

PRAY FOR ME

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day; For what are men better than sheep or goats, That nourish a blind life within their brains, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer?

Both for themselves and those who call them friends! For so the whole world would be every day Bound by gold chains about the feet of God,

A Brumet's Bride's Wastache.

Immense quantities of laughing matter, too, are kept from the public by secrecy in divorce cases. Funnier facts are hidden than the fancies of the humorists. Did Mark Twain ever write a paragraph with more merriment in it than could be evolved from a set of shaving apparatus offered as evidence by a husband in support of the allegation that his wife was unconsciously deceptive? It seems that he meant to marry a gentle, refined, and entirely feminine creature, and believed that he had done so; but the honeymoon was scarcely over before she revealed to him that she had had many points that had not been visible in her as a maiden.

One specification was that she had naturally considerable of a mustache, which he construed as an indication of objectionable mannishness. He did not exactly allege that she had a mustache, but he regarded her concealment of it before marriage as characteristic of her general dishonesty toward him. She had kept her upper lip so neatly shaven that he did not suspect the incipient mustache, so common among brunettes, and when he had seen her shaving like a man, he was greatly shocked. And yet the outfit, which he had seized and brought to his lawyer, along with the usual bundle of intercepted letters, suggested a pleasing daintiness in the operation. The razor was the smallest he had ever seen, the blade being hollow ground until little was left of it, and the handle of pearl was inlaid with gold. The strap had a case of embossed leather, and a finely carved handle. The cup was a costly specimen of Japanese pottery, with an ivory-handled brush in it, and a half-soap cake of soap that had not only yielded lather, but was delicately perfumed. Inasmuch as a photograph of the accused wife showed an altogether charming face, it did not seem to me that the husband's revelation of her toilet processes was very damaging to her character.

John Swinton's Journalism.

I will advocate something with a capital S. How often will it be issued? Just as often as the public can read it. You see this is a new departure in journalism. I am going to take ideas with the people. They know John Swinton. If they want to hear what I have to say about my contemporaries, the news of the day in the French style—light, not too light, just light enough—they will buy my paper. If they don't care a fig for my stale thoughts, they will give me the cold shoulder, and I will go back to the demitichon again. But all my readers shall feel that they are acquainted with the power behind the throne. I will divest journalism of its judicial, official attributes and functions. If my paper pronounces sentence they shall know that that is my opinion, and attach only as much importance to it as it is worth in the market place. No more.

What a tremendous sham a newspaper is, anyhow, it makes me think. What! a five-toed biped whose trousers bag at the knees and whose coat gapes at the elbows, who sleeps in an attic, washes at a public fountain, and gets the most of his meals in a basement in Beekman street? He and his fellows make public opinion.

I've helped myself under such circumstances. Now, let my utterances be subject to a discount on the individual. Let me see whether they will pass in the currency of thought.

One of Lincoln's Stories.

Secretary Lincoln has enough of his father's nature to enable him to make good stories and to tell them well. When he was in Chicago with Arthur, he, with a number of other gentlemen, was enjoying an after-dinner chat, when he told this story, illustrative of the craze in Chicago for entering the plea of self-defense: Three men quarreled in a room above a saloon, when one of them fell dead from heart disease. The others were fearful that they would be charged with murder, so one went to the saloon and enticed the bartender out, while the other carried the corpse down and placed it in a chair with its head on a table as if sleeping off a drunk. When the bartender returned the two men took a drink, saying the drunken man in the chair would pay for it, and went away. The bartender soon shook his customer and demanded his pay. The corpse fell over on the floor, and as the bartender stood trembling with fear, the two men returned with an officer. The bartender, anticipating his arrest, quickly said: "He struck me first."

Theatres of Iron.

A company in London proposes to build theatres of iron. All the scenes and curtains are lifted and lowered by hydraulic machinery, so that only about one-sixth of the number of men usually required suffice to "work" everything, and the scenes can be changed in a surprisingly short time. The stage floor is a number of rectangular sections, each of which can be raised or lowered independently by hydraulic power. By this means many remarkable and picturesque effects may be produced, which are impossible with ordinary stage machinery. Thus the stage may be made to slope backward and downward, so that the audience may suddenly find themselves at the top of a mountain range, looking down into a series of deep valleys.

Sawdust to Be Made Useful.

There is good reason to believe that sawdust will eventually be found of some better service than that of choking up and polluting the waters of our rivers. It has already been applied to several purposes in a compressed form, and we now learn of a still new use to which it has been put. An exchange says: Pine sawdust, highly compressed, has been successfully used to make up centre frames of carriage wheels. It is said to be so solid that it will bear a pressure equal to twenty-three tons per square inch. As sawdust has also been used for partitions and bricks, its application to the production of complex carriages and moldings does not seem to be far off.

THE WOMEN OF BURMAH.

Their Fashions and Personal Habits --The Burmese Girls.

The Burmese women before they become mothers are noted for their well-proportioned though small figures. To one accustomed to seeing the regular features so prevalent among the many features of their Burmese sisters look ugly and repellent, but after a while this impression wears off; the women of the country have many pretty little ways and they are very cleanly. Their hands and feet are small and well shaped, arms symmetrical, the head well put on the neck; their carriage is erect; they allow no hair to grow anywhere except on their heads, where it is most luxuriant, and is taken the greatest care of, tied up a la chinoise, with a wreath or garland of flowers entwined; they disguise their ears which are naturally small and pretty, by boring huge holes in the lobes, and wear in them either gold or amber cylindrical-shaped earrings; they cover themselves over with necklets, bracelets, rings, etc., and the Burmese gold and silversmiths are nearly as good as those in Cuttack, Trichinopoly, or Delhi.

A Burmese girl who wishes to kiss presses her nose up against a face and sniffs! She is a born coquette, and will spend hours in adorning her person. Their dress consists of a tight under-jacket to support the bust, and a loose jacket over for show; a girdle hangs down over the shoulders, and below that they wear either a many-colored silk thamine, which exposes the inside of one leg half way up to the thigh, or a "loongie," which is more decent, being a sort of petticoat fastened round the waist and exposing no part of the person. All the women smoke and chew betel nut, but have nice white, even teeth; they can swim as a rule, and delight in dabbling in water, and invariably bathe once, perhaps oftener, during the day.

The Burmese seldom have more than one wife, and she reigns supreme in the house, and conducts the purchase or sale of all necessities. A girl's great ambition is to keep a stall in a bazaar; it is her introduction into society, and is equivalent to our own girls being brought out. They are a merry, pleasant race, and many of the fourth sex, when they returned to the Punjab, took back with them Burmese girls, preferring them as wives to their own fairer comelier women.

Every Burmese girl is a born actress and delights in taking a part in a play or national drama. There is no stigma attached to women who take part in these performances, as there is to dancing girls in India, and they are invariably well conducted, modest girls. Like the men, the women are inveterate gamblers; at a boat or pony race the men and women bet together freely, and often a girl, after losing all she possesses, will stake herself against what she considers her value, and if she loses she follows the winner, and becomes his wife or concubine, for the two are nearly synonymous in Burmah. On the slightest provocation a woman will commit suicide, generally by means of opium, which, thanks to paternal government, can be purchased without restriction in every bazaar.

The Tall Man at the Dining Table.

There is nothing more melancholy than a tall man standing at a dining-table on an occasion of a solemn feast, like that closely following a marriage ceremony. Eating is solemn; it is serious, and the tall man who stands and looks down at the table, which strikes him just above the knees, envies his short neighbor, who seems to have been fashioned expressly for such work. The tall man reaches down and takes up a piece of bread, and as he lifts it to his mouth, he feels that the distance is very great, and that the action of lifting bread to such a height must present a picture extremely ludicrous, not to say distressing. He chews the bread and looks around, while to note the effect he is having on the company. Then he takes a literary nibble and another piece of bread, and looks around.

"Have some more of the ham," says the hostess, and he passes his plate. The work of cutting the meat is painful. He humps himself over like a buffalo, and feels like a fool. The other guests are enjoying themselves, and the short man has told a story that amuses the ladies very much. He takes a spoonful of mashed potatoes and when he lifts up a forkful, he lets the mass fall. In his embarrassment he upssets a cup of coffee, which the hostess tells him makes no difference whatever, but which he knows does make a difference. He finishes the meal in such an unsatisfactory manner that he suffers from indigestion during the entire evening.

A Race of Sailors.

Talking of ships, it is wonderful to see how the hereditary proclivity to go into a boat and sail somewhere is developed among the Norwegian youth and at what an early age. You see parties of small boys in boats that are miniature reproductions of the old Viking ship, rowing and sailing about and managing oars and sails like veteran tars. A little fellow, apparently 9 or 10 years old, will sit in the stern sheets and handle his tiller and order about his crew, consisting of three or four urchins of the same age or a year or two younger than himself, with all the sang-froid and self-possession of an old pilot. Sometimes they come to grief and get drowned, though it is wonderfully seldom, considering the number of almost infantile sailors that accidents occur. As for attempting to keep them away from the water, I am sure a timid mother would have as hopeless a task in trying to keep her offspring of the sea as a farmer would have in trying to warn her brood of duck chicks from a neighboring pond. Seeing the juvenile population paddling about one ceases to wonder that little Norway should boast a commercial navy of sailing ships second only to that of Great Britain.

One Cent a Kiss.

Miss Mary Ann Miller, having sued Stephen Beck in Northampton county for breach of promise, testified that the defendant had kissed her "a little more than one hundred thousand times." Thereupon the jury gave her a verdict for \$1,008.33, assessed, according to the foreman, at the rate of 1 cent a kiss.

Two Ways of Doing It.

A celebrated singer told me this week two stories of the elder Bennett. When Parepa first came to this country she called at the Bennett mansion and presented a letter of introduction which she brought from Europe. Mrs. Bennett, who was a dressy and rather magnificent society lady, received her in the parlor, and after welcoming her, bore her to the library where her distinguished husband was at his desk.

"Father," said Mrs. Bennett, "father! here is Mme. Parepa, come to ask the protection of our paper." Mr. Bennett expressed his pleasure at seeing her, but Parepa bridled perceptibly and exclaimed earnestly: "No! no! Pardon me, Mr. Bennett, surely I do not come to ask the protection of The Herald, but only to present a personal letter of introduction from your friends."

Constraint and embarrassment followed. Mrs. Bennett was angry. The call was short, and the evening she gave a word of cordial praise to Parepa but both her host and hostess were dead.

Another: When Madame Gazzaniga, the finest singer of her time, was in this city, she called on Mrs. Bennett one day and waited for her half an hour in the drawing-room, and then left. On letting her out, the servant asked: "Who shall I tell her called?" "Tell her," said the prima donna, "that she will find my card on the piano."

And there, sure enough, it was found. "Gazzaniga," scrawled in the dust that had blown in from the morning on the polished piano lid! Instead of being offended, Mrs. Bennett was at once pleased by the impudence and liveliness of her caller, and thenceforward the two were good friends, and The Herald could never say enough for her.

How Londoners Dress.

The streets generally were thronged with people, principally gentlemen. English ladies seem to walk but little in the streets. The London gentlemen are a fine looking set of men. They dress remarkably well, wholly in Prince Albert coats and waistcoats, and ties. They wear the glossiest, most shining hats, what we call "stovepipes," which make them look taller and better dressed than the "beanpots" of America. Nearly every gentleman has either a rose, jasmine or a gerose in his button-hole. It may be their dress or their hats that give the impression, but English gentlemen look taller than Americans.

Their physical development is good; their faces handsome; their features clearly cut. Most of them are clean shaven, except a small mustache and side-whiskers. There are very few beards to be seen among the better class of young Englishmen.

The streets of London are enlivened with red-coated soldiers. They are a fine looking class; their dress very bright in color and well cut. On the streets they usually wear a cap, resembling a smoking cap, which they jauntily perch on one side of the head, and in their hands carry a lithe or slender walking cane. Their walk is very regular and their bearing military; and on account of the number one sees they contribute quite a feature among the city sights.

After Nineteen Years.

On the 21st of June, 1864, a young lady residing in Frankfort, Ky., sent a letter addressed to "Lieut. J. K. P. Sputh, Company D, Fifth Kentucky Infantry, Lewis' Brigade, Wheeler's Division," which was forwarded but never received by Mr. South. After the war the letter came into the possession of Rev. E. G. Clark, of Mount Sterling, who placed it in a box with a number of other mementoes of his comrades of the "lost cause," where it was discovered by Mr. W. F. Haven editor of The Mount Sterling Sentinel, who forwarded the long missing letter to Mr. South, who received it one day last week. The writer of the letter was Mr. South, but is long since married to another man, and now resides in Louisville. Lieut. South is the happy father of a family residing in Reading, Pa. Mr. South intends to send the long-sealed letter after he reads the contents to the lady, a reminder of their former friendship.

Thaddeus Stevens' Grave.

Stevens had purchased and paid for lots in the "Lancaster" cemetery before he knew that its charter limited its tenants to those in whose veins ran no African blood. He then negotiated for ground in "Woodward Hill" cemetery, but ascertaining that they too did not think a black man good enough to moulder to dust in their graveyard, he exclaimed: "Is it possible that they're a set of fools, too." Mrs. Smith says that the directors then offered to have the obnoxious limitation stricken out of Stevens' deed, but the old man declared he would have nothing to do with them or their cemetery, and that he "would rather be buried in Potters' Field." And so this consistent champion of the oppressed turned to the less pretentious burial ground, where he now lies, beneath that graven tablet, whereof all the world knows and honors.

Progress in Medication.

Since the time of our fathers great changes have taken place, all in the direction of the diminution of the volume and number of drugs administered. Doses are getting smaller, pills are dwindling in size, and powders are growing so beautifully less as to suggest at no distant period their final and blessed extinction without hope of resurrection. Drops are substituted for table-spoonfuls, and effervescent salts for the black draught of still blacker memory. The whilom bolus, monstrous in size and nastiness, is an extinct type of physic, and will never be revived in a dwarfed form over their nakedness in coats of varied hue, or present themselves in the seductive guise of bonafide sugar-plums. Numberless are the ways and forms in which now-a-days the horrors of physic contrives to hide itself.

HOW A LAWYER TREATED THE CASE.

New Haven (Conn.) Union. I, David Strouse, of New Haven, Conn., was attacked by a severe rheumatism in my right arm, hand and foot so that I walked with difficulty and could hardly use my hand to eat with. I used one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rubbing well three times a day, and obtained instant relief and a perfect cure. DAVI STROUSE, Attorney at Law.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has adjourned sine die.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

The Salem, Oregon, penitentiary holds 223 convicts.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.

For coughs, colds, sore throats, bronchitis, laryngitis, and consumption in its early stages, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It is also a great blood purifier and strength restorer, and for liver complaints and other ailments of the bowels, it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

Governor Moody, of Oregon, was made a grandfather recently.

Wonder treads on the heels of wonder. Samaritan Nervine is guaranteed to cure nervous disorders.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria, and all nervous affections.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to Brown's Bronchial Troches."—Rev. G. M. P. Hampton, Pickett, Ky. Sold only in boxes.

When you have a cough or cold, ask for Ammen's Cough Syrup. It will surely cure you. WATSONVILLE, Cal., Feb. 7, 1882.—I recommend your Cough Syrup (Ammen's, Cough Syrup) in preference to all others, as I know its merits. G. A. MOOREHEAD, Druggist.

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

Dr. J. L. Myers, Fairfield, Ia., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is the best iron preparation I have ever known in my thirty years of practice."

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, tasteless, 25 cents.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

Frank James, the outlaw, is reported to be dying of consumption. It is also stated he is penniless.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

Workmen will economize by employing Dr. Pierce's Medicines. His "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" and "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanse the blood and system, thus preventing fevers and other serious diseases, and curing all scrofulous and other humors. Sold by druggists.

Hoffman, the Bloomington ex-preacher, began his independent career on December 9th.

"Samaritan Nervine cured my daughter of fits," said John Murphy, of Albany, O.

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

Dr. J. B. Morgan, Joplin, Mo., says: "I find that Brown's Iron Bitters gives entire satisfaction to all who use it."

SKINNY MEN, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence.

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1882.—Dear Sir: For the past two months I have been suffering from a severe cough and cold. A friend advised me to use Ammen's Cough Syrup. I did so, and was greatly benefited. I have now taken two large bottles and am entirely cured. Grateful to you for placing so valuable a remedy on the market, I am yours truly, W. L. MURPHY, With Langley & Michaels, Wholesale Druggists.

I have given the Life Essence in cases representing many phases of disease, but not quite enough to fully determine all its action. So far as tried, I have found it a heart tonic, sedative, and tonic to the nervous system in cases of exhaustion from overwork or nervous strain. It is more prompt than other remedies, and its effects are better sustained. It improves the force of the circulation to that extent that I have found it a remedy for coldness of the extremities. Patients have remarked the refreshing sleep obtained after its use by them. I will try it further in a wider range of cases. Very truly, JAMES BERGHEIN, M. D.

Lawrence Barrett secured a signal success December 7th at the Princess Theater, London.

Young, middle-aged or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with two stamps, for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Seven Yale students are down with typhoid fever, and two deaths from it have occurred.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

HARKNESS FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

First premium Mechanics' Institute 1883, D. S. Brown & Co., general agents for the Pacific Coast, 38 California street, San Francisco. The following letter explains itself: Elk Grove, Sacramento Co., Cal., December 18, 1883.

MESSRS. D. S. BROWN & CO. GENTLEMEN—Please send me another six-gallon Harkness Fire Extingisher as soon as you can. I had occasion to use the one I bought of you a short time ago.

Last night the hotel adjoining my store caught fire, and the hallways to the second story, from the explosion of a lamp, and the building being cloth and paper was immediately on fire in several rooms, but in less than two minutes after getting the extinguisher to work the fire was out.

As soon as this one arrives I will send the other one down and have it replenished. Also please inform me if I cannot draw off the fluid remaining in the tank and save it for future use, or should I send it as it is. Yours, etc., (Signed) J. N. ANDREWS.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Believes and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BRACHIALGIA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, Burns, Scalds, And all other bodily aches and pains. FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in all languages. The Chemist & Vapour Co. Sole Importers for the U. S. A. Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Plate & Co's Society Uniforms, Regalia, and all other articles of dress.

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"RICH ON COUGHS," 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists.

Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

The secret of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is owing to the fact that it is the very best iron preparation made. By a thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the body, giving health, strength and endurance to every portion. Thus beginning at the foundation, it builds up and restores lost health. It does not contain any alcohol. It will not blacken the teeth. It does not constipate or cause headache. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, etc.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

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THE ATTENTION OF HOUSEKEEPERS AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING FACTS:

The value of Baking Powder is determined by the amount of gas it contains and the freedom of the article from any injurious ingredients. The GIANT BAKING POWDER is absolutely pure, and contains about one-quarter more gas than any brand of Baking Powder in use on this Coast. Three cans of GIANT BAKING POWDER are equal to four cans of any other brand. Study economy and use none other. Your grocer will furnish you with a sample can free. Try it!

FACTS. BOTHIN MANUFACTURING CO. SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 13, 1883. GENTLEMEN: The sample of GIANT BAKING POWDER you handed me, also samples of the following brands of Baking Powders purchased by me in open market, I have tested for total quantity of available gas, with results as follows: GIANT 196 cubic inches per ounce avoirdupois. ROYAL 130 cubic inches. NEW ENGLAND, 110 cubic inches. PIONEER, 107 cubic inches. GOLDEN GATE, 107 cubic inches. DR. PRICES, 90 cubic inches.

Yours, respectfully, THOMAS PRICE, Chemist.

H. E. BOTHIN, President of Bothin Manufacturing Co. Dear Sir: After a careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of GIANT BAKING POWDER, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such we recommend it to consumers. Yours, respectfully, W. L. WENDELL & CO., Analytic Chemist.

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