it," gasped the woman.

"Fool! Then the game is up. Get yourself dismissed at Newport, and cut to New York. If I believed you were tricky, my girl, it would be the worst for you."

There was a sound of footsteps, and immediately afterward the Delaunay carriage rolled away.

The colonel rose to his feet, chuckling at the success of his stratagem.

"Set a thief—ahem!—I mean a woman to catch a woman. My wife thought of having the English maid sent back in search of the missing bag, in order to communicate with her accomplice in the hotel, if she had one. The bag was dropped in the empty room next to you, for the purpose, and a man joined her there. Your story is amply corroborated you see, by the few words exchanged."

"I believe the Marquis de Ratti is the accomplice, and no more a Frenchman than you are," exclaimed the professor.

"So I do; but how to prove it?" rejoined the colonel.

"You should have them arrested," urged the professor.

"What is the charge? Your adventures of the night? The noble marquis is caught whispering with a pretty girl? No, no; I gave back the diamonds to Mr. Delaunay—with a suitable explanation—and he has carried them away in a money-belt. We alone know the whole truth."

"And the larch-tree," added the professor. "It was the noble larch-tree that kept the secret, my friend. Well, well, I hope you are pleased with the fashionable elements attracted to our Silver Spring. Doubtless the Marquis de Ratti and the demure English maid Alice belong to one of those bands of English thieves who are said to keep a map of country-seats with reference to the plate chest, and are now trying their fortune in America. How beautiful they were—those diamonds!"

The Marquis de Ratti departed by the nine o'clock boat that same evening. His foreign accent was never more apparent than when he took leave of Silver Spring. —Harper's Weekly.

Successful Book Agents.

"I have been told that there is a book canvasser who has earned $25,000 a year. Is that so?" a Sun reporter said to George Washington Davis, who is in charge of the canvassing department of D. Appleton & Co.

"You may judge for yourself," said Mr. Davis, pulling out a memorandum book. "This firm has paid $20,000 to Samuel Collins since September last for his personal services in canvassing for one book, 'Artistic Houses.'"

"Is not that an exceptional amount?"

"This is a large sum, but Mr. Collins has been a book canvasser for fifteen years, and he has made a handsome income. He began at $10 a week. The book sells for $300 the set. One of our agents made $2000 in one month selling Appleton's Cyclopædia. Such men think it a poor week when they do not earn $100. One of our canvassers named Rust earned $1248 in ten weeks selling the 'Art Journal.' Another earned $750 in a month selling 'The Gallery of British Art.' I could give you the name of a woman who has earned $357 in one week selling our books. There is Mr. Fowke, who has been forty years a book canvasser. I should say he averaged $10,000 a year by his personal sales. He has sold many sets of the Cyclopædia. There is a lady who has just come in who earns $2500 a year. I suppose there are fifty men in this country who are earning a $100 a week as book agents.

"Of course these are not the sort of men that funny paragraphs are written about. They are gentlemen who are good conversationalists. People like to hear them talk, and they know how to talk to the right people. They ride in carriages, dress well and lose no time. They know thoroughly what they have to sell and how to sell it. We can depend upon them to sell a given quantity."

"Could they take any kind of books and earn such wages?"

"Probably not. The most money is make in selling expensive books. Publishing runs in that direction now. This firm put $500,000 into the Cyclopædia before they got a cent back. They put $200,000 into the 'Picturesque America' before they began to get their money back. That sells for $24 a copy. If we depended on the trade to sell it, we should have to get $500 a copy to make anything out of it. Agents sell books that could not be sold in any other way. People will not go to stores to look for books, but when they see really good books offered in the right way they will buy. The best books are now published by subscription."

"Do you find women or men the best agents?"

"Men. There have been successful women agents, but they do not show the same perseverance as men."

"Do men often fail at it?"

"Oh, yes. I try three thousand people a year who think they can be good canvassers, and I think I am lucky if I get 10 good canvassers out of the 3,000. It is like any other business, and requires brains, aptitude and perseverance. Mere brass and assurance will not do. A good book agent must be a pleasant person."

"How do you find them?"

"They come to us. The most prolific season for good canvassers is immediately after a business panic. Men who get out of business, and have no capital but brains, often begin as book agents, and get a fresh start in life. Sometimes they keep at the canvassing only until they get capital to begin business again. Sometimes they keep on for life. The demand for good book agents is brisk, and likely to increase.—N. Y. Sun.

WONDERS IN MUSIC.

A late visit to the warerooms of Messrs. Gardner Bros. 165 First street, Portland, Oregon, has filled us with wonder at the immense display of pianos and organs of all kinds. Prominent among all these is Steck's Little Giant Piano, small and elegant in case, yet wonderfully powerful and sweet of tone. The Taber organ surpasses any instrument we have yet heard. Visit this house when in Portland and enjoy a musical treat. jy5-1m

New Branch House.

Messrs. Raymond & Wilshire, of San Francisco, have opened a branch house at No. 95 Front St., Portland, where they will carry a large stock of safes, scales and stove trucks. Prices furnished on application.

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 kind of sewing machines.

Take Wm. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

(O. N. P. CO.—New Series Nr. 9.)

Portland Business Directory!

HARDWARE.

GOODNOUGH, SMITH & COLEMAN, No. 55 Second—Importers and dealers in builders' Hardware, mechanics' tools, cutlery, farming tools and marbleized slab mantels. Country orders solicited.

ASSAYERS.

W. G. JENNE & CO., No 5 Washington St.—Analysis of ores, metals, coals, etc. Ore assay for gold and silver, $3; 4 assays, $10. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

MUSIC HOUSE.

D. W. PRENTICE, 107 First Street—Leading music dealer. Pianos, organs, sheet music and everything in the music line.

N. Y. JEWELRY CO.

C. A. GOVE, Manager, 107 First Street—Diamonds, watches and jewelry. The Rockford Railroad watch. Country orders solicited.

SEAL ENGRAVERS.

C. B. FETY, No. 33 Oak Street—Seal engraver, manufacturer of notary and lodge seals, brass and steel stamps, steel letters, &c.; rubber stamps and stencils.

DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS.

F. E. BEACH & CO.—108 Front St.—Dealers in Paints, Oils and Glass, Doors, Windows and Blinds. Send for Price List and Catalogue.

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—22 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.

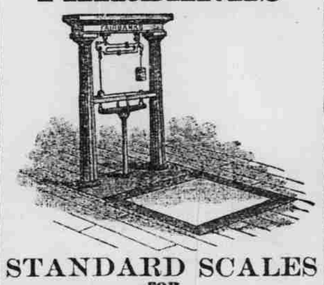
ATTORNEYS.

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, 169 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.

S. & G. GUMP & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Picture Frames, Mouldings, Mirrors, Art Goods, Etc,
69 Third Street (Ainsworth Block),
PORTLAND, OR.

FAIRBANKS'



STANDARD SCALES
FOR
WAREHOUSE, STORE AND FARM USE.
GRAIN AND STORE TRUCKS.
Write for Price List:
L. H. PARKER, Agent,
25 North Front Street, Portland, Oregon.

CHEAPEST HOUSE
FOR
AMERICAN WATCHES.
Elgin, Springfield or Waltham Watch,
In 3 ounce Silver Case.....$13 00
In 3 ounce Silver Case..... 15 50
In 4 ounce Silver Case..... 17 50
I mean business, and guarantee these Genuine American Movements—no Imitation.
Also full stock of
JEWELRY, CLOCKS and SPECTACLES.
Goods sent "C. O. D." to any part of the country.
JOHN A. BECK,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
149 Front St. (opposite the Esmond),
Portland, Oregon.

F. W. DEARBORN & CO.,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
DOORS,
WINDOWS,
BLINDS,
GLASS,
107 Front Street, Portland, Or.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED.

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

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.

BISHOP SCOTT GRAMMER SCHOOL.
A Boarding and Day School for Boys.
THE SIXTH YEAR UNDER PRESENT MANagement begins Sept. 4. Classes in Greek, Latin, German, French, English, mathematics, book-keeping, sciences, music, drawing and penmanship. Discipline strict. Send for thirteenth annual catalogue with list of former members to the Head Master.
P. O. Drawer 17. J. W. HILL, M. D., Portland, Oregon.

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.

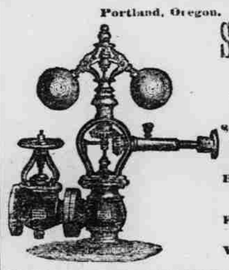
WILLIAM BECK & SON,
Wholesale and retail dealers in
Sharp's, Remington's, Ballard's, Marlin and Winchester Repeating Rifles.
Colt's, Remington's, Parker's, Moore's and Baker's Double and Three-Barrel
BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUNS.

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

DR. HENLEY'S
CELERY The Greatest Nervine Known.
BEEF (Liebig's Extract), the Wonderful Nutritive and Invigorator.
AND
IRON (Pyrophosphate), Tonic for the Blood, and Food for the Brain.
Another Great Victory in Medical Science!
Worth Millions to the Human Family!
CELERY, BEEF AND IRON
Is acknowledged by all Physicians to be the Greatest Medical Compound yet discovered.
Is a never failing Cure for Neuralgia and Nervous Debility.

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.

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,
CHAS. KOHN & CO.,
44 FRONT STREET,
Portland, Or.

$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.

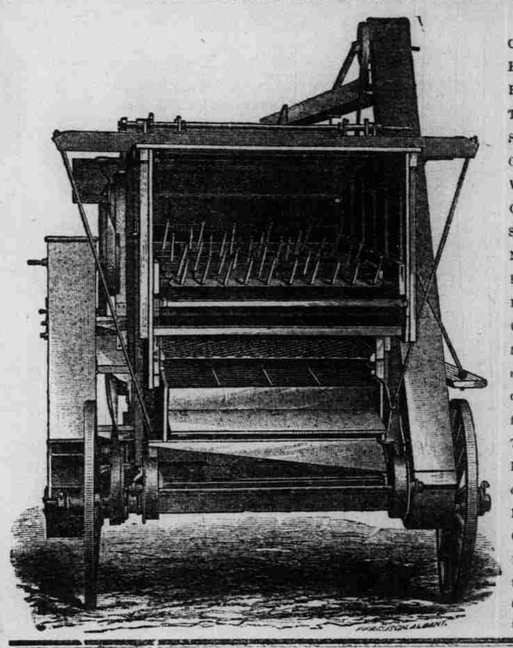
NORTHERN PACIFIC
Land and Immigration Company.
Office: Rooms 40 and 41 Union Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
P. O. CHILSTROM, President. FRANK OWEN, Secretary.
This Company operates throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana.
Lands of all kinds bought and sold.
Immigrant Colonization a Specialty.
Headquarters 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.

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.
Nos. 112 & 114 Front Street, Portland, Or.

NORTHWEST NOVELTY COMPANY.
WANT IN THIS TOWN Men to handle new inventions. Lady Agents for specialties. Boys to canvass for Novelties. Send stamp for Catalogue & terms. Commissions paid. Portland, Or.

USE ROSE PILLS.

BRANCH HOUSE OF "THE WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY."
SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK.

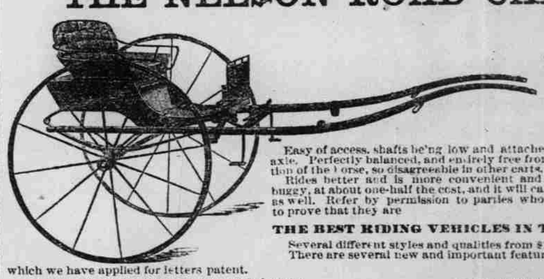


MANUFACTURERS OF THRESHERS, HORSE POWERS, PORTABLE AND TRACTION ENGINES, SAW MILLS, ETC. General agents for the Westinghouse Double Cylinder Engine. NO SKILLED ENGINEER NECESSARY. MARINE, LAND, OR ELECTRICAL ENGINES a specialty. We fully guarantee every article sold by us. Local and transfer Agents for THE DEERING TWINE BINDER, Reapers, Mower, and dealers in all kinds of BUGGIES and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. Call or send for circulars, prices, &c. Office, foot of Morrison street, Portland, Or.

J. E. HASELTINE & CO.
SUCCESSORS TO E. J. NORTHRUP & CO.
IRON, STEEL, AND CUMBERLAND COAL.
HARDWOOD LUMBER.

226 & 228 FRONT ST., Portland, Oregon.

THE NELSON ROAD CART.



MOST PERFECT Two-Wheeled VEHICLE IN THE WORLD.
Easy of access, shafts being low and attached directly to the axle. Perfectly balanced, and entirely free from all jerking motion of the horse, so disagreeable in other carts.
Rides better and is more convenient and durable than a buggy, at about one-half the cost, and it will carry a top equally as well. Refer by permission to parties who have used them to prove that they are
THE BEST RIDING VEHICLES IN THE WORLD.
Several different styles and qualities from $100 to $150. There are several new and important features in this cart, for which we have applied for letters patent.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price List.
Portland Carriage Manufactory. A. P. NELSON, 204 and 206 Fourth street, Portland, Oregon.

New York Tea Company
289 FIRST STREET, PORTLAND, OR.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TEAS, COFFEES, SPICES, BAKING POWDERS, EXTRACTS, &c.
As we are the only house of the kind in Oregon, parties from the country would do well to avail themselves of the opportunity to buy at San Francisco prices. We guarantee satisfaction. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for prices.
J. L. WHEELER & CO.,
Tea, Coffee and Spice Merchants.

Furniture, Furniture.
I. F. POWERS, FURNITURE MANUFACTURER,
The largest and most complete assortment of fine, medium and low-priced furniture in the city, consisting of Parlor, Library, Dining and Chamber Sets, both of Eastern and my own manufacture. Also a large and well selected stock of
Carpets, Oil Cloths, Curtains, Upholstery, Wall Paper and Bedding.
SCHOOL DESKS A SPECIALTY.
Intending purchasers will consult their interests by inspecting my stock before purchasing
NOS. 185, 188 AND 190 FIRST ST. AND 184 SECOND ST., PORTLAND, OR.
Factory on Water St., bet. Montgomery and Harrison.

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 House 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.

FRANK WOOLSEY, Portland. J. N. KNOWLES San Francisco
J. N. KNOWLES,
Shipping & Commission Merchant.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.
WOOL A SPECIALTY.
Bags, Machinery, Farm Implements and all kinds of Supplies furnished on short notice.
Office: 107 FRONT STREET,
Portland, Oregon.
Reference: First National Bank.

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.

W. B. MARYE,
Civil Engineer, Surveyor & Draughtsman.
ALL KINDS OF ENGINEERING EXECUTED in the state of Oregon and Idaho, Washington and Montana territories.
Room No. 18, over First National Bank,
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.

"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.

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.

A Reliable House of Portland
TO WHOM IT IS
SAFE TO SEND ORDERS.
MERCHANDISE BROKER.
J. E. McLAUGHLIN HAS OPENED IN CONnection with his Green Front Clothing and Furnishing Store, a Merchandise Brokerage, and will sell and purchase all kinds of Merchandise in large or small quantities for parties living outside of the city, for a very small commission, thereby saving them the expense of coming to Portland. Matching dress samples a specialty. Orders promptly filled. Correspondence solicited. Address
J. E. McLAUGHLIN,
P. O. Box 327, Portland.
REFERENCES—Murphy, Grant & Co., Akin, Selling & Co., Jacobs Bros., Wasserman & Co., J. Bachman Bros. 30jun1y

E. GUITHARD & CO.,
Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in
Teas, Coffees, Spices & Chocolates,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
C. THOMSON, - - Portland Manager.
Office—109 Front St.

THE BEST OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PFUNDER'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR