Of old, in fair Provence, where song Is sweet, and life and love are long. The mystic music in these strings Once thrilled with heart imaginings. A woman, from her casement wide, Soft clad and slender, starry eyed, Leaned out, with parted lips, to hear The love song of the cavaller

A sob! that stifled the sweet song. A cry! the river sped along, Fleet flooted, bearing on its way A mantle, crimson dyed, a gray And upturned face whose lips would frame The soft words of a woman's name. While o'er the waters echoed long A fragment of that broken song.

This the story, this recalls The old guitar upon my walls, And in the dusk I sometimes hear The fingers of the cavalier Stirring among the strings and keys Strange horror baunted harmonies; And through the gloom there glides along The ghost of that unfinished song! -Ernest De Lancey Pierson in The Curio.

A DREAM FANTASY.

There is no doubt that John Gorham often felt bored when I tried to draw him into discussions that he was pleased to term "purely speculative;" in fact, he often gave very plain and blunt expression to his annoyance. He was a physician, and prided himself on being "practical." This quality no doubt has its uses, but it need not necessarily include an utter lack of sympathy with every-However, I have no intention of railing at John's peculiarities, for he was an excellent fellow. We occupied a suite of rooms together in a desirable part of the city, and to the post of the outer door was a sign reading "John Gorham, Physician and Surgeon." Neither of us was married.

One evening I panced him down to a discussion on the subject of dreams. I had lately been reading some interesting articles on those mysterious activities of the mind which come into play only when the other faculties fortable easy chairs before a glowing grate fire. I had lain down Bulwer's "Zanoni," and compelled John reluctantly to suspend his perusal of a medical report. "Dreams," I said, "are often so extremely

wivid." "So is the toothache," was John's rejoinder.

"No doubt," I replied, with no sign of irri- John. tation; "but have you never had a dream that seemed for the time being to be a reality f"

"Becasionally; that is a common experi-

"Still further: Have not the occurrences of a dream even been so vivid that you were afterward unable to distinguish their impressions from memories of actual facts?" "Never," replied John, emphatically.

"On the other hand, have not actual experiences left such dim recollections that you have afterward confounded them with visions of a troubled sleep?"

"Certainly not," said John, with derision as well as decision "Well," I replied, "you are so excessively

matter of fact in everything that you can't he expected to share the experiences of ordipary mortals." 'And you," retorted John, "are so anxious

to discover something new and wonderful that you believe everything you bear and read, and then build up the most outlandish

to make you understand that dreams may be so vivid as to be consumded with actual events, and vice versa,"

'And I say that a man who finds himself the victim of such an uncertain condition of mind needs to change his diet and take exercise. But don't bother me any longer, I want to finish this report and then go to bed.' And he immediately became absorbed in the pamphlet, his perusal of which I had inter-

rupted.

Thereupon I betook myself to a couch, etretched myself out comfortably, and opened "Zanoni" at the chapter on "The dweller of the threshold." The book, for once, failed to interest me. John Gorham's stubbornness was exceedingly irritating. I longed to convince him that he was wrong. Testimony would not do it, for he would reject any testimony tending to corroborate my claim as the vagary of a disordered brain. The only way was to appeal to his own experience. How was this to be done? Long I pondered

over the problem, with eyes half closed. All at once a plan for convincing John flashed upon me. It was this: Wait until John was asleep; wake him up; get him out of bed; take him into the street; conduct him on some pretext to a distant part of the city; bring him back; give him an opiate in a glass of wine; put him to bed; in the morning deny that either he or I had stirred from our apartments; and finally make him believe that the whole thing was nothing but a

The plan struck me as being well conceived and feasible, and I resolved to put it into immediate execution. Affecting to be sound asleep, I looked cantiously out of the corner of one eye to make sure of observing John

when he should retire. His chair was empty! I looked around, listened, and heard snoring. Could it be possible that John had gone to bed without my knowing it! I arose and found this to be a fact. My reverie had been so profound that his movements had not disturbed me.

So much the better. I observed him carefully and saw that he was sound asleep, Then I opened his drawer of medicines and took therefrom a vial containing a peculiar and powerful drug of whose sedative qualities I had often heard him speak. He had said that it was a dangerous thing to administer except by one thoroughly understanding its properties; but its effects (as he had described them) were precisely those which I wished to produce; and without scruple or hesitation I poured a few drops into a wine glass and set the glass in a particular corner of a tray on the sideboard. I would thus know precisely where to find it on our re-

turn from the expedition which I had planned. John was still sleeping soundly, and everything was ready except the pretext on which to awaken him and load him forth. This was quickly settled upon. I touched an electric button which communicated with a livery stable, the effect of which would be to

tiring a horse and buggy to the door within five minutes. Then I approached the bod and roused

2 den. "Come, John, you're wanted. An urgest

Horse at the door. Harry up." Who's sick!" he growled. "I non't know the name. Jump into your *disc. "Fil go with you and drive."
"All right." And amid much stretching

and yawning, John aragged himself from the fully bridge wer this period of depressed bed and dressed as speedily as possible. were soon out of doors and seated in the buggy, with robes drawn closely about our legs, for it was a cold night. I took the reins, but was as yet totally undecided as to what move to make next. I started the horse, however, trusting to luck or some happy thought to determine our further proceedings. Luck settled the matter. We had not driven a dozen rods before a boy came rushing up the street. He halted on meeting as and panting for breath, exclaimed:

"Be you the doctor?" "Yes," I answered, hastily, discerning an escape from the embarrassing situation into which I had so recklessly rushed, "How lucky! You're wanted just as quick

as possible. Drive to --Yes, yes," I interrupted, "You know the way, don't you?"

"Well, then, jump in with us and drive." The boy did as requested, and we rattled through the streets at a lively gait. Thus had a most fortunate circumstance come to my aid, in the form of an actual call for a physician, and we were now proceeding to a definite destination. John seemed to think the proceedings a little irregular, but I managed to quiet his uneasiness by various de-

vices of prevariention. We soon left the lighted portion of the city, and plunged into dark and narrow streets. Nothing could be distinguished in the gloom but the towering shade trees on either side, and an occasional night lamp

gleaming dimly from a window, "Here we are," exclaimed the boy, drawing the horse up so suddenly that we all pitched forward. We alighted, and the urchin conducted us from the street into a narrow alley, on each side of which solid brick walls loomed up. They were barely discernible in the darkness, and I had not the remotest idea of the quarter of the city to

which we had come. Suddenly we turned, in obedience to our thing that cannot be absolutely demonstrated. small sized guide, and halted before a low arched door set in the brick wall. The boy gave a peculiar knock, which elicited a whistle from within, this in turn being replied to by another and slightly different knock. We were unhered within, and the door

was closed behind us. Inky darkness was all about. A voice commended us to move forward, and we did so cautiously. The dark passage was not of great length. It led to another door, which, on being opened, led to a dimly lighted apartment. Into this we proceeded, and peered cautiously around, at first being unable seem to be shrouded into oblivion. It was a clearly to discern the contents of the room, cold November night, but we sat in com- Becoming accustomed by degrees to the semi-darkness, we at length observed that the place was one where poverty, if it did not netually reign, at least had obtained a strong foothold. The furniture was scanty, the walls were dingy and hung with cobwebs, and a sickly flame from a tallow candle sent forth faint and uncertain rays of light. "There's no money in this job," growled

> Then came, in a sorrow laden voice, from an obscure corner of the room;

"Oh, my daughter!" The place had been profoundly quiet up to this point. I was indignant at John's heartless remark. It was not at all like him. I also was somewhat disturbed in mind, for there was something so decidedly real about our night adventure that I began to fear it would be impossible to pass it off as a dream. "Oh, my daughter!"

The words broke on the silence with startling distinctness. John advanced to the quarter from which they proceeded, and I

"Bring the light," he said. The tallow candle was set in an old bottle, and this I seized and carried with me. The light disclosed an aged woman, on whose face were the unmistable lines of struggle and hardship. She was miserably clad. She sat in a rocking chair by the side of a cot, On the cot, covered with an old shawl, lay a girl whose age might have been 10 years, Her face was in startling contrast to its sur-"I am not theorizing; I am simply trying roundings, for it was fair and excessively white. Her eyes were large, dark and brilliant and her hair was jet black. She took no notice of our presence, but seemed to stare

"Is this your daughter?" asked John,

into vacancy.

"Yes, sir; can you save her?" The sharpness of an intense anxiety was in the woman's voice. John, without replying, placed his hand

on the child's brow. He was always very deliberate, and for a moment his touch lingered while he studied the young face. "She can make so much money for me if she lives," whined the old woman.

This surprising remark caused both John and me to look at her inquiringly.

"She is my seventh daughter, and I am my mother's seventh daughter. She can look into the future and tell all you want to know!

"Yes," responded John gravely; "I thought there was something peculiar about her." "He, he! John Gorham," thought I, "do you believe in any such nonsense as that-

you, who are so very practical and level headed?" But I kept my thoughts to myself. "Tell me, can you save her?" repeated the mother. "Fil try," replied John. "When did you

first observe her peculiar gifts?" "There was no need to observe them. She's the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, and that's enough. Why don't you give her

some medicine to bring down the fever?" "She has very little fever. Her trouble is a low state of vitality. I will not conceal from you that her condition is serious." As John spoke he took the child's hand in

his own. "Upon my word," he exclaimed," she has surprising amount of nervous strength. Her grip is as strong as a man's, I cannot

loosen it without hurting her." At this juncture the child looked at him attentively and intelligently. I was still standing slightly in the rear, holding the candle over John's shoulder.

"Hush!" exclaimed the old woman, in a warning whisper. "She is going to speak." A faint voice from the bed now spoke these words:

"Beware of the man with the light! Let me think. He does not seem to be your enemy, and yet he is trying to doceive you. But he will not succeed?"

I was thrown into consternation by these words. Of course they meant me. How had this strange child penetrated my designs? I was about to protest that she was delirious, when she relinquished her grasp of John's hand, turned her gaze from him, and relapsed into her former state. As for John, he favored me with a single, swift and searching glance, which threw me into a state of guilty confusion. But if he had any suspicions, he gave no expression to them in He opened his medicine chest, solected some remedies, and gave the old woman

directions for administering them. "There will be no need of my calling again," he said. "If the child is no better by to-morrow, take her to the hospital See that she has perfect quiet, and, above all things, do not lot her exert her peculiar powers until she is fully restored to strength. Such things are a great strain on the nervous system, and the girl cannot afford for the present to waste an atom of energy. The medicine I have left will help her, and puriage success

vitality. The old woman thanked him, and then to my astonishment produced a shining \$10 gold . piece from some recess of her tattered garments, and tendered it to John. He accepted it gravely, and then we withdrew from the apartment. Once in the open air, the voice of the small boy was heard; "Jump in," he said, "and I will drive you

We obeyed, and were conveyed through

the streets at a rapid rate. "What do you think of the case John?" I

"The child may not live until daylight, or she may grow to womanhood and have a "What! do you really believe in that non-

sense about her gifts as a fortune teller?"

"Don't you?" I could not answer. I recalled the strange speech which seemed to indicate that the girl had penetrated my designs on John, and was almshed. The ride was continued in silence, and in twenty minutes we had reached our destination. The boy volunteered to take care of the horse, and in another moment

John and I were in our own apartments, John immediately proceeded to undress In five minutes he was ready for bed. Without delay I prepared for the further execution of my plot.

"John," said I, "there's a pint of champague left in my closet. It strikes me that it would be just the thing with which to top off this night's adventure. What do you sav?" "A most excellent idea," was John's reply.

How smoothly everything was working! I opened the closet, drew forth the bottle and wrenched off the wire with which the cork was bound. I then glanced furtively at John. He was winding his watch, with his back turned toward me.
I quickly filled the glass which contained

the drug and extended it to John. He quaffed the contents with great relish, I meanwhile watching him over the rim of my own glass. He smacked his lips critically after his class had been drained.

"It seems to me that there is a singular flavor to that champagne," I felt a guilty thrill and affected not to

hear him: "How sleepy I am," was his next remark.

'It must be the effect of riding in the cold.' Then he tumbled into bed, and the next minute had sunk into a deep sleep. The drug had taken effect with surprising, not to say startling, promptness, and I listened to his heavy breathing with satisfaction. I now began to give serious thought to the

situation, and to deliberate on the necessity of removing every trace by which the reality of our night's adventure could be proveh. knew that John could by no possibility find the place we had visited, for the route was a long and circuitous one and had been travded in darkness. Ah! There was the \$10 gold piece which the woman had paid him, Without hesitation I removed it from his pocket and placed it in my own. Was the trail covered! I thought so. In the morning I would declare that we had not stirred from the house during the adgit, and after persnading John that the whole thing was but a dream-making him commit himself fully to that view of the case-tell him the truth and thus confront him with a demonstration of my theory!

I smiled with satisfaction. But hold! There was the boy! Suppose he should turn up. I must find him and purchase his silence. I was so intent now on the success of the plot that I would have expended a hundred dollars rather than see it fail. I decided to go to the livery stable in search of the urchin who had derven us to the abode of the sick child.

First, I approached the bedside to make sure that John's slumber was so sound that he would be sure to take no notice of my departure and return. He lay perfectly quiet, but there was something singular in his ap-

pearance. I gazed at him more closely, and was horrified at a change that had come over him. He no longer breathed deeply, but in a quick, convulsive and exhausted manner. His lower jaw hung down, his eyes were half open, and e looked like one vainly struggling for a hold upon life.

I was paralyzed with dismay, and stared at him in an agony of fascination. More faint, rapid and spasmodic grow his breathing; more distressing the heavings of his chest; more ghastly the pallor of his countenance.

Spellbound, as if in a nightmare, I still gazed upon him. The obbing of vitality proceeded with frightful rapidity; there was at length a mere flatter of breath; and then came that awful repose, that unspeakable silence, that dreadful calmness of the untemanted clay!

Then the full horror of the situation burst upon me. The drug had done its work too well; John Gorham was dead! I was his murderer!

"John!" I shricked. And then, with rapidly scattering senses, I staggered and fell heavily to the floor.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" What mocking laugh was that ringing through the air ! Consciousness was return-

ing, and with it the sound of harsh, discordant merriment. Again came a peal of laghter. Was it my own voice, and was I a lunatie?

I opened my eyes and looked about. I was still lying on the floor, but not by John's bedside. John seemed to be sitting in a chair with a book in his hand. I stared at him in a state of bewilderment,

Again the laugh. It was his voice. Then he spoke:

"Do you want me to come and help you up!

"Where am I, and what has happened?" asked.

"You appear to be sprawled on the floor, and it is quite evident that you fell asleep and rolled off the couch," he answered. At these words I hastily rose and pulled

my wits together. The truth was soon apparent. Following our discussion of dreams, I hed read "Zanom" until sleep had stolen upon me, and both the conception and carrying out of the plot to convince John were but the visions of a dream. I was somewhat Put away the little coal hod that our darling Consumptionhis stomach. Whenmortified, but at the same time immensely relieved, for John was alive and well, and still held in his hand the medical report which he had been perusing when our dis-

cussion began. We soon retired for the night, but neither at that time nor on any subsequent occasion did I relate my dream to John, for in it is the keynote of an experiment I mean to try some day for his benefit. It is the only way in which he can ever be convinced that the phenomena of dreams involve possibilities beyond these dry, matter of fact realities that now form the boundaries of his experience and mental vision.-O. S. Adams in The Epoch

What is a drought! Mr. Symons, the English meteorologist, would have three kinds or degrees of drought recognized and precisely defined. A period of fourteen or more consecutive days without rain should be termed an absolute drought; one of twentyeight or more consecutive days, with a rainfull not exceeding a quarter of an inch, should be called a partial drought; and at least sixty days, with not over two inches of rain, should be a long drought - Scientifle

The Verdict.

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" asked his honor in a western court room. "Wal," responded the foreman of the jury, leven on us wants to hang the prisoner, but

the twelfth man sticks to it he ain't guilty spite of all we can say; so bein' as the twelfth man is a no account feller, anyway, in order to make the verdict unanimous, we've concluded to hang 'em both,"-Exchange,

Fraud on the Restigouche



Binkey-What do you call it? I shot it all yself ovah in those woods. McScoggin (the guide)-Why, pard, that's carribou! I didn't allow you'd git one so

quick: but I'll bother ver fer that twenty-

five dollars ver promised me fer th' first one

ketched.-Frank Lesiie's Iilustrated News-

The Spring Robin. "Seen any robins around yet?" he inquired, as they met in the corridor of the postoffice The other looked at him with injured dignity for half a minute and then beckoned him out of the crowd and said:

What about robins?" "Why, robins-birds."

sir."-Detroit Free Press.

"Yes, I know that there is a bird called a robin. What of it?" "I asked if you had seen any this spring."

"Suppose I had?" "Why, nothing; only robins come in the Yes, I believe they do. Did you want

them to wait and come in the fall?" Well, 1-1"-See here, my friend," said the other, as he laid a hand on his shoulder, "let all birds alone, robins included. They are all right, Let spring alone. It is all right. Just keep right on attending to your business and let other things attend to theirs. Good day,

What the Matter Was,

"What is the matter with that baby?" growled an irascible husband, as the little one persisted in howling and kicking to the extent of its little might.

"The matter is, sir," calmly replied the wife, as she strode up and down the floor, "the matter is that this baby inherits your temper."

And the husband returned to his paper with a gloomier face than before.-Boston Courier.

A Mean Trick. "Would you take a man's last cent?" "Yes, sir, every time."

"Then," retorted the poor vagrant, as he

coin on the counter, "take it with my blessing!" And before the astonished dealer could grasp the situation a pair of coat tails had flitted out the door. - American Grocer,

Wanted Directions. Busy Cabman (closing the door)-Where to, sir? Apoplectic Gentleman (gasping)-I-I can't

catch my breath. 1-1 feel as if I were going Busy Cabman-Yes, sir; shall I drive to an undertaker's or the morgue, sir!-New York Weekly.

Ought to Be Used to It. A market woman skinned cels alive.

You cause those poor beasts much pain," remarked a sympathetic passer by. "One might think so," was her answer, "but as I have been at this business some

twenty years, I do not doubt they are well used to it by this time."-Philadelphia Times. He Knew the Place.

Squeers (in the restaurant)-Didn't you or-

der soft boiled eggs! I thought you couldn't bear them. Nickleby-Neither can I, old man. But

they'll be fricaseed chicken by the time the waiter gets them here. - Lawrence American. Formed by Circumstances

Mrs. Hillaire-Your husband is the most uncomplaining man I ever saw.

Mrs. Bergen-Yes. He says that he never saw a lounge that was comfortable until he met with the accident that broke his back,-New York Sun.

His Principal Occupation. Judge (to tramp)-What is your occupation! What do you do? Tramp-Nothin', yer honor,

Judge-Well, what have you done most! Tramp-Time, yer honor.-The Lawrence

Proof of Pure Milk.

Waiter-Co's dev is, boss. Dat's a sho sign dar haint enough watch in dat milk fer him to live on .- Washington Star.

Cannibalism. Sappy-Yaas, aw, doncherknow, if there, aw, is anything I, aw, love, it is, aw, calve's bwains! Miss Pert - O, the cannibal!-Lawrence

American. The Decorative Craze.

wants to paint, For she fain would decorate it with devices queer

When Belinda in the morning gets the wooden chopping bowl To concoct the morning corned beef hash it vexes

would cut and slash; she scrapes it off, because the paint might penetrate the bash. On the household rolling pin is tied a pretty yel-

And its lities of the valley oft commingle with the in the market." dough; While the new potato masher and the kettles and the pots Are magnificent with butterflies and sweet forget-ELVO-SAUEA.

Are respiredent quite with drapery and bows of brightest tone; In the house we look about with mingled surrow

All our articles of furniture, the ancient and the

For Matida is affected with the decorative crass.

—J. H. G. in Eschange.

THE INSTRUCTOR.

Not till we meet with Love in all his beauty. In all his solemn majesty and worth. Can we translate the meaning of life's duty.

Which God oft writes in cipher at our birth. Not till Love comes in all his strength and Can we read others' hearts; not till then

A wide compassion for all human error, Or sound the quivering depths of mortal

Not till we sail with him o'er the storms

occurs Have we seen tempests; hidden in his hand Re bolds the keys to all the great emotions; Till be unlocks them, none can understand. Not till we walk with him on lofty mountains Can we quite measure heights. And, oh, sad

When once we drink from his immortal foun-We hid farewell to the light heart of youth. Thereafter our most perfect day will borrow A dimmits shadow from some dreaded

trutbl

might. So great grows joy it merges into sorrow, And evermore pain tinctures our delight.
-Eila Wheeler Wilcox in New York World.

She Said It.

The modern system of advertising makes the public familiar with the names, and in some cases with the countenances of inventors and manufacturers, and so strong is the power of association that on meeting one of these much advertised persons as a private individual it is difficult for some persons to refrain from asking him instantly about the article to which his features seem to be only a sort of trademark.

A lady who was making an evening call met a man of the name of Brown, who had invented an improved button- Catarrh Remedy. In the first hole making attachment for a sewing place, it cures your catarrhmachine, and whose name, preceded by a hideous eariesture of his face, had been omnipresent in the advertisements or of how long standing. It for some time. He had two charming doesn't simply palliate - it daughters whom the lady had seen not cures. If you believe it, so long before, and with whom she had been greatly pleased

ceeded in addressing Mr Brown by his You get it for 50 cents, from rightful name only by great mental exertions, as another word was constantly all druggists. trembling on her tips.

of relief she heard his "good evening," to which she responded with her sweet- reason for trying it. Show est smile and added. Please remem- that you can't be cured, and ber me kindly to the Misses Button- you'll get \$500. It's a plain hole!" - Youth's Companion.

One of A. T. Stewart's Tricks. An old employe of the late A. T. chant of New York, tells an instance can't cure you. They know which shows the means sometimes em- that they can - you think ployed by that gentleman for enfore that they can't. If they're ing the rules of his store. There was a wrong, you get the cash. If rule to the effect that no person employed in the building should carry you're wrong, you're rid of gathered up his packages and flung a copper matches under the penalty of dismissal. catarrh.

One evening as Mr Stewart was pasing through the store on his way Fine farm land in Nebraskalto exchange for home he suddenly turned to a number of clerks who were standing near the

door and asked "Can any one oblige me with a match No one answered for a moment, till

one of the men, prompted by courtesy

and thinking his employer would not take advantage of him, replied, "Certainly, sir; here is one." "You'are discharged." was the un-

gracious response. "Go to the desk and get what is due you." And with a 'Good evening," Mr. Stewart passed on to his carriage.-

Washington Post.

The people who would have done so and so if they had been there never get there. THE HOLTON HOUSE, PORTLAND, OR. Centrally located; American & European plan; first-class; reasonable rates. C. W. Roby, prop.

MERCHANT HOTEL, Third and D streets, Portland. First-class accommodations. Rates, \$1 to \$1.50 per day. Jacob Haas, Prop. Portland.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell,

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank Guest-Waiter, there's a dead fish in this House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people Grade in every particular. Cushion Tires, Tangent Spokes, from \$35 to \$115. Send for illustrated Company of the com and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption. and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he

Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at ever he has taken a

cold of this kind he uses Boschee's and quaint.

Hide the dust pan and the washtub, and likewise German Syrup, and it cures him Or Matikia will adors them with the my and the every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I To behold a wreath of pansies where she fain use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup

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STEINWAY, Gabier and Pease Planor

THE PORTLAND INDUSTRIAL EX-

Every indication points to a tremendous success of the Portland Industrial Exposition, which opens this year September 17. The music by the great Zapadores Band of Mexico, the paintings from abroad, the living chess tournament, the wonderful electrical displays, the unprecedentedly large number of exhibits in agriculture and horticulture, in industry and science, shows that the coming Exposition, in attractiveness, will exceed any ever held upon the Pacific Coast.

POSITION.

There has been an entire rearrangement of the Exposition, and a large number of novelties from every part of

the world have been secured. The railroads have granted a roundtrip rate of one fare and a fifth; half rates on all exhibits, except fruits and vegetables, which have been placed upon the tree list. This certifies to the excellent management of the Exposition of 1891, and the same energy displayed in the other departments leaves no doubt



Pretty strong

reasons for trying Dr. Sage's no matter how bad your case, much the better. There's During the entire call she had suc- nothing more to be said.

But perhaps you won't be-At last he rose to go, and with a sigh lieve it. Then there's another business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they

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