



A NEW CRUSADE BY WOMEN.

A Project That Could Be Advantageously Followed in Every City.

The women of New York, weary of sweeping the filthy streets of the city with their trailing skirts, have risen in their majesty, organized themselves in a great street cleaning brigade and declared war on the dust scattering ash barrel and the foot tripping banana. Mrs. Kinnicut, wife of Dr. Kinnicut, of Thirty-seventh street, and Mrs. Richard Irvin are the leaders of the movement, and have been engaged for some time in perfecting their plan of attack, which was first formally announced at the working girls' reunion Monday night. It is the opinion of these women that the much abused commissioner of street cleaning and his aids are no more to blame for the disgraceful condition of the streets than are the careless householders and pedestrians who thoughtlessly add their mite of disorder to the great aggregation of dirt for which our fair island city has gained a world wide reputation.

These ladies, together with Mrs. Gustav Kissel, Miss Frelinghuysen and others as directors, have rented an office at 222 West Thirty-eighth street, hired a secretary, and announced to the mayor their intention of constituting themselves a bureau of information, where all complaints relating to street nuisances may be received, and rules and regulations issued in accordance with the city ordinances.

As a beginning the matter was presented by Mrs. Irvin to the great assembly of working girls, to each of which an envelope containing twenty-five membership slips to this new society was given at the door. There will be no fees or dues of membership, but each person signing the slip promises to keep her own outdoor premises neat and orderly, to put her ash-barrel out in time for the ash man and not sooner, to avoid throwing bits of paper or any refuse upon the pavement, and above all to report any neglect of the rules which she sees anywhere in the city.

In return for the signed pledge of membership a card will be sent prepared for hanging upon the wall, and giving the rules referred to above in German or Italian as well as English, according to the nationality of the member.

Just at present the new society is occupied in obtaining and classifying their members according to the districts in which they reside. Very influential people are already included in the membership, and very soon the organized plans of work will be published to the public and members. Associated with the women in this work are many of the most influential men in the city, and all are determined to have New York high-ways and byways as neat, orderly and beautiful as those of Paris or Berlin.

In Paris, if a person throws a torn letter or anything disorderly upon the pavement, he is obliged to pick up the litter or be escorted by a gendarme to the nearest police station to pay his fine. It is claimed by the Women's Street Cleaning Aid society that the ordinances are equally binding in New York if some one would enforce them. Now that the eyes of this great army of women are looking out for the offender, let him or her beware, for women are good detectives and extremely conscientious in performing their duty, particularly when, as in this case, the name of the informer is carefully guarded from the ones they inform against.—New York Sun.

A Brave Little Woman.
Miss Lois M. Royce, one of the heroic school teachers of the western states who came near losing their lives during the great blizzard of Jan. 12, 1888, was married Friday night in West Bay City to Charles S. Thomas, a well known newspaper man.

At the time of the great blizzard, Miss Royce, who was then eighteen years old, was teaching in a country school near Plainville, Neb. On the day in question she found three pupils at her school in the morning.

During the day the storm increased in fury, and at the close of school the teacher and the pupils were unable to leave the building. They remained until all of their fuel was used up, and they were becoming afraid they would freeze to death in their prison when, during a lull in the storm, the teacher determined to make an effort to reach a house a few rods from the school building. Taking the two youngest children by the hand and bidding the other to follow close behind her, the teacher started out on what proved to be a terrible journey. Hardly had they left the school building when the storm again increased, and in a short time they had lost their way.

After wandering about until all of the party had become exhausted and could go no farther they laid down together. During the night two of the children died in the teacher's arms. In the morning Miss Royce, who was nearly frozen to death, succeeded in reaching a house, and a party went out after the one child, who was still alive, but he died in a short time after being found. For a long time Miss Royce's life was despaired of. Her limbs were badly frozen, and after a few days it was found necessary to amputate both feet, just above the ankle.

After months of suffering, however, she recovered sufficiently to be taken to California, where she and her parents spent months at Riverside. During and after her long illness Miss Royce was in receipt of many letters of sympathy from people of all parts of the country. Presents from unknown persons were numerous, and offers of marriage were often found in her correspondence. Soon after regaining her health Miss Royce,

by the use of artificial feet, became such an expert walker that no one, to see her on the street, would think that she was without nature's apparatus for walking.—Chicago Herald.

Maiden versus Matron.

Some time and in some fashion the young unwedded woman will be called upon to make a decided stand against the invasion of the matron upon her special province. There is scarcely place left now for the sole of her slipper between the schoolroom and strip of carpet before the matrimonial altar. She is simply driven into a corner and told to marry at once or lay down her passport into realms of social gayety. This arrangement of the married woman concerning her monopoly of society amusements is intolerable. She won't hear to having unpaired belles brought into competition with her attractions. If they choose to chime it must be with a conjugal clapper, and not as merry, independent tinklers, ringing a distracting little tune of unmated friskiness.

Girls are still permitted to have debuts, but even on those great occasions the young matron steps in, and, by right of double blessedness, takes all the cakes and ale. The shy, sweet miss is left to cut a poor figure indeed. And so on, from first to last, the married woman opens the ball, leads the German, occupies the opera boxes, demands all the dinner invitations, fills the victoria, receives at the tea, thereby squeezing the girl into such a small corner no one is ever able to find her behind madam's over-crowded engagement book.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has instituted a demand for the restoration of the American maiden as she existed before European customs came to smother her light under the bushel of an artificial society. Not many years ago Uncle Sam's virgin daughter was the pride of the nation. Her girlish wit and independence, her innocent fearlessness, her jollity, shrewdness and beauty were the boast of the civilized world, and with impunity did she set her proud feet on the hearts of mankind. Men admired and revered her, for here, they said, is a new order of women. Untrammelled by the obligations of wife and motherhood, she is free to accept our entire devotion; with the discretion and knowledge of the matron she combines the freshness of a maiden.

Heretofore this union was held to be impossible, and she has realized man's ideal. But, alas! whence has this clear eyed goddess of girlish liberty fled away?—Illustrated American.

A Woman Made an Indian.

For the first time in the history of the North American Indians a white woman, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse, has received the honor of a national adoption by an Indian nation. Instances of "name giving" have not been infrequent among the Indians, the "naming" being accompanied with considerable ceremony, and usually terminating with a feast. These ceremonies, however, are purely complimentary, evidencing a feeling of friendship for the person "named" and appreciation for some act of kindness. But this is the first instance in Indian annals of a formal adoption of a white woman into an Indian community, to become an actual member of their nation, to be fully recognized as such and entitled to all the privileges of one of the blood.

So the legal admission into their nation of Mrs. Converse, the poet and indologist, by the president and councilors of the New York state Seneca Indians, and their recognition of her as one of their own people, is unique. Mrs. Converse has always defended the rights of the Indians of this state, and she effectively aided the Indian delegation at Albany to oppose a bill before the assembly which, if carried as a law, would have deprived them of their lands. The bill was killed in committee. Before the hearing of the Indians by the committee Mrs. Converse had been invited to sit in their Six Nations council, held at Albany, an honor never before bestowed upon a white woman save Mary Jenison. This Six Nations, the most important of all the Indian councils, convenes only in cases of urgency and is representative of the rights of all the Indians of the league of the Iroquois.

When the Seneca national council, in session at Carrollton, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., in the Allegany reservation, was called an application was laid before that body to the effect that, "by love and affection" it was the desire of the Indians that Mrs. Converse should be received into their nation as a legal member of it. Upon this appeal a vote was taken, and it was unanimously resolved that she be at once invited to appear before the council and receive her Indian name.—New York Cor. Boston Advertiser.

She Knew Something About Horses.

One of the few bright afternoons recently enjoyed by New Yorkers served to bring out a brilliant array of promenaders and equipages in Fifth avenue. The drive was crowded with carriages, when one of a team of horses attached to a rattling, banging, lumbering Fifth avenue stage slipped and fell. As is usual in such common occurrences, the falling animal served to entangle himself in his harness in such a way that every time he struggled to arise he was tripped and made to fall again. The commotion caused a large group of promenaders to gather at the spot, and there was the usual amount of "guying" of the driver by the bystanders. The driver was a stupid fellow, and persisted in trying to make the fallen animal rise to his feet.

Among the interested group of watchers were two handsomely dressed women. One of them became impatient and irritated at the stupidity of the driver. "Clara, hold my muff," she said, as she handed the dainty bit of fur to her companion. Stepping from the curb, she quickly loosened the catch on the chain section of the traces of the standing horse, and then unfastened the hame chains in front, leaving one horse free. This sufficiently cleared the entanglement to enable the fallen horse to get up, and the two women went on their way, the one who had been so prompt

saying: "It makes me angry to see men in charge of horses so fearfully stupid. It is always easier to release the standing horse than to untangle the harness of the fallen one, and when the other is led away the one down can rise easily. Men are stupid, anyway."—New York Tribune.

Women Delegates Not Wanted.

The Methodist conference at Yonkers has decided by a very emphatic vote of 180 to 60 that women should not be admitted as delegates to the general conference. The report of the debate does not show that the question was discussed or decided upon its merits. When it is said that it does not follow because a woman can sing bass that she ought to sing bass, it would seem to be a sufficient reply to suggest that if a bass were needed to complete a quartet it would be rather absurd to reject a bass voice because it was the voice of a woman.

The decisive consideration in the debate seems to have been that there was a divine reason for the difference of sexes, and that participation in a conference was not included in the sphere of women. But how the male sex, as such, qualified those who belong to it as wise counselors was not stated in any speech nor illustrated in the argument. There is always a better way of determining whether wood will float and stone sink than any argument based upon a theory. The better way is experiment. The counsel of women in schools is proved to be of very great value. The opinion of a man who thinks that the counsel was not meant to be taken is not an argument against the fact.—Harper's Weekly.

Advice to Lady Gardeners.

Now plant schemes for summer travel. Rake in your husband's loose change and cut back his superfluous expenses. Cultivate hectic flushes and sick spells, showing the need of fresh air and of transplanting to the seaside. Prepare for summer dresses and get ready your guide books. Saratoga should be brought out and overhauled. Water the family doctor with generous fees and cultivate his ideas that the European travel treatment would best suit your case. Begin to muller your husband with kindness and flattery. It may encourage the growth of his liberality. When he is ripe for picking he should have more fondling and be put into the sunlight of warm affection. This should be kept up until he begins to drop big leaves from his check book. When you have got all you can, turn him out of the pot and throw him into a corner to dry off.—Philadelphia Times.

A Club That Does Good Work.

The Working Girls' club organization is quietly but rapidly growing to be a power among the working people. There is no talk of combines and strikes, no aggressive measures, but they do combine in social societies which draw them nearer together, teach them the value of co-operation, and the spirit and teachings of club life instill firmly in their minds the fact that increased capability means increased wages. There is in the New York association a bureau for obtaining situations, and there is to be soon trade classes for those who are unable to obtain work through incompetency, when, as Miss Dodge says, "those who want to do everything and do not know how to do anything may learn to do something, and do it well."—New York Sun.

Anna Dickinson the Last.

Anna Dickinson is almost the last of the great popular lecturers. There were in the list Gough, Beecher, Phillips, Chapin, Curtis and Miss Dickinson. Gough was a great natural actor, and fascinated by his dramatic art in description and in story telling rather than by any power of rhetoric. Beecher, Chapin, Curtis and Phillips had all the eloquence of culture as well as of natural endowment. Miss Dickinson was unique among them, largely from her womanly quality.—Boston Herald.

It is proposed to build a great temple for women on the banks of the Potomac, in which each organization of women will have a special department dedicated to it forever. The land has already been given, and is under the control of the Glen Echo Chautauqua society. Clara Barton is to prepare one department for the Red Cross society, and other well known societies will join her. This temple is called just now the Woman's Paradise.

It makes the working girl tired to have people always pitying her for living in a tenement, particularly when it is really a very clean, neat place. And she is much a-weary of being told to look out for bargains and be economical, when if things were not so very cheap the girls who make them would not be so very poor.

By way of diversion, a distinguished hostess of London gave a dinner to a number of bachelors, with ladies dressed as maid servants to wait on them. Another dinner is expected soon, the women to dine and be waited on by gentlemen attired as footmen.

Mrs. Rose Gardner, of Montgomery, Ala., a very energetic woman, has been promoted by the directors of the Southern Exposition company from secretary of the women's department of the exposition to general manager of that department.

Mrs. Helen Campbell has been awarded the prize of \$200 offered by the American Economic association for the best paper on "Women Wage Earners." The paper is replete with information derived from most careful research.

At Danfance, O., the other day, Mrs. Hannah Winslip Boutelle celebrated the 100th anniversary of her birth. She was born in Boston; did not use glasses until two years ago, and has ninety-one descendants living.

A woman's agricultural school is one of the new English projects. Practical instruction in poultry raising and dairy farming on the Devonshire principle will be the principal branches taught.

A WORLD'S FAIR ROMANCE.

One of the Lady Managers Won by a Stenographer Who Took Her Speech.

Monday, just a week ago, Miss Cora D. Payne, the lady manager from Kentucky, disappeared from the World's fair headquarters. She left a note to the other ladies, stating that she had been called home on important business and would return in a few days. The ladies paid no particular attention to the matter, as Miss Payne frequently visited her southern home and returned without anything eventful transpiring. When Miss Payne put in an appearance, however, the ladies put aside their apathy, for she was no longer Miss C. Payne, but Mrs. Alfred Jackson. Mrs. Jackson was not dressed in the gala attire of a bride. Her toilet was even quieter than usual. It was so quiet that it excited suspicion.

"Have you lost any relatives?" inquired Mrs. Bullene, of Missouri, solicitously. Mrs. Jackson did not reply at once. She just blushed and looked down at her desk. Mrs. Bullene repeated her question in a louder tone of voice. Still Mrs. Jackson seemed not to hear it, and acted in a timorously preoccupied manner. "I do believe that Miss Payne went away and got married," said Mrs. Bullene to another lady manager.

Then a vocal sparring match took place between the ladies. Mrs. Jackson denied emphatically that such was the case, but her color was so high that she betrayed herself. Finally, driven to bay, Mrs. Jackson confessed that she was Mrs. Jackson.

Miss Payne came from Kentucky last fall when the woman's commission met, and evincing a lively interest in the woman's branch of exposition work, she was asked to remain in Chicago and identify herself with the Chicago headquarters. Her husband was at the time a stenographer in Director General Davis' office. He is a smooth shaven, round faced young man, with a peculiar manner of speech that won the lady manager from the south. Every morning they walked to the office together, and every evening they were seen to depart in company.

They never knew each other before the first session of the woman's commission. Jackson was sent to take a stenographic report of the meeting. Miss Payne had just finished making a speech. The confusion was great at the time and Jackson could not catch all that she said. As she seated herself he went quietly over to her seat and asked her politely to repeat what she said. Their eyes met, and it was then that Miss Payne felt her first sensation of love and Mr. Jackson lost his heart.

Things progressed nicely until the time for the marriage came, and it was then Miss Payne suggested a deception that was executed admirably. Instead of going home she went with her husband that was to be to London, Canada, where his parents resided, and there the marriage ceremony was performed. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson will reside in Chicago, and Mrs. Jackson will continue to represent her state in the exposition.—Chicago Mail.

The Baby King.

The anecdotes current about little Don Alfonso are simply innumerable, and appealing as they do to every mother's heart, go far toward increasing the popularity of the throne throughout Spain.

He is exceedingly frank and un-restrained in the expression of his opinions, especially when they concern the personal appearance of his leges, and although extremely disconcerting to the parties immediately concerned, they constitute a source of delight to everybody else. It was only with the greatest difficulty that his mother was able to impress upon him the necessity of abstaining from making remarks of this character in an audible tone of voice at church. Her admonishments, however, bore unexpected fruit.

The king manifestly took it for granted that the instructions to remain quiet and silent during divine service applied to others as well as to himself; for shortly afterward, when the royal family and the court attended mass in state at the Attocha church, little Don Alfonso suddenly interrupted the preacher in the midst of one of his most impassioned and eloquent perorations by commanding him, in a shrill and piping tone of voice, to be still, and not to make "such a noise in church."—Harper's Weekly.

The Growing Ladies' Club.

Not a little of the success of the Ladies' club is due to the excellent management, tact and charming manners of its president, Mrs. Shelton. The club was organized not more than two years ago, and has now over 400 members, and an increase to double that number is contemplated with the purchase of the adjoining house. The custom during Lent has been to have a morning concert every Tuesday for the pleasure of the members, and for the purpose of giving new and unknown singers and musicians a chance to be heard. On such occasions the rooms are crowded and Mrs. Shelton is a charming and genial hostess. She lives in the club house with her family, her private rooms being beautifully furnished.

Mrs. Rosseter Johnson is the founder of the Meridian club, and would be called the president if there were one; but the club recognizes no such office. A chairwoman is appointed at each meeting, the meetings occurring on the second Friday in each month at the Fifth Avenue hotel. But they are secret meetings; nothing is ever said about them by the members.—New York World.

Victoria's Railway Train.

The train by which the queen traveled from Cherbourg to Grasse consisted of fourteen carriages, of which the two in the center are her majesty's private property, the one being fitted as a sitting room and the other as a bedroom, with a bath compartment. There were four sleeping saloons and two luggage vans. The queen's own carriages are usually kept at Brussels.—London World.

THIS WOULD I DO.

If I were a rose, This would I do: I would lie upon the white neck of her I love, And let my life go out upon the fragrance Of her breath.

If I were a star, This would I do: I would look deep down in her eyes, In the eyes I love, and learn there How to shine.

If I were a truth strong as the Eternal One, This would I do: I would live in her heart, in the heart I know so well, and Be at home.

If I were a sin, This would I do: I would fly far away, and though her soft hand In pity were stretched out, I would not stay, but fly And leave her pure.

A Shrewd Swindling Plan. "Can anybody change a \$5 gold piece?" As a Third avenue conductor made this inquiry the other night a brazen passenger stood beside him waiting the reply. Nobody could change the piece, and the passenger said: "All right; give it to me; I'll get out and get it changed and take the next car."

"Don't get off," said a red-mustached young man in glasses; "let me lend you five cents."

"But you don't know me. No, I'll get off; I haven't got far to go."

"Nonsense," said the red-mustached young man. "Sit down; there, I've paid your fare."

"Well, I'm ever so much obliged to you."

"Don't speak of it; I've been in that fix myself."

"Definite situation?"

"Yes; but likely to happen to any one. This is bad weather for getting off and on cars."

When a Big Bone snaps. Few people know the danger of standing near tall lines or lawnmowers. I have seen hawsemans snap with pistol like report under a tremendous strain and knock men twenty or thirty feet, frequently knocking arms and legs.

The best lawnmowers are made of sea grass, and will bear a tremendous strain. They will stretch until their diameter is diminished by more than half. In the recent gorge disaster I noticed a remarkable illustration of this point. The sectional docks were held to the shore by an enormous line, four inches in diameter and fully 100 yards long. I afterwards learned that it was 20 years old and cost \$2500. Well, the line began to bend over the docks. The old hawsemans believed like a Trojan and began to stretch and crack. The men got out of its way, but the old line held together, growing smaller and smaller as the thousands of pounds were added to the strain. In a little while the line was not larger than a girl's wrist, and it remained in that perilous state for several hours, when the gorge finally broke and allowed the ice to float down stream. Afterward the hawsemans returned to its normal size, not weakened a bit. Such cables must always be made to order, and their cost lists of money. The line of which I speak is the largest on the Mississippi.—Steamboat Captain's Globe-Democrat.

A Patent Medicine Almanac.

The volume we now have before us for 1888 embraces thirty-one distinct almanacs. Eleven of these are in English, calculated for various countries where English is spoken; five in Spanish, for different countries where Spanish is spoken; three Portuguese, also for different countries; two French, four German, two Dutch and one each in Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Bosnian and Welsh. Each of these almanacs contains from twenty-four to thirty-six pages (generally thirty-six), so that the bound volume of the series for 1888 makes a book of nearly 1,000 pages. Much of the material is, of course, the same in all of the editions, but the recorded events in the calendars are local to the countries where the almanac is to be circulated, and the miscellaneous information furnished, for example in the Indian almanac, differs from that prepared for the Australian almanac.—Philadelphia Ledger.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, on his Australian trip wrote as follows to *The London Daily Telegraph*: "I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the tropics, and, in particular, a couple of Altcock's Famous Plasters, clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

She—Well, how do you feel this morning? He—Thank you, like another man. She I can guarantee you.

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