

OREGON SCOUT.

JONES & CHANCEY, Publishers.

UNION, OREGON.

PITH AND POINT.

—An exchange refers to "the hidden diamond." It evidently is not the hotel clerk's diamond.

—It is the joyous heart that furnishes the sunshine on life's highway.—*Whitehall Times.*

—Never look a gift horse in the mouth, and never inspect the heels of a mule of any description.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—The love of truth is laudable, but we must be careful not to mistake for it the love of our own opinion.—*United Presbyterian.*

—The man who thinks he never did a foolish thing isn't wise enough to know what folly is.—*Boston Journal of Education.*

—Queen Victoria attended a circus the other day for the first time in thirty years. Yet she easily recognized the jokes of the clown as old acquaintances.

—Omaha Dame—And so, my daughter, you are engaged to Mr. De Goodie. I am delighted. He comes of a splendid family. Charming daughter—Yes, he proposed last night and I accepted. "Do you love him?" "No, but that horrid Miss Pert does."—*Omaha World.*

—"Did you see that woman in Benjamin's pew this morning with all her mind centered on her new bonnet?" asked the deacon. "No, dear," replied his wife, sweetly, "I was too much taken up admiring the man in Shelah's pew with his whole soul fixed on his new gloves." Then the deacon tried to talk about the sermon.—*Burdette.*

—A little boy wanted to stay at home from school, and knew his mother wouldn't let him unless he was sick. So his mother said: "Why, my little man, are you sick this morning?" The little man not knowing a whole vocabulary of ailments to select from, on the spur of the moment, said: "Yes, ma'am; my teeth itch."

—"Been North, I understand," said Jones to Brown, who had gone to New Hampshire to sponge on some of his rich kin. "Yes, I was up among my relatives." "How did they treat you?" "Oh, immense! Nothing was good enough for me, and"—dropping his voice—"that's just what they gave me."—*Washington Critic.*

—Wrong Side Up.—
Promise me something ever so nice,
When your ship comes in, said she,
I would promise a dozen times in a trice,
Oh, little lass on my knee!
But ships of mine for many a year
Have been worse than an empty cup;
And the next to arrive, like the rest, I fear,
Will be washed in bottom up.

—Said Miss Spinster (no longer youthful), when she heard that her friend, Miss Marriwell, was going to wed: "Well, let those marry who wish; but, for my part, I never yet saw a man I could care enough for to be his wife." "That is to say, aunt," remarked Kate, very demurely, "you never saw a gentleman after your own heart."

WOULDN'T BE DOWN.

An Uncommunicative Individual's Astonishing Display of Cheek.

There are men who are so unaccommodating in the way of giving information to strangers that the severest punishment would be too mild for them. An old fellow went into an office and asked a man, who sat scribbling, if Mr. Podsworth had come down.

"Not yet."
"Knew what time he'll be down?"
"Can't say that I do."
"Regular man in his habits, is he not?"
"Very."
"Then you ought to know when he will be down."
The man, without making any reply, continued to scribble; and the old fellow, after waiting patiently and then impatiently during an hour at least, said:

"Seems to be a long time in coming."
"Who's that?"
"Podsworth, of course."
"Oh, yes. Are you waiting for him?"
"Yes. Can't you give me some idea as to when he will be down?"
The man made no reply, having, it seemed, thought of something that needed to be scribbled down with the greatest rapidity. Nearly another hour passed and the old fellow, now thoroughly worn out, said:

"Look here, it don't seem that he's coming."
"Who?"
"Podsworth, of course."
"You mean Dan Podsworth?"
"Yes."
"He won't be down."
"How do you know?"
"Well, I know in reason that he won't, for he was buried day before yesterday."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

It Won't Hurt Him.

"Say! Say!" called a Montclair street woman to a tramp who had just left her door with a piece of bread in his hand—"don't eat that! The girl says it is a piece we had lying around with rough on rats on it!"

"It's too late, madam," he replied, as he swallowed the last morsel. "I've had people try to play that trick on me before to get their goods back, but it always fails. I prefer the stuff to butter, but don't say so, because I hate to put people to trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TITLES IN AMERICA.

Plain Truths for Persons Who Covet Honors to Their Obscure Names.

Mark Twain relates that when he set sail for the Sandwich Islands he alone of all his fellow-passengers found no one at the wharf to bid him farewell and wish him a safe return. Mark felt lonely, sad and insignificant, solitary in the midst of a crowd, as he watched the handshakings, the takings of leave and last drinks by his fellow-passengers and their hosts of friends. But, worse than all, the thought wormed its bitter way through his bosom, what would all the other passengers think of the man who set sail on a voyage to the cannibal islands unwept, unliquored, unfarewelled. He noticed that all those in whose company he intended to dare the dangers of the deep were titled persons—Captains, Majors, Judges or Honorables—and all their friends, in turn, were Honorables, Judges, Majors or Captains. There was not a single General, strange to say, in the whole party. A thought struck him. Waiting until the ship had started, he jumped upon the taffrail, waving his hat, and shouted:

"Good-bye, General!"
Instantly every hat in the crowd was waved in the air and a mighty shout went up—

"Good-bye, General!"
Mark stepped down from that taffrail the most admired, thereafter to be the most courted, and oftenest invited to take something of any one of all that ship's company. All of which goes to show how grateful to the average native and naturalized American mind is the distinction which is, or is supposed to be, conferred by a title. Just as stolen fruits are sweet, so do those who have no legal, military, naval, or civic rights to the use of such appendages most enjoy the verbal decoration of complimentary titles that serve as handles to their obscure names. And how absurd all this calling of titles sounds in the ears of true Americans; how odd it must sound to a foreigner who lands in the United States entertaining the idea that Americans have no use for, and hold in light esteem all such *brummagen*. No wonder they laugh at and decry us as a nation of snobs. "All men were created equal" we declared a hundred years ago, and yet we use titles with a glibness that would put to shame Debreit or Burke.

The *Mail* believes, however, that a man who fought through the war and earned his shoulder-straps is entitled to be given his military designation. We find no fault with him for being justly proud of a well-earned fighting title. But the everlasting gabble that confers titles on men who were never in the army or navy, who never enlisted even for the purpose of jumping the bounty, is disgusting. Corn-cutters, billiard sharps, bangers on banjos and blowers of trombones dub themselves professor. Police justices, justices of the peace are high Judges.

There are, so far as we know, but two civic titles in the United States, his Excellency, the Governor of Massachusetts, and his ditto, of Kentucky. People who are ignorant of the proprieties address our chief magistrate as his Excellency, the President. He is plain Mr. President, and should be so addressed. He is the chief servant of sixty millions of freemen. What honor or distinction does he or can he gain by having a title pinned to him? No more than if, instead of his excellency, he were called your Serene High-bobbery. What glory clusters around the name Lincoln—not the Honorable Mr. Lincoln; not Commander-in-Chief of the army, Abraham Lincoln; not his Excellency, President Lincoln—but just the one simple, unadorned surname, Lincoln.

Tennyson, Disraeli—were they honored by being belittled? We trot now, would Washington be more esteemed as Duke of Yorktown, Marquis of Trenton or Prince of Mt. Vernon? As well think of Grant as Duke of Appomattox, as think of plain, untitled U. S. Grant lying on his back blowing soap bubbles. No! This country is not in the title business, and the use of them here is what our British cousins would call "blooming rot." Permit the *Mail* to add—it is un-American, snobbish, absurd.—*Chicago Mail.*

The Formation of Pearls.

The formation of mother-of-pearl is doubtless a natural process taking place in certain mussels. The formation of pearls, on the other hand, is ascribed to accidents, and probably is caused by a sickness of the mussel, or by some wound inflicted on it. This view has been reached by noticing the circumstance that when the shells are large and the inside smooth, clean and without any holes, so that the mollusks can fully develop, pearls are but rarely found; while the formation of pearls is very frequent when the shells are irregular. Sometimes hundreds of pearls are found in the last-mentioned shells, but frequently scarcely one of them possesses any commercial value. Real pearls are found only in bivalves; but a useful product is found in some univalves. Fourteen varieties are enumerated, the products of which are known to commerce. Among these are the *avicula margaritifera*, which produces the most valuable pearls; the *pinnna squamosa*, with black and red pearls, and the *chank shell*, with pale-red pearls.—*N. Y. Star.*

Fred, three years old, and his baby sister were to have a drink of water. Fred reached for the glass, saying: "Et me have it first;" but mamma said: "No, little girls always first." Sir Fred replied: "No, gentlemen first. They're jus as sirty as girls!"—*Babyhood.*

THE BAZARS OF CAIRO.

Quaint and Dingy Shops and Their Rich Oriental Treasures.

The Cairene bazars are as marvelous in their way as any thing one sees in this "crazy-quilt" city. You can go to them in a carriage, but not through them. You can go through them partially on donkeys; but to see them thoroughly you should go to them often and on foot. Narrow alleys between the low booths, where solemn-gowned and turbaned creatures sit cross-legged, smoking, drinking coffee, counting their beads, or in silent meditation. From any of which employments they will rouse themselves to say: "Very sheep." "How much?" "Ten piastres." "Too much." "No, very sheep." "Eight piastres?" "Ten." "Six piastres?" "Ten; very sheep." "Four piastres?" "No, no, no!" Then you turn away laughing. Sometimes you are allowed to go; but usually you are soon stopped, and the dialogue begins again, when you should stand manfully by your lowest offer. "Ten piastre?" "Four." "Eight piastre?" "Four." "Six piastre?" "Four." "Oh! I am ruined!" "Four." "Take, I take!" with an accent of despair that seems to portend instant bankruptcy. You feel a little mean, but recover rapidly when the merchant having put away your piastres eagerly offers you the rest of his stock at the same price. Then you feel "done," and inclined to demand the return of a part of your money. There are certain expensive things, like silk, where you have to sit down and spend the morning. It is very amusing to see the Anglo-Saxons, fresh and fair and clean, and striving to be patient, sitting among the grave and shadowy Orientals, and waiting until a decent offer is made. Sometimes the alleys are shaded from the sun by matting or boards or rugs stretched from roof to roof of the high, overhanging houses, and the sunlight strikes through rifts and cracks in rays and spears of solid gold. Silks from Damascus and soft stuffs of mixed cotton and silk; gold and silver ornaments, bracelets and anklets, and rings and collars; rough work from the Soudan and fine work from smiths here in Cairo; pottery and brasswork, rags and matting, fruit and tobacco and grain, coffee and drugs and china and carved wood, scarfs and handkerchiefs, fire-arms and swords and strange knives. In the Tunis Bazar are the Moors, who are neither black, umbra, nor red nor white, but are of a strange bleached or livid hue. Here are woolen stuffs and cotton stuffs, and slippers of curious shapes and of all sizes and colors. The wood bazar, where one can see and smell the pine, dear to all Southern hearts, and logs that might have come from the mesquite trees of Texas. The spice bazar, darker and more picturesque than any other, where the air is heavy with rich odors and perfumes, some familiar, some strange, and where one goes back involuntarily to the familiar old story of how the jealous brethren, wishing to get rid of the young "dreamer," lifted up their eyes and looked, and beheld a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spices and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And so the young Joseph was sold. And to this day the caravans come, bringing their spices down into Egypt. Following the tortuous lane to what seems an indefinite distance refusing bargains and beggars on all sides, making your way with difficulty in some places because of the throng of people, you come at last to the old town gate, the Bab ez Zueweh, or, as it is often called, the Babel Mutawelli, from a tradition that the most highly revered of all the Mohammedan saints lived behind one of the doors. The two huge towers on either side are built of solid blocks of stone. The gates have bars of iron on them, and between the iron and the wood are rows upon rows of nails, and on the nails are bits of rags, of string, of leather; bunches of hair and wool. This extraordinary decoration is made by people who enter into contracts or who make vows—a nail is put in as a witness, or a piece of string is tied to a nail already there. Once having done this, the Moslem feels he has sworn by the holy saint, and will on no account break his oath. Outside the gate hang bales of wool and stone, thrown into the city during the siege of Mohammed Ali.—*Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Witches in Italy.

In spite of the real or feigned ignorance of the leading Italian journals, almost every considerable village in the south possesses a witch who is well known to those who are likely to require her services, though both she and they do their best to keep the educated class in ignorance as to their doings. She is believed to stand in a direct connection with the evil one, and acts as if she herself shared the belief. She is regarded by her neighbors with abhorrence, though fear induces them to treat her with an almost servile respect and to send her small presents every now and then. Her clients visit her secretly and she will have no business dealings with any one who is unknown to her unless he is introduced by a friend. Though she is not above the use of hocus-pocus, in many cases she frequently believes in her professions and in the consequences it must entail. She never goes to confession; and when she enters a church the devout view her with suspicion, for they know that she may utter words which will deprive even the mass of its efficacy.—*Walford's Antiquarian.*

Mrs. Nilsson says that she will sing no more in public, except now and then for charity.

MRS. LOVELOCK'S TRUNK.

A Good Woman's Trying Experience With a Soulless Corporation.

The claim-agent of the Brass Bound Railroad Company sat in his office, his desk piled high with correspondence. He had disposed of sixteen claims for cows killed, thirteen sheep claims and several personal injuries—about the usual daily average of accidents—when the office-door opened, and a tall, angular woman entered.

"Be you the claim-agent?" she demanded, with a voice which sounded like a cross between a buzz-saw and a steam whistle.

"I be," responded that official, briefly.

"I come up here to git pay for the trunk I lost in the Coon Creek collision."

There had been a bad smash-up on the road a few weeks before, and this was one of the claims growing out of it which remained unadjusted.

"What is your name?" asked the agent.

"Mrs. Lovelock, of Geneva," she replied.

"Ah, yes," said the claim-agent, "I remember now. How much do you think your trunk was worth, Mrs. Lovelock?"

"Well, I dunno exactly, but sh'd think about two hundred dollars would be nigh the value of it, and I wouldn't want you should pay any more'n it was worth."

"That's pretty steep," mused the claim-agent, looking at his note-book.

"Let's see how you make it. What was the trunk itself worth, for instance?"

"Well, it was a fine, large, new trunk, an' I had just paid fifteen dollars for it before I started."

The claim-agent made a note of the fifteen dollars. "Well, what was in the trunk?" he asked.

"Lemme see—there was my best Sunday dress—a black silk—the material in it cost twenty-five dollars, an' the makin' ten—that makes thirty-five. Then there was an alpaca dress, worth about fifteen dollars, an' a new bunnit I had just paid fifteen dollars for."

The claim-agent kept track of the items. "That makes seventy-eight dollars; now what else?"

"Well," she said, "there was considerable other clothin'."

"What was that worth?"

"I dunno exactly, but I guess about fifty dollars."

"Well, what else now?"

Her memory seemed to fail her at this point, but after a moment she continued: "There was about seventy-five dollars worth of jewelry in the trunk."

"That makes something over two hundred dollars," said the claim-agent.

"Well," she said, magnanimously, "I don't want to be hard on the company, so we'll call it just an even two hundred."

"Trunk have any marks on it?" asked the claim-agent, casually.

"It had a kyard with my name on it," she answered.

"Got the check?"

She produced it.

"Seems to me you are a little hard on us," said the claim-agent. "Don't you think you could reduce the amount a little?"

"No, sir," she said, "an' if you don't pay, I'll sue."

"Sorry to go to law with you, ma'am, but we won't pay that claim."

She flounced out of her chair and started for the door.

"Wait a minute," said the claim-agent, soothingly. "I guess we can make some arrangement."

She sat down again, and the claim-agent stepped out into the hall. When he came back a porter followed him, bringing under one arm a small, yellow trunk, tied about with a rope, and somewhat the worse for wear. It could have been bought anywhere for a dollar and a half. The claim-agent looked at the card and compared the checks.

"Is that your trunk?" he asked.

Her face was red as a beet, as she acknowledged, with very bad grace, that it was.

"The trunk hasn't been hurt at all," said the claim-agent, "except by the wetting it got when the baggage-car fell into the creek. If you've got the key here, we'll open it, and see what the damage was."

"I—I've—lost the key," she stammered.

"Oh, well, then, we'll break it open," said the claim-agent, cheerfully.

"Oh, no, don't do that," she remonstrated. "It—it—ain't my trunk—I borrowed it from my sister, an' she wouldn't like that I should break the lock. I'd rather take less money."

"I guess you would," said the claim-agent, with a chuckle. "I ain't been claim-agent on this road for five years without meeting lots of people like you. We'll give you fifteen dollars for what damage the water may have done to your baggage—or, I'll open the trunk, and you can bring your lawsuit."

"I'll take the fifteen dollars," she replied, quickly, and snappishly. And when she had got the money and signed a receipt, she relieved her mind by saying, as she left the office:

"I wouldn't a thought a rich comp'ny like this would insult a lady that way. But all men ain't gentlemen, an' corporations ain't got no souls now."—*Charles W. Chesnut, in Tid-Bits.*

Timely Discovery.

Wife (after breakfast)—You should use your tooth-brush, dear, before going down town. I can detect traces of the shade row we had at breakfast.

Husband (a bank cashier)—Is that so? Where is the tooth brush? With shad at eighty-five cents a piece, it wouldn't do for the directors to discover any thing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

SOME PERSIAN PRINCES.

Their Moral Development Exhibiting a Not Very Charming Type.

Most of the Kajar Princes are avaricious, and generosity, that great virtue of the East, is almost extinct with them, writes a Teheran correspondent. A great and very rich Prince, the Mahomet-ed-dowleh, was sitting at the window of his room, looking on while some malefactors were receiving the bastinado. A man was just being told to lie down and put his feet into the felik—the stick with the noose which holds up the patient's feet—when he whispered something to the head fersash, the principal bastinado operator. The Prince asked to know what the man had been whispering, and was told that he had promised to give two tomans to the operators on the condition that the beating was done gently. Said the Prince: "Give me four tomans and I will let you off altogether." He got the four tomans (thirty-two shillings) and the man went off free, to the great disgust of the operators. The Hismet-ed-Dowleh once thought himself obliged to give a present to the Russian Consul-General at Tauris, but, as generosity was not his forte, he wished to do it as cheaply as possible, and sent a good-looking, but unsound horse. The Consul, when the horse arrived, did not take long to find out that the animal was a dreadful screw, and worth hardly eight pounds. Now the Prince had told him he would send him a horse worth forty pounds. The Consul, with many compliments, then pointed out that the horse had been intended as a souvenir, as he was going to Russia; but that a horse was a most unsuitable souvenir, being liable to die, and he would be obliged if the Prince would give him the value of the horse in money, so that he might buy himself a less perishable souvenir. The Prince sent forty pounds, but swore he would not give any more presents to Europeans. I have seen one of the Shah's cousins riding with a crowd of followers through a field, destroying, perhaps, twenty shillings' worth of vegetables and giving the poor, distracted owner three small silver pieces, worth three pence. I have seen another Prince give a man who had risked his life for him, and got severely wounded in consequence, the sum of seven pence.

The Shah and the Princes, when they wish to confer a special mark of favor, give a mantle or coat or hat—any article of dress which they have had in use. Prince Sheikh-el-Mulook was once in bad odor at court, and the inhabitants of his little government knowing that did not treat him with due respect. Now, if he could prove that the Shah looked upon him with favor, the people would become submissive; and how better to prove it than by getting a robe of honor from the Shah? He therefore wrote to his daughter, who was one of the Shah's wives, and asked her to get what was wanted. Some weeks after that the khalat—the Persian term for robe of honor—arrived. It was a nightcap. The Prince rode out four or five miles from town, and there, at the khalat-pusham—the place where the khalats are put on; every provincial capital has a place destined for this purpose—solemnly put the nightcap on his head, and then rode into town, cheered and saluted by the populace. Afterward the true story, how the nightcap had been obtained, came out. Many times had the Prince's daughter asked the Shah for a khalat for her father, and every time it had been refused. Finally she became very importunate, and the irascible Shah—I am not speaking of the present one—first annoyed, and then in a towering rage, tore his cap off his head and threw it at her with an oath. She thanked him and left the room with it. Any mark of favor from a high personage, any present, is called—wrongly, perhaps—a khalat. A distinguished stranger to Persia was once startled by all his servants running in and telling him that the Prince Nusrat-ed-dowleh had sent him a khalat. The Prince's servants, four or five of them, soon after appeared, one of them carrying a huge copper tray, mysteriously covered up with a gold-befringed cashmere shawl, worth at least thirty pounds. The stranger got up and expressed his thanks, made many compliments; the tray was then uncovered, and there was the khalat—two letters. I think the stranger rewarded the Prince's servant's right royally, and had an expensive salad that evening for dinner. I still occasionally see an old gentleman, who, whenever he pulls his spectacles out of their case, a thing made of a piece of shawl, never fails to say with pride: "This spectacle case came to me from the Shah." One of his wife's relations in the royal harem had sent him the spectacle case, having probably picked it up after it had been thrown away by the owner.—*London Globe.*

"Mamma, didn't you tell me to do just what baby wanted me to?" asked a little Cass avenue boy who had been left in charge of his baby brother.

"Yes, my dear," replied his mother, who had just come in. "Well, baby wanted me to eat up all the sponge cake, and now Flo's mad, because Mr. Brown's coming to tea and there ain't no cake." "But baby can't eat cake."

"No, but it amused him to see me eat it."—*Detroit Tribune.*

—A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says there is little doubt that Dickens took the name of Pickwick from "Moses Pickwick," on many of the stage coaches that plied between Bristol and London sixty or seventy years ago, and of which a man by that name was the proprietor.

Millionaire Flood has recently enclosed his San Francisco palace with a bronze fence which cost \$30,000, and he is now adding two large bronze gates, each weighing 4,000 pounds, which will cost \$15,000 more.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.
The beginning of disease is a slight debility or disorder of some of the vital organs, the stomach, the liver or the bowels usually. There are dyspeptic symptoms, the liver is troubled, the skin grows tawny and unhealthy looking, there are pains in the right side or through the right shoulder blade. The climax is often an utter prostration of the physical energies, perhaps a fatal issue. But if the difficulty is met in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is always effective as a remedy, and it should be resorted to at an early stage, there will be no reason to apprehend those injurious subsequent effects upon the system often entailed by entirely cured diseases. Far better is it also, to employ this safe remedial agent in fever and ague, and other malarial complaints, than quinine and other potent drugs, which, even when they do prove effectual for a time, ruin the stomach and impair the general health.

The United States war steamer *Galena* has been ordered to the Canadian fishing grounds.

THE "FAVORITE" PRESCRIPTION.
Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name has become known over the world through his success as a physician, and especially through the reputation of his "Golden Medical Discovery," has done a good work in preparing an especial remedy for the many distressing troubles classed as "female weaknesses." It is known as the "Favorite Prescription." Under its administration all the pelvic organs are strengthened, and the woman becomes that embodiment of health and beauty which God intended her to be.

The city of Atchison Kan., owing to a lack of funds, is without either police protection or street lights.

Julius Metzka was shot dead by George Turner, a wealthy man, in Spartansburg county, S. C.

GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE 1492.
For coughs, colds, sore throat, 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, or tonic, and for liver complaints and constipation of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

P. Robinson, who killed Charles Williams at Operton, W. Va., was lynched by a mob.

ALWAYS SAFE AND SURE.
It is safe to take BRADRETT'S PILLS at any time, but to get the best results they should be taken on an empty stomach before going to bed. For Constipation or Dyspepsia one or two taken every night will, in a short time, perform an absolute cure. It is well to take a purgative at least once or twice a month as a preventative of disease. BRADRETT'S PILLS are entirely vegetable, and the safest and most effective purgative ever introduced to the public. They have been used in this country for over fifty years.

Sudden Changes of the Weather often cause Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will allay irritation, which in such cases, gives immediate relief. Sold only in boxes.

The Advance Thresher is the best. Write Z. T. Wright, Portland, for particulars.

Agents Wanted everywhere. Small saleable article. H. M. Stevens, 628 Jewett Place, Minneapolis, Minn.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

WOMEN
Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who feel weak, nervous, or who suffer from Indigestion, Headache, and other ailments. It is a great Blood-purifier, and restores the system to its normal condition. It is a great Blood-purifier and strength-restorer, or tonic, and for liver complaints and constipation of the bowels it has no equal. Sold by druggists.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
THE BEST TONIC.